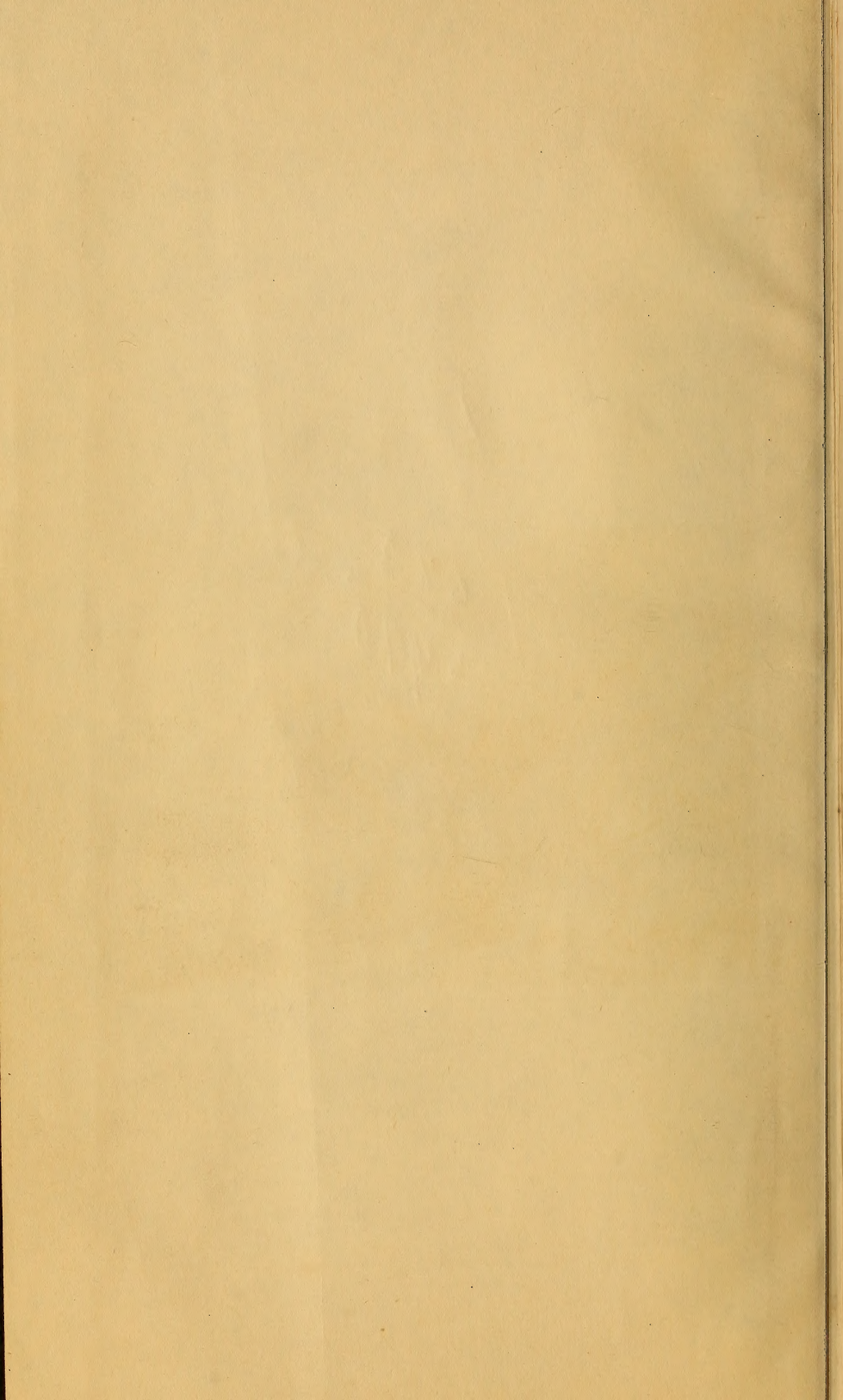


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PREFACE

(OF THE ORIGINAL COMPILER).

SINCE Poetry affords young persons an innocent pleasure, a taste for it, under certain limitations, should be indulged. Why should they be forbidden to expatiate, in imagination, over the flowery fields of Arcadia, in Elysium, in the Isles of the Blessed, and in the Vale of Tempe? The harmless delight which they derive from Poetry, is surely sufficient to recommend an attention to it, at an age when pleasure is the chief pursuit, even if the sweets of it were not blended with utility.

If indeed pleasure were the ultimate object of Poetry, there are some who, in the rigour of austere wisdom, would maintain that the precious days of youth might be more advantageously employed than in cultivating a taste for it. To obviate their objections, it is necessary to remind them, that Poetry has ever claimed the power of conveying instruction, in the most effectual manner, by the vehicle of pleasure.

There is reason to believe that many young persons of natural genius would have given very little attention to learning of any kind, if they had been introduced to it by books appealing only to their reason and judgment, and not to their fancy. Through the pleasant paths of Poetry they have been gradually led to the heights of science: they have been allured, on first setting out, by the beauty of the scene presented to them, into a delightful land, flowing with milk and honey; where, after having been nourished like the infant at the mother's breast, they have gradually acquired strength enough to relish and digest the solidest food of philosophy.

This opinion seems to be confirmed by actual experience; for the greatest men, in every liberal and honourable profession, gave their early years to the charms of Poetry. Many of the most illustrious worthies in the church and in the state were allured to the land of learning by the song of the Muse; and they would perhaps have never entered it, if their preceptors had forbidden them to lend an ear. Of so much consequence is the study of Poetry in youth to the general advancement of learning.

And as to morals, "Poetry," in the words of Sir Philip Sydney, "doth not only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect of the way, as will entice any man to enter into it; nay, the Poet doth, as if your journey should be through a fair vineyard, at the very first give you a cluster of grapes, that, full of that taste, you may long to pass farther. He beginneth not with obscure definitions, but he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for, the well-enchancing skill of music;—and with a tale;—he cometh unto you with a tale, which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney corner. Even those hard-hearted, evil men, who think virtue a school-name, and despise the austere admonitions of the philosopher, and feel not the inward reasons they stand upon, yet will be contented to be delighted; which is all the good fellow Poet seems to promise; and so steal to see the form of goodness; which seen they cannot but love, ere themselves be aware, as if they took a medicine of cherries."

Thus Poetry, by the gentle, yet certain method of allurements, leads both to learning and to virtue. I conclude, therefore, that under a few self-evident restrictions, it is properly addressed to all young minds, in the course of a liberal education.

It must be confessed, at the same time, that many sensible men in the world, as well as in the schools of philosophy, have objected to an early study of it. They have thought that a taste for it interfered with an attention to what they call the MAIN CHANCE. *What Poet ever fined for sheriff?* says Oldham. *It is seldom seen that any one discovers mines of gold and silver in Parnassus,* says Mr. Locke. Such ideas have predominated in the exchange and in the warehouse; and, while they continue to be confined to those places, may perhaps, in some instances, be proper and advantageous. But they ought not to operate on the mind of the well-educated gentleman, or the man of a liberal profession; and indeed there is no good reason to be given why the mercantile classes, at least of the higher order, should not amuse their leisure with any pleasures of polite literature. Nothing perhaps contributes more to liberalize their minds, and prevent that narrowness which is too often the consequence of a life attached, from the earliest age, to the pursuits of lucre.

That mere men of the world object to the study of Poetry as a part of education, is not to be wondered at, when it is considered that many, from want of natural sensibility, or from long habits of inattention to every thing but sordid interest and vulgar enjoyment, are totally unfurnished with faculties for the perception of poetical beauty. But shall we deny that the cowslip and violet possess a vivid colour and sweet fragrance, because the ox who fattens in the meadow tramples over them without perceiving either their hues or their odours? The taste of mankind, from China to Peru, powerfully militates against the few and narrow-minded despisers of poetry.

Young minds, indeed, have commonly a taste for Verse. Unseducd by the love of money, and unhackneyed in the ways of vice, they are, it is true, pleased with simple nature and real fact, though unembellished; because all objects with them have the grace of novelty: but they are transported with the charms of Poetry, where the sunshine of fancy diffuses over every subject the fine gloss, the rich colouring, of beautiful imagery and language. "Nature" (to cite Sir Philip Sydney again) "never set forth the earth in so rich tapestry as divers poets have done, neither with so pleasant rivers, fruitful trees, sweet smelling flowers, nor whatsoever may make the earth more lovely. The world is a *brazen* world—the poets only deliver a *GOLDEN*; which whoever dislike, *the fault is in their judgment, quite out of taste, and not in the sweet food of SWEETLY-UTTERED KNOWLEDGE.*"

It will be readily acknowledged, that ideas and precepts of all kinds, whether of morality or science, make a deeper impression when recommended by the vivacity, the colouring, the melody of poetical language. And what is thus deeply impressed will also long remain; for metre and rhyme naturally catch hold of the memory, as the tendrils of the vine cling round the branches of the elm.

Orpheus and Linus are recorded, in fable, to have drawn the minds of savage men to knowledge and to have polished human nature by Poetry. And are not children in the state of nature? And is it not probable that Poetry may be the best instrument to operate on them, as it was found to be on nations in the savage state? Since, according to the mythological wisdom of the ancients, Amphion moved stones, and Orpheus brutes, by music and verse, is it not reasonable to believe, that minds which are dull, and even brutally insensible, may be penetrated, sharpened, softened, and vivified, by the warm influence of fine Poetry?

But it is really superfluous to expatiate either on the delight or the utility of Poetry. The subject has been exhausted; and, whatever a few men of little taste and feeling, or of minds entirely sordid and secular, may object, such are the charms of the Goddess, such her powerful influence over the heart of man, that she will never want voluntary votaries at her shrine. The Author of Nature has kindly implanted in man a love of Poetry, to solace him under the labours and sorrows of life. A great part of the Scriptures is poetry and verse. The wise son of Sirach enumerates, among the most honourable of mankind, *SUCH AS FOUND OUT MUSICAL TUNES, AND RECITED VERSES IN WRITING.*

With respect to this Compilation, the principal subject of this Preface (but from which I have been seduced into a digression, by giving my suffrage in favour of the art I love)—if I should be asked what are its pretensions, I must freely answer that it professes nothing more than (what is evident at first sight) to be a larger Collection of English Verse, FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS, than has ever yet been published in ONE VOLUME. The original intention was to comprise in it a great number and variety of such pieces as were already in use in schools, or which seemed proper for the use of them; such a number and variety as might furnish something satisfactory to every taste, and serve as a little Poetical Library for school-boys, precluding the inconvenience and expense of a multitude of volumes.

Such was the design of the Publication. The Editor can claim no praise beyond that of the design. The praise of ingenuity is all due to the Poets, whose works have supplied the materials. What merit can there be in directing a famous and popular passage to be inserted from Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, Gray, and many others of less fame, indeed, but in great esteem, and all of allowed genius? Their own lustre pointed them out, like stars of the first magnitude in the heavens. There was no occasion for singular acuteness of vision, or for optical glasses, to discover a brightness which obtruded itself on the eye. The best pieces are usually the most popular. They are loudly recommended by the voice of Fame; and her eulogy, when long-continued, becomes an infallible guidance.

Utility and innocent entertainment are the sole designs of the Editor; and if they are accomplished, he is satisfied, and cheerfully falls back into the shade of obscurity. He is confident that the Book cannot but be useful and entertaining; but he is at the same time so little inclined to boast of his work, that he is ready to confess, that almost any man willing to incur a considerable expense, and undergo a little trouble, might have furnished as good a collection.

As taste will for ever differ, some may wish to have seen in it passages from some favourite, yet obscure poet, and some also from their own works; but it was the business of the Editor of a *school-book like this*, not to insert scarce and curious works, such as please *virtuoso readers*, chiefly from their *rarity*, but to collect such as were *publicly known and universally celebrated*. The more known, the more celebrated, the better they were adapted to this Collection; which is not designed, like the lessons of some dancing-masters, for *grown gentlemen*, but for *young learners only*; and it will readily occur to every one, that what is old to men and women, may be, and for the most part must be, NEW

to boys and girls receiving their education. Private judgment, in a work like this, must often give way to public. Some things are inserted in this Volume, entirely in submissive deference to public opinion; which, when general and long-continued, is the best criterion of merit in the fine arts, and particularly in Poetry. Whatever was found in previous collections, which experience had pronounced proper for schools, has been freely taken and admitted: the stamp of experience gave it currency. The freedom of borrowing, it is hoped, will be pardoned, as the collectors, with whom it has been used, first set the example of it.

It is unnecessary, and perhaps might be deemed impertinent, to point out the mode of using the Collection to the best advantage. It is evident that it may be used in schools either in recitation, transcription, the exercise of the memory, or in imitation. It furnishes an abundance of models, which are the best means of exciting genius. Such *Arts of Poetry* as those of Gildon, Bysshe, Newbery, and their imitators, effect but little in the dry method of technical precept; and the young Poet, like the Sculptor, will improve most by working after a model. It is evident that this Collection may be usefully read at ENGLISH SCHOOLS, in the classes, just as the Latin and Greek authors are read at the grammar-schools, by explaining every thing grammatically, historically, metrically, and critically, and then giving a portion to be learned by memory. The Book, it is hoped, will be particularly agreeable and useful in the private studies of the amiable young student, whose first love is the love of the Muse, and who courts her in his summer's walk, and in the solitude of his winter retreat, or at the social and domestic fire-side.

In the latter part many little pieces are admitted, mere *lusus poetici*, chiefly for the diversion of the student, which almost require an apology. They are, it must be confessed, no more than flowerets at the bottom of Parnassus; but it is hoped, that their admission will be approved, as they may gradually lead the scholar to ascend higher up the hill, who might have been deterred from approaching it, if he had seen nothing, in the whole prospect, but the sublime, the solemn, and the sombrous.

The Reader will have no cause to complain, if, instead of *Extracts*, he often finds poems inserted entire. This has been done whenever it seemed consistent with the design, and could be done without injustice. In this matter, the opinion of those who must be supposed best qualified to give it, was asked and followed. The wish was to take nothing but what seemed to lie on the common, relinquished or neglected by the lord of the manor.

Though the Book is divided into Four Parts, yet the formality of regular and systematical arrangement of the component pieces has not been observed. Such compilations as these have not unfrequently been called Garlands and Nosegays; but in a garland or nosegay, who would place the tulips, the lilies, the pinks, and the roses, in separate compartments? In a disposition so artificial, their beauty and fragrance would be less pleasing than if they were carelessly mingled with all the ease and wildness of natural variety. I hope the analogy will hold: if not, I must throw myself in this, as I do in all other circumstances of this Publication, upon my Reader's indulgence. I expect not praise; but I confide in receiving pardon.

Perhaps the Reader will be the more inclined to extend it towards me, if I do not weary him with apologies. I will then conclude my Preface with the ideas of Montaigne:—"I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the thread that ties them."

ADVERTISEMENT.

Although this Edition, together with the last Editions of the Collections entitled "ELEGANT EXTRACTS IN PROSE," and "ELEGANT EPISTLES," has been reduced, for the purpose of giving it a more compendious form, yet the respective Volumes of this "SET OF EXTRACTS," will be found still to contain more copious and valuable articles than any other Publication of a similar nature.

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ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

POETICAL.

BOOK THE FIRST.

SACRED AND MORAL.

§ 1. *An Address to the Deity.* Thomson.

FATHER of light and life! Thou GOOD
SUPREME!

O teach me what is good! Teach me THYSELF!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss! [pure;

§ 2. *Adam and Eve, in a Morning Hymn, call
upon all the Parts of the Creation to join with
them in extolling their common Maker.*

Milton.

THESE are Thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these Heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heaven,
On Earth, join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou, Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou
fall'st.

Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies,

And ye five other wand'ring Fires that move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air, and ye Elements, the eldest birth
Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise
From hill or streaming lake, dusky or grey,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honor to the world's great Author rise,
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolor'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling still advance his praise.
His praise, ye Winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
With every plant in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living Souls; ye Birds,
That singing up to Heaven's gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

§ 3. *Hymn on Gratitude.* Addison.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravish'd heart?
But thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in pray'r.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face,
And when in sin and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ,
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise,
For O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

§ 4. *Hymn on Providence:* Addison.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care:
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant,
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring steps he leads;

Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of Death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile:
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd;
And streams shall murmur all around.

§ 5. *Another Hymn, from the beginning of the 19th Psalm.* Addison.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled Heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball!
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found!
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is Divine."

§ 6. *Another Hymn.* Mrs. Rowe.

THE glorious armies of the sky
To thee, Almighty King,
Triumphant anthems consecrate,
And hallelujahs sing.

But still their most exalted flights
Fall vastly short of thee:
How distant then must human praise
From thy perfection be!

Yet how, my God, shall I refrain,
When to my ravish'd sense
Each creature every where around
Displays thy excellence!

The active lights that shine above,
In their eternal dance,
Reveal their skilful Maker's praise
With silent elegance.

The blushes of the morn confess
That thou art still more fair,

When in the East its beams revive,
 To gild the fields of air.
 The fragrant, the refreshing breeze
 Of ev'ry flow'ry bloom
 In balmy whispers own, from Thee
 Their pleasing odours come.
 The singing birds, the warbling winds,
 And waters murmur'ing fall,
 To praise the first Almighty Cause
 With diff'rent voices call.
 Thy num'rous works exalt thee thus,
 And shall I silent be?
 No; rather let me cease to breathe,
 Than cease from praising Thee!

§ 7. *Another Hymn.* Mrs. Rowe.

THOU didst, O mighty God! exist
 Ere time began its race;
 Before the ample elements
 Fill'd up the void of pace:
 Before the pond'rous earthly globe
 In fluid air was stay'd,
 Before the ocean's mighty springs
 Their liquid stores display'd:
 Ere through the gloom of ancient night
 The streaks of light appear'd;
 Before the high celestial arch,
 Or starry poles were rear'd:
 Before the loud melodious spheres
 Their tuneful round begun;
 Before the shining roads of heav'n
 Were measur'd by the sun:
 Ere through the empyrean courts
 One hallelujah rung;
 Or to their harps the sons of light
 Ecstatic anthems sung:
 Ere men ador'd, or angels knew,
 Or prais'd thy wondrous name;
 Thy bliss, O sacred Spring of life!
 Thy glory, was the same.
 And when the pillars of the world
 With sudden ruin break,
 And all this vast and goodly frame
 Sinks in the mighty wreck;
 When from her orb the moon shall start,
 Th' astonish'd sun roll back,
 And all the trembling starry lamps
 Their ancient course forsake;
 For ever permanent and fix'd,
 From agitation free,
 Unchang'd in everlasting years,
 Shall thy existence be.

§ 8. *Another Hymn from Psalm 148th.* Ogilvie.

BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay!
 Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
 And praise the Almighty's name:
 Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
 In one melodious concert rise,
 To swell th' inspiring theme.

Ye fields of light, celestial plains,
 Where gay transporting beauty reigns,
 Ye scenes divinely fair!
 Your Maker's wondrous pow'r proclaim,
 Tell how he form'd your shining frame,
 And breath'd the fluid air.

Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound!
 While all th' adoring thrones around
 His boundless mercy sing:
 Let ev'ry list'ning saint above
 Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
 And touch the sweetest string.

Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir;
 Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,
 The mighty chorus aid:
 Soon as grey ev'ning gilds the plain,
 Thou, moon, protract the melting strain,
 And praise him in the shade.

Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his vast abode,
 Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God,
 Who call'd yon worlds from night:
 "Ye shades, dispel!"—th' Eternal said:
 At once th' involving darkness fled,
 And nature sprung to light.

Whate'er a blooming world contains,
 That wings the air, that skims the plains,
 United praise bestow:
 Ye dragons, sound his awful name
 To heav'n aloud: and rear acclaim,
 Ye swelling deeps below:

Let every element rejoice:
 Ye thunders, burst with awful voice
 To him who bids you roll;
 His praise in softer notes declare,
 Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
 And breathe it to the soul.

To him, ye graceful cedars, bow;
 Ye tow'ring mountains, bending low,
 Your great Creator own;
 Tell, when affrighted nature shook,
 How Sinai kindled at his look,
 And trembled at his frown.

Ye flocks that haunt the humble vale,
 Ye insects flutt'ring on the gale,
 In mutual concourse rise;
 Crop the gay rose's vermeil bloom,
 And waft its spoils, a sweet perfume,
 In incense to the skies.

Wake, all ye mounting tribes, and sing;
 Ye plummy warblers of the spring,
 Harmonious anthems raise
 To him who shap'd your finer mould,
 Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,
 And tun'd your voice to praise.

Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
 The feeling heart, the judging head,
 In heav'nly praise employ;
 Spread his tremendous name around:
 Till heav'n's broad arch rings back the sound,
 The gen'ral burst of joy.

Ye whom the charms of grandeur please,
Nurs'd on the downy lap of ease,
Fall prostrate at his throne :
Ye princes, rulers, all adore ;
Praise him, ye kings, who makes your pow'r
An image of his own.

Ye fair, by nature form'd to move,
O praise th' eternal Source of love,
With youth's enlivening fire :
Let age take up the tuneful lay,
Sigh his bless'd name—then soar away,
And ask an angel's lyre.

§ 9. *Psalm 4th.* Merrick.

DEFENDER of my rightful cause,
While anguish from my bosom draws
The deep-felt sigh, the ceaseless pray'r,
O make thy servant still thy care.
That aid, which oft my griefs has heal'd,
To aid again, entreated, yield.
How long, ye sons of pride, how long
Shall falsehood arm your impious tongue,
And erring rage your breast inflame,
My pow'r to thwart, my acts defame ?
To God my heart shall vent its woe,
Who, prompt his blessings to bestow
On each whose breast has learn'd his fear,
Bows to my plaint the willing ear.
Him wouldst thou please ? With rev'rend awe
Observe the dictates of his law :
In secret on thy couch reclin'd
Search to its depth thy restless mind,
Till hush'd to peace the tumult lie,
And wrath and strife within thee die.
With purest gifts approach his shrine,
And safe to him thy care resign.
I hear a hopeless train demand,
" Where's now the wish'd Deliv'rer's hand ?"
Do Thou, my God, do Thou reply,
And let thy presence from on high
In full effusion o'er our head,
Its all-enlivening influence shed.
What joy my conscious heart o'erflows !
Not such the exulting lab'rer knows,
When to his long expecting eyes
The vintage and the harvests rise,
And, shadowing wide the cultur'd soil,
With full requital crown his toil.
My weary eyes in sleep I close,
My limbs, secure, to rest compose ;
For Thou, great God, shalt screen my head,
And plant a guard around my bed.

§ 10. *Psalm 5th.* Merrick.

THE words that from my lips proceed,
My thoughts (for Thou those thoughts canst
My God, my King, attentive weigh, [read),
And hear, O hear me, when I pray.
With earliest zeal, with wakeful care,
To Thee my soul shall pour its pray'r,
And, ere the dawn has streak'd the sky,
To Thee direct its longing eye :
To Thee, whom nought obscur'd by stain
Can please ; whose doors to feet profane

Inexorable stand ; whose law
Offenders from thy sight shall awe.
Let each whose tongue to lies is turn'd,
Who lessons of deceit has learn'd,
Or thirsts a brother's blood to shed,
Thy hate and heaviest vengeance dread.
But I, whose hope thy Love supports,
(How great that Love !) will tread thy courts,
My knees in lowliest reverence bend,
And tow'rd thy shrine my hands extend.
Do thou, just God, my path prepare,
And guard me from each hostile snare ;
O lend me thy conducting ray,
And level to my steps thy way.
Behold me by a troop inclos'd,
Of falsehood and of guilt compos'd :
Their throat a sepulchre displays,
Deep, wide, insatiate ; in their praise
Lurks flatt'ry, and with specious art
Belies the purpose of their heart.
O let the mischiefs they intend
Retorted on themselves descend,
And let thy wrath correct their sin,
Whose hearts thy mercy fails to win.
May all whose trust on Thee is placed,
Peace and delight perpetual taste
Sav'd by thy care, in songs of joy
Their ever grateful voice employ,
And share the gifts on those bestow'd,
Who love the name of *Jacob's* God.
To each who bears a guiltless heart,
Thy grace its blessings shall impart ;
Strong as the brazen shield, thy aid
Around him casts its cov'ring shade.

§ 11. *Psalm 6th.* Merrick.

O SPARE me, Lord, nor o'er my head
The fulness of thy vengeance shed.
With pitying eye my weakness view,
Heal my vex'd soul, my strength renew ;
And O, if yet my sins demand
The wise corrections of thy hand,
Yet give my pains their bounds to know,
And fix a period to my woe.
Return, great God, return, and save
Thy servant from the greedy grave.
Shall Death's long-silent tongue, O say,
The records of thy pow'r display,
Or pale Corruption's startled ear,
Thy praise within its prison hear ?
By languor, grief, and care oppress'd,
With groans perpetual heaves my breast,
And tears, in large profusion shed,
Incessant lave my sleepless bed.
My life, though yet in mid career,
Beholds the winter of its year,
(While clouds of grief around me roll,
And hostile storms invade my soul.)
Relentless from my cheek each trace
Of youth and blooming health erase,
And spread before my wasting sight
The Shades of all-obscuring night.
Hence, ye profane : My Saviour hears ;
While yet I speak, he wipes my tears,

Accepts my pray'r, and bids each foe
With shame their vain attempts forego,
And, struck with horror from on high,
In wild disorder backward fly.

§ 12. *Psalm 8th.* Merrick.

IMMORTAL King! through Earth's wide frame
How great thy honor, praise, and name!
Whose reign o'er distant worlds extends,
Whose glory, heav'n's vast height transcends.
From infants thou canst strength upraise,
And form their lisping tongues to praise:
By these the vengeance-breathing Foe
Thy mightier terrors taught to know,
In mute astonishment shall stand,
And bow beneath thy conqu'ring hand.
When, rapt in thought, with wakeful eye
I view the wonders of the sky,
Whose frame thy fingers o'er our head
In rich magnificence have spread;
The silent Moon, with waxing horn,
Along th' ethereal region borne;
The stars with vivid lustre crown'd,
That nightly walk their destin'd round:
Lord! What is Man, that in thy care
His humble lot should find a share;
Or what the Son of Man, that Thou
Thus to his wants thy ear shouldst bow?
His rank awhile, by thy decree,
Th' Angelic Tribes beneath them see,
Till round him thy imparted rays
With unextinguish'd glory blaze.
Subjected to his feet by Thee,
To him all Nature bows the knee;
The beasts in him their lord behold;
The grazing herd, the bleating fold,
The savage race, a countless train,
That range at large th' extended plain,
The fowls, of various wing, that fly
O'er the vast desert of the sky,
And all the wat'ry tribes, that glide
Through paths to human sight deny'd.
Immortal King! through Earth's wide frame,
How great thy honor, praise, and name!

§ 13. *Psalm 23d.* Merrick.

Lo, my shepherd's hand divine!
Wants shall never more be mine.
In a pasture fair and large
He shall feed his happy charge,
And my couch with tenderest care
'Midst the springing grass prepare.
When I faint with summer's heat,
He shall lead my weary feet
To the streams that still and slow
Through the verdant meadow flow,
He my soul anew shall frame,
And, his mercy to proclaim,
When through devious paths I stray,
Teach my steps the better way.
Though the dreary vale I tread
By the shades of death o'erspread;
There I walk from terror free,
While my ev'ry wish I see

By thy rod and staff supplied;
This my guard, and that my guide.
While my foes are gazing on,
Thou thy favoring care hast shown:
Thou my plenteous board hast spread;
Thou with oil refresh'd my head;
Fill'd by thee my cup o'erflows;
For thy love no limit knows.
Constant, to my latest end,
This my footsteps shall attend,
And shall bid thy hallow'd dome
Yield me an eternal home.

§ 14. *Psalm 122d.* Merrick.

1.
THE festal Morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to thy honor'd Dome
Thy presence to adore:
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps thy Courts ascend,
And tread the hallow'd floor.

2.
Ev'n now to our transported eyes
Fair *Sion's* tow'rs in prospect rise;
Within her gates we stand,
And, lost in wonder and delight,
Behold her happy Sons unite
In friendship's firmest band.

3.
Hither from *Judah's* utmost end
The Heav'n-protected Tribes ascend;
Their off'rings hither bring:
Here, eager to attest their joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail th' immortal King.

4.
By his Command impell'd, to Her
Contending Crowds their cause refer;
While Princes, from her Throne,
With equal doom, th' unerring Law
Dispense, who boast their birth to draw
From *Jesse's* favor'd Son.

5.
Be Peace by Each implor'd on thee,
O *Salem*, while with bended knee
To *Jacob's* God we pray;
How blest, who calls himself thy Friend!
Success his labour shall attend,
And safety guard his way.

6.
O mayst thou, free from hostile fear,
Nor the loud voice of tumult hear,
Nor war's wild wastes deplore:
May plenty nigh thee take her stand,
And in thy courts with lavish hand
Distribute all her store.

7.
Seat of my Friends and brethren, hail!
How can my tongue, O *Salem*, fail
To bless thy lov'd abode?
How cease the zeal that in me glows
Thy good to seek, whose walls inclose
The mansion of my God?

§ 15. *A Hymn to the Supreme Being. An Imitation of the 104th Psalm. Blacklock.*

*Quid prius dicam solitis Parentis
Laudibus? qui res hominum ac deorum,
Qui mare et terras, variisque mundum
Temperat horis?* Hor.

ARISE, my soul! on wings seraphic rise!
And praise th' almighty Sov'reign of the skies;
In whom alone essential glory shines,
Which not the heav'n of heav'ns, nor boundless
space confines.

When darkness ruled with universal sway,
He spoke, and kindled up the blaze of day;
First, fairest offspring of th' omnific word!
Which like a garment cloth'd its sov'reign Lord.
On liquid air he bade the columns rise,
That prop the starry concave of the skies;
Diffus'd the blue expanse from pole to pole,
And spread circumfluent æther round the whole.

Soon as he bids impetuous tempests fly,
To wing his sounding chariot through the sky,
Impetuous tempests the command obey,
Sustain his flight, and sweep th' aerial way.
Fraught with his mandates, from the realms on
Unnumber'd hosts of radiant heralds fly [high,
From orb to orb, with progress unconfin'd,
As lightning swift, resistless as the wind.

In ambient air this pond'rous ball he hung,
And bade its centre rest for ever strong;
Heav'n, air, and sea, with all their storms in vain
Assault the basis of the firm machine.
At thy Almighty voice old Ocean raves,
Wakes all his force, and gathers all his waves;
Nature lies mantled in a wat'ry robe,
And shoreless billows revel round the globe:
O'er highest hills the higher surges rise,
Mix with the clouds, and meet the fluid skies.
But when in thunder the rebuke was giv'n,
That shook th' eternal firmament of heav'n;
The grand rebuke th' affrighted waves obey,
And in confusion scour their uncouth way;
And posting rapid to the place decreed, [mead.
Wind down the hills, and sweep the humble
Reluctant in their bounds the waves subside;
The bounds, impervious to the lashing tide,
Restrain its rage; whilst, with incessant roar,
It shakes the caverns, and assaults the shore.

By him, from mountains cloth'd in lucid snow,
Through fertile vales the mazy rivers flow.

Here the wild horse, unconscious of the rein,
That revels boundless o'er the wide champaign,
Imbibes the silver surge, with heat oppress'd,
To cool the fever of his glowing breast.

Here rising boughs, adorn'd with summer's
pride,

Project their waving umbrage o'er the tide;
While, gently perching on the leafy spray,
Each feather'd warbler tunes his various lay:
And, while thy praise they symphonise around,
Creation echoes to the grateful sound.
Wide o'er the heavens the various bow he bends,
Its tinctures brighten, and its arch extends:

At the glad sign the airy conduits flow,
Softened the hills, and cheer the meads below:
By genial fervor and prolific rain,
Swift vegetation clothes the smiling plain:
Nature, profusely good, with bliss o'erflows,
And still is pregnant, though she still bestows.

Here verdant pastures wide extended lie,
And yield the grazing herd exuberant supply.
Luxuriant waving in the wanton air,
Here golden grain rewards the peasant's care:
Here vines mature with fresh carnation glow,
And heav'n above diffuses heav'n below.
Erect and tall here mountain cedars rise,
Wave in the starry vault, and emulate the skies.
Here the wing'd crowd, that skim the yielding
With artful toil their little domes prepare; [air,
Here hatch their tender young, and nurse the
rising care.

Up the steep hill ascends the nimble doe,
While timid coney scour the plains below,
Or in the pendent rock elude the scenting foe.

He bade the silver majesty of night
Revolve her circles, and increase her light;
Assign'd a province to each rolling sphere,
And taught the sun to regulate the year.
At his command, wide hov'ring o'er the plain,
Primeval night resumes her gloomy reign:
Then from their dens, impatient of delay,
The savage monsters bend their speedy way,
Howl through the spacious waste, and chase
their frightened prey.

Here stalks the shaggy monarch of the wood,
Taught from thy providence to ask his food!
To thee, O Father, to thy bounteous skies,
He rears his mane, and rolls his glaring eyes:
He roars; the desert trembles wide around,
And repercussive hills repeat the sound.

Now orient gems the eastern skies adorn,
And joyful nature hails the op'ning morn:
The rovers, conscious of approaching day,
Fly to their shelters, and forget their prey.
Laborious man, with moderate slumber blest,
Springs cheerful to his toil from downy rest;
Till grateful evening, with her argent train,
Bid labour cease, and ease the weary swain.

"Hail sov'reign goodness! all-productive
On all thy works thyself inscrib'd we find: [mind!
How various all, how variously endow'd,
How great their number; and each part how
good!

How perfect then must the great Parent shine,
Who with one act of energy divine
Laid the vast plain, and finish'd the design!"

Where'er the pleasing search my thoughts
pursue,

Unbounded goodness rises to my view;
Nor does our world alone its influence share;
Exhaustless bounty and unwearied care
Extends through all th' infinitude of space,
And circles nature with a kind embrace.

The azure kingdoms of the deep below,
Thy pow'r, thy wisdom, and thy goodness show.
Here multitudes of various beings stray,
Crowd the profound, or on the surface play:

Tall navies here their doubtful way explore,
 And ev'ry product waft from shore to shore;
 Hence meagre want expell'd and sanguine strife,
 For the mild charms of cultivated life;
 Hence social union spreads from soul to soul,
 And India joins in friendship with the pole.
 Here the huge potent of the scaly train
 Enormous sails incumbent o'er the main,
 An animated isle! and, in his way,
 Dashes to heaven's blue arch the foamy sea;
 When skies and ocean mingle storm and flame,
 Portending instant wreck to nature's frame,
 Pleas'd in the scene, he mocks, with conscious
 pride,

The volley'd lightning, and the surging tide;
 And while the wrathful elements engage,
 Foments with horrid sport the tempest's rage.
 All these thy watchful providence supplies,
 To thee alone they turn their waiting eyes;
 For them thou open'st thy exhaustless store,
 Till the capacious wish can grasp no more.

But, if one moment thou thy face shouldst
 hide,

Thy glory clouded, or thy smiles deny'd,
 Then widow'd nature veils her mournful eyes,
 And vents her grief in universal cries:
 Then gloomy death, with all his meagre train,
 Wide o'er the nations spreads his dismal reign;
 Sea, earth, and air, the boundless ravage mourn,
 And all their hosts to native dust return.

But when again thy glory is display'd,
 Reviv'd creation lifts her cheerful head;
 New rising forms thy potent smiles obey,
 And life rekindles at the genial ray;
 United thanks replenish'd nature pays,
 And heav'n and earth resound their Maker's
 praise.

When time shall in eternity be lost,
 And hoary nature languish into dust,
 For ever young, thy glory shall remain,
 Vast as thy being, endless as thy reign.
 Thou from the regions of eternal day,
 View'st all thy works at one immense survey;
 Pleas'd thou behold'st the whole propensely tend
 To perfect happiness, its glorious end.

If thou to earth but turn thy wrathful eyes,
 Her basis trembles, and her offspring dies:
 Thou smit'st the hills, and at th' Almighty blow
 Their summits kindle, and their inwards glow.

While this immortal spark of heav'nly flame
 Distends my breast and animates my frame:
 To thee my ardent praises shall be borne
 On the first breeze that wakes the blushing morn;
 The latest star shall hear the pleasing sound,
 And nature in full choir shall join around.
 When full of thee my soul excursive flies
 Through earth, air, ocean, or thy regal skies,
 From world to world new wonders still I find,
 And all the Godhead flashes on my mind;
 When wing'd with whirlwinds, vice shall take its
 flight

To the deep bosom of eternal night,
 To thee my soul shall endless praises pay:
 Join, men and angels, join th' exalted lay!

§ 16. A Hymn on the Seasons. Thomson.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, these
 Are but the *varied* God. The rolling year
 Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
 Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
 Wide flush the fields: the softening air is balm;
 Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
 And every sense and every heart is joy.
 Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
 With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
 Shoots full perfection through the swelling year:
 And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks,
 And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
 By brooks and groves, in hollow whispering gales.
 Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
 And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
 In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms
 Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
 Majestic darkness! On the whirlwind's wing,
 Riding sublime, Thou bidd'st the world adore,
 And humblest nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force di-
 Deep-felt, in these appear! a simple train, [vine,
 Yet so delightful mixed, with such kind art,
 Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
 And all so forming an harmonious whole,
 Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade;
 That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
 But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
 Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand
 That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;
 Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming,
 thence

The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring;
 Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
 Feeds ev'ry creature; hurls the tempest forth;
 And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
 With transport touches all the springs of life.
 Nature attend! join every living soul
 Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
 In adoration join; and ardent raise
 One general song! To him ye vocal gales
 Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness
 Oh talk of him in solitary glooms, [breathes:
 Where o'er the rock the scarcely waving pine
 Fills the brown shade with a religious awe!
 And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
 Who shaketh astonish'd world, liffthigh to heav'n
 Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
 His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
 And let me catch it as I muse along.
 Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound;
 Ye softer floods that lead the humid maze
 Along the vale; and thou majestic main,
 A secret world of wonders in thyself,
 Sound his stupendous praise, whose greater voice
 Or bids you roar, or bids your roaring fall.
 So roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
 In mingled clouds to Him, whose sun exalts,
 Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil
 paints.

Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave to Him;
 Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,

As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
 Ye that keep watch in heav'n, as earth asleep
 Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
 Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
 Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
 Great source of day! best image here below
 Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
 From world to world, the vital ocean round,
 On nature write with every beam his praise.
 The thunder rolls: be hushed the prostrate world;
 While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
 Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,
 Retain the sound: the broad responsive low,
 Ye valleys, raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns;
 And his *unsuffering* kingdom yet will come.
 Ye woodlands, all awake: a boundless song
 Burst from the groves! and when the restless day,
 Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
 Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
 The listening shades, and teach the night his
 praise.

Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles;
 At once the head, the heart, the tongue of all,
 Crown the great hymn! In swarming cities vast,
 Assembled men to the deep organ join
 The long resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
 At solemn pauses, through the swelling bass;
 And as each mingling flame increases each,
 In one united ardor rise to heav'n.
 Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
 And find a fane in every sacred grove:
 There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
 Still sing the God of Seasons as they roll.
 For me, when I forget the darling theme,
 Whether the blossom blows; the Summer ray
 Russets the plain; *inspiring* Autumn gleams;
 Or Winter rises in the blackening east:
 Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.

Should fate command me to the farthest verge
 Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
 Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
 Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
 Flames on th' Atlantic isles, 'tis nought to me:
 Since God is ever present, ever felt,
 In the void waste as in the city full;
 And where He vital spreads, there must be joy.
 When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
 I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
 Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
 Where universal love not smiles around,
 Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns:
 From *seeming evil* still adducing good,
 And *better* thence again, and *better* still,
 In infinite progression.—But I lose
 Myself in Him, in light ineffable!
 Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise.

§ 17. *The Universal Prayer.* Pope.

Deo Opt. Max.

FATHER of All! in ev'ry age,
 In ev'ry clime, ador'd,

By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great First Cause, least understood,
 Who all my sense confin'd
 To know but this, that Thou art good,
 And that myself am blind.

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
 To see the good from ill;
 And, binding nature fast in fate,
 Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
 Or warns me not to do,
 This teach me more than hell to shun,
 That more than heav'n pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives
 Let me not cast away;
 For God is paid when man receives:
 T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
 Thy goodness let me bound,
 Or think Thee Lord alone of man,
 When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
 Presume thy bolts to throw,
 And deal damnation round the land
 On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
 Still in the right to stay;
 If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
 To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
 Or impious discontent,
 At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
 Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see;
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
 Since quicken'd by thy breath;
 O lead me wheresoe'er I go,
 Thro' this day's life, or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
 All else beneath the sun,
 Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not;
 And let thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
 One chorus let all Being raise!
 All Nature's incense rise!

§ 18. *Messiah, a Sacred Eclogue.* Pope.

YE Nymphs of Solyma! begin the song;
 To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
 The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
 The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids,
 Delight no more.—O Thou my voice inspire,
 Who touch'd Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire!
 Rapt into future times, the bard begun:—
 A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!

From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies;
Th' ethereal Spirit o'er its leaves shall move;
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
Ye heav'ns ! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r !
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail,
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale ;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white rob'd Innocence from heav'n descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn !
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born !
See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring :
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance ;
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies !
Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers ;
Prepare the way ! a God, a God appears !
A God, a God ! the vocal hills reply ;
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies !
Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye valleys, rise !
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay ;
Be smooth, ye rocks ; ye rapid floods, give way !
The Saviour comes ! by ancient bards foretold ;
Hear him, ye deaf ! and, all ye blind behold !
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day :
'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear ;
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting, like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear :
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
In adamant chains shall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
By day o'ersces them, and by night protects ;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms ;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd Father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a plough-share end.
Then palaces shall rise : the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-liv'd sire begun :
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts, with surprise,
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise ;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods,

Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn :
To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead :
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleas'd the green lustre of their scales survey,
And with their forked tongue shall innocently play.
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise !
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes ;
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn ;
See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies !
See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ;
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabeen springs !
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn,
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze, [shine
O'erflow thy courts : the Light himself shall
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine !
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
But fix'd his word his saving pow'r remains :
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns !

§ 19. *The Prize of Virtue.* Pope.

WHAT nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is Virtue's prize : a better would you fix ?
Then give Humility a coach-and-six,
Justice a conqueror's sword, or Truth a gown,
Or Public Spirit its great cure, a crown.
Weak, foolish Man ! will Heav'n reward us there
With the same trash mad mortals wish for here ?
The boy and man an individual makes,
Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes ?
Go, like the Indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife !
As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
As toys and empires for a godlike mind ;
Rewards that either would to Virtue bring
No joy, or be destructive of the thing :
How oft by these at sixty are undone
The virtues of a saint at twenty-one !
To whom can riches give repute or trust,
Content or pleasure, but the good and just ?
Judges and Senates have been bought for gold
Esteem and love were never to be sold.

Oh fool; to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover, and the love of human kind, [clear,
Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience
Because he wants a thousand pounds a-year.

§ 20. *An Elegy, written in a Country Church-Yard.* Gray.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the Moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her antient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's
shade, [heap,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn, [shed,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care,
Nor children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Offt did the harvest to their sickle yield:
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their teams afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy
stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await, alike, th' inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted
vault,

The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.
Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll;

Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless
breast

The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone [fin'd;
Their growing virtues, but their crimes con-
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh. [deck'd,

Their name, their years, spelt by the unletter'd
The place of fame and elegy supply: [muse,
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb, the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If, chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate;

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
" Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn:

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreaths its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling, as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
 Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree:
 Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:
 The next, with dirges due, in sad array, [borne;
 Slow thro' the church-yard path we saw him
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
 Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
 A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown,
 Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.
 Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heav'n did a recompence as largely send;
 He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear; [a friend.
 He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd)
 No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

§ 21. *Death. Dr. Porteus, Bp. of London.*

FRIEND to the wretch whom every friend
 forsakes,

I woo thee, Death! In fancy's fairy paths
 Let the gay songster rove, and gently trill
 The strain of empty joy. Life and its joys
 I leave to those that prize them. At this hour,
 This solemn hour, when silence rules the world,
 And wearied nature makes a gen'ral pause;
 Wrapt in night's sable robe, through cloisters
 And charnels pale, tenanted by a throng [drear
 Of meagre phantoms shooting cross my path
 With silent glance, I seek the shadowy vale
 Of Death. Deep in a murky cave's recess,
 Lav'd by oblivion's listless stream, and fenc'd
 By shelving rocks, and intermingled horrors
 Of yew and cypress shade, from all intrusion
 Of busy noontide beam, the Monarch sits
 In unsubstantial majesty enthron'd.
 At his right hand, nearest himself in place
 And frightfulness of form, his parent Sin
 With fatal industry and cruel care
 Busies herself in pointing all his stings,
 And tipping every shaft with venom drawn
 From her infernal store: around him rang'd
 In terrible array, and mixture strange
 Of uncouth shapes, stand his dread Ministers.
 Foremost Old Age, his natural ally
 And firmest friend: next him Diseases thick,
 A motley train; Fever, with cheek of fire;
 Consumption wan; Palsy, half warm with life,
 And half a clay-clod lump; joint-tor't'ring Gout,
 And ever-gnawing Rheum; Convulsion wild;
 Swoln Dropsy; panting Asthma; Apoplex
 Full-gorg'd. There too the Pestilence that walks
 In darkness, and the Sickness that destroys
 At broad noon-day. These, and a thousand more,
 Horrid to tell, attentive wait; and, when
 By Heaven's command Death waves his ebon
 Sudden rush forth to execute his purpose, [wand,
 And scatter desolation o'er the Earth.

Ill-fated Man, for whom such various forms
 Of mis'ry wait, and mark their future prey;
 Ah! why, all-righteous Father, didst thou make
 This creature, Man? why wake th' unconscious
 To life and wretchedness? O better far [dust
 Still had he slept in uncreated night,
 If this the lot of Being! Was it for this
 Thy breath divine kindled within his breast
 The vital flame? For this was thy fair image
 Stamp'd on his soul in godlike lineaments?
 For this dominion giv'n him absolute
 O'er all thy works, only that he might reign
 Supreme in woe? From the blest source of Good,
 Could Pain and Death proceed? Could such foul
 ills

Fall from fair Mercy's hands? Far be the thought,
 The impious thought! God never made a
 creature

But what was good. He made a *living Soul*;
 The *wretched Mortal* was the work of Man.
 Forth from his Maker's hands he sprung to life,
 Fresh with immortal bloom; no pain he knew,
 No fear of change, no check to his desires, [stood
 Save one command. That one command, which
 'Twixt him and Death, the test of his obedience,
 Urg'd on by wanton curiosity,
 He broke. There in one moment was undone
 The fairest of God's works. The same rash hand,
 That pluck'd in evil hour the fatal fruit,
 Unbarr'd the gates of Hell, and let loose Sin
 And Death, and all the family of Pain,
 To prey upon Mankind. Young Nature saw
 The monstrous crew, and shook thro' all her
 frame.

Then fled her new-born lustre, then began
 Heav'n's cheerful face to low'r, then vapours
 choak'd

The troubled air, and form'd a veil of clouds
 To hide the willing Sun. The earth, convuls'd
 With painful throes, threw forth a bristly crop
 Of thorns and briars; and Insect, Bird, and Beast,
 That wont before with admiration fond
 To gaze at Man, and fearless crowd around him,
 Now fled before his face, shunning in haste
 Th' infection of his misery. He alone
 Who justly might, th' offended Lord of Man,
 Turn'd not away his face; he, full of pity,
 Forsook not in this uttermost distress
 His best lov'd work. That comfort still remain'd
 (That best, that greatest comfort in affliction)
 The countenance of God, and thro' the gloom
 Shot forth some kindly gleams, to cheer and warm
 Th' offender's sinking soul. Hope sent from
 Heav'n

Uprais'd his drooping head, and show'd afar
 A happier scene of things; the Promis'd Seed
 Trampling upon the Serpent's humbled crest:
 Death of his sting disarm'd; and the dark grave,
 Made pervious to the realms of endless day,
 No more the limit but the gate of life. [ground
 Cheer'd with the view, Man went to till the
 From whence he rose; sentenc'd indeed to toil
 As to a punishment, (ev'n in wrath,
 So merciful is Heav'n) this toil became

The solace of his woes, the sweet employ
Of many a live-long hour, and surest guard
Against Disease and Death. Death, tho' de-
Was yet a distant ill, by feeble arm [nounc'd,
Of Age, his sole support, led slowly on.
Not then, as since, the short-liv'd sons of men
Flock'd to his realms in countless multitudes;
Scarce in the course of twice five hundred years,
One solitary ghost went shiv'ring down
To his unpeopled shore. In sober state,
Through the sequester'd vale of rural life,
The venerable Patriarch guileless held
The tenor of his way; Labour prepar'd
His simple fare, and Temp'rance rul'd his board.
Tir'd with his daily toil, at early eve
He sunk to sudden rest; gentle and pure
As breath of evening Zephyr, and as sweet,
Were all his slumbers; with the Sun he rose,
Alert and vigorous as He, to run [strength
His destin'd course. Thus nerv'd with giant
He stemm'd the tide of time, and stood the shock
Of ages rolling harmless o'er his head.
At life's meridian point arriv'd, he stood,
And, looking round, saw all the valleys fill'd
With nations from his loins; full well content
To leave his race thus scatter'd o'er the earth,
Along the gentle slope of life's decline
He bent his gradual way, till, full of years,
He dropp'd like mellow fruit into his grave.

Such in the infancy of Time was Man;
So calm was life, so impotent was Death!
O had he but preserv'd these few remains,
The shatter'd fragments, of lost happiness,
Snatch'd by the hand of Heav'n from the sad
wreck

Of innocence primæval; still had he liv'd
In ruin great; tho' fall'n, yet not forlorn;
Though mortal, yet not every where beset
With Death in every shape! But he, impatient
To be completely wretched, hastes to fill up
The measure of his woes.—'Twas Man himself
Brought Death into the world; and Man himself
Gave keenness to his darts, quicken'd his pace,
And multiply'd destruction on mankind.

First Envy, eldest born of hell, imbrued
Her hands in blood, and taught the Sons of Men
To make a Death which Nature never made,
And God abhorr'd; with violence rude to break
The thread of life ere half its length was run,
And rob a wretched brother of his being.
With joy Ambition saw, and soon improv'd
The execrable deed. 'Twas not enough
By subtle fraud to snatch a single life,
Puny impiety! whole kingdoms fell
To sate the lust of power: more horrid still,
The foulest stain and scandal of our nature,
Became its boast. One Murder made a Villain:
Millions a Hero. Princes were privileg'd
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.
Ah! why will Kings forget that they are Men?
And Men that they are brethren? Why delight
In human sacrifice? Why burst the ties
Of Nature, that should knit their souls together
In one soft bond of amity and love?

Yet still they breathe destruction, still go on
Inhumanly ingenious to find out
New pains for life, new terrors for the grave,
Artificers of Death! Still Monarchs dream
Of universal empire growing up
From universal ruin. Blast the design,
Great God of Hosts, nor let thy creatures fall
Unpitied victims at Ambition's shrine!

Yet say, should Tyrants learn at last to feel,
And the loud din of battle cease to bray;
Should dove-eyed Peace o'er all the earth extend
Her olive-branch, and give the world repose,
Would Death be foil'd? Would health, and
strength, and youth

Defy his pow'r? Has he no arts in store,
No other shafts save those of War? Alas!
Ev'n in the smile of Peace, that smile which sheds
A heav'nly sunshine o'er the soul, there basks
That serpent Luxury. War its thousand slays;
Peace its ten thousands. In th' embattled plain,
Tho' Death exults, and claps his raven wings,
Yet reigns he not ev'n there so absolute,
So merciless, as in yon frantic scenes
Of midnight revel and tumultuous mirth,
Where in th' intoxicating draught conceal'd,
Or couch'd beneath the glance of lawless love,
He snares the simple youth, who, nought su-
specting

Means to be blest—but finds himself undone.

Down the smooth stream of life the stripling
darts,

Gay as the morn; bright glows the vernal sky,
Hope swells his sails, and passion steers his
course,

Safe glides his little bark along the shore
Where virtue takes her stand; but if too far
He launches forth beyond discretion's mark,
Sudden the tempest scowls, the surges roar,
Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep.
O sad but sure mischance! O happier far
To lie like gallant Howe amidst Indian wilds
A breathless corse, cut off by savage hands
In earliest prime, a generous sacrifice
To freedom's holy cause; than so to fall,
Torn immature from life's meridian joys,
A prey to Vice, Intemp'rance, and Disease.

Yet die ev'n thus, thus rather perish still,
Ye sons of Pleasure, by th' Almighty strick'n,
Than ever dare (though oft, alas! ye dare)
To lift against yourselves the murd'rous steel,
To wrest from God's own hand the sword of

Justice,

And be your own avengers! Hold, rash Man,
Though with anticipating speed thou'st rang'd
Through every region of delight, nor left
One joy to gild the evening of thy days;
Though life seem one uncomfortable void,
Guilt at thy heels, before thy face despair;
Yet gay this scene, and light this load of woe,
Compar'd with thy hereafter. Think, O think,
And, ere thou plunge into the vast abyss,
Pause on the verge a while: look down and see
Thy future mansion. Why that start of horror?
From thy slack hand why drops th' uplifted steel?

Didst thou not think such vengeance must await
The wretch, that with his crimes all fresh about
Rushes irreverent, unprepar'd, uncall'd, [him
Into his Maker's presence, throwing back
With insolent disdain his choicest gift?

Live then, while Heav'n in pity lends thee life,
And think it all too short to wash away,
By penitential tears and deep contrition,
The scarlet of thy crimes. So shalt thou find
Rest to thy soul; so unappall'd shalt meet
Death when he comes, not wantonly invite
His ling'ring stroke. Be it thy sole concern
With innocence to live; with patience wait
Th' appointed hour; too soon that hour will come,
Tho' Nature run her course. But Nature's God,
If need require, by thousand various ways,
Without thy aid can shorten that short span,
And quench the lamp of life. O when he comes,
Rous'd by the cry of wickedness extreme,
To heav'n ascending from some guilty land,
Now ripe for vengeance; when he comes array'd
In all the terrors of Almighty wrath,
Forth from his bosom plucks his ling'ring arm,
And on the miscreants pours destruction down;
Who can abide his coming? Who can bear
His whole displeasure? In no common form
Death then appears, but starting into size
Enormous, measures with gigantic stride
Th' astonish'd Earth, and from his looks throws
Unutterable horror and dismay. [round
All Nature lends her aid, each Element
Arms in his cause. Ope fly the doors of Heav'n;
The fountains of the deep their barriers break,
Above, below, the rival torrents pour,
And drown Creation; or in floods of fire
Descends a livid cataract, and consumes [peace,
An impious race. Sometimes, when all seems
Wakes the grim whirlwind, and with rude embrace

Sweeps nations to their grave, or in the deep
Whelms the proud wooden world; full many a
Floats on his wat'ry bier, or lies unwept [youth
On some sad desert shore! At dead of night,
In sullen silence stalks forth Pestilence:
Contagion close behind taints all her steps
With pois'nous dew; no smiting hand is seen,
No sound is heard, but soon her secret path
Is mark'd with desolation; heaps on heaps
Promiscuous drop. No friend, no refuge, near;
All, all, is false and treacherous around;
All that they touch, or taste, or breathe, is
Death. [fail

But ah! what means that ruinous roar? why
These tott'ring feet? Earth to its centre feels
The Godhead's pow'r, and trembling at his touch
Through all its pillars, and in ev'ry pore,
Hurls to the ground, with one convulsive heave,
Precipitating domes, and towns, and tow'rs,
The work of ages. Crush'd beneath the weight
Of general devastation, millions find
One common grave; not ev'n a widow left
To wail her sons: the house, that should protect,
Entombs its master; and the faithless plain,
If there he flies for help, with sudden yawn

Starts from beneath him. Shield me, gracious
Heav'n,

O snatch me from destruction! If this Globe,
This solid Globe, which thine own hand hath
So firm and sure, if this my steps betray; [made
If my own mother Earth, from whence I sprung,
Rise up with rage unnatural to devour
Her wretched offspring, whither shall I fly?
Where look for succour? Where, but up to thee,
Almighty Father? Save, O save, thy suppliant
From horrors such as these! At thy good time
Let death approach; I reckon not—let him but
come

In genuine form, not with thy vengeance arm'd,
Too much for man to bear. O rather lend
Thy kindly aid to mitigate his stroke;
And at that hour when all aghast I stand
(A trembling candidate for thy compassion)
On this world's brink, and look into the next;
When my soul, starting from the dark unknown,
Casts back a wishful look, and fondly clings
To her frail prop, unwilling to be wrench'd
From this fair scene, from all her custom'd joys,
And all the lovely relatives of life;
Then shed thy comforts o'er me, then put on
The gentlest of thy looks. Let no dark crimes,
In all their hideous forms then starting up,
Plant themselves round my couch in grim array,
And stab my bleeding heart with two-edg'd
torture,

Sense of past guilt, and dread of future woe.
Far be the ghastly crew! And in their stead
Let cheerful Memory from her purest cells
Lead forth a goodly train of Virtues fair,
Cherish'd in earliest youth, now paying back
With tenfold usury the pious care,
And pouring o'er my wounds the heav'nly balm
Of conscious innocence. But chiefly, Thou,
Whom soft-eyed Pity once led down from Heav'n
To bleed for man, to teach him how to live,
And oh! still harder lesson! how to die;
Disdain not Thou to smooth the restless bed
Of Sickness and of Pain. Forgive the tear
That feeble Nature drops, calm all her fears
Wake all her hopes, and animate her faith,
Till my rapt soul, anticipating Heav'n,
Bursts from the thralldom of incumb'ring clay,
And on the wing of ecstasy upborne,
Springs into Liberty, and Light, and Life.

§ 22. *The Grave.* Blair.

"The house appointed for all living." JOB.

WHILST some affect the sun, and some the
shade,

Some flee the city, some the hermitage,
Their aims as various as the roads they take
In journeying through life; the task be mine
To paint the gloomy horrors of the tomb;
Th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all
These travellers meet. Thy succours I implore,
Eternal King, whose potent arm sustains
The keys of hell and death. The Grave, dread
thing!

Mensliver when thou'rt nam'd: Nature appall'd

Shakes off her wonted firmness. Ah! how dark
Thy long-extended realms, and rueful wastes;
Where nought but silence reigns, and night, dark
Dark as was Chaos ere the infant sun [night,
Was roll'd together, or had tried its beams
Athwart the gloom profound! The sickly taper,
By glimm'ring thro' thy low-brow'd misty vaults,
Furr'd round with mouldy damps, and rosy slime,
Lets fall a supernumerary horror,
And only serves to make thy night more irksome.
Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,
Cheerless unsocial plant! That loves to dwell
'Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms;
Where light-heel'd ghosts and visionary shades,
Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)
Embodied thick, perform their mystic rounds.
No other merriment, dull tree! is thine.

See yonder hallow'd fane! the pious work
Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot,
And buried 'midst the wreck of things which
were:

There lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.
The wind is up: hark! how it howls! Me-
thinks

Till now, I never heard a sound so dreary: [bird
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul
Rock'd in the spire screams loud; the gloomy
aisles

Black plaster'd, and hung round with shreds of
'scutcheons,

And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
The mansions of the dead. Rous'd from their
In grim array the grisly spectres rise, [slumbers,
Grin horrible, and obstinately sullen
Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night.
Again! the screech-owl shrieks: ungracious
sound!

I'll hear no more; it makes one's blood run chill!

Quite round the pile, a row of rev'rend elms,
Coæval near with that, all ragged show, [down
Long lash'd by the rude winds, some rift half
Their branchless trunks; others so thin a-top,
That scarce two crows could lodge in the same
tree. [pen'd here:

Strange things, the neighbours say, have hap-
Wild shrieks have issu'd from the hollow tombs;
Dead men have come again, and walk'd about;
And the great bell has toll'd, unrun, untouch'd.
Such tales their cheer, at wake or gossiping,
When it draws near to witching time of night.

Oft in the lone church-yard at night I've seen,
By glimpse of moonshine, chequ'ring through the
trees,

The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to keep his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown)
That tell in homely phrase who lie below;
Sudden he starts! and hears, or thinks he hears,
The sound of something purring at his heels;
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows;
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale.

Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new-open'd grave; and, strange to tell!
Evanishes at crowing of the cock!

The new-made widow, too, I've sometimes
spied,

Sad sight! slow moving o'er the prostrate dead:
Listless, she crawls along in doleful black,
While bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,
Fast-falling down her now untasted cheek.
Prone on the lonely grave of the dear man
She drops, whilst busy meddling Memory,
In barbarous succession, musters up
The past endearments of their softer hours,
Tenacious of its theme. Still, still she thinks
She sees him, and, indulging the fond thought,
Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf,
Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.

Invidious Grave! how dost thou rend in sunder
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one!
A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.
Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweet'ner of life, and solder of society!
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserv'd from me,
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.

Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart
Anxious to please. O! when my friend and I
In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and set us down
Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
In grateful errors thro' the underwood, [thrush
Sweet murmur'ing; methought, the shrill-tongued
Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird
Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd ev'ry note;
The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
Assum'd a dye more deep; whilst ev'ry flow'r
Vied with his fellow-plant in luxury
Of dress. Oh! then the longest summer's day
Seem'd too, too much in haste; still the full heart
Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!
Dull Grave! thou spoil'st the dance of youth-
ful blood,

Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
And ev'ry snarling feature from the face;
Branding our laughter with the name of madness
Where are the jesters now? the man of health
Complexionally pleasant? where the droll,
Whose ev'ry look and gesture was a joke
To clapping theatres and shouting crowds,
And made ev'n thick-lipp'd musing Melancholy
To gather up her face into a smile
Before she was aware? Ah! sullen now,
And dumb as the green turf that covers them!

Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war?
The Roman Cæsars and the Grecian Chiefs,
The boast of story? Where the hot-brain'd youth,
Who the tiara at his pleasure tore
From kings of all the then discover'd globe,
And cried, forsooth, because his arm was ham-
And had not room enough to do its work? [per'd,

Alas! how slim, dishonorably slim!
And cramm'd into a space we blush to name!
Proud royalty! how alter'd in thy looks!
How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!
Son of the morning! whither art thou gone?
Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head,
And the majestic menace of thine eyes
Felt from afar? Pliant and powerless now
Like new-born infant bound up in his swathes,
Or victim tumbled flat upon his back,
That throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife:
Mute must thou bear the strife of little tongues,
And coward insults of the base-born crowd,
That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,
But only hoped for in the peaceful grave,
Of being unmolested and alone.
Araby's gums, and odoriferous drugs,
And honors by the heralds duly paid
In mode and form, ev'n to a very scruple;
O cruel irony! these come too late;
And only mock whom they were meant to honor.
Surely, there's not a dungeon-slave that's buried
In the highway, unshrouded and uncoffin'd,
But lies as soft, and sleeps as sound as he.
Sorry pre-eminence of high descent
Above the vulgar born, to rot in state!

But see! the well-plum'd hearse comes nodding
Stately and slow; and properly attended [on,
By the whole sable tribe, that painful watch
The sick man's door, and live upon the dead,
By letting out their persons by the hour
To mimic sorrow when the heart's not sad!
How rich the trappings, now they're all unfurl'd
And glitt'ring in the sun! Triumphant entries
Of conquerors, and coronation pomps,
In glory scarce exceed. Great gluts of people
Retard the unwieldy show; whilst from the
casements,

And housetops, ranks behind ranks close wedg'd
Hang bellying o'er. But tell us, why this waste?
Why this ado in earthing up a carcase
That's fallen into disgrace, and in the nostril
Smells horrible! Ye undertakers! tell us,
'Midst all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,
Why is the principal conceal'd, for which
You make this mighty stir? 'Tis wisely done:
What would offend the eye in a good picture,
The painter casts discreetly into shades.

Proud lineage, now how little thou appear'st!
Below the envy of the private man!
Honor, that meddlesome officious ill,
Pursues thee e'en to death, nor there stops short.
Strange persecution! when the grave itself
Is no protection from rude sufferance.

Absurd! to think to over-reach the grave!
And from the wreck of names to rescue ours!
The best concerted schemes men lay for fame
Die fast away; only themselves die faster.
The far-fam'd sculptor, and the laurel bard,
Those bold insurers of eternal fame,
Supply their little feeble aids in vain,
The tap'ring pyramid, th' Egyptian's pride,
And wonder of the world! whose spiky top
Has wounded the thick cloud, and long outliv'd

The angry shaking of the winter's storm;
Yet spent at last by th' injuries of heav'n,
Shatter'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with years,
The mystic cone with hieroglyphics crusted,
Gives way. O lamentable sight! at once
The labor of whole ages lumbers down;
A hideous and mis-shapen length of ruins.
Sepulchral columns wrestle but in vain
With all-subduing Time; her cank'ring hand
With calm deliberate malice wasteth them:
Worn on the edge of days, the brass consumes,
The busto moulders, and the deep-cut marble,
Unsteady to the steel, gives up its charge.
Ambition, half convicted of her folly,
Hangs down the head, and reddens at the tale.

Here all the mighty troubleurs of the earth,
Who swam to sov'reign rule thro' seas of blood;
Th' oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains,
Who ravag'd kingdoms, and laid empires waste,
And in a cruel wantonness of pow'r
Thinn'd states of half their people, and gave up
To want the rest; now, like a storm that's spent,
Lie hush'd, and meanly sneak behind thy covert.
Vain thought! to hide them from the gen'ral
scorn

That haunts and dogs them like an injur'd ghost
Implacable. Here, too, the petty tyrant,
Whose scant domains geographer ne'er notic'd,
And, well for neighb'ring grounds, of arms as
Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor, [short,
And grip'd them like some lordly beast of prey,
Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing hunger,
And piteous plaintive voice of misery
(As if a slave was not a shred of nature,
Of the same common nature as his lord);
Now tame and humble, like a child that's
whipp'd,

Shakes hands with dust, and calls the worm his
kinsman;
Nor pleads his rank and birthright. Under ground
Precedency's a jest; vassal and lord,
Grossly familiar, side by side consume.

When self-esteem, or others' adulation,
Would cunningly persuade us we were some-
thing

Above the common level of our kind; [flatt'ry,
The Grave gainsays the smooth complexion'd
And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.

Beauty! thou pretty plaything! dear deceit!
That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,
And gives it a new pulse unknown before!
The grave discredits thee: thy charms expung'd,
Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,
What hast thou more to boast of? Will thy lovers
Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee
homage?

Methinks I see thee with thy head low laid;
Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek,
The high-fed worm in lazy volumes roll'd,
Riots unscar'd. For this was all thy caution!
For this thy painful labours at thy glass,
T'improve those charms and keep them in repair,
For which the spoiler thanks thee not? Foul
feeder!

Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,
And leave as keen a relish on the sense.
Look how the fair one weeps! the conscious tears
Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of flow'rs:
Honest effusion! the swoln heart in vain
Works hard to put a gloss on its distress.

Strength too! thou surly, and less gentle boast
Of those that laugh loud at the village ring!
A fit of common sickness pulls thee down, [ling
With greater ease than e'er thou didst the strip-
That rashly dar'd thee to th' unequal fight.
What groan was that I heard? deep groan indeed!
With anguish heavy laden! let me trace it:
From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man
By stronger arm belabour'd, gasps for breath
Like a hard-hunted beast. How his great heart
Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too scant
To give the lungs full play! what now avail
The strong-built sinewy limbs, and well-spread
shoulders!

See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,
Mad with his pain! eager he catches hold
Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,
Just like a creature drowning! hideous sight!
Oh! how his eyes stand out and stare full ghastly!
Whilst the distemper's rank and deadly venom
Shoots like a burning arrow cross his bowels,
And drinks his narrow up. Heard you that
groan?

It was his last. See how the great Goliath,
Just like a child that brawl'd itself to rest,
Lies still. What mean'st thou then, O mighty
boaster! [bull,

To vaunt of nerves of thine? What means the
Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward,
And flee before a feeble thing like man;
That, knowing well the slackness of his arm,
Trusts only in the well-invented knife!

With study pale, and midnight vigils spent,
The star-surveying sage close to his eye
Applies the sight-invigorating tube;
And trav'ling thro' the boundless length of space,
Marks well the courses of the far-seen orbs,
That roll with regular confusion there,
In ecstasy of thought. But ah! proud man!
Great heights are hazardous to the weak head!
Soon, very soon, the firmest footing fails; [place,
And down thou dropp'st into that darksome
Where nor device nor knowledge ever came.

Here the tongue-warrior lies! disabled now,
Disarm'd, dishonor'd, like a wretch that's gagg'd,
And cannot tell his ail to passers-by. [change?
Gerat man of language, whence this mighty
This dumb despair, and drooping of the head?
Though strong persuasion hung upon thy lip,
And sly insinuation's softer arts
In ambush lay about thy flowing tongue:
Alas! how chop-fall'n now! thick mists and
Rest, like a weary cloud, upon thy breast [silence
Unceasing. Ah! where is the lifted arm,
The strength of action, and the force of words,
The well-turn'd period, and the well-tun'd voice,
With all the lesser ornaments of phrase?
Ah! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been!

Raz'd from the book of fame, or, more provoking,
Perhaps some hackney, hunger-bitten scribbler
Insults thy memory, and blots thy tomb
With long flat narratives, or duller rhymes
With heavy halting pace that drawl along;
Enough to rouse a dead man into rage,
And warm with red resentment the wan cheek.

Here the great masters of the healing art,
These mighty mock-defrauders of the tomb!
Spite of their jalaps and catholicons,
Resign to fate. Proud *Æsculapius*' son,
Where are thy boasted implements of art,
And all thy well-cramm'd magazines of health?
Nor hill, nor vale, as far as ship could go,
Nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook,
Escap'd thy rifling hands: from stubborn shrubs
Thou wrung'st their shy retiring virtues out,
And vex'd them in the fire: nor fly, nor insect,
Nor writhy snake, escap'd thy deep research.—
But why this apparatus? why this cost?
Tell us thou doughty keeper from the grave?
Where are thy recipes and cordials now,
With the long list of vouchers for thy cures?
Alas! thou speakest not. The bold impostor
Looks not more silly when the cheat's found out.

Here, the lank-sided miser, worst of felons!
Who meanly stole, discreditable shift!
From back and belly too, their proper cheer;
Eas'd of a tax it irk'd the wretch to pay
To his own carcase, now lies cheaply lodg'd,
By clam'rous appetites no longer teas'd,
Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.
But, ah! where are his rents, his comings in?
Ay! now you've made the rich man poor indeed:
Robb'd of his gods, what has he left behind?
O cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake
The fool throws up his int'rest in both worlds,
First starv'd in this, then damn'd in that to come.

How shocking must thy summons be, O Death!
To him that is at ease in his possessions;
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come!
In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,
But shrieks in vain! how wishfully she looks
On all she's leaving, now no longer hers!
A little longer, yet a little longer,
O might she stay to wash away her stains,
And fit her for her passage! Mournful sight!
Her very eyes weep blood; and every groan
She heaves is big with horror: but the foe,
Like a staunch murd'rer steady to his purpose,
Pursues her close through ev'ry lane of life,
Nor misses once the track, but presses on;
Till, forc'd at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.

Sure, 'tis a serious thing to die! my soul!
What a strange moment must it be, when near
Thy journey's end thou hast the gulph in view!
That awful gulph no mortal e'er repass'd
To tell what's doing on the other side!
Nature runs back, and shudders at the sight, [ing
And ev'ry life-string bleeds at thoughts of part-

For part they must: body and soul must part;
Fond couple! link'd more close than wedded pair.
This wings its way to its Almighty Source,
The witness of its actions, now its judge;
That drops into the dark and noisome grave,
Like a disabled pitcher, of no use.

If death was nothing, and nought after death;
If, when men died, at once they ceas'd to be,
Returning to the barren womb of nothing [chee
Whence first they sprung; then might the debau-
Untrembling mouth the heav'ns; then might
the drunkard

Reel over his full bowl, and when 'tis drain'd
Fill up another to the brim, and laugh [wretch
At the poor bug-bear Death; then might the
That's weary of the world, and tir'd of life,
At once give each inquietude the slip,
By stealing out of being when he pleas'd,
And by what way; whether by hemp or steel:
Death's thousand doors stand open. Who could
force

The ill-pleas'd guest to sit out his full time,
Or blame him if he goes? Sure! he does well
That helps himself as timely as he can,
When able. But if there is an *hereafter*,
And that there is, conscience uninfluenc'd,
And suffer'd to speak out, tells ev'ry man,
Then must it be an awful thing to die;
More horrid yet to die by one's own hand.
Self-murder! name it not; our island's shame,
That makes her the reproach of neighb'ring
states.

Shall nature, swerving from her earliest dictate,
Self-preservation, fall by her own act?
Forbid it, Heav'n! let not, upon disgust,
The shameless hand be foully crimson'd o'er
With blood of its own lord. Dreadful attempt!
Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage
To rush into the presence of our Judge!
As if we challeng'd him to do his worst,
And matter'd not his wrath. Unheard-of tortures
Must be reserv'd for such: these herd together;
The common damn'd shun their society,
And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.
Our time is fix'd; and all our days are number'd;
How long, how short, we know not: this we
know,

Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
Nor dare to stir till heav'n shall give permission;
Like sentries that must keep their destin'd stand,
And wait th' appointed hour, till they're reliev'd.
Those only are the brave who keep their ground,
And keep it to the last. To run away
Is but a coward's trick: to run away
From this world's ills, that at the very worst
Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves
By boldly vent'ring on a world unknown,
And plunging headlong in the dark; 'tis mad;
No frenzy half so desperate as this.

Tell us, ye dead! will none of you in pity
To those you left behind disclose the secret?
O! that some courteous ghost would blab it out,
What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be.
I've heard that souls departed have sometimes

Forewarn'd men of their death; 'twas kindly done
To knock and give th' alarm. But what means
This stinted charity? 'tis but lame kindness
That does its work by halves. Why might you not
Tell us what 'tis to die? Do the strict laws
Of your society forbid your speaking
Upon a point so nice? I'll ask no more;
Sullen like lamps in sepulchres, your shine
Enlightens but yourselves: well—'tis no matter:
A very little time will clear up all,
And make us learn'd as you are, and as close.

Death's shafts fly thick! Here falls the village
swain, [round,

And there his pamper'd lord! The cup goes
And who so artful as to put it by?

'Tis long since death had the majority;
Yet, strange! the living lay it not to heart.
See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
The sexton, hoary-headed chronicle!

Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand [ance
Digs thro' whole rows of kindred and acquaint-
By far his juniors! scarce a scull's cast up,
But well he knew its owner, and can tell
Some passage of his life. Thus hand in hand
The sot has walk'd with death twice twenty
years;

And yet ne'er younker on the green laughs louder,
Or clubs a smuttier tale; when drunkards meet,
None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand [not
More willing to his cup. Poor wretch! he minds
That soon some trusty brother of the trade
Shall do for him what he has done for thousands.

On this side, and on that, men see their friends
Drop off, like leaves in autumn; yet launch out
Into fantastic schemes, which three long lives
In the world's hale and undegen'rate days
Could scarce have leisure for. Fools that we are!
Never to think of death and of ourselves
At the same time! as if to learn to die
Were no concern of ours. O more than sottish!
For creatures of a day, in gamesome mood
To frolic on eternity's dread brink,
Unapprehensive; when for aught we know,
The very first swollen surge shall sweep us in.
Think we, or think we not, time hurries on
With a resistless unremitting stream,

Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
And carries off his prize. What is this world?
What but a spacious burial-field unwall'd,
Strew'd with death's spoils, the spoils of animals,
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones?
The very turf on which we tread once liv'd;
And we that live must lend our carcasses
To cover our own offspring: in their turns
They too must cover theirs. 'Tis here all meet!
The shiv'ring Icelander, and sun-burnt Moor;
Men of all climes, that never met before; [tian.
And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the Chris-
Here the proud prince, and favourite yet prouder,
His sov'reign's keeper, and the people's scourge,
Are huddled out of sight. Here lie abash'd
The great negociators of the earth,

And celebrated masters of the balance,
Deep read in stratagems, and wiles of courts :
Now vain their treaty-skill; Death scorns to
treat.

Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burthen
From his gall'd shoulders ; and when the cruel
tyrant,

With all his guards and tools of pow'r about him,
Is meditating new unheard-of hardships,
Mocks his short arm, and quick as thought
escapes,

Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.
Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,
The tell-tale echo, and the bubbling stream,
Time out of mind the fav'rite seats of love,
Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down
Unblasted by foul tongue. Here friends and foes
Lie close, unmindful of their former feuds.
The lawn-rob'd prelate, and plain presbyter,
Ere while that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
Familiar mingle here, like sister-streams
That some rude interposing rock had split.

Here is the large-limb'd peasant ; here the child
Of a span long, that never saw the sun,
Nor press'd the nipple, strangled in life's porch :
Here is the mother with her sons and daughters ;
The barren wife ; the long-demurring maid,
Whose lonely unappropriated sweets
Smil'd like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand.

Here are the prude severe, and gay coquette,
The sober widow, and the young green virgin,
Cropp'd like a rose before 'tis fully blown,
Or half its worth disclos'd. Strange medley here !
Here garrulous old age winds up his tale ;
And jovial youth, of lightsome vacant heart,
Whose ev'ry day was made of melody, [shrew,
Hears not the voice of mirth ; the shrill-tongued
Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.
Here are the wise, the generous, and the brave ;
The just, the good, the worthless, the profane ;
The downright clown, and perfectly well-bred ;
The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the
mean,

The supple statesman, and the patriot stern ;
The wrecks of nations, and the spoils of time,
With all the lumber of six thousand years.

Poor man ! how happy once in thy first state !
When yet but warm from thy great Maker's
hand,

He stamp'd thee with his image, and well pleas'd
Smil'd on his last fair work ! Then all was well.
Sound was the body, and the soul serene ;
Like two sweet instruments ne'er out of tune,
That play their several parts. Nor head nor heart,
Offer'd to ache ; nor was there cause they should,
For all was pure within : no fell remorse,
Nor anxious castings up of what may be,
Alarm'd his peaceful bosom : summer seas
Show not more smooth when kiss'd by southern
winds,

Just ready to expire. Scarce importun'd,
The gen'rous soil with a luxuriant hand
Offer'd the various produce of the year,

And ev'ry thing most perfect in its kind.
Bless'd, thrice blessed days ! but ah, how short !
Bless'd as the pleasing dreams of holy men,
But fugitive, like those, and quickly gone.
O slippery state of things ! What sudden turns,
What strange vicissitudes, in the first leaf
Of man's sad history ! To-day most happy ;
And, ere to-morrow's sun has set, most abject !
How scant the space between these vast extremes !
Thus far'd it with our sire ; not long he enjoy'd
His paradise ! Scarce had the happy tenant
Of the fair spot due time to prove its sweets,
Or sum them up, when straight he must be gone,
Ne'er to return again. And must he go ?
Can nought compound for the first dire offence
Of erring man ? Like one that is condemn'd,
Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,
And parley with his fate. But 'tis in vain.
Not all the lavish odours of the place,
Offer'd in incense, can procure his pardon,
Or mitigate his doom. A mighty angel
With flaming sword forbids his longer stay,
And drives the loiterer forth ; nor must he take
One last and farewell round. At once he lost
His glory and his God. If mortal now,
And sorely maim'd, no wonder ! Man has sinn'd.
Sick of his bliss, and bent on new adventures,
Evil he would needs try : nor tried in vain.
(Dreadful experiment ! destructive measure !
Where the worst thing could happen, is suc-
cess.)

Alas ! too well he sped : the good he scorn'd
Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-us'd ghost,
Not to return ; or, if it did, its visits
Like those of angels short, and far between :
Whilst the black dæmon, with his hell-scap'd
Admitted once into its better room, [train,
Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone ;
Lording it o'er the man, who now too late
Saw the rash error which he could not mend ;
An error fatal not to him alone,
But to his future sons, his fortune's heirs.
Inglorious bondage ! human nature groans
Beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel,
And its vast body bleeds through ev'ry vein.

What havoc hast thou made, foul monster,
Sin !

Greatest and first of ills ! the fruitful parent
Of woes of all dimensions ! But for thee,
Sorrow had never been. All noxious things
Of vilest nature, other sorts of evils,
Are kindly circumscrib'd, and have their bounds.
The fierce volcano, from its burning entrails
That belches molten stone and globes of fire,
Involv'd in pitchy clouds of smoke and stench,
Mars the adjacent fields for some leagues round,
And there it stops. The big-swoln inundation,
Of mischief more diffusive, raving loud,
Buries whole tracts of country, threat'ning more ;
But that too has its shore it cannot pass.
More dreadful far than these, Sin has laid waste,
Not here and there a country, but a world ;
Dispatching at a wide-extended blow
Entire mankind, and for their sakes defacing

A whole creation's beauty with rude hands ;
 Blasting the fruitful grain, the loaded branches,
 And marking all along its way with ruin.
 Accursed thing ! O where shall fancy find
 A proper name to call thee by, expressive
 Of all thy horrors ? pregnant womb of ills !
 Of temper so transcendently malign
 That toads and serpents of most deadly kind
 Compar'd to thee are harmless. Sickneses
 Of ev'ry size and symptom, racking pains,
 And bluest plagues are thine ! See how the fiend
 Profusely scatters the contagion round ! [heels,
 Whilst deep-mouth'd slaughter, bellowing at her
 Wades deep in blood new spilt ; yet for to-morrow
 Shapes out new work of great uncommon daring,
 And inly pines till the dread blow is struck.

But hold ! I've gone too far ; too much discover'd

My father's nakedness, and nature's shame.
 Here let me pause ! and drop an honest tear,
 One burst of filial duty, and condolence,
 O'er all those ample deserts Death has spread,
 This chaos of mankind. O great man-eater !
 Whose ev'ry day is carnival : not sated yet !
 Unheard-of epicure ! without a fellow !
 The veriest gluttons do not always cram ;
 Some intervals of abstinence are sought
 To edge the appetite : thou seekest none.
 Methinks the countless swarms thou hast devour'd,

And thousands that each hour thou gobblest up ;
 This, less than this, might gorge thee to the full.
 But, ah ! rapacious still, thou gap'st for more :
 Like one, whole days defrauded of his meals,
 On whom lank hunger lays his skinny hand,
 And whets to keenest eagerness his cravings
 (As if Diseases, Massacres, and Poison,
 Famine and War, were not thy caterers) !

But know that thou must render up the dead,
 And with high interest too ! they are not thine ;
 But only in thy keeping for a season,
 Till the great promis'd day of restitution ;
 When loud diffusive sound from brazen trump
 Of strong-lung'd cherub shall alarm thy captives,
 And rouse the long, long sleepers into life,
 Day-light, and liberty. —

Then must thy gates fly open, and reveal
 The mines that lay long forming under ground,
 In their dark cells immur'd ; but now full ripe,
 And pure as silver from the crucible,
 That twice has stood the torture of the fire,
 And inquisition of the forge. We know,
 Th' Illustrious Deliv'rer of mankind,
 The Son of God, thee foil'd. Him in thy pow'r
 Thou couldst not hold : self-vigorous he rose
 And, shaking off thy fetters, soon retook
 Those spoils his voluntary yielding lent,
 (Sure pledge of our releasement from thy thrall !)
 Twice twenty days he sojourn'd here on earth,
 And show'd himself alive to chosen witnesses
 By proofs so strong, that the most slow assenting
 Had not a scruple left. This having done,
 He mounted up to heav'n. Methinks I see him
 Climb the aerial heights, and glide along

Athwart the severing clouds : but the faint eye,
 Flung backward in the chace, soon drops its hold,
 Disabled quite, and jaded with pursuing.
 Heav'n's portals wide expand to let him in ;
 Nor are his friends shut out : as some great prince
 Not for himself alone procures admission,
 But for his train ; it was his royal will,
 That where he is, there should his followers be.
 Death only lies between ! a gloomy path !
 Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears !
 But not untrod, nor tedious : the fatigue
 Will soon go off. Besides, there's no by-road
 To bliss. Then why, like ill-condition'd chil-
 Start we at transient hardships in the way [dren
 That leads to purer air and softer skies,
 And a ne'er-setting sun ? Fools that we are !
 We wish to be where sweets unwith'ring bloom ;
 But straight our wish revoke, and will not go.
 So have I seen, upon a summer's even,
 Fast by a riv'let's brink a youngster play !
 How wishfully he looks to stem the tide !
 This moment resolute, next unresolv'd,
 At last he dips his foot ; but as he dips
 His fears redouble, and he runs away
 From th' inoffensive stream, unmindful now
 Of all the flow'rs that paint the further bank,
 And smil'd so sweet of late. Thrice welcome
 That, after many a painful bleeding step, [Death !
 Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe
 On the long-wish'd-for shore. Prodigious
 change !

Our bane turn'd to a blessing ! Death disarm'd
 Loses his fellness quite ! all thanks to Him
 Who scourg'd the venom out ! Sure the last end
 Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit !
 Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
 Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.
 Behold him ! in the ev'ning tide of life,
 A life well-spent, whose early care it was,
 His ripper years should not upbraid his green :
 By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away ;
 Yet like the sun seems larger at his setting !
 High in his faith and hopes, look ! how he reaches
 After the prize in view ! and, like a bird
 That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away !
 Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
 To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
 Of the fast-coming harvest ! Then ! O then !
 Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
 Shrunk to a thing of nought. O how he longs
 To have his passport signed, and be dismiss'd !
 'Tis done, and now he's happy ! The glad soul
 Has not a wish uncrown'd. Ev'n the lag flesh
 Rests too in hope of meeting once again
 Its better half, never to sunder more.
 Nor shall it hope in vain : the time draws on
 When not a single spot of burial earth,
 Whether on land, or in the spacious sea,
 But must give back its long committed dust
 Inviolat : and faithfully shall these
 Make up the full account ; not the least atom
 Embezzled, or mislaid, of the whole tale.
 Each soul shall have a body ready furnished ;
 And each shall have his own. Hence, ye profane

Ask not, how this can be? Sure the same pow'r
That rear'd the piece at first, and took it down,
Can re-assemble the loose scatter'd parts,
And put them as they were. Almighty God
Has done much more; nor is his arm impair'd
Thro' length of days; and what he can he will;
His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.
When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumb'ring
Not unattentive to the call, shall wake; [dust,
And ev'ry joint possess its proper place,
With a new elegance of form, unknown
To its first state. Nor shall the conscious soul
Mistake its partner; but amidst the crowd,
Singling its other half, into its arms
Shall rush, with all the impatience of a man
That's new come home, who, having long been
absent,

With haste runs over ev'ry different room,
In pain to see the whole. Thrice happy meeting!
Nor time, nor death, shall ever part them more.

'Tis but a night; a long and moonless night;
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.

Thus, at the shut of even, the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely break
Cov'rs down, and doses till the dawn of day;
Then claps his well-fledg'd wings, and bears
away.

§ 23. *Happiness to be found in Virtue alone.*
Pope.

Know then this truth (enough for man to
"Virtue alone is Happiness below." [know])
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And takes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives;
The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain,
And, if it lose, attended with no pain:
Without satiety, though e'er so bless'd,
And but more relish'd as the more distress'd.
The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears:
Good from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated while one man's oppress'd;
Never dejected while another's bless'd;
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
Since but to wish more Virtue is to gain.

See! the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow,
Which who but feels can taste; but thinks, can
know:

Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss; the good, untaught, will find;
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through Nature up to Nature's God;
Pursues that chain which links th' immense
design,

Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees, that no being any bliss can know,
But touches some above, and some below;
Learns from this union of the rising whole,
The first, last purpose, of the human soul;
And knows where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,
All end in Love of God, and Love of Man.

For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still, and opens on his soul:
Till lengthen'd on to Faith, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
He sees why Nature plants in Man alone
Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown
(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find).
Wise is her present; she connects in this
His greatest Virtue with his greatest Bliss;
At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love, thus push'd to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing
Is this too little for the boundless heart? [thine.
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
Grasp the whole worlds of Reason, Life, and
In one close system of Benevolence: [Sense,
Happier as kinder, in what'er degree,
And height of Bliss but height of Charity.
God loves from Whole to Parts: but human soul
Must rise from Individual to the Whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race:
Wide, and more wide, th' overflowings of the
Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind; [mind
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty
blest,
And Heav'n beholds its image in his breast.

§ 24. *On the Eternity of the Supreme Being.*
Smart.

HAIL, wond'rous Being, who in pow'r su-
preme
Exists from everlasting! whose great name
Deep in the human heart, and ev'ry atom
The Air, the Earth, or azure Main contains,
In undecipher'd characters is wrote—
Incomprehensible!—O what can words,
The weak interpreters of mortal thoughts, [rove
Or what can thoughts (tho' wild of wing they
Thro' the vast concave of th' æthereal round)?
If to the Heav'n of Heav'ns they wing their way
Advent'rous, like the birds of night they're lost,
And delug'd in the flood of dazzling day.—

May then the youthful, uninspired Bard
Presume to hymn th' Eternal? may he soar
Where Seraph and where Cherubim on high
Resound th' unceasing plaudits, and with them
In the grand chorus mix his feeble voice?

He may—if Thou, who from the witless babe
Ordainest honor, glory, strength, and praise,
Uplift th' unpinion'd Muse, and deign'st to
Great Poet of the Universe! his song. [assist,

Before this earthly Planet wound her course
Round Light's perennial fountain; before Light
Herself gan shine, and at th' inspiring word
Shot to existence in a blaze of day;
Before "the Morning Stars together sang,"

And hail'd Thee architect of countless worlds,
Thou art—All-glorious, All-beneficent,
All Wisdom and Omnipotence Thou art.

But is the æra of Creation fix'd
At when these worlds began? Could aught retard
Goodness, that knows no bounds, from blessing
Or keep th' immense Artificer in sloth? [ever,
Avaunt the dust-directed crawling thought,
That Puissance immeasurably vast,
And Bounty inconceivable, could rest
Content, exhausted with one week of action!
No—in th' exertion of thy righteous pow'r,
Ten thousand times more active than the Sun,
Thou reign'd, and with a mighty hand compos'd
Systems innumerable, matchless all,
All stamp'd with thine uncounterfeited seal.

But yet (if still to more stupendous heights
The Muse unblam'd her aching sense may strain)
Perhaps wrapt up in contemplation deep,
The best of Beings on the noblest theme
Might ruminate at leisure, scope immense!
Th' Eternal Pow'r and Godhead to explore,
And with itself th' Omniscient Mind replete.
This were enough to fill the boundless All,
This were a Sabbath worthy the Supreme!
Perhaps enthron'd amidst a choicer few
Of spirits inferior, he might greatly plan
The two prime Pillars of the Universe,
Creation and Redemption—and a while
Pause—with the grand presentiments of glory,
Perhaps—but all's conjecture here below,
All ignorance, and self-plum'd vanity—
O Thou, whose ways to wonder at's distrust;
Whom to describe's presumption (all we can,
And all we may), be glorified, be prais'd.

A day shall come when all this earth shall
perish,

Nor leave behind ev'n Chaos; it shall come,
When all the armies of the elements
Shall war against themselves, and mutual rage,
To make perdition triumph; it shall come,
When the capacious atmosphere above
Shall in sulphureous thunders groan, and die,
And vanish into void; the earth beneath
Shall sever to the centre, and devour
Th' enormous blaze of the destructive flames.
Ye rocks that mock the ravings of the floods,
And proudly frown upon th' impatient deep,
Where is your grandeur now? Ye foaming
waves,

That all along th' immense Atlantic roar,
In vain ye swell; will a few drops suffice
To quench the inextinguishable fire? [cedars
Ye mountains, on whose cloud-crown'd tops the
Are lessen'd into shrubs, magnific piles,
That prop the painted chamber of the heavens,
And fix the earth continual: Athos, where!
Where, Tenerif, 's thy stateliness to-day?
What, Ætna, are thy flames to these? No more
Than the poor glow-worm to the golden sun.

Nor shall the verdant valleys then remain
Safe in their meek submission; they the debt
Of nature and of justice too must pay.
Yet I must weep for you, ye rival fair,

Arno and Andalusia; but for thee
More largely, and with filial tears must weep,
O Albion! O my country! Thou must join,
In vain dissever'd from the rest, must join
The terrors of th' inevitable ruin.

Nor thou, illustrious monarch of the day;
Nor thou, fair queen of night; nor you, ye stars,
Tho' million leagues and million still remote,
Shall yet survive that day; ye must submit,
Sharers, not bright spectators of the scene.

But tho' the Earth shall to the centre perish,
Nor leave behind ev'n Chaos; tho' the air
With all the elements must pass away,
Vain as an idiot's dream; tho' the huge rocks,
That brandish the tall cedars on their tops,
With humbler vales must to perdition yield;
Tho' the gilt sun, and silver-tressed moon,
With all her bright retinue, must be lost:
Yet thou, Great Father of the world, surviv'st
Eternal, as thou wert. Yet still survives
The soul of man immortal, perfect now,
And candidate for unexpiring joys.

He comes! he comes! the awful trump I hear;
The flaming sword's intolerable blaze
I see! He comes! th' Archangel from above.

“Arise, ye tenants of the silent grave,
“Awake incorruptible, and arise:
“From east to west, from the Antarctic pole
“To regions Hyperborean, all ye sons,
“Ye sons of Adam, and ye heirs of heaven—
“Arise, ye tenants of the silent grave,
“Awake incorruptible, and arise.”

'Tis then, nor sooner, that the restless mind
Shall find itself at home; and like the ark,
Fix'd on the mountain top, shall look aloft
O'er the vague passage of precarious life;
And winds and waves, and rocks and tempests,
Enjoy the everlasting calm of Heaven: [past,
'Tis then, nor sooner, that the deathless soul,
Shall justly know its nature and its rise:
'Tis then the human tongue, new-tun'd, shall
Praises more worthy the Eternal Ear. [give
Yet what we can, we ought;—and therefore
Thou,

Purge Thou my heart, Omnipotent and Good!
Purge Thou my heart with hyssop, lest, like
Cain,

I offer fruitless sacrifice, and with gifts
Offend, and not propitiate the Ador'd.
Tho' Gratitude were blest with all the powers
Her bursting heart could long for; tho' the swift,
The fiery wing'd Imagination soar'd
Beyond Ambition's wish—yet all were vain
To speak him as he is, who is ineffable.
Yet still let reason thro' the eye of Faith
View him with fearful love; let Truth pronounce,
And Adoration on her bended knee,
With heav'n-directed hands, confess his reign,
And let the angelic, archangelic band,
With all the hosts of Heaven, cherubic forms,
And forms seraphic, with their silver trump
And golden lyres attend:—“For thou art holy,
“For thou art one, th' Eternal, who alone
“Exerts all goodness, and transcends all praise!”

§ 25. *On the Immensity of the Supreme Being.*
Smart.

ONCE more I dare to rouse the sounding string,
The Poet of my God—Awake, my glory,
Awake, my lute and harp—myself shall wake,
Soon as the stately night-exploding bird
In lively lay sings welcome to the dawn.

List ye! how nature with ten thousand tongues
Begins the grand thanksgiving, Hail, all hail;
Ye tenants of the forest and the field!
My fellow-subjects of th' Eternal King,
I gladly join your matins, and with you
Confess his presence, and report his praise.

O Thou, who or the lambkin or the dove,
When offer'd by the lowly, meek, and poor,
Prefer'st to pride's whole hecatomb, accept
This mean Essay, nor from thy treasure-house
Of glory immense the orphan's mite exclude.

What tho' the Almighty's regal throne be rais'd
High o'er yon azure Heaven's exalted dome,
By mortal eye unken'd—where East nor West,
Nor South, nor blustering North has breath to
blow;

Albeit He there with angels and with saints
Hold conference, and to his radiant host
Ev'n face to face stands visibly confest;
Yet know, that nor in presence or in power
Shines he less perfect here; 'tis man's dim eye
That makes th' obscurity. He is the same;
Alike in all his universe the same.

Whether the mind along the spangled sky
Measures her pathless walk, studious to view
The works of vaster fabric, where the planets
Weave their harmonious rounds, their march
directing

Still faithful, still inconstant, to the sun;
Or where the comet, thro' space infinite
(Tho' whirling worlds oppose in globes of fire)
Darts, like a javelin, to his distant goal; [vens,
Or where in Heaven above, the Heaven of Hea-
Burn brighter suns, and goodlier planets roll
With satellites more glorious—Thou art there.

Or whether on the ocean's boisterous back
Thou ride triumphant, and with outstretch'd arm
Curb the wild winds and discipline the billows,
The suppliant sailor finds Thee there, his chief,
His only help—When Thou rebuk'st the storm,
It ceases,—and the vessel gently glides
Along the glossy level of the calm.

O! could I search the bosom of the sea,
Down the great depth descending, there thy
works

Would also speak thy residence! and there
Would I, thy servant, like the still profound,
Astonish'd into silence muse thy praise!
Behold! behold! th' unplanted garden round
Of vegetable coral, sea-flowers gay, [tom,
And shrubs of amber from the pearl-pav'd bot-
Rise richly varied, where the finny race
In blithe security their gambols play:
While high upon their heads, Leviathan,
The terror and the glory of the main,
His pastime takes with transport, proud to see
The ocean's vast dominion all his own.

Hence thro' the genial bowels of the earth
Easy may fancy pass; till at thy mines,
Gani or Raolconda, she arrive,
And from the adamant's imperial blaze]
Form weak ideas of her Maker's glory.
Next to Pegu or Ceylon let me rove,
Where the rich ruby (deem'd by sages old
Of sov'reign virtue) sparkles ev'n like Sirius,
And blushes into flames. Thence will I go
To undermine the treasure-fertile womb
Of the huge Pyrenean, to detect
The agate and the deep-intrenched gem
Of kindred jasper—Nature in them both
Delights to play the mimic on herself:
And in their veins she oft portrays the forms
Of leaning hills, of trees erect, and streams
Now stealing softly on, now thundering down
In desperate cascades with flowers and beasts,
And all the living landskip of the vale:
In vain thy pencil, Claudio or Poussin,
Or thine, immortal Guido, would essay
Such skill to imitate—it is the hand
Of God himself—for God himself is there.

Hence with th' ascending springs let me
advance

Thro' beds of magnets, minerals, and spar,
Up to the mountain's summit, there t' indulge
Th' ambition of the comprehensive eye,
That dares to call th' horizon all her own.
Behold the forest, and th' expansive verdure
Of yonder level lawn, whose smooth-shorn sod
No object interrupts, unless the oak
His lordly head uprears, and branching arms
Extends—Behold in regal solitude,
And pastoral magnificence, he stands
So simple, and so great, the underwood
Of meaner rank an awful distance keep.
Yet Thou art there, y' God himself is there,
Ev'n on the bush (tho' not as when to Moses
He shone in burning majesty reveal'd).
Nathless conspicuous in the linnet's throat
Is his unbounded goodness—Thee her Maker,
Thee her Preserver chants she in her song;
While all the emulative vocal tribe
The grateful lesson learn—no other voice
Is heard, no other sound—for, in attention
Buried, ev'n babbling Echo holds her peace.

Now from the plains, where the unbounded
prospect

Gives liberty her utmost scope to range,
Turn we to yon inclosures, where appears
Chequer'd variety in all her forms,
Which the vague mind attract, and still suspend
With sweet perplexity. What are yon towers,
The work of laboring men and clumsy art,
Seen with the ringdove's nest? On that tall
beech

Her pensile house the feather'd artist builds—
The rocking winds molest her not; for see
With such due poise the wond'rous fabric's hung,
That, like the compass in the bark, it keeps
True to itself and steadfast ev'n in storms.
Thou idiot, that asserts there is no God,
View, and be dumb for ever—

Go bid Vitruvius or Palladio build
 The bee his mansion, or the ant her cave—
 Go call Correggio, or let Titian come [cherry
 To paint the hawthorn's bloom, or teach the
 To blush with just vermilion—Hence away—
 Hence, ye profane! for God himself is here.
 Vain were th' attempt, and impious, to trace
 Thro' all his works th' Artificer Divine—
 And tho' nor shining sun, nor twinkling star,
 Bedeck'd the crimson curtains of the sky;
 Tho' neither vegetable, beast, nor bird
 Were extant on the surface of this ball,
 Nor lurking gem beneath; tho' the great sea
 Slept in profound stagnation, and the air
 Had left no thunder to pronounce its Maker;
 Yet man at home, within himself, might find
 The Deity immense, and in that frame,
 So fearfully, so wonderfully made,
 See and adore his providence and power—
 I see, and I adore—O God most bounteous!
 O infinite of goodness and of glory, [Thee;
 The knee that Thou hast shap'd shall bend to
 The tongue which Thou hast tun'd shall chant
 thy praise;
 And thine own image, the immortal soul,
 Shall consecrate herself to Thee for ever.

§ 26. *On the Omniscience of the Supreme Being.*
 Smart.

ARISE, divine Urania, with new strains
 To hymn thy God! and thou, immortal Fame,
 Arise and blow thy everlasting trump!
 All glory to the Omniscient, and praise,
 And power and domination in the height!
 And thou, cherubic Gratitude, whose voice
 To pious ears sounds silverly so sweet,
 Come with thy precious incense, bring thy gifts,
 And with thy choicest stores the altar crown.
 Thou too, my heart, whom He, and He alone
 Who all things knows, can know, with love
 Regenerate, and pure, pour all thyself [replete,
 A living sacrifice before his throne!
 And may th' eternal, high, mysterious tree,
 That in the centre of the arched heavens [branch
 Bears the rich fruit of knowledge, with some
 Stoop to my humble reach, and bless my toil!
 When in my mother's womb conceal'd I lay,
 A senseless embryo, then my soul thou knew'st;
 Knew'st all her future workings, every thought,
 And every faint idea yet unform'd.
 When up the imperceptible ascent
 Of growing years, led by thy hand, I rose,
 Perception's gradual light, that ever dawns
 Insensibly to-day, thou didst vouchsafe,
 And taught me by that reason thou inspir'dst,
 That what of knowledge in my mind was low,
 Imperfect, incorrect,—in Thee is wondrous,
 Uncircumscrib'd, unsearchably profound,
 And estimable solely by itself. [brutes,

What is that secret pow'r that guides the
 Which Ignorance calls instinct: 'Tis from Thee;
 It is the operation of thy hands,
 Immediate, instantaneous; 'tis thy wisdom
 That glorious shines transparent thro' thy works.

Who taught the pye, or who forewarn'd the jay,
 To shun the deadly nightshade? Tho' the cherry
 Boasts not a glossier hue, nor does the plum
 Lure with more seeming sweets the amorous eye,
 Yet will not the sagacious birds, decoyed
 By fair appearance, touch the noxious fruit.
 They know to taste is fatal; whence, alarm'd,
 Swift on the winnowing winds they work their
 way.

Go to, proud reasoner, philosophic man,
 Hast thou such prudence, thou such knowledge?
 Full many a race has fall'n into the snare— [No.
 Of meretricious looks, of pleasing surface;
 And oft in desert isles the famish'd pilgrim,
 By forms of fruit, and luscious taste, beguil'd,
 Like his forefather Adam, eats and dies.
 For why? his wisdom on the leaden feet
 Of slow Experience, dully tedious, creeps,
 And comes, like vengeance, after long delay.

The venerable sage, that nightly trims
 The learned lamp, t'investigate the powers
 Of plants medicinal, the earth, the air,
 And the dark regions of the fossil world,
 Grows old in following what he ne'er shall find;
 Studious in vain! till haply at the last
 He spies a mist, then shapes it into mountains,
 And baseless fabrics from conjecture builds:
 While the domestic animal, that guards
 At midnight hours his threshold, if oppress'd
 By sudden sickness, at his master's feet
 Begg not that aid his services might claim,
 But is his own physician, knows the case,
 And from th' emetic herbage works his cure:
 Hark! from afar the feather'd matron* screams
 And all her brood alarms! The docile crew
 Accept the signal one and all, expert
 In th' art of nature and unlearn'd deceit:
 Along the sod, in counterfeited death,
 Mute, motionless they lie; full well appriz'd
 That the rapacious adversary's near.
 But who inform'd her of th' approaching danger?
 Who taught the cautious mother, that the hawk
 Was hatch'd her foe, and liv'd by her destruction?
 Her own prophetic soul is active in her,
 And more than human providence her guard.

When Philomela, ere the cold domain
 Of Crippled Winter 'gins t' advance, prepares
 Her annual flight, and in some poplar shade
 Takes her melodious leave, who then's her pilot?
 Who points her passage thro' the pathless void
 To realms from us remote, to us unknown?
 Her science is the science of her God.
 Not the magnetic index to the North
 E'er ascertains her course, nor buoy, nor beacon:
 She, Heaven-taught voyager, that sails in air,
 Courts nor coy West nor East, but instant knows
 What Newton or not sought, or sought in vain.†
 Illustrious name! irrefragable proof
 Of man's vast genius, and the soaring soul!
 Yet what wert thou to Him, who knew his works
 Before creation form'd them, long before
 He measur'd in the hollow of his hand

* The hen turkey.

† The Longitude.

Th' exulting ocean, and the highest heavens
 He comprehended with a span, and weigh'd
 The mighty mountains in his golden scales;
 Who shone supreme, who was himself the light,
 Ere yet refraction learn'd her skill to paint,
 And bend athwart the clouds her beauteous
 bow.

When Knowledge at her father's dread com-
 Resign'd to Israel's king her golden key, [mand
 O! to have join'd the frequent auditors
 In wonder and delight, that whilom heard
 Great Solomon descanting on the brutes.
 O! how sublimely glorious to apply
 To God's own honor, and good-will to man,
 That wisdom he alone of men possess'd
 In plenitude so rich, and scope so rare.
 How did he rouse the pamper'd silken sons
 Of bloated Ease, by placing to their view
 The sage industrious Ant, the wisest insect,
 And best œconomist of all the field!
 Tho' she presumes not by the solar orb
 To measure times and seasons, nor consults
 Chaldean calculations, for a guide;
 Yet, conscious that December's on the march,
 Pointing with icy hand to Want and Woe,
 She waits his dire approach, and undismay'd
 Receives him as a welcome guest, prepar'd
 Against the churlish Winter's fiercest blow.
 For when as yet the favorable Sun
 Gives to the genial earth th' enliv'ning ray,
 Not the poor suffering slave, that hourly toils
 To rive the groaning earth for ill-sought gold,
 Endures such trouble, such fatigue, as she;
 While all her subterraneous avenues, [meet
 And storm-proof cells, with management most
 And unexampled housewifery, she forms:
 Then to the field she hies, and on her back,
 Burden immense! she bears the cumbrous corn.
 Then many a weary step, and many a strain,
 And many a grievous groan subdu'd, at length
 Up the huge hill she hardly heaves it home,
 Nor rests she here her providence, but nips
 With subtle tooth the grain, lest from her garner
 In mischievous fertility it steal,
 And back to day-light vegetate its way.
 Go to the Ant, thou sluggard, learn to live,
 And by her wary ways reform thine own.
 But if thy deaden'd sense, and listless thought,
 More glaring evidence demand; behold,
 Where yon pellucid populous hive presents
 A yet uncopied model to the world!
 There Machiavel in the reflecting glass
 May read himself a fool. The chemist there
 May with astonishment invidious view
 His toils outdone by each plebeian bee,
 Who, at the royal mandate, on the wing,
 From various herbs, and from discordant flowers,
 A perfect harmony of sweets compounds.

Avaunt, Conceit! Ambition! take thy flight
 Back to the prince of vanity and air!
 O! 'tis a thought of energy most piercing; [force
 Form'd to make pride grow humble; form'd to
 Its weight on the reluctant mind, and give her
 A true but irksome image of herself.

Woeful vicissitude! when man, fallen man,
 Who first from Heaven, from gracious God him-
 self

[brutes
 Learn'd knowledge of the brutes, must know, by
 Instructed and reproach'd, the scale of being;
 By slow degrees from lowly steps ascend,
 And trace Omniscience upwards to its spring!
 Yet murmur not, but praise—for tho' we stand
 Of many a godlike privilege amerc'd
 By Adam's dire transgression; tho' no more
 Is Paradise our home, but o'er the portal
 Hangs in terrific pomp the burning blade;
 Still with ten thousand beauties bloom the earth,
 With pleasures populous, and with riches
 crown'd.

Still is there scope for wonder and for love
 Ev'n to their last exertion—showers of blessings
 Far more than human virtue can deserve,
 Or hope expect, or gratitude return.
 Then, O ye people, O ye sons of men,
 Whatever be the color of your lives,
 Whatever portion of itself his wisdom
 Shall deign t' allow, still patiently abide, [chant
 And praise him more and more; nor cease to
 "All glory to th' Omniscient, and praise,
 "And pow'r, and domination in the height!
 "And thou, cherubic Gratitude, whose voice
 "To pious ears sounds silverly so sweet,
 "Come with thy precious incense, bring thy
 gifts,
 "And with thy choicest stores the altar crown."

ΤΩ ΘΕΩ ΔΟΞΑ.

§ 27. *On the Power of the Supreme Being.*
 Smart.

"TREMBLE, thou Earth!" th' anointed poet
 said, [mountains!
 "At God's bright presence; tremble all ye
 "And all ye hillocks on the surface bound!"
 Then once again, ye glorious thunders, roll!
 The Muse with transport hears ye; once again
 Convulse the solid continent! and shake,
 Grand music of Omnipotence, the isles!
 'Tis thy terrific voice, thou God of power,
 'Tis thy terrific voice; all nature hears it,
 Awaken'd and alarm'd; she feels its force;
 In every spring she feels it, every wheel,
 And every movement of her vast machine.
 Behold! quakes Apenine; behold! recoils
 Athos; and all the hoary headed Alps
 Leap from their bases at the godlike sound.
 But what is this, celestial tho' the note,
 And proclamation of the reign supreme,
 Compar'd with such as, for a mortal ear
 Too great, amaze the incorporeal worlds?
 Should Ocean to his congregated waves
 Call in each river, cataract, and lake,
 And with the wat'ry world down a huge rock
 Fall headlong in one horrible cascade,
 'Twere but the echo of the parting breeze,
 When zephyr faints upon the lily's breast;
 'Twere but the ceasing of some instrument,
 When the last lingering undulation

Dies on the doubting ear, if nam'd with sounds
So mighty! so stupendous! so divine!

But not alone in the ærial vault
Does He the dread theocracy maintain;
For oft, enrag'd with his intestine thunders,
He harrows up the bowels of the earth,
And shocks the central magnet—Cities then
Tatter on their foundations, stately columns,
Magnific walls, and heaven-assaulting spires.
What though in haughty eminence erect
Stands the strong citadel, and frowns defiance
On adverse hosts; tho' many a bastion jut
Forth from the rampart's elevated mound;
Vain the poor providence of human art,
And mortal strength how vain! while under-
neath

Triumphs his mining vengeance in th' uproar
Of shatter'd towers, riven rocks, and mountains,
With clamor inconceivable upturn,
And hurl'd adown th' abyss. Sulphureous pyrites
Bursting abrupt from darkness into day,
With din outrageous and destructive ire,
Augment the hideous tumult, while it wounds
Th' afflictive ear, and terrifies the eye, [felt,
And rends the heart in twain. Twice have we
Within Augusta's walls, twice have we felt
Thy threaten'd indignation: but even Thou,
Incens'd Omnipotent, art gracious ever;
Thy goodness infinite but mildly warn'd us,
With mercy-blended wrath; O spare us still,
Nor send more dire conviction! We confess
That thou art He th' Almighty: we believe.
For at thy righteous power whole systems quake;
For at thy nod tremble ten thousand worlds.
Hark! on the winged whirlwind's rapid rage,
Which is and is not in a moment—hark!
On the hurricane's tempestuous sweep he rides
Invincible, and oaks, and pines, and cedars,
And forests are no more. For, conflict dreadful!
The West encounters East, and Notus meets
In his career the Hyperborean blast.
The lordly lions shuddering seek their dens,
And tly like timorous deer; the king of birds,
Who dar'd the solar ray, is weak of wing,
And faints, and falls, and dies;—while He su-
preme

Stands stedfast in the centre of the storm.

Wherefore ye objects terrible and great,
Ye thunders, earthquakes, and ye fire-fraught
wombs

Of fell volcanos, whirlwinds, hurricanes,
And boiling billows, hail! in chorus join
To celebrate and magnify your Maker,
Who yet in works of a minuter mould
Is not less manifest, is not less mighty.

Survey the magnet's sympathetic love
That woos the yielding needle; contemplate
Th' attractive amber's power, invisible
Ev'n to the mental eye; or when the blow
Sent from th' electric sphere assaults thy frame,
Show me the hand that dealt it!—Baffled here
By his Omnipotence, Philosophy
Slowly her thoughts inadequate revolves,

And stands, with all his circling wonders round
Like heavy Saturn in th' ethereal space, [her,
Begirt with an inexplicable ring.

If such the operations of his power,
Which at all seasons and in every place
(Rul'd by establish'd laws and current nature!)
Arrest th' attention; who, oh who shall tell
His acts miraculous? when his own decrees
Repeals he, or suspends; when by the hand
Of Moses or of Joshua, or the mouths
Of his prophetic seers, such deeds be wrought,
Before th' astonish'd sun's all-seeing eye,
That faith was scarce a virtue. Need I sing
The fate of Pharaoh and his numerous band
Lost in the reflux of the wat'ry walls,
That melted to their fluid state again?

Need I recount how Samson's warlike arm,
With more than mortal nerves was strung,
Idoltrous Philistia? Shall I tell [t' o'erthrow
How David triumph'd, and what Job sustain'd?

—But, O supreme, unutterable mercy!
O love unequal'd, mystery immense, [tion
Which angels long t' unfold! 'tis man's redemp-
That crowns thy glory, and thy pow'r confirms;

Confirms the great, th' uncontroverted claim.
When from the Virgin's unpolluted womb
Shone forth the Sun of Righteousness reveal'd,
And on benighted reason pour'd the day;
“Let there be peace!” he said, and all was calm
Amongst the warring world—calm as the sea
When, “O be still, ye boisterous winds!” he cried,
And nota breath was blown, nor murmur heard.

His was a life of miracles and might,
And charity and love, ere yet he taste
The bitter draught of death, ere yet he rise
Victorious o'er the universal foe,
And death, and sin, and hell in triumph lead.
His by the right of conquest is mankind,
And in sweet servitude and golden bonds
Were tied to him for ever.—O how easy
Is his ungalling yoke, and all his burdens
'Tis ecstasy to bear. Him, blessed Shepherd!
His flocks shall follow thro' the maze of life,
And shades that tend to dayspring from on high;

And as the radiant roses, after fading,
In fuller foliage, and more fragrant breath
Revive in smiling spring, so shall it fare
With those that love him—for sweet is their sa-
And all Eternity shall be their spring. [vor,
Then shall the gates and everlasting doors,
At which the King of glory enters in, [sure
Be to the saints unbar'd: and there, where plea-
Boasts an undying bloom, where dubious hope
Is certainty, and grief-attended love
Is freed from passion—there we'll celebrate,
With worthier numbers, Him who is, and was,
And, in immortal prowess King of kings,
Shall be the monarch of all worlds for ever.

§ 28. *On the Goodness of the Supreme Being.*
Smart.

OMPHREUS, for so the Gentiles * call'd thy name,
Israel's sweet Psalmist, who alone couldst wake

* See this conjecture strongly supported by Delany, in his *Life of David*.

Th' inanimate to motion; who alone
 The joyful hillocks, the applauding rocks,
 And floods with musical persuasion drew;
 Thou, who to hail and snow gav'st voice and sound,
 And mad'st the mute melodious!—greater yet
 Was thy divinest skill, and rul'd o'er more
 Than art and nature; for thy tuneful touch
 Drove trembling Satan from the heart of Saul,
 And quell'd the evil Angel—in this breast
 Some portion of thy genuine spirit breathe,
 And lift me from myself; each thought impure
 Banish; each low idea raise, refine,
 Enlarge, and sanctify;—so shall the Muse
 Above the stars aspire, and aim to praise
 Her God on earth as he is prais'd in heaven.

Immense Creator! whose all-powerful hand
 Fram'd universal being, and whose eye
 Saw like thyself, that all things form'd were good,
 Where shall the timorous Bard thy praise begin,
 Where end the purest sacrifice of song,
 And just thanksgiving?—The thought-kindling
 light,

Thy prime production, darts upon my mind
 Its vivifying beams, my heart illumines,
 And fills my soul with gratitude and Thee.
 Hail to the cheerful rays of ruddy morn,
 That paint the streaky East, and blithsome
 rouse

The birds, the cattle, and mankind from rest!
 Hail to the freshness of the early breeze,
 And Iris dancing on the new-fall'n dew!
 Without the aid of yonder golden globe,
 Lost were the garnet's lustre, lost the lily,
 The tulip and auricula's spotted pride;
 Lost were the peacock's plumage, to the sight
 So pleasing in its pomp and glossy glow.
 O thrice illustrious! were it not for Thee.
 Those pansies, that reclining from the bank
 View thro' th' immaculate pellucid stream
 Their portraiture in the inverted heav'n,
 Might as well change their triple boast, the white,
 The purple, and the gold, that far outvie
 The Eastern monarch's garb, ev'n with the dock,
 Ev'n with the baleful hemlock's irksome green.
 Without thy aid, without thy gladsome beams,
 The tribes of woodland warblers would remain
 Mute on the bending branches, nor recite
 The praise of Him, who, ere he form'd their lord,
 Their voices turn'd to transport, wing'd their
 flight,

And bade them call for nurture, and receive;
 And lo! they call, the blackbird and the thrush,
 The woodlark and the redbreast, jointly call;
 He hears, and feeds their feather'd families;
 He feeds his sweet musicians—nor neglects
 Th' invoking ravens in the greenwood wide;
 And tho' their throats coarse rattling hurt the ear,
 They mean it all for music, thanks and praise
 They mean, and leave ingratitude to man:—
 But not to all—for, hark! the organs blow
 Their swelling notes round the cathedral's dome,
 And grace the harmonious choir, celestial feast
 To pious ears, and med'cine of the mind!
 The thrilling trebles and the manly base
 Join in accordance meet, and with one voice

All to the sacred subject suit their song.
 While in each breast sweet melancholy reigns
 Angelically pensive, till the joy
 Improves and purifies; the solemn scene
 The sun thro' storied panes surveys with awe,
 And bashfully withholds each bolder beam.
 Here, as her home, from morn to eve frequents
 The cherub Gratitude; behold her eyes!
 With love and gladness weepingly they shed
 Ecstatic smiles; the incense, that her hands
 Uprear, is sweeter than the breath of May
 Caught from the nectarine's blossom, and her
 voice

Is more than voice can tell: to Him she sings,
 To Him who feeds, who clothes, and who adorns,
 Who made, and who preserves, whatever dwells
 In air, in stedfast earth, or fickle sea.
 O He is good, He is immensely good! [man;
 Who all things form'd, and form'd them all for
 Who mark'd the climates, varied every zone,
 Dispensing all his blessings for the best,
 In order and in beauty:—rise, attend,
 Arrest, and praise, ye quarters of the world!
 Bow down, ye elephants, submissive bow
 To Him who made the mite! Tho', Asia's pride,
 Ye carry armies on your tower-crown'd backs,
 And grace the turban'd tyrants, bow to Him
 Who is as great, as perfect, and as good
 In his less striking wonders, till at length
 The eye's at fault, and seeks the assisting glass;
 Approach, and bring from Araby the Blest
 The fragrant cassia, frankincense, and myrrh,
 And, meekly kneeling at the altar's foot,
 Lay all the tributary incense down.
 Stoop, feeble Africa, with reverence stoop,
 And from thy brow take off the painted plume;
 With golden ingots all thy camels load
 T' adorn his temples; hasten with thy spear
 Reverted, and thy trusty bow unstrung,
 While unpursued thy lions roam and roar,
 And ruin'd towers, rude rocks, and caverns wide
 Re-murmur to the glorious, surly sound.
 And thou, fair Indian, whose immense domain
 To counterpoise the hemisphere extends, [ers,
 Haste from the West, and with thy fruits and flow-
 Thy mines and med'cines, wealthy maid, attend.
 More than the plenteousness so fam'd to flow
 By fabling bards from Amalthea's horn
 Is thine; thine therefore be a portion due
 Of thanks and praise: come with thy brilliant
 crown

And vest of fur; and from thy fragrant lap
 Pomegranates and the rich ananas pour.
 But chiefly thou, Europa, seat of Grace
 And Christian excellence, his Goodness own,
 Forth from ten thousand temples pour his praise.
 Clad in the armor of the living God,
 Approach, unsheath the Spirit's flaming sword;
 Faith's shield, salvation's glory-compass'd helm,
 With fortitude assume, and o'er your heart
 Fair Truth's invulnerable breast-plate spread;
 Then join the general chorus of all worlds,
 And let the song of Charity begin
 In strains seraphic, and melodious prayer:
 "O all-sufficient, all-beneficent,

"Thou God of Goodness and of Glory, hear!
 "Thou, who to lowest minds dost condescend,
 "Assuming passions to enforce thy laws,
 "Adopting jealousy to prove thy love:
 "Thou, who resign'd humility uphold'st,
 "Ev'n as the florist props the drooping rose,
 "But quell'st tyrannic pride with peerless power,
 "Ev'n as the tempest rives the stubborn oak:
 "O all-sufficient, all-beneficent,
 "Thou God of Goodness and of Glory, hear!
 "Bless all mankind; and bring them in the end
 "To heav'n, to immortality, and Thee!"

§ 29. *Ode to Wisdom.* Miss Carter.

THE solitary bird of night
 Through the pale shades now wings his flight,
 And quits the time-shook tow'r,
 Where, shelter'd from the blaze of day,
 In philosophic gloom he lay,
 Beneath his ivy bow'r.

With joy I hear the solemn sound,
 Which midnight echoes waft around,
 And sighing gales repeat:
 Fav'rite of Pallas! I attend,
 And faithful to thy summons, bend
 At Wisdom's awful seat.

She loves the cool, the silent eve,
 Where no false shows of life deceive,
 Beneath the lunar ray:
 Here Folly drops each vain disguise,
 Nor sports her gaily-color'd dyes,
 As in the glare of day.

O Pallas! queen of ev'ry art
 "That glads the sense or mends the heart,"
 Blest source of purer joys;
 In ev'ry form of beauty bright,
 That captivates the mental sight
 With pleasure and surprise;

To thy unspotted shrine I bow,
 Assist thy modest suppliant's vow,
 That breathes no wild desires:
 But, taught by thy unerring rules
 To shun the fruitless wish of fools,
 To nobler views aspires.

Not Fortune's gem, Ambition's plume,
 Nor Cytherea's fading bloom,
 Be objects of my pray'r;
 Let av'rice, vanity, and pride,
 These glitt'ring envied toys divide,
 The dull rewards of care.

To me thy better gifts impart,
 Each moral beauty of the heart,
 By studious thought refin'd:
 For wealth, the smiles of glad content;
 For pow'r, its amplest, best extent,
 An empire o'er my mind.

When Fortune drops her gay parade,
 When pleasure's transient roses fade,
 And wither in the tomb,
 Unchang'd is thy immortal prize,
 Thy ever-verdant laurels rise
 In undecaying bloom.

By thee protected, I defy
 The coxcomb's sneer, the stupid lie
 Of ignorance and spite;
 Alike condemn the leaden fool,
 And all the pointed ridicule
 Of undiscerning wit.

From envy, hurry, noise, and strife,
 The dull impertinence of life,
 In thy retreat I rest;
 Pursue thee to thy peaceful groves,
 Where Plato's sacred spirit roves,
 In all thy graces drest.

He bid Ilyssus' tuneful stream
 Convey the philosophic theme
 Of perfect, fair, and good:
 Attentive Athens caught the sound,
 And all her list'ning sons around
 In awful silence stood.

Reclaim'd, her wild licentious youth
 Confess'd the potent voice of truth,
 And felt its just control:
 The passions ceas'd their loud alarms,
 And virtue's soft persuasive charms
 O'er all their senses stole.

Thy breath inspires the poet's song,
 The patriot's free unbiass'd tongue,
 The hero's gen'rous strife:
 Thine are retirement's silent joys,
 And all the sweet endearing ties
 Of still, domestic life.

No more to fabled names confin'd,
 To thee, supreme, all perfect mind,
 My thoughts direct their flight:
 Wisdom's thy gift, and all her force
 From thee deriv'd, unchanging source
 Of intellectual light!

O send her sure, her steady ray,
 To regulate my doubtful way,
 Thro' life's perplexing road;
 The mists of error to control;
 And thro' its gloom direct my soul
 To happiness and good!

Beneath her clear discerning eye,
 The visionary shadows fly
 Of Folly's painted show:
 She sees, thro' ev'ry fair disguise,
 That all but Virtue's solid joys
 Is vanity and woe.

§ 30. *DEITY.* Boyse.

*Unde nil majus generatur Ipso,
 Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum.* HOR.

FROM earth's low prospects and deceitful aims,
 From wealth's allurements, and ambition's
 dreams,

The lover's raptures, and the hero's views,
 All the false joys mistaken man pursues;
 The schemes of science, the delights of wine,
 Or the more pleasing follies of the Nine!
 Recal, fond Bard, thy long-enchanted sight,
 Deluded with the visionary light!

A nobler theme demands thy sacred song,
A theme beyond or man's or angel's tongue!

But oh, alas! unhallow'd and profane,
How shalt thou dare to raise the heav'nly strain?

Do Thou, who from the altar's living fire
Isaiah's tuneful lips didst once inspire,
Come to my aid, celestial Wisdom, come;
From my dark mind dispel the doubtful gloom:
My passions still, my purer breast inflame,
To sing that God from whom existence came;
Till heav'n and nature in the concert join,
And own the Author of their birth divine.

I. ETERNITY.

Whence sprung this glorious frame! or whence
The various forms the universe compose? [arose
From what Almighty Cause, what mystic springs
Shall we derive the origin of things?

Sing, heav'nly Guide! whose all-efficient light
Drew dawning planets from the womb of night!
Since reason, by the sacred dictates taught,
Adores a pow'r beyond the reach of thought.

First Cause of causes! Sire supreme of birth!
Sole light of heav'n! acknowledg'd life of earth!
Whose Word from nothing call'd this beauteous whole,

This wide expanded All from pole to pole!
Who shall prescribe the boundary to Thee,
Or fix the era of Eternity?

Should we, deceiv'd by error's sceptic glass,
Admit the thought absurd—That Nothing was!
Thence would this wild, this false conclusion flow,

That Nothing rais'd this beauteous All below!
When from disclosing darkness splendor breaks,
Associate atoms move, and matter speaks,
When non-existence bursts its close disguise,
How blind are mortals—not to own the skies!

If one vast void eternal held its place,
Whence started time? or whence expanded space?
What gave the slumb'ring mass to feel a change,
Or bid consenting worlds harmonious range?

Could nothing link the universal chain?
No, 'tis impossible, absurd, and vain!
Here reason its eternal Author finds,
The whole who regulates, unites, and binds,
Enlivens matter, and produces minds!
Inactive Chaos sleeps in dull repose,
Nor knowledge thence, nor free volition flows!
A nobler source those powers ethereal show,
By which we think, design, reflect, and know;
These from a cause superior date their rise,
"Abstract in essence from material ties."

An origin immortal, as supreme,
From whose pure day, celestial rays! they came:
In whom all possible perfections shine,
Eternal, self-existent, and divine!

From this great spring of uncreated might!
This all-resplendent orb of vital light;
Whence all created beings take their rise,
Which beautify the earth, or paint the skies!
Profusely wide the boundless blessings flow,
Which heav'n enrich and gladden worlds below!

Which are no less, when properly defin'd,
Than emanations of th' Eternal Mind!
Hence triumphs truth beyond objection clear
(Let unbelief attend and shrink with fear!)
That what for ever was—must surely be
Beyond commencement, and from period free;
Drawn from himself his native excellence,
His date eternal, and his space immense!
And all of whom that man can comprehend,
Is, that he ne'er began, nor e'er shall end.

In him from whom existence boundless flows,
Let humble faith its sacred trust repose:
Assur'd on his eternity depend,
"Eternal Father! and eternal Friend!"
Within that mystic circle safety seek,
No time can lessen, and no force can break!
And, lost in adoration, breathe his praise,
High Rock of ages, ancient Sire of days!

II. UNITY.

Thus recogniz'd, the spring of life and thought!
Eternal, self-deriv'd, and unbegot,
Approach, celestial Muse, th' empyreal throne,
And awfully adore th' exalted One!
In nature pure, in place supremely free,
And happy in essential unity!

Bless'd in himself, had from his forming hand
No creatures sprung to hail his wide command;

Bless'd, had the sacred fountain ne'er run o'er,
A boundless sea of bliss that knows no shore!

Nor sense can two prime origins conceive,
Nor reason two eternal Gods believe!
Could the wild Manichæan own that guide,
The good would triumph, and the ill subside!
Again would vanquish'd Aramanus bleed,
And darkness from prevailing light recede!

In different individuals we find
An evident disparity of mind;
Hence ductile thought a thousand changes gains
And actions vary as the will ordains;
But should two Beings, equally supreme,
Divided pow'r and parted empire claim;
How soon would universal order cease!
How soon would discord harmony displace!
Eternal schemes maintain eternal fight,
Nor yield, supported by eternal might;
Where each would uncontroll'd his aim pursue,
The links dis sever, or the chain renew!
Matter from motion cross impressions take,
As serv'd each pow'r his rival's pow'r to break,
While neutral Chaos from his deep recess,
Would view the never-ending strife increase,
And bless the contest that secur'd his peace!
While new creations would opposing rise,
And elemental war deform the skies!
Around wild uproar and confusion hurl'd,
Eclipse the heav'ns, and waste the ruin'd world.

Two independent causes to admit,
Destroys religion, and debases wit;
The first by such an anarchy undone,
The last acknowledges its source but one.
As from the main the mountain rills are drawn
That wind irriguous through the flow'ry lawn;

So, mindful of their spring, one course they
 keep,
 Exploring, till they find their native deep !
 Exalted Power, invisible, supreme,
 Thou sov'reign, sole unutterable Name !
 As round thy throne thy flaming seraphs stand,
 And touch the golden lyre with trembling hand ;
 Too weak thy pure effulgence to behold,
 With their rich plumes their dazzled eyes infold ;
 Transported with the ardors of thy praise,
 The holy ! holy ! holy ! anthem raise !
 To them responsive, let creation sing,
 Thee, indivisible eternal King !

III. SPIRITUALITY.

O say, celestial Muse ! whose purer birth
 Disdains the low material ties of earth ;
 By what bright images shall be defin'd
 The mystic nature of th' Eternal Mind !
 Or how shall thought the dazzling height explore,
 Where all that reason can—is to adore !

That God's an immaterial essence pure,
 Whom figure can't describe, nor parts immure ;
 Incapable of passions, impulse, fear,
 In good pre-eminent, in truth severe :
 Unmix'd his nature, and sublim'd his pow'rs
 From all the gross alloy that tempers ours ;
 In whose clear eye the bright angelic train
 Appear suffus'd with imperfection's stain !
 Impervious to the man's or seraph's eye,
 Beyond the ken of each exalted high.
 Him would in vain material semblance feign,
 Or figur'd shrines the boundless God contain ;
 Object of faith ! he shuns the view of sense,
 Lost in the blaze of sightless excellence !
 Most perfect, most intelligent, most wise,
 In whom the sanctity of pureness lies ;
 In whose adjusting mind the whole is wrought,
 Whose form is spirit, and whose essence thought !
 Are truths inscrib'd by Wisdom's brightest ray,
 In characters that gild the face of day !

Reason confess'd (howe'er we may dispute),
 Fix'd boundary ! discovers man from brute ;
 But, dim to us, exerts its fainter ray,
 Depress'd in matter, and allied to clay !
 In forms superior kindles less confin'd,
 Whose dress is æther, and whose substance mind ;
 Yet all from Him, supreme of causes, flow,
 To Him their pow'rs and their existence owe ;
 From the bright cherub of the noblest birth,
 To the poor reasoning glow-worm plac'd on earth ;
 From matter then to spirit still ascend,
 Thro' spirit still refining, higher tend ;
 Pursue, on knowledge bent, the pathless road,
 Pierce thro' infinitude in quest of God
 Still from thy search, the centre still shall fly,
 Approaching still—thou never shalt come
 nigh !

So its bright orb th' aspiring flame would join,
 But the vast distance mocks the fond design.
 If he, Almighty ! whose decree is fate,
 Could, to display his pow'r, subvert his state ;
 Bid from his plastic hand, a greater rise,
 Produce a master, and resign his skies ;

Impart his incommunicable flame,
 The mystic number of th' Eternal Name ;
 Then might revolting reason's feeble ray
 Aspire to question God's all-perfect day !
 Vain task ! the clay in the directing hand,
 The reason of its form might so demand,
 As man presume to question his dispose,
 From whom the power he thus abuses flows.
 Here point, fair Muse ! the worship God re-

quires,
 The soul inflam'd with chaste and holy fires,
 Where love celestial warms the happy breast,
 And from sincerity the thought's express'd ;
 Where genuine piety, and truth refin'd,
 Re-consecrate the temple of the mind ;
 With grateful flames the living altars glow,
 And God descends to visit man below !

IV. OMNIPRESENCE.

Thro' th' unmeasurable tracts of space
 Go, Muse divine ! and present Godhead trace !
 See where, by place uncircumscrib'd as time,
 He reigns extended ; and he shines sublime !
 Couldst thou above the heav'n of heav'n's
 ascend,
 Couldst thou below the depth of depths descend,
 Could thy fond flight beyond the starry sphere
 The radiant morning's lucid pinions bear ;
 There should his brighter presence shine confest,
 There his almighty arm thy course arrest !
 Couldst thou the thickest veil of night assume,
 Or think to hide thee in the central gloom ;
 Yet there, all patent to his piercing sight,
 Darkness itself would kindle into light !
 Not the dark mansions of the silent grave,
 Nor darker hell, from his perception save :
 What pow'r, alas ! thy footsteps can convey
 Beyond the reach of omnipresent day ?

In his wide grasp, and comprehensive eye,
 Immediate worlds on worlds unnumber'd lie ;
 Systems inclos'd in his perception roll,
 Whose all-informing mind directs the whole :
 Lodg'd in his grasp, their certain ways they know ;
 Plac'd in that sight from whence can nothing go.
 On earth his footstool fix'd, in heav'n his seat ;
 Enthron'd he dictates, and his word is fate.

Nor want his shining images below,
 In streams that murmur, or in winds that blow ;
 His spirit broods along the boundless flood,
 Smiles in the plain, and whispers in the wood ;
 Warms in the genial sun's enliv'ning ray,
 Breathes in the air, and beautifies the day !

Should man his great immensity deny,
 Man might as well usurp the vacant sky :
 For were he limited in date, or view,
 Thence were his attributes imperfect too ;
 His knowledge, power, his goodness all confin'd,
 And lost th' idea of a ruling Mind !
 Feeble the trust, and comfortless the sense
 Of a defective partial Providence !
 Boldly might then his arm injustice brave,
 Or innocence in vain his mercy crave ;
 Dejected virtue lift its hopeless eye,
 And heavy sorrow vent the heartless sigh !

An absent God no abler to defend,
Protect, or punish, than an absent friend ;
Distant alike our wants and griefs to know,
To ease the anguish, or prevent the blow.
If he, Supreme Director, were not near,
Vain were our hope, and empty were our fear ;
Unpunish'd vice would o'er the world prevail,
And unrewarded virtue toil—to fail !
The moral world a second chaos lie,
And nature sicken to the thoughtful eye !

E'en the weak embryo, ere to life it breaks,
From his high pow'r its slender texture takes ;
While in his book the various parts inroll'd,
Increasing, own eternal Wisdom's mould.

Nor views he only the material whole,
But pierces thought, and penetrates the soul !
Ere from the lips the vocal accents part,
Or the faint purpose dawns within the heart,
His steady eye the mental birth perceives,
Ere yet to us the new idea lives !
Knows what we say, ere yet the words proceed,
And ere we form th' intention, marks the deed !

But Conscience, fair vicegerent-light within,
Asserts its Author, and restores the scene !
Points out the beauty of the govern'd plan,
“ And vindicates the ways of God to man.”

Then, sacred Muse, by the vast prospect fir'd,
From heaven descended, as by heaven inspir'd ;
His all-enlight'ning Omnipresence own,
Whence first thou feel'st thy dwindling presence known ;

His wide Omniscience, justly, grateful, sing,
Whence thy weak science prunes its callow wing !
And bless th' Eternal, All-informing Soul,
Whose sight pervades, whose knowledge fills the whole.

V. IMMUTABILITY.

As the Eternal and Omniscient Mind,
By laws not limited, nor bounds confin'd,
Is always independent, always free,
Hence shines confess'd Immutability !
Change, whether the spontaneous child of will,
Or birth of force—is imperfection still.
But he, all-perfect, in himself contains
Pow'r self-deriv'd, and from himself he reigns !
If, alter'd by constraint, we could suppose,
That God his fix'd stability should lose ;
How startles reason at a thought so strange !
What pow'r can force Omnipotence to change ?
If from his own divine productive thought,
Were yet the stranger alteration wrought ;
Could excellence supreme new rays acquire ?
Or strong perfection raise its glories higher ?
Absurd !—his high meridian brightness glows,
Never decreases, never overflows !
Knows no addition, yields to no decay,
The blaze of incommunicable day !

Below through different forms does matter
And life subsist from elemental change ; [range,
Liquids condensing shapes terrestrial wear,
Earth mounts in fire, and fire dissolves in air ;
While we, inquiring phantoms of a day,
Inconstant as the shadows we survey !

With them, along Time's rapid current pass,
And haste to mingle with the parent mass ;
But thou, Eternal Lord of life divine !
In youth immortal shalt for ever shine !
No change shall darken thy exalted name ;
From everlasting ages still the same !

If God, like man, his purpose could renew,
His laws could vary, or his plans undo ;
Desponding Faith would droop its cheerless wing,
Religion deaden to a lifeless thing !
Where could we, rational, repose our trust,
But in a Pow'r immutable as just ?
How judge of revelation's force divine,
If truth unerring gave not the design ?
Where, as in nature's fair according plan,
All smiles benevolent and good to man.

Plac'd in this narrow clouded spot below,
We darkly see around and darkly know !
Religion lends the salutary beam,
That guides our reason thro' the dubious gleam ;
Till sounds the hour, when he who rules the skies
Shall bid the curtain of Omniscience rise !
Shall dissipate the mists that veil our sight,
And show his creatures—all *his ways are right* !
Then, when astonish'd nature feels its fate,
And fetter'd time shall know his latest date ;
When earth shall in his mighty blaze expire,
Heav'n melt with heat, and worlds dissolve in fire !
The universal system shrink away,
And ceasing orbs confess the almighty sway !
Immortal He, amidst the wreck secure,
Shall sit exalted, permanently pure !
As in the sacred bush, shall shine the same,
And from the ruin raise a fairer frame !

VI. OMNIPOTENCE.

Far hence, ye visionary charming maids,
Ye fancied nymphs that haunt the Grecian shades !
Your birth who from conceiving fiction drew,
Yourselves producing phantoms as untrue ;
But come, superior Muse ! divinely bright,
Daughter of heav'n, whose offspring still is light ;
Oh condescend, celestial sacred guest !
To purge my sight, and animate my breast,
While I presume Omnipotence to trace,
And sing that Pow'r who peopled boundless space ! [rode,

Thou present wert, when forth th' Almighty
While Chaos trembled at the voice of God !
Thou saw'st, when o'er th' immense his line he drew,

When Nothing from his Word existence knew !
His Word, that wak'd to life the vast profound,
While conscious light was kindled at the sound !
Creation fair surpris'd the angelic eyes,
And sov'reign Wisdom saw that all was wise !

Him, sole Almighty, nature's book displays,
Distinct the page, and legible the rays !
Let the wild sceptic his attention throw
To the broad horizon, or earth below ;
He finds thy soft impression touch his breast,
He feels the God, and owns him unconfest :
Should the stray pilgrim, tir'd of sands and skies,
In Libya's waste behold a palace rise,

Would he believe the charm from atoms
wrought?

Go, atheist, hence, and mend thy juster thought!
What hand, Almighty Architect! but thine,
Could give the model of this vast design?
What hand but thine adjust th' amazing whole?
And bid consenting systems beauteous roll!
What hand but thine apply the solar light?
Ever bestowing, yet for ever bright!
What hand but thine the starry train array,
Or give the Moon to shed her borrow'd ray?
What hand but thine the azure convex spread?
What hand but thine compose the ocean's bed?
To the vast main the sandy barrier throw,
And with the feeble curb restrain the foe!
What hand but thine the wintry flood assuage,
Or stop the tempest in its wildest rage!

Thee infinite! what finite can explore?
Imagination sinks beneath thy pow'r;
Thee could the ablest of thy creatures know,
Lost were thy Unity, for he were Thou!
Yet present to all sense thy pow'r remains,
Reveal'd in nature, nature's Author reigns!
In vain would error from conviction fly,
Thou ev'ry where art present to the eye!
The sense how stupid, and the sight how blind,
That fails this universal truth to find!

Go! all the sightless realms of space survey,
Returning trace the Planetary Way!
The sun that in his central glory shines,
While ev'ry planet round his orb inclines;
Then at our intermediate globe repose,
And view yon lunar satellite that glows!
Or cast along the azure vault the eye,
When golden day enlightens all the sky;
Around, behold earth's variegated scene,
The mingling prospects, and the flow'ry green;
The mountain brow, the long-extended wood,
Or the rude rock that threatens o'er the flood!
And say, are these the wild effects of chance?
Oh, strange effect of reas'ning ignorance!

Nor pow'r alone confess'd in grandeur lies,
The glitt'ring planet or the painted skies!
Equal, the elephant's and emmet's dress
The wisdom of Omnipotence confess;
Equal, the cumbrous whale's enormous mass,
With the small insects in the crowded grass;
The mite that gambols in its acid sea,
In shape a porpus, though a speck to thee!
Ev'n the blue down the purple plum surrounds,
A living world, thy failing sight confounds,
To him a peopled habitation shows,
Where millions taste the bounty God bestows!

Great Lord of life, whose all-controlling
might

Thro' wide creation beams divinely bright,
Nor only does thy pow'r in forming shine,
But to annihilate, dread King! is thine:
Shouldst thou withdraw thy still-supporting
hand,

How languid nature would astonish'd stand!
Thy frown the ancient realm of night restore,
And raise a blank—where systems smil'd before!

See in corruption, all-surprising state,
How struggling life eludes the stroke of fate;

Shock'd at the scene, though sense averts its eye,
Nor stops the wondrous process to descry;

Yet juster thought the mystic change pursues,
And with delight Almighty Wisdom views!
The brute, the vegetable world surveys,
Sees life subsisting ev'n from life's decays!
Marks the self-taught, the pensive reptile come,
Spin his thin shroud, and living build his tomb!
With conscious care his former pleasures leave,
And dress him for the bus'ness of the grave!
Thence, pass'd the short-liv'd change, renew'd
he springs,

Admires the skies, and tries his silken wings!
With airy flight the insect roves abroad,
And scorns the meaner earth he lately trod!

Thee, potent, let deliver'd Israel praise,
And to thy name their grateful homage raise!
Thee, potent God! let Egypt's land declare,
That felt thy justice awfully severe!

How did thy frown benight the shadow'd land,
Nature revers'd, how own thy high command!
When jarring elements their use forgot,
And the sun felt thy overcasting blot!

When earth produc'd the pestilential brood,
And the foul stream was crimson'd into blood!
How deep the horrors of that awful night,
How strong the terror, and how wild the fright!

When o'er the land thy sword vindictive pass'd,
And men and infants breath'd at once their last,
How did thy arm thy favour'd tribes convey!
Thy light conducting point the patent way!

Obedient ocean to their march divide
The wat'ry wall distinct on either side;
While thro' the deep the long procession led,
And saw the wonders of the oozy bed!

Nor long they march'd, till, black'ning in the rear,
The vengeful tyrant and his host appear!
Plunge down the steep, the waves thy nod obey,
And whelm the threat'ning storm beneath the
sea!

Nor yet thy pow'r thy chosen train forsook,
When thro' Arabia's sands their way they took;
By day thy cloud was present to the sight,
Thy fiery pillar led the march by night;
Thy hand amidst the waste their table spread,
With feather'd viands, and with heav'nly bread:
When the dry wilderness no streams supplied,
Gush'd from the yielding rock the vital tide!
What limits can Omnipotence confine?
What obstacles oppose thy arm divine?
Since stones and waves their settled laws forego,
Since seas can harden, and since rocks can flow!

On Sinai's top, the Muse with ardent wing
The triumphs of Omnipotence would sing!
When o'er its airy brow thy cloud display'd,
Involv'd the nations in its awful shade;

When shrunk the earth from thy approaching
And the rock trembled to its rooted base: [face,
Yet where thy majesty divine appear'd,
Where shone thy glory, and thy voice was heard;

Ev'n in the blaze of that tremendous day,
Idolatry its impious rites could pay!
Oh shame to thought!—thy sacred throne in-
vade,

And brave the bolt that linger'd round its head!

VII. WISDOM.

O thou, who, when th' Almighty form'd this All,
Upheld the scale, and weigh'd each balanc'd ball;
And as his hand completed each design,
Number'd the work, and fix'd the seal divine;
O Wisdom infinite! creation's soul,
Whose rays diffuse new lustre o'er the whole,
What tongue shall make thy charms celestial
known?

What hand, fair Goddess! paint thee, but thy
own?

What though in nature's universal store
Appear the wonders of almighty pow'r;
Pow'r, unattended, terror would inspire,
Aw'd must we gaze, and comfortless admire.
But when fair Wisdom joins in the design,
The beauty of the whole result's divine!

Hence life acknowledges its glorious cause,
And matter owns its great Diposer's laws;
Hence in a thousand different models wrought,
Now fix'd to quiet, now allied to thought;
Hence flow the forms and properties of things;
Hence rises harmony, and order springs;
Else, had the mass a shapeless chaos lay,
Nor ever felt the dawn of Wisdom's day!

See, how associate round their central sun,
Their faithful rings the circling planets run;
Still equi-distant, never yet too near,
Exactly tracing their appointed sphere.
Mark how the moon orb flying orb pursues,
While from the sun her monthly light renews;
Breathes her wide influence on the world below,
And bids the tides alternate ebb and flow.
View how in course the constant seasons rise,
Deform the earth or beautify the skies:
First, Spring advancing with her flow'ry train;
Next, Summer's hand, that spreads the sylvan
scene;

Then, Autumn, with her yellow harvests crown'd,
And trembling Winter close the annual round.
The vegetable tribes observant trace,
From the tall cedar to the creeping grass:
The chain of animated beings scale,
From the small reptile to the enormous whale;
From the strong eagle stooping through the skies,
To the low insect that escapes thy eyes!
And see, if see thou canst, in ev'ry frame,
Eternal Wisdom shine confest the same:
As proper organs to the least assign'd,
As proper means to propagate the kind,
As just the structure, and as wise the plan,
As in this lord of all—debating man!

Hence, reas'ning creature, thy distinction find,
Nor longer to the ways of Heav'n be blind.
Wisdom in outward beauty strikes the mind,
But outward beauty points a charm behind.
What gives the earth, the ambient air, or seas,
The plain, the river, or the wood to please?
Oh say, in whom does beauty's self reside,
The Beautifier, or the beautified?
There dwells the Godhead in the bright disguise,
Beyond the ken of all created eyes;
His works our love and our attention steal;
His works (surprising thought) the Maker veil;

Too weak our sight to pierce the radiant cloud,
Where Wisdom shines, in all her charms avow'd.

O gracious God, omnipotent and wise,
Unerring Lord, and Ruler of the skies!
All-condescending, to my feeble heart
One beam of thy celestial light impart;
I seek not sordid wealth, or glitt'ring pow'r;
O grant me Wisdom—and I ask no more!

VIII. PROVIDENCE.

As from some level country's shelter'd ground,
With towns replete, with green enclosures bound,
Where the eye, kept within the verdant maze,
But gets a transient vista as it strays;
The pilgrim to some rising summit tends,
Whence opens all the scene as he ascends;
So Providence the friendly height supplies,
Where all the charms of Deity surprise;
Here Goodness, Power, and Wisdom, all unite,
And dazzling glories whelm the ravish'd sight!

Almighty Cause! 'tis thy preserving care,
That keeps thy works for ever fresh and fair;
The sun, from thy superior radiance bright,
Eternal sheds his delegated light;
Lends to his sister orb inferior day,
And paints the silver moon's alternate ray:
Thy hand the waste of eating Time renews:
Thou shedd'st the tepid morning's balmy dews:
When raging winds the blacken'd deep deform,
Thy spirit rides commission'd in the storm;
Bids at thy will the slack'ning tempest cease,
While the calm ocean smooths its ruffled face:
When lightnings thro' the air tremendous fly,
Or the blue plague is loosen'd to destroy,
Thy hand directs, or turns aside the stroke;
Thy word the fiend's commission can revoke:
When subterraneous fires the surface heave,
And towns are buried in the yawning grave,
Thou suffer'st not the mischief to prevail;
Thy sov'reign touch the recent wound can heal.
To Zembla's rock thou send'st the cheerful
gleam; [stream;

O'er Libya's sands thou pour'st the cooling
Thy watchful providence o'er all intends,
Thy works obey their great Creator's ends.

When man too long the paths of vice pursued,
Thy hand prepar'd the universal flood;
Gracious, to Noah gave the timely sign,
To save a remnant from the wrath divine!
One shining waste the globe terrestrial lay,
And the ark heav'd along the troubled sea;
Thou bad'st the deep his ancient bed explore,
The clouds their wat'ry deluge pour'd no more!
The skies were clear'd—the mountain tops were
The dove pacific brought the olive green. [seen,
On Ararat the happy Patriarch tost,
Found the recover'd world his hopes had lost;
There his fond eyes review'd the pleasing scene,
The earth all verdant, and the air serene!
Its precious freight the guardian ark display'd,
While Noah grateful adoration paid!
Beholding in the many-tinctur'd bow
The promise of a safer world below.

When wild ambition rear'd its impious head,
And rising Babel Heav'n with pride survey'd;

Thy word the mighty labor could confound,
And leave the mass to moulder with the ground.

From Thee all human actions take their
springs,

The rise of empires, and the fall of kings!
See the vast theatre of time display'd,
While o'er the scene succeeding heroes tread!
With pomp the shining images succeed, [bleed!
What leaders triumph! and what monarchs
Perform the parts thy providence assign'd,
Their pride, their passions, to thy ends inclin'd:
A while they glitter in the face of day,
Then at thy nod the phantoms pass away;
No traces left of all the busy scene,
But that remembrance says—*The things have
been!*

“But (questions Doubt) whence sickly nature
The ague-fits her face so soft reveals? [feels
“Whence earthquakes heave the earth's asto-
nish'd breast?

“Whence tempests rage? or yellow plagues in-
fest? [store?

“Whence draws rank Afric her empoison'd
“Or liquid fires explosive Ætna pour?”
Go, sceptic mole! demand th' eternal Cause,
The secret of his all-preserving laws;
The depths of wisdom infinite explore,
And ask thy Maker—why he knows no more?

Thy error still in moral things as great,
As vain to cavil at the ways of fate,
To ask why prosp'rous vice so oft succeeds,
Why suffers innocence, or virtue bleeds?
Why monsters, nature must with blushes own,
By crimes grow pow'rful, and disgrace a throne?
Why saints and sages, mark'd in every age,
Perish the victims of tyrannic rage;
Why Socrates for truth and freedom fell,
Or Nero reign'd the delegate of hell?
In vain by reason is the maze pursued,
Of ill triumphant, and afflicted good:
Fix'd to the hold, so might the sailor aim
To judge the pilot, and the steerage blame,
As we direct to God what should belong,
Or say, that sov'reign Wisdom governs wrong.

Nor always vice does uncorrected go,
Nor virtue unrewarded pass below!
Oft sacred Justice lifts her awful head,
And dooms the tyrant and th' usurper dead;
Oft Providence, more friendly than severe,
Arrests the hero in his wild career;
Directs the fever, poniard, or the ball,
By which an Ammon, Charles, or Cæsar fall;
Or, when the cursed Borgias brews the cup
For merit, bids the monster drink it up;
On violence oft retorts the cruel spear,
Or fetters cunning in its crafty snare;
Relieves the innocent, exalts the just,
And lays the proud oppressor in the dust!

But, fast as Time's swift pinions can convey,
Hastens the pomp of that tremendous day,
When to the view of all created eyes
God's high tribunal shall majestic rise;
When the loud trumpet shall assemble round
The dead, reviving at the piercing sound!

Where men and angels shall to audit come,
And millions yet unborn receive their doom!
Then shall fair Providence, to all display'd,
Appear divinely bright without a shade;
In light triumphant all her acts be shown,
And blushing Doubt eternal Wisdom own!

Meanwhile, thou great Intelligence supreme,
Sov'reign Director of this mighty frame,
Whose watchful hand, and all-observing ken,
Fashions the hearts, and views the ways of men;
Whether thy hand the plenteous table spread,
Or measure sparingly the daily bread;
Whether thy wealth or honors gild the scene,
Or wants deform, or wasting anguish stain;
On thee let truth and virtue firm rely,
Bless'd in the care of thy approving eye!
Know that thy providence, their constant friend,
Thro' life shall guard them, and in death attend;
With everlasting arms their cause embrace,
And crown the paths of piety with peace.

IX. GOODNESS.

Ye seraphs, who God's throne encircling still,
With holy zeal your golden censers fill;
Ye flaming ministers, to distant lands
Who bear, obsequious, his divine commands;
Ye cherubs, who compose the sacred choir,
Attuning to the voice th' angelic lyre!
Or ye, fair natives of the heav'nly plain,
Who once were mortal—now a happier train!
Who spend in peaceful love your joyful hours,
In blissful meads, and amaranthine bowers,
Oh lend one spark of your celestial fire,
Oh deign my glowing bosom to inspire,
And aid the Muse's unexperienc'd wing,
While Goodness, theme divine, she soars to sing!

Though all thy attributes, divinely fair,
Thy full perfection, glorious God! declare;
Yet if one beams superior to the rest,
Oh let thy Goodness fairest be confess'd:
As shines the moon amidst her starry train,
As breathes the rose amongst the flow'ry scene,
As the mild dove her silver plumes displays,
So sheds thy mercy its distinguish'd rays.

This led, Creator mild, thy gracious hand,
When formless Chaos heard thy high command;
When, pleas'd, the eye thy matchless works
review'd,

And Goodness, placid, spoke that all was good!

Nor only does in heav'n thy Goodness shine;
Delighted nature feels its warmth divine;
The vital sun's illuminating beam,
The silver crescent, and the starry gleam,
As day and night alternate they command,
Proclaim that truth to ev'ry distant land.

See smiling nature, with thy treasures fair,
Confess thy bounty and parental care;
Renew'd by thee, the faithful seasons rise,
And earth with plenty all her sons supplies.
The generous lion, and the brind'd boar,
As nightly through the forest walks they roar,
From thee, Almighty Maker, seek their prey,
Nor from thy hand unsated go away:

To thee for meat the callow ravens cry,
Supported by thy all-preserving eye:
From thee the feather'd natives of the plain,
Or those who range the field or plough the main,
Receive with constant course th' appointed food,
And taste the cup of universal good:
Thy hand thou open'st, million'd myriads live;
Thou frown'st, they faint; thou smil'st, and they
On virtue's acre, as on rapine's stores, [revive!
See Heav'n impartial deal the fruitful show'rs!
'Life's common blessings all her children share,'
Tread the same earth, and breathe a gen'ral air!
Without distinction boundless blessings fall,
And Goodness, like the sun, enlightens all!

Oh man! degenerate man! offend no more!
Go, learn of brutes thy Maker to adore!
Shall these through ev'ry tribe his bounty own,
Of all his works ungrateful thou alone?
Deaf when the tuneful voice of mercy cries,
And blind when sov'reign Goodness charms the
eyes! [phemes:

Mark how the wretch his awful name blas-
His pity spares—his clemency reclaims!
Observe his patience with the guilty strive,
And bid the criminal repent and live;
Recall the fugitive with gentle eye,
Beseech the obstinate, he would not die!
Amazing tenderness—amazing most,
The soul on whom such mercy should be lost!

But wouldst thou view the rays of goodness
join

In one strong point of radiance all divine,
Behold, celestial Muse! yon eastern light;
To Bethlem's plain, adoring, bend thy sight!
Hear the glad message to the shepherds giv'n,
Good will on earth to man, and peace in heav'n!
Attend the swains, pursue the starry road,
And hail to earth the Saviour and the God!

Redemption! oh thou beauteous mystic plan!
Thou salutary source of life to man! [grace?
What tongue can speak thy comprehensive
What thought thy depths unfathomable trace?
When lost in sin our ruin'd nature lay,
When awful justice claim'd her righteous pay,
See the mild Saviour bend his pitying eye,
And stop the lightning just prepar'd to fly!
(O strange effect of unexampled love!)

View him descend the heav'nly throne above;
Patient the ills of mortal life endure,
Calm, though revil'd; and innocent, though poor:
Uncertain his abode, and coarse his food,
His life one fair continued scene of good;
For us sustain the wrath to man decreed,
The victim of eternal justice bleed!

Look! to the cross the Lord of life is tied,
They pierce his hands, and wound his sacred
See God expires! our forfeit to atone, [side;
While nature trembles at his parting groan!

Advance, thou hopeless mortal, steel'd in guilt,
Behold, and, if thou canst, forbear to melt!
Shall Jesus die, thy freedom to regain,
And wilt thou drag the voluntary chain?
Wilt thou refuse thy kind assent to give,
When dying he looks down to bid thee live?

Perverse, wilt thou reject the proffer'd good,
Bought with his life, and streaming in his blood?
Whose virtue can thy deepest crimes efface,
Re-heal thy nature, and confirm thy peace!
Can all the errors of thy life atone,
And raise thee from a rebel to a son!

O blest Redeemer, from thy sacred throne,
Where saints and angels sing thy triumphs won!
(Where from the grave thou rais'd thy glorious
head,

Chain'd to thy car the pow'rs infernal led)
From that exalted height of bliss supreme,
Look down on those who bear thy sacred name;
Restore their ways, inspire them by thy grace,
Thy laws to follow, and thy steps to trace;
Thy bright example to thy doctrine join,
And by their morals prove their faith divine!

Nor only to thy church confine thy ray,
O'er the glad world thy healing light display;
Fair Sun of Righteousness! in beauty rise,
And clear the mists that cloud the mental skies!
To Judah's remnant, now a scatter'd train,
Oh great Messiah! show thy promis'd reign;
O'er earth as wide thy saving warmth diffuse,
As spreads the ambient air, or falling dew;
And haste the time when, vanquish'd by thy
pow'r,

Death shall expire, and sin defile no more!

X. RECTITUDE.

Hence distant far, ye sons of earth profane,
The loose, ambitious, covetous, or vain:
Ye worms of pow'r! ye minion'd slaves of state,
The wanton vulgar, and the sordid great!
But come, ye purer souls, from dross refin'd,
The blameless heart and uncorrupted mind!
Let your chaste hands the holy altars raise,
Fresh incense bring; and light the glowing blaze,
Your grateful voices aid the Muse to sing
The spotless justice of th' Almighty King!

As only rectitude divine he knows,
As truth and sanctity his thoughts compose;
So these the dictates which th' Eternal Mind
To reasonable beings has assign'd;
These has his care on ev'ry mind impress'd,
The conscious seals the hand of Heav'n attest!
When man, perverse, for wrong forsakes the
right,

He still attentive keeps the fault in sight;
Demands that strict atonement should be made,
And claims the forfeit on th' offender's head!

But Doubt demands—"Why man dispos'd
"this way?

"Why left the dang'rous choice to go astray?
"If Heav'n that made him did the fault foresee,
"Thence follows, Heav'n is more to blame than
No—had to good the heart alone inclin'd, [he."
What toil, what prize had virtue been assign'd?
From obstacles her noblest triumphs flow,
Her spirits languish when she finds no foe!
Man might perhaps have so been happy still,
Happy, without the privilege of will,
And just, because his hands were tied from ill!

O wondrous scheme, to mend th' almighty plan,
By sinking all the dignity of man!

Yet turn thy eyes, vain sceptic, own thy pride,
And view thy happiness and choice allied;
See virtue from herself her bliss derive,
A bliss, beyond the pow'r of thrones to give;
See vice, of empire and of wealth possess'd,
Pine at the heart, and feel herself unbless'd:
And, say, were yet no farther marks assign'd,
Is man ungrateful? or is Heav'n unkind? [fall,

"Yes, all the woes from Heav'n permissive
"The wretch adopts—the wretch improves them
From his wild lust, or his oppressive deed, [all."
Rapes, battles, murders, sacrilege proceed;
His wild ambition thins the peopled earth,
Or from his av'rice famine takes her birth;
Had nature giv'n the hero wings to fly,
His pride would lead him to attempt the sky!
To angels make the pigmy's folly known,
And draw ev'n pity from th' eternal throne.

Yet while on earth triumphant vice prevails,
Celestial Justice balances her scales;
With eye unbiass'd all the scene surveys,
With hand impartial ev'ry crime she weighs;
Oft close pursuing at his trembling heels,
The man of blood her awful presence feels:
Oft from her arm, amidst the blaze of state,
The regal tyrant, with success elate,
Is forc'd to leap the precipice of fate!
Or if the villain pass unpunish'd here,
'Tis but to make the future stroke severe;
For soon or late eternal Justice pays
Mankind the just desert of all their ways.

'Tis in that awful all-disclosing day,
When high Omniscience shall her books display,
When Justice shall present her strict account,
While Conscience shall attest the due amount;
That all who feel, condemn the dreadful rod,
Shall own that righteous are the ways of God!

Oh then, while penitence can fate disarm,
While ling'ring Justice yet withholds its arm;
While heavenly patience grants the precious
time,

Let the lost sinner think him of his crime;
Immediate, to the seat of mercy fly,
Nor wait to-morrow—lest to-night he die!

But tremble, all ye sins of blackest birth,
Ye giants that deform the face of earth;
Tremble, ye sons of aggravated guilt,
And, ere too late, let sorrow learn to melt:
Remorseless Murder! drop thy hand severe,
And bathe thy bloody weapon with a tear;
Go, Lust impure! converse with friendly light,
Forsake the mansions of defiling night;
Quit, dark Hypocrisy, thy thin disguise,
Nor think to cheat the notice of the skies!
Unsocial Avarice, thy grasp forego,
And bid the useful treasure learn to flow!
Restore, Injustice, the defrauded gain!
Oppression, bend to ease the captive's chain,
Ere awful Justice strike the fatal blow!
And drive you to the realms of night below!

But Doubt resumes—"If justice has decreed
"The punishment proportion'd to the deed;

"Eternal misery seems too severe,
"Too dread a weight for wretched man to bear!
"Too harsh!—that endless torments should
repay

"The crimes of life—the errors of a day!"

In vain our reason would presumptuous pry;
Heav'n's counsels are beyond conception high:
In vain would thought his measur'd justices can;
His ways how different from the ways of man!
Too deep for thee his secrets are to know,
Inquire not, but more wisely shun the woe;
Warn'd by his threat'nings, to his laws attend,
And learn to make Omnipotence thy friend!
Our weaker laws, to gain the purpos'd ends,
Oft pass the bounds the lawgiver intends:
Oft partial pow'r, to serve its own design,
Warps from the text, exceeding reason's line;
Strikes biass'd at the person, not the deed,
And sees the guiltless unprotected bleed!

But God alone, with unimpassion'd sight,
Surveys the nice barrier of wrong and right;
And while subservient, as his will ordains,
Obedient nature yields the present means;
While neither force nor passions guide his views,
Ev'n Evil works the purpose he pursues!
That bitter spring, the source of human pain!
Heal'd by his touch, does mineral health contain;
And dark affliction at his potent rod,
Withdraws its cloud, and brightens into good.

Thus human justice (far as man can go)
For private safety strikes the dubious blow;
But Rectitude divine, with nobler soul,
Consults each individual in the whole!
Directs the issues of each moral strife,
And sees creation struggle into life!

And you, ye happier souls! who in his ways
Observant walk, and sing his daily praise;
Ye righteous few! whose calm unruffled breasts
No fears can darken, and no guilt infests,
To whom his gracious promises extend,
In whom they centre, and in whom shall end,
Which (bless'd on that foundation sure who
Shall with eternal Justice be fulfill'd: [build)
Ye sons of life, to whose glad hope is giv'n
The bright reversion of approaching heav'n,
With grateful hearts his glorious praise recite,
Whose love from darkness call'd you out to
So let your piety reflective shine, [light;
As men may thence confess his truth divine!
And when this mortal veil, as soon it must,
Shall drop, returning to its native dust;
The work of life with approbation done,
Receive from God your bright immortal crown

XI. GLORY.

But oh, advent'rous Muse, restrain thy flight,
Dare not the blaze of uncreated light!
Before whose glorious throne with dread surprise
Th' adoring seraph veils his dazzled eyes;
Whose pure effulgence, radiant to excess,
No colors can describe, or words express!
All the fair beauties, all the lucid stores,
Which o'er thy work thy hand resplendent pours,

Feeble, thy brighter glories to display,
Pale as the moon before the solar ray!

See on his throne the gaudy Persian plac'd,
In all the pomp of the luxuriant east!
While mingling gems a borrow'd day unfold,
And the rich purple waves emboss'd with gold;
Yet mark this scene of painted grandeur yield
To the fair lily that adorns the field!
Obscur'd, behold that fainter lily lies,
By the rich bird's inimitable dyes;
Yet these survey confounded and outdone
By the superior lustre of the sun;
That sun himself withdraws his lessen'd beam
From Thee, the glorious Author of his frame!

Transcendent Power! sole arbiter of fate!
How great thy glory! and thy bliss how great!
To view from thy exalted throne above,
(Eternal source of light, and life, and love)
Unnumber'd creatures draw their smiling birth,
To bless the heav'ns, or beautify the earth,
While systems roll, obedient to thy view,
And worlds rejoice—which Newton never knew.

Then raise the song, the gen'ral anthem raise,
And swell the concert of eternal praise!
Assist, ye orbs, that form this boundless whole,
Which in the womb of space unnumber'd roll;
Ye planets who compose our lesser scheme,
And bend, concertive, round the solar frame;
Thou eye of nature! whose extensive ray
With endless charms adorns the face of day;
Consenting raise th' harmonious joyful sound,
And bear his praises thro' the vast profound!
His praise, ye winds that fan the cheerful air,
Swift as they pass along your pinions bear!
His praise let ocean through her realms display,
Far as her circling billows can convey!
His praise, ye misty vapors, wide diffuse,
In rains descending, or in milder dews!
His praises whisper, ye majestic trees,
As your tops rustle to the gentle breeze!
His praise around, ye flow'ry tribes, exhale,
Far as your sweets embalm the spicy gale!
His praise, ye dimpled streams, to earth reveal,
As pleas'd ye murmur through the flow'ry vale!
His praise, ye feather'd choirs, distinguish'd sing,
As to your notes the vocal forests ring!
His praise proclaim, ye monsters of the deep,
Who in the vast abyss your revels keep!
Or ye, fair natives of our earthly scene,
Who range the wilds, or haunt the pasture green!
Nor thou, vain lord of earth, with careless ear
The universal hymn of worship hear!
But ardent in the sacred chorus join,
Thy soul transported with the task divine!
While by his works th' Almighty is confess'd,
Supremely glorious, and supremely bless'd!

Great Lord of life! from whom this humble
Derives the pow'r to sing thy holy name, [frame
Forgive the lowly Muse, whose artless lay
Has dar'd thy sacred Attributes survey!
Delighted oft through Nature's beauteous field
Has she ador'd thy wisdom bright reveal'd;
Oft have her wishes aim'd the secret song,
But awful rev'rence still withheld her tongue.

Yet as thy bounty lent the reas'ning beam,
As feels my conscious breast thy vital flame,
So, blest Creator, let thy servant pay
His mite of gratitude this feeble way;
Thy goodness own, thy Providence adore,
And yield thee only—what was thine before.

§ 31. *The Day of Judgment: a Seatonian Prize Poem. By Dr. Glynn.*

THY Justice, heav'nly King! and that great day,
When Virtue, long abandon'd and forlorn,
Shall raise her pensive head; and Vice, that erst
Rang'd unprov'd and free, shall sink appall'd;
I sing advent'rous—But what eye can pierce
The vast immeasurable realms of space,
O'er which Messiah drives his flaming car
To that bright region, where enthron'd he sits,
First-born of Heav'n, to judge assembled worlds,
Cloth'd in celestial radiance? Can the Muse,
Her feeble wing all damp with earthly dew,
Soar to that bright empyreal, where around
Myriads of angels, God's perpetual choir,
Hymn hallelujahs, and in concert loud
Chant songs of triumph to their Maker's praise?—
Yet will I strive to sing, albeit unus'd
To tread poetic soil. What though the wilds
Of Fancy, me enchanted, ne'er could lure
To rove o'er fairy lands; to swim the streams
That through her valleys wave their mazy way;
Or climb her mountain tops; yet will I raise
My feeble voice to tell what harmony
(Sweet as the music of the rolling spheres)
Attunes the moral world: that Virtue still
May hope her promis'd crown; that Vice may
dread

Vengeance, though late; that reas'ning Pride
may own
Just, though unsearchable, the ways of Heav'n.
Sceptic! whoe'er thou art, who say'st the soul,
That divine particle which God's own breath
Inspir'd into the mortal mass, shall rest
Annihilate, till Duration has unroll'd
Her never-ending line; tell, if thou know'st,
Why every nation, every clime, though all
In laws, in rites, in manners disagree,
With one consent expect another world,
Where wickedness shall weep? Why Painim
Fabled Elysian plains, Tartarian lakes, [bards,
Styx and Cocytus? Tell, why Hali's sons
Have feign'd a paradise of mirth and love,
Banquets, and blooming nymphs? Or rather tell,
Why, on the brink of Orellana's stream,
Where never Science rear'd her sacred torch,
Th' untutor'd Indian dreams of happier worlds
Behind the cloud-topp'd hill? Why in each breast
Is plac'd a friendly monitor, that prompts,
Informs, directs, encourages, forbids?
Tell, why on unknown evil grief attends,
Or joy on secret good? Why conscience acts
With tenfold force, when sickness, age, or pain
Stands tott'ring on the precipice of death?
Or why such horror gnaws the guilty soul
Of dying sinners, while the good man sleeps
Peaceful and calm, and with a smile expires?

Look round the world! with what a partial hand
The scale of bliss and mis'ry is sustain'd!
Beneath the shade of cold obscurity
Pale virtue lies; no arm supports her head,
No friendly voice speaks comfort to her soul,
Nor soft-eyed Pity drops a melting tear;
But, in their stead, Contempt and rude Disdain
Insult the banish'd wanderer: on she goes,
Neglected and forlorn: Disease and Cold,
And Famine, worst of ills, her steps attend!
Yet patient, and to Heav'n's just will resign'd,
She ne'er is seen to weep, or heard to sigh.

Now turn your eyes to yon sweet-smelling bow'r,
Where, flush'd with all the insolence of wealth,
Sits pamper'd Vice! For him th' Arabian gale
Breathes forth delicious odours; Gallia's hills
For him pour nectar from the purple vine.
Nor think for these he pays the tribute due
To Heav'n: of Heav'n he never names the name,
Save when with imprecations dark and dire
He points his jest obscene. Yet buxom Health
Sits on his rosy cheek; yet Honour gilds
His high exploits; and downy-pinion'd Sleep
Sheds a soft opiate o'er his peaceful couch. [this,

Seest thou this, righteous Father! seest thou
And wilt thou ne'er repay? Shall good and ill
Be carried undistinguish'd to the land
Where all things are forgot?—Ah, no! the day
Will come when Virtue from the cloud shall burst,
That long obscur'd her beams, when Sin shall fly
Back to her native Hell; there sink eclips'd
In penal darkness, where no star shall rise,
Nor ever sunshine pierce th' impervious gloom.

On that great day the solemn trumpet shall sound,
(That trump which once in heav'n on man's revolt
Convok'd th' astonish'd seraphs) at whose voice
Th' unpeopled graves shall pour forth all their
dead.

Then shall th' assembled Nations of the Earth
From ev'ry quarter at the judgment-seat
Unite; Egyptians, Babylonians, Greeks,
Parthians; and they who dwell on Tiber's banks,
Names fam'd of old: or who of later age,
Chinese and Russian, Mexican and Turk,
Tenant the wild terrene; and they who pitch
Their tents on Niger's banks; or, where the sun
Pours on Golconda's spires his early light,
Drink Ganges' sacred stream. At once shall rise,
Whom distant ages to each other's sight
Had long denied: before the throne shall kneel
Some great Progenitor, while at his side
Stand his descendants through a thousand lines.
Whate'er their nation, and whate'er their rank,
Heroes and patriarchs, slaves and sceptred kings,
With equal eye the God of all shall see,
And judge with equal love. What thou'gh the
With costly pomp and aromatic sweets [great
Embalmd his poor remains; or through the dome
A thousand tapers shed their gloomy light,
While solemn organs to his parting soul
Chanted slow orisons? Say, by what mark
Dost thou discern him from that lowly swain
Whose mould'ring bones beneath the thorn-
bound turf

Long lay neglected? All at once shall rise,
But not to equal glory; for, alas!
With howlings dire, and execrations loud,
Some wail their fatal birth.—First among these,
Behold the mighty murd'ers of mankind:
They who in sport whole kingdoms slew; or they
Who to the tott'ring pinnacle of power
Waded through seas of blood! How will they
The madness of ambition! how lament [curse
Their dear-bought laurels; when the widow'd
And childless mother at the judgment-seat [wife
Plead trumpet-tongu'd against them!—Here are
Who sunk an aged father to the grave; [they
Or with unkindness hard, and cold disdain,
Slighted a brother's suff'rings.—Here are they
Whom fraud and skilful treachery long secur'd;
Who from the infant virgin tore her dow'r,
And ate the orphan's bread: who spent their
In selfish luxury; or o'er their gold [stores
Prostrate and pale ador'd the useless heap.
Here too who stain'd the chaste connubial bed!—
Who mix'd the pois'nous bowl;—or broke the
Of hospitable friendship;—and the wretch [ties
Whose listless soul, sick with the cares of life,
Unsummon'd, to the presence of his God
Rush'd in with insult rude. How would they joy
Once more to visit earth, and, though oppress'd
With all that pain and famine can inflict,
Pant up the hill of life! Vain wish! the judge
Pronounces doom eternal on their heads,
Perpetual punishment. Seek not to know
What punishment! for that th' Almighty will
Has hid from mortal eyes: and shall vain man
With curious search refin'd presume to pry
Into thy secrets, Father? No! let him
With humble patience all thy works adore,
And walk in all thy paths; so shall his meed
Be great in Heav'n, so haply shall he 'scape
Th' immortal worm and never-ceasing fire.

But who are they, who bound in tenfold chains
Stand horribly aghast? This is that crew
Who strove to pull Jehovah from his throne,
And in the place of heav'n's eternal King
Set up the phantom Chance. For them in vain
Alternate seasons cheer'd the rolling year;
In vain the sun o'er herb, tree, fruit, and flow'r
Shed genial influence mild; and the pale moon
Repair'd her waning orb.—Next these is plac'd
The vile blasphemer; he whose impious wit
Profan'd the sacred mysteries of faith,
And 'gainst th' impenetrable walls of Heav'n
Planted his feeble battery. By these stands
The Arch-Apostate: he with many a wife
Exhorts them still to foul revolt. Alas!
No hope have they from black despair, no ray
Shines through the gloom to cheer their sinking
souls,

In agonies of grief they curse the hour
When first they left Religion's onward way.

These on the left are rang'd: but on the right
A chosen band appears, who fought beneath
The banner of Jehovah, and defied
Satan's united legions. Some, unmov'd
At the grim tyrant's frown, o'er barb'rous climes

Diffus'd the Gospel's light: some long immur'd
 (Sad servitude!) in chains and dungeons pin'd;
 Or, rack'd with all the agonies of pain, [they,
 Breath'd out their faithful lives. Thrice happy
 Whom Heav'n elected to that glorious strife!—
 Here are they plac'd, whose kind munificence
 Made heaven-born Science raise her drooping
 And on the labours of a future race [head;
 Entail'd their just reward. Thou amongst these,
 Good Seaton! whose well-judg'd benevolence
 Fost'ring fair Genius, bade the poet's hand
 Bring annual off'rings to his Maker's shrine,
 Shall find the generous care was not in vain.—
 Here is that fav'rite band, whom mercy mild,
 God's best-lov'd attribute, adorn'd; whose gate
 Stood ever open to the stranger's call;
 Who fed the hungry; to the thirsty lip
 Reach'd out the friendly cup; whose care benign
 From the rude blast secur'd the pilgrim's side;
 Who heard the widow's tender tale, and shook
 The galling shackle from the pris'ner's feet;
 Who each endearing tie, each office knew
 Of meek-eyed, heaven-descended Charity.
 O Charity, thou nymph divinely fair!
 Sweeter than those whom ancient poets bound
 In amity's indissoluble chain,
 The Graces! how shall I essay to paint
 Thy charms, celestial maid! and in rude verse
 Blazon those deeds thyself didst ne'er reveal?
 For thee nor rankling Envy can infect,
 Nor Rage transport, nor high o'erweening Pride
 Puff up with vain conceit: ne'er didst thou
 To see the sinner as a verdant tree [smile
 Spread his luxuriant branches o'er the stream;
 While, like some blasted trunk, the righteous fall
 Prostrate, forlorn. When prophecies shall fail,
 When tongues shall cease, when knowledge is
 no more,

And this great day is come, thou by the throne
 Shalt sit triumphant. Thither, lovely maid!
 Bear me, O bear me on thy soaring wing,
 And through the adamantine gates of Heav'n
 Conduct my steps, safe from the fiery gulph
 And dark abyss, where Sin and Satan reign!

But can the Muse, her numbers all too weak,
 Tell how that restless element of fire
 Shall wage with seas and earth intestine war,
 And deluge all creation? Whether (so
 Some think) the comet, as through fields of air
 Lawless he wanders, shall rush headlong on
 Thwarting th' ecliptic, where th' unconscious
 earth

Rolls in her wonted course; whether the sun
 With force centripetal into his orb
 Attract her, long reluctant; or the caves,
 Those dead volcanos, where engend'ring lie
 Sulphureous minerals, from the dark abyss
 Pour streams of liquid fire; while from above,
 As erst on Sodom, Heaven's avenging hand
 Rains fierce combustion.—Where are now the
 Of art, the toil of ages?—Where are now [works
 Th' imperial cities, sepulchres and domes,
 Trophies and pillars? Where is Egypt's boast,
 Those lofty pyramids, which high in air

Rear'd their aspiring heads, to distant times
 Of Memphian pride a lasting monument?—
 Tell me where Athens rais'd her tow'rs? where
 Thebes

Open'd her hundred portals?—Tell me where
 Stood sea-girt Albion? where Imperial Rome,
 Propt, by seven hills, sat like a sceptred queen,
 And aw'd the tributary world to peace?—
 Show me the rampart which o'er many a hill,
 Through many a valley stretch'd its wide extent,
 Rais'd by that mighty monarch to repel
 The roving Tartar, when with insult rude
 'Gainst Pekin's tow'rs he bent th' unerring bow.
 But what is mimic art? Ev'n Nature's work,
 Seas, meadows, pastures, the meand'ring streams,
 And everlasting hills, shall be no more.
 No more shall Teneriff, cloud-piercing height!
 O'erhang th' Atlantic surge; nor that fam'd cliff,
 Thro' which the Persian steer'd with many a sail,
 Throw to the Lemnian isle its evening shade
 O'er half the wide Ægean.—Where are now
 The Alps that confin'd with unnumber'd realms,
 And from the Black Sea to the ocean stream
 Stretch'd their extended arms!—Where's Ararat,
 That hill on which the faithful patriarch's ark,
 Which seven long months had voyag'd o'er its top,
 First rested, when the earth with all her sons,
 As now by streaming cataracts of fire,
 Was whelm'd by mighty waters?—All at once
 Are vanish'd and dissolv'd; no trace remains,
 No mark of vain distinction: heaven itself,
 That azure vault, with all those radiant orbs,
 Sinks in the universal ruin lost.

No more shall planets round their central sun
 Move in harmonious dance; no more the moon
 Hang out her silver lamp; and those fix'd stars,
 Spangling the golden canopy of night,
 Which oft the Tuscan with his optic glass
 Call'd from their wondrous height, to read their
 And magnitude, some winged minister [names
 Shall quench; and (surest sign that all on earth
 Is lost) shall rend from heaven the mystic bow.

Such is that awful, that tremendous day,
 Whose coming who shall tell? For as a thief
 Unheard, unseen, it steals with silent pace [I sit,
 Though night's dark gloom.—Perhaps as here
 And rudely carol these incondite lays, [mouth
 Soon shall the hand be check'd, and dumb the
 That lisps the falt'ring strain.—O may it ne'er
 Intrude unwelcome on an ill-spent hour;
 But find me wrapt in meditations high,
 Hymning my great Creator!—

———“ Pow'r Supreme!

“ O everlasting King! to thee I kneel,
 “ To thee I lift my voice. With fervent heat
 “ Melt, all ye elements! And thou high heav'n,
 “ Shrink like a shrivell'd scroll! But think, O

“ Lord,

“ Think on the best, the noblest of thy works;
 “ Think on thine own bright image! Think on

“ Him

“ Who died to save us from thy righteous wrath;
 “ And 'midst the wreck of worlds remember
 “ man!”

§ 32. *An Address to the Deity.* Mrs. Barbauld.
Deus est quodcunque vides, quocunque moveris.

LUCAN.

GOD of my life, and author of my days!
Permit my feeble voice to lisp thy praise;
And trembling take upon a mortal tongue
That hallow'd name to harps of Seraphs sung.
Yet here the brightest Seraphs could no more
Than hide their faces, tremble, and adore.
Worms, angels, men, in ev'ry diff'rent sphere,
Are equal all, for all are nothing here.
All Nature faints beneath the mighty name,
Which Nature's works, thro' all her parts, proclaim.

I feel that name my inmost thoughts control,
And breathe an awful stillness thro' my soul;
As by a charm the waves of grief subside;
Impetuous passion stops her headlong tide:
At thy felt presence all emotions cease,
And my hush'd spirit finds a sudden peace,
Till ev'ry worldly thought within me dies,
And earth's gay pageants vanish from my eyes;
Till all my sense is lost in infinite,
And one vast object fills my aching sight.

But soon, alas! this holy calm is broke;
My soul submits to wear her wonted yoke;
With shackled pinions strives to soar in vain,
And mingles with the dross of earth again.
But he, our gracious Master, kind as just,
Knowing our frame, remembers man is dust.
His spirit, ever brooding o'er our mind,
Sees the first wish to better hopes inclin'd;
Marks the young dawn of ev'ry virtuous aim,
And fans the smoking flax into a flame:
His ears are open to the softest cry,
His grace descends to meet the lifted eye;
He reads the language of a silent tear,
And sighs are incense from a heart sincere.
Such are the vows, the sacrifice I give:
Accept the vow, and bid the suppliant live.
From each terrestrial bondage set me free;
Still ev'ry wish that centres not in thee;
Bid my fond hopes, my vain disquiets cease,
And point my path to everlasting peace.

If the soft hand of winning pleasure leads
By living waters, and thro' flow'ry meads,
When all is smiling, tranquil, and serene,
And vernal beauty paints the flatt'ring scene,
Oh! teach me to elude each latent snare,
And whisper to my sliding heart—Beware!
With caution let me hear the Syren's voice,
And doubtful, with a trembling heart rejoice.
If friendless in a vale of tears I stray,
Where briars wound, and thorns perplex my way,

Still let my steady soul thy goodness see,
And with strong confidence lay hold on thee;
With equal eye my various lot receive,
Resign'd to die, or resolute to live;
Prepar'd to kiss the sceptre or the rod,
While God is seen in all, and all in God.

I read his awful name emblazon'd high
With golden letters on th' illumin'd sky,

Nor less the mystic characters I see
Wrought in each flow'r, inscrib'd on ev'ry tree;
In ev'ry leaf that trembles to the breeze
I hear the voice of God among the trees;
With thee in shady solitudes I walk,
With thee in busy crowded cities talk;
In ev'ry creature own thy forming pow'r,
In each event thy providence adore.
Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,
Thy precepts guide me, and thy fear control.
Thus shall I rest unmov'd by all alarms,
Secure within the temple of thine arms,
From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,
And feel myself omnipotent in thee.
Then when the last, the closing hour draws nigh,
And earth recedes before my swimming eye;
When trembling on the doubtful edge of fate
I stand, and stretch my view to either state;
Teach me to quit this transitory scene
With decent triumph and a look serene;
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
And, having liv'd to thee, in thee to die.

§ 33. *A Summer Evening's Meditation.*

Mrs. Barbauld.

One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine.
YOUNG.

'Tis past! the sultry tyrant of the south [hours
Has spent his short-liv'd rage: more grateful
Move silent on: the skies no more rebel
The dazzled sight; but, with mild maiden beams
Of temper'd light, invite the cherish'd eye
To wander o'er their sphere; where, hung aloft,
Dian's bright crescent, like a silver bow
New strung in heav'n, lifts high its beamy horns,
Impatient for the night, and seems to push
Her brother down the sky. Fair Venus shines,
Ev'n in the eye of day; with sweetest beam
Propitious shines, and shakes a trembling flood
Of soften'd radiance from her dewy locks,
The shadows spread apace; while meekn'd Eve,
Her cheek yet warm with blushes, slow retires
Through the Hesperian gardens of the west,
And shuts the gates of day. 'Tis now the hour
When Contemplation, from her sunless haunts,
The cool damp grotto, or the lonely depth
Of unpierc'd woods, where, wrapt in silent shade,
She mus'd away the gaudy hours of noon,
And fed on thoughts unripen'd by the sun,
Moves forward; and with radiant finger points
To yon blue concave swell'd by breath divine,
Where, one by one, the living eyes of heaven
Awake, quick kindling o'er the face of æther
One boundless blaze; ten thousand trembling
fires,

And dancing lustres, where the unsteady eye,
Restless and dazzled, wanders unconfin'd
O'er all this field of glories: spacious field,
And worthy of the Master! he whose hand
With hieroglyphics elder than the Nile,
Inscrib'd the mystic tablet, hung on high
To public gaze; and said, Adore, O man,
The finger of thy God! From what pure wells

Of milky light, what soft o'erflowing urn,
 Are all these lamps so fill'd? these friendly lamps,
 For ever streaming o'er the azure deep
 To point our path and light us to our home.
 How soft they slide along their lucid spheres!
 And, silent as the foot of time, fulfil
 Their destin'd courses: Nature's self is hush'd
 And, but a scatter'd leaf which rustles through
 The thick-wove foliage, not a sound is heard
 To break the midnight air; though the rais'd ear,
 Intensely list'ning, drinks in ev'ry breath.
 How deep the silence, yet how loud the praise!
 But are they silent all? or is there not
 A tongue in ev'ry star, that talks with man,
 And woos him to be wise? nor woos in vain.
 This dead of midnight is the noon of thought,
 And wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.
 At this still hour the self-collected soul
 Turns inward and beholds a stranger there
 Of high descent, and more than mortal rank;
 An embryo God; a spark of fire divine,
 Which must burn on for ages, when the sun
 (Fair transitory creature of a day)
 Has clos'd his golden eye, and, wrapt in shades,
 Forgets his wonted journey through the east.

Ye citadels of light, and seats of gods!
 Perhaps my future home, from whence the soul,
 Revolving periods past, may oft look back,
 With recollected tenderness, on all
 The various, busy scenes she left below,
 Its deep-laid projects and its strange events,
 As on some fond and doting tale that sooth'd
 Her infant hours.—O be it lawful now
 To tread the hallow'd circle of your courts,
 And with mute wonder and delighted awe
 Approach your burning confines!—Seiz'd in
 On fancy's wild and roving wing I sail [thought,
 From the green borders of the peopled earth,
 And the pale moon, her duteous fair attendant;
 From solitary Mars; from the vast orb
 Of Jupiter, whose huge gigantic bulk
 Dances in æther like the lightest leaf;
 To the dim verge, the suburbs of the system,
 Where cheerless Saturn 'midst his wat'ry moons,
 Girt with a lucid zone, in gloomy pomp,
 Sits like an exil'd monarch; fearless thence
 I launch into the trackless deeps of space, [pear,
 Where, burning round, ten thousand suns ap-
 Of elder beam; which ask no leave to shine
 Of our terrestrial star, nor borrow light
 From the proud regent of our scanty day;
 Sons of the morning, first-born of creation,
 And only less than him who marks their track,
 And guides their fiery wheels. Here must I stop,
 Or is there aught beyond? What hand unseen
 Impels me onward thro' the glowing orbs
 Of habitable nature, far remote,
 To the dread confines of eternal night,
 To solitudes of vast unpeopled space,
 The deserts of creation, wide and wild,
 Where embryo systems and unkindled suns
 Sleep in the womb of chaos? Fancy droops,
 And thought astonish'd stops her bold career.
 But, oh thou mighty Mind! whose pow'ful word

Said, Thus let all things be, and thus they were,
 Where shall I seek thy presence? how unblam'd
 Invoke thy dread perfection?—
 Have the broad eyelids of the morn beheld thee?
 Or does the beamy shoulder of Orion
 Support thy throne? O look with pity down
 On erring, guilty man! not in thy names
 Of terror clad; not with those thunders arm'd
 That conscious Sinai felt, when fear appall'd
 The scatter'd tribes! Thou hast a gentler voice
 That whispers comfort to the swelling heart,
 Abash'd, yet longing to behold her Maker.

But now my soul, unus'd to stretch her pow'rs,
 In flights so daring, drops her weary wing,
 And seeks again the known accustom'd spot,
 Drest up with sun, and shade, and lawns, and
 streams;

A mansion fair and spacious for its guest,
 And full replete with wonders. Let me here,
 Content and grateful, wait the appointed time,
 And ripen for the skies; the hour will come
 When all these splendors bursting on my sight
 Shall stand unveil'd, and to my ravish'd sense
 Unlock the glories of the world unknown.

§ 34. *Despondency. An Ode.* Burns.

OPPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with care,
 A burden more than I can bear,

I sit me down and sigh:

O life! thou art a galling load,

A long, a rough, a weary road,

To wretches such as I!

Din backward as I cast my view,

What sick'ning scenes appear!

What sorrows yet may pierce me through,

Too justly I may fear!

Still caring, despairing

Must be my bitter doom;

My woes here shall close ne'er,

But with the closing tomb!

Happy! ye sons of busy life,

Who, equal to the bustling strife,

No other view regard!

Ev'n when the wished end's denied,

Yet while the busy means are plied,

They bring their own reward:

Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,

Unfitted with an aim,

Meet ev'ry sad returning night

And joyless morn the same.

You, bustling and justling,

Forget each grief and pain;

I, listless yet restless,

Find ev'ry prospect vain.

How blest the Solitary's lot,

Who all-forgetting, all-forgot,

Within his humble cell,

The cavern wild with tangling roots,

Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,

Beside his crystal well!

Or haply to his ev'ning thought,

By unfrequented stream,

The ways of men are distant brought,

A faint-collected dream:

While praising, and raising
 His thoughts to Heav'n on high,
 As wand'ring, meand'ring,
 He views the solemn sky.
 Than I, no lonely Hermit plac'd
 Where never human footstep trac'd,
 Less fit to play the part,
 The lucky moment to improve,
 And just to step, and just to move,
 With self-respecting art:
 But ah! those pleasures, loves, and joys,
 Which I too keenly taste,
 The Solitary can despise,
 Can want, and yet be blest!
 He needs not, he heeds not,
 Or human love or hate!
 Whilst I here, must cry here,
 At perfidy ingrate!
 Oh! enviable early days,
 When dancing thoughtless Pleasure's maze,
 To Care, to Guilt unknown!
 How ill exchang'd for riper times,
 To feel the follies or the crimes
 Of others, or my own!
 Ye tiny elves, that guiltless sport
 Like linnets in the bush,
 Ye little know the ills ye court,
 When manhood is your wish!
 The losses, the crosses,
 That active man engage;
 The fears all, the tears all,
 Of dim declining age!

§ 35. *The Frailty and Folly of Man.* Prior.

GREAT Heav'n! how frail thy creature Man is
 How by himself insensibly betray'd! [made!
 In our own strength unhappily secure,
 Too little cautious of the adverse pow'r;
 And, by the blast of self-opinion mov'd,
 We wish to charm, and seek to be belov'd.
 On pleasure's flow'ry brink we idly stray,
 Masters as yet of our returning way:
 Seeing no danger, we disarm our mind,
 And give our conduct to the waves and wind:
 Then in the flow'ry mead, or verdant shade,
 To wanton dalliance negligently laid,
 We weave the chaplet, and we crown the bowl,
 And smiling see the nearer waters roll:
 Till the strong gusts of raging passion rise,
 Till the dire tempest mingles earth and skies;
 And swift into the boundless ocean borne,
 Our foolish confidence too late we mourn:
 Round our devoted heads the billows beat;
 And from our troubled view the lessen'd lands
 retreat.

§ 36. *A Paraphrase on the latter part of the Sixth Chapter of St. Matthew.* Thomson.

WHEN my breast labours with oppressive care,
 And o'er my cheek descends the falling tear;
 While all my warring passions are at strife,
 Oh let me listen to the words of life!
 Raptures deep felt his doctrine did impart,
 And thus he rais'd from earth the drooping heart:

Think not, when all your scanty stores afford
 Is spread at once upon the sparing board;
 Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
 While on the roof the howling tempest bears;
 What farther shall this feeble life sustain,
 And what shall clothe these shiv'ring limbs again:
 Say, does not life its nourishment exceed?
 And the fair body its investing weed?
 Behold! and look away your low despair—
 See the light tenants of the barren air:
 To them nor stores nor granaries belong,
 Nought but the woodland and the pleasing song;
 Yet your kind heav'nly Father bends his eye
 On the least wing that flits along the sky.
 To him they sing when spring renews the plain,
 To him they cry in winter's pinching reign;
 Nor is their music or their plaint in vain;
 He hears the gay and the distressful call,
 And with unsparing bounty fills them all.

Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,
 Observe the various vegetable race;
 They neither toil nor spin, but careless grow,
 Yet see how warm they blush! how bright they
 glow!

What regal vestments can with them compare?
 What king so shining, or what queen so fair?

If ceaseless thus the fowls of heav'n he feeds,
 If o'er the fields such lucid robes he spreads,
 Will he not care for you, ye faithless? say
 Is he unwise? or are ye less than they?

§ 37. *The Sluggard.* Watts.

'Tis the voice of a sluggard—I heard him
 complain, [again."
 "You have wak'd me too soon, I must slumber
 As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed [head.
 Turns his sides and his shoulders, and his heavy
 "A little more sleep and a little more slumber."
 Thus he wastes half his days, and his hours
 without number;
 And when he gets up, he sits folding his hands,
 Or walks about saunt'ring, or trifling he stands.
 I pass'd by his garden, and saw the wild brier,
 The thorn and the thistle grow broader and
 higher;
 The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags;
 And his money still wastes, till he starves or he
 begs.

I made him a visit, still hoping to find
 He had took better care for improving his mind;
 He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating and
 drinking, [thinking,
 But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves
 Said I then to my heart, "Here's a lesson for me,
 That man's but a picture of what I might be;
 But thanks to my friends for their care in my
 breeding, [reading!"
 Who taught me betimes to love working and

§ 38. *The Rose.* Dr. Watts.

How fair is the Rose! what a beautiful flow'r!
 The glory of April and May!
 But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
 And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
 Above all the flow'rs of the field; [lost,
 When its leaves are all dead, and fine colors are
 Still how sweet a perfume it will yield!

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,
 Though they bloom and look gay like the rose;
 But all our fond care to preserve them is vain;
 Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty,
 Since both of them wither and fade;
 But gain a good name by well doing my duty:
 This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.

§ 39. *The Ant, or Emmet.* Watts.

THESE emmets, how little they are in our eyes!
 We tread them to dust, and a troop of them
 dies,

Without our regard or concern:
 Yet as wise as we are, if we went to their school,
 There's many a sluggard, and many a fool,
 Some lessons of wisdom might learn.

They don't wear their time out in sleeping or play,
 But gather up corn in a sun-shiny day,
 And for winter they lay up their stores:
 They manage their work in such regular forms,
 One would think they foresaw all the frosts and
 the storms,

And so brought their food within doors.

But I have less sense than a poor creeping ant,
 If I take not due care for the things I shall want,
 Nor provide against dangers in time:
 When death or old age shall stare in my face,
 What a wretch shall I be in the end of my days,
 If I trifle away all their prime!

Now, now, while my strength and my youth are
 in bloom, [shall come,
 Let me think what will serve me when sickness
 And pray that my sins be forgiven:
 Let me read in good books, and believe and obey,
 That, when death turns me out of this cottage
 I may dwell in a palace in heaven. [of clay,

§ 40. *A Summer Evening.* Watts.

How fine has the day been, how bright was
 the sun!

How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
 Though he rose in a mist when his race he
 began,

And there follow'd some droppings of rain!
 But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
 His rays all are gold, and his beauties are best;
 He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
 And foretels a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian: his course he begins,
 Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for his
 sins, [shines,

And melts into tears; then he breaks out and
 And travels his heavenly way:

But, when he comes nearer to finish his race,
 Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace,
 And gives a sure hope at the end of his days
 Of rising in brighter array!

§ 41. *The 'Nunc Dimittis.'* Merrick.

'Tis enough—the hour is come:
 Now within the silent tomb
 Let this mortal frame decay,
 Mingled with its kindred clay;
 Since thy mercies, oft of old
 By thy chosen seers foretold,
 Faithful now and stedfast prove,
 God of truth, and God of love!
 Since at length my aged eye
 Sees the day-spring from on high,
 Sun of righteousness, to thee,
 Lo! the nations bow the knee;
 And the realms of distant kings
 Own the healing of thy wings.
 Those whom death had overspread
 With his dark and dreary shade,
 Lift their eyes, and from afar
 Hail the light of Jacob's Star;
 Waiting till the promis'd ray
 Turn their darkness into day.
 See the beams intensely shed,
 Shine o'er Sion's favor'd head!
 Never may they hence remove,
 God of truth and God of love!

§ 42. *The 'Benedicite' paraphrased.* Merrick.

YE works of God, on him alone,
 In earth his footstool, heav'n his throne,
 Be all your praise bestow'd;
 Whose hand the beauteous fabric made,
 Whose eye the finish'd work survey'd,
 And saw that all was good.

Ye angels, that with loud acclaim
 Admiring view'd the new-born frame,
 And hail'd the Eternal King,
 Again proclaim your Maker's praise,
 Again your thankful voices raise,
 And touch the tuneful string.

Praise him, ye blest æthereal plains,
 Where, in full majesty, he deigns
 To fix his awful throne:
 Ye waters that above him roll,
 From orb to orb, from pole to pole,
 O make his praises known!

Ye thrones, dominions, virtues, pow'rs,
 Join ye your joyful songs with ours;
 With us your voices raise!
 From age to age extend the lay,
 To Heav'n's Eternal Monarch pay
 Hymns of eternal praise.

Celestial orb! whose powerful ray
 Opes the glad eyelids of the day,
 Whose influence all things own;
 Praise him, whose courts effulgent shine,
 With light as far exceeding thine,
 As thine the paler moon.

Ye glitt'ring planets of the sky,
 Whose lamps the absent sun supply,
 With him the song pursue;

And let himself submissive own,
He borrows from a brighter Sun
The light he lends to you.

Ye show'rs and dews, whose moisture shed,
Calls into life the op'ning seed,
To him your praises yield,
Whose influence wakes the genial birth,
Drops fatness on the pregnant earth,
And crowns the laughing field.

Ye winds, that oft tempestuous sweep
The ruffled surface of the deep,
With us confess your God;
See thro' the heav'ns the King of kings,
Upborne on your expanded wings,
Come flying all abroad.

Ye floods of fire, where'er ye flow,
With just submission humbly bow
To his superior pow'r,
Who stops the tempest on its way,
Or bids the flaming deluge stray,
And gives it strength to roar.

Ye summer's heat, and winter's cold,
By turns in long succession roll'd,
The drooping world to cheer,
Praise him who gave the sun and moon
To lead the various seasons on,
And guide the circling year.

Ye frosts that bind the wat'ry plain,
Ye silent show'rs of fleecy rain,
Pursue the heav'nly theme;
Praise him who sheds the driving snow,
Forbids the harden'd waves to flow,
And stops the rapid stream.

Ye days and nights, that, swiftly borne,
From morn to eve, from eve to morn,
Alternate glide away,
Praise him, whose never-varying light,
Absent, adds horror to the night,
But, present, gives the day.

Light, from whose rays all beauty springs;
Darkness, whose wide-expanded wings
Involve the dusky globe;
Praise him, who, when the heav'ns he spread,
Darkness his thick pavilion made,
And light his regal robe.

Praise him, ye lightnings, as ye fly
Wing'd with his vengeance thro' the sky,
And red with wrath divine;
Praise him, ye clouds that wand'ring stray,
Or, fix'd by him, in close array
Surround his awful shrine.

Exalt, O earth! thy Heav'nly King,
Who bids the plants that form the spring,
With annual verdure bloom;
Whose frequent drops of kindly rain
Prolific swell the rip'ning grain,
And bless thy fertile womb.

Ye mountains, that ambitious rise,
And heave your summits to the skies,
Revere his awful nod;

Think how you once affrighted fled
When Jordan sought his fountain head,
And own'd the approaching God. ☞

Ye trees, that fill the rural scene;
Ye flow'rs, that o'er the enamell'd green
In native beauty reign;
O praise the Ruler of the skies,
Whose hand the genial sap supplies,
And clothes the smiling plain.

Ye secret springs, ye gentle rills,
That murr'ring rise among the hills,
Or fill the humble vale;
Praise him, at whose Almighty nod
The rugged rock dissolving flow'd,
And form'd a springing well.

Praise him, ye floods, and seas profound,
Whose waves the spacious earth surround,
And roll from shore to shore;
Aw'd by his voice, ye seas, subside;
Ye floods within your channels glide,
And tremble and adore.

Ye whales, that stir the boiling deep,
Or in its dark recesses sleep,
Remote from human eye,
Praise him by whom ye all are fed;
Praise him, without whose heavenly aid
Ye languish, faint, and die.

Ye birds, exalt our Maker's name;
Begin, and with th' important theme
Your artless lays improve;
Wake with your songs the rising day,
Let music sound on ev'ry spray,
And fill the vocal grove.

Praise him, ye beasts, that nightly roam
Amid the salutary gloom,
Th' expected prey to seize;
Ye slaves of the laborious plough,
Your stubborn necks submissive bow,
And bend your wearied knees.

Ye sons of men, his praise display,
Who stamp'd his image on your clay,
And gave it pow'r to move;
Ye that in Judah's confines dwell,
From age to age successive tell
The wonders of his love.

Let Levi's tribe the lay prolong,
Till angels listen to the song,
And bend attention down;
Let wonder seize the heavenly train,
Pleas'd while they hear a mortal strain
So sweet, so like their own.

And you your thankful voices join,
That oft at Salem's sacred shrine
Before his altars kneel;
Where thron'd in majesty he dwells,
And from the mystic cloud reveals
The dictates of his will.

Ye spirits of the just and good,
That, eager for the bless'd abode,
To heavenly mansions soar;

O let your songs his praise display,
Till heaven itself shall melt away,
And time shall be no more !
Praise him, ye meek and humble train,
Ye saints, whom his decrees ordain
The boundless bliss to share ;
O praise him, till ye take your way
To regions of eternal day,
And reign for ever there.
Let us, who now impassive stand,
Aw'd by the tyrant's stern command,
Amid the fiery blaze ;
While thus we triumph in the flame,
Rise, and our Maker's love proclaim,
In hymns of endless praise.

§ 43. *The Ignorance of Man.* Merrick.

BEHOLD yon new-born infant, griev'd
With hunger, thirst, and pain,
That asks to have the wants reliev'd,
It knows not to complain :
Aloud the speechless suppliant cries,
And utters, as it can,
The woes that in its bosom rise,
And speaks its nature—man.
That infant, whose advancing hour
Life's various sorrows try ;
(Sad proof of sin's transmissive pow'r,)
That infant, Lord, am I.
A childhood yet my thoughts confess,
Though long in years mature ;
Unknowing whence I feel distress,
And where, or what, its cure.
Author of good ! to thee I turn :
Thy ever-wakeful eye
Alone can all my wants discern ;
Thy hand alone supply.
O let thy fear within me dwell,
Thy love my footsteps guide ;
That love shall vainer loves expel ;
That fear all fears beside.
And, oh ! by error's force subdued,
Since oft my stubborn will
Prepost'rous shuns the latent good,
And grasps the specious ill ;
Not to my wish, but to my want,
Do thou thy gifts apply ;
Unask'd, what good thou knowest grant ;
What ill, tho' ask'd, deny.

§ 44. *The Trials of Virtue.* Merrick.

PLAC'D on the verge of youth, my mind
Life's op'ning scene survey'd :
I view'd its ills of various kind,
Afflicted and afraid.
But chief my fear the dangers mov'd,
That virtue's path inclose :
My heart the wise pursuit approv'd ;
But oh, what toils oppose !

For see ! ah see ! while yet her ways
With doubtful step I tread,
A hostile world its terrors raise,
Its snares delusive spread.
Oh how shall I, with heart prepar'd,
Those terrors learn to meet ?
How from the thousand snares to guard
My unexperien'd feet ?
As thus I mov'd, oppressive sleep
Soft o'er my temples drew
Oblivion's veil.—The wat'ry deep,
An object strange and new,
Before me rose : on the wide shore
Observant as I stood,
The gathering storms around me roar
And heave the boiling flood.
Near and more near the billows rise ;
Ev'n now my steps they lave !
And death to my affrighted eyes
Approach'd in ev'ry wave.
What hope, or whither to retreat !
Each nerve at once unstrung,
Chill fear had fetter'd fast my feet,
And chain'd my speechless tongue.
I feel my heart within me die ;
When sudden to mine ear
A voice, descending from on high,
Reprov'd my erring fear :
' What tho' the swelling surge thou see
' Impatient to devour ;
' Rest, mortal, rest on God's decree,
' And thankful own his pow'r.
' Know, when he bade the deep appear,
" Thus far," th' Almighty said,
" Thus far, nor farther, rage ; and here
" Let thy proud waves be stay'd."
I heard ; and, lo ! at once controll'd,
The waves, in wild retreat,
Back on themselves reluctant roll'd,
And murmuring left my feet.
Deep to assembling deeps in vain
Once more the signal gave ;
The shores the rushing weight sustain,
And check th' usurping wave.
Convinc'd, in Nature's volume wise
The imag'd truth I read ;
And sudden from my waking eyes
Th' instructive vision fled.
' Then why thus heavy, O my soul !
' Say why, distrustful still,
' Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll
' O'er scenes of future ill ?
' Let faith suppress each rising fear,
' Each anxious doubt exclude ;
' Thy Maker's will has plac'd thee here,
' A Maker wise and good !
' He to thy ev'ry trial knows
' Its just restraint to give ;
' Attentive to behold thy woes,
' And faithful to relieve.

'Then why thus heavy, O my soul!
 'Say why, distrustful still,
 'Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll
 'O'er scenes of future ill?
 'Tho' griefs unnumber'd throng thee round,
 'Still in thy God confide,
 'Whose finger marks the seas their bound,
 'And curbs the headlong tide.'

§ 45. *A Funeral Hymn.* Mallet.

YE midnight shades, o'er nature spread!
 Dumb silence of the dreary hour!
 In honor of th' approaching dead,
 Around your awful terrors pour.
 Yes, pour around
 On this pale ground,
 Through all this deep surrounding gloom,
 The sober thought,
 The tear untaught,
 Those meetest mourners at a tomb.
 Lo! as the surplis'd train drew near
 To this last mansion of mankind,
 The slow sad bell, the sable bier,
 In holy musing wrapt the mind!
 And while their beam,
 With trembling stream,
 Attending tapers faintly dart;
 Each mould'ring bone,
 Each sculptur'd stone,
 Strikes mute instruction to the heart!
 Now let the sacred organ blow,
 With solemn pause, and sounding slow;
 Now let the voice due measure keep,
 In strains that sigh, and words that weep;
 Till all the vocal current blended roll,
 Not to depress, but lift the soaring soul:
 To lift it in the Maker's praise,
 Who first inform'd our frame with breath;
 And, after some few stormy days,
 Now, gracious, gives us o'er to death:
 No King of Fears
 In him appears,
 Who shuts the scene of human woes.
 Beneath his shade
 Securely laid,
 The dead alone find true repose.
 Then, while we mingle dust with dust,
 To One, supremely good and wise,
 Raise hallelujahs! God is just,
 And man most happy when he dies!
 His winter past,
 Fair spring at last
 Receives him on her flow'ry shore!
 Where pleasure's rose
 Immortal blows,
 And sin and sorrow are no more!

§ 46. '*Veni Creator Spiritus*' paraphrased.

Dryden.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
 The world's foundations first were laid,

Come visit ev'ry pious mind,
 Come pour thy joys on human kind;
 From sin and sorrow set us free,
 And make thy temples worthy thee.
 O source of uncreated light,
 The Father's promis'd Paraclete!
 Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
 Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
 Come, and thy sacred unction bring
 To sanctify us, while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
 Rich in thy sevenfold energy!
 Thou strength of his Almighty hand,
 Whose pow'r does heaven and earth command,
 Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
 Who dost the gift of tongues dispense,
 And crown thy gift with eloquence!

Refine and purge our earthly parts;
 But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts!
 Our frailties help, our vice control,
 Submit the senses to the soul;
 And when rebellious they are grown,
 Then lay thy hand, and hold them down.
 Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,
 And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
 And, lest our feet should step astray,
 Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truth receive,
 And practise all that we believe:
 Give us thyself, that we may see
 The Father, and the Son, by thee.
 Immortal honor, endless fame,
 Attend th' Almighty Father's name:
 Thy Saviour Son be glorified,
 Who for lost man's redemption died;
 And equal adoration be,
 Eternal Paraclete, to thee!

§ 47. *Ode to Melancholy.* Miss Carter.

COME, Melancholy! silent pow'r,
 Companion of my lonely hour,
 To sober thought confin'd!
 Thou sweetly sad ideal guest,
 In all thy soothing charms confest,
 Indulge my pensive mind.
 No longer wildly hurried through
 The tides of mirth, that ebb and flow
 In folly's noisy stream,
 I from the busy crowd retire,
 To court the objects that inspire
 Thy philosophic dream.

Through yon dark grove of mournful yews
 With solitary steps I muse,
 By thy direction led:
 Here, cold to pleasure's tempting forms,
 Consociate with my sister worms,
 And mingle with the dead.

Ye midnight horrors, awful gloom!
 Ye silent regions of the tomb,
 My future peaceful bed:
 Here shall my weary eyes be clos'd,
 And ev'ry sorrow lie repos'd
 In death's refreshing shade.

Ye pale inhabitants of night,
 Before my intellectual sight
 In solemn pomp ascend ;
 O tell how trifling now appears
 The train of idle hopes and fears,
 That varying life attend !
 Ye faithless idols of our sense,
 Here own how vain the fond pretence,
 Ye empty names of joy !
 Your transient forms like shadows pass,
 Frail offspring of the magic glass,
 Before the mental eye.

The dazzling colors, falsely bright,
 Attract the gazing vulgar sight
 With superficial state :
 Thro' reason's clearer optics view'd,
 How stripp'd of all its pomp, how rude,
 Appears the painted cheat !

Can wild ambition's tyrant pow'r,
 Or ill got wealth's superfluous store,
 The dread of death control ?
 Can pleasure's more bewitching charms
 Avert or sooth the dire alarms
 That shake thy parting soul ?

Religion ! ere the hand of Fate
 Shall make reflection plead too late,
 My erring senses teach,
 Amidst the flatt'ring hopes of youth,
 To meditate the solemn truth
 These awful relics preach.

Thy penetrating beams disperse
 The mist of error, whence our fears
 Derive their fatal spring :
 'Tis thine the trembling heart to warm,
 And soften to an angel form
 The pale terrific king.

When, sunk by guilt in sad despair,
 Repentance breathes her humble pray'r,
 And owns thy threat'nings just ;
 Thy voice the shudd'ring suppliant cheers,
 With mercy calms her torturing fears,
 And lifts her from the dust.

Sublim'd by thee, the soul aspires
 Beyond the range of low desires,
 In nobler views elate :
 Unmov'd her distant change surveys,
 And, arm'd by faith, intrepid pays
 The universal debt.

In death's soft slumber lull'd to rest,
 She sleeps by smiling visions blest,
 That gently whisper peace ;
 Till the last morn's fair op'ning ray
 Unfolds the bright eternal day
 Of active life and bliss.

§ 48. *Written at Midnight in a Thunder Storm.* Carter.

LET coward Guilt, with pallid fear,
 To shelt'ring caverns fly,
 And justly dread the vengeful fate
 That thunders through the sky.

Protected by that hand, whose law
 The threat'ning storms obey,
 Intrepid Virtue smiles secure,
 As in the blaze of day.

In the thick cloud's tremendous gloom,
 The lightning's lurid glare,
 It views the same all-gracious Power
 That breathes the vernal air.

Through Nature's ever-varying scene,
 By different ways pursued,
 The one eternal end of Heav'n
 Is universal good :

With like beneficent effect
 O'er flaming aether glows,
 As when it tunes the linnet's voice,
 Or blushes in the rose.

By reason taught to scorn those fears
 That vulgar minds molest,
 Let no fantastic terrors break
 My dear Narcissa's rest.

Thy life may all the tend'rest care
 Of Providence defend ;
 And delegated angels round
 Their guardian wings extend !

When thro' creation's vast expanse
 The last dread thunders roll,
 Untune the concord of the spheres,
 And shake the rising soul ;

Unmov'd mayst thou the final storm
 Of jarring worlds survey,
 That ushers in the glad serene
 Of everlasting day !

§ 49. *The Vanity of Human Wishes.* Johnson.

In Imitation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal.

* LET observation with extensive view
 Survey mankind, from China to Peru ;
 Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
 And watch the busy scenes of crowded life :
 Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
 O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate.
 Where wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous pride
 To tread the dreary paths without a guide ;
 As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,
 Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good :
 How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
 Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant
 voice :

How nations sink by darling schemes oppress,
 When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
 Fate wings with ev'ry wish th' afflictive dart,
 Each gift of nature, and each grace of art ;
 With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
 With fatal sweetness elocution flows ;
 Impeachment stops the speaker's powerful
 breath,

And restless fire precipitates on death.

† But, scarce observ'd, the knowing and the
 Fall in the gen'ral massacre of gold ; [bold

* Ver. 1—11. † Ver. 12—22.

Wide-wasting pest, that rages unconfin'd,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind!
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws;
Wealth heap'd on wealth nor truth nor safety
The dangers gather as the treasures rise. [buys;

Let hist'ry tell, where rival kings command,
And dubious title shakes the madden'd land,
When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
How much more safe the vassal than the lord:
Low sculks the hind beneath the rage of pow'r,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tower;
Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
Though confiscation's vultures hover round.

The needy traveller, serene and gay,
Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away.
Does envy seize thee? crush th' upbraiding joy;
Increase his riches, and his peace destroy.
New fears in dire vicissitude invade,
The rustling brake alarms, and quiv'ring shade;
Nor light nor darkness brings his pain relief,
One shows the plunder, and one hides the thief.

* Yet still one gen'ral cry the skies assails,
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales;
Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,
Th' insidious rival and the gaping heir.

† Once more, Democritus, arise on earth,
With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth,
See motley life in modern trappings drest,
And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest:
Thou who couldst laugh where want enchain'd
caprice,

Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a piece;
Where wealth unlov'd without a mourner died;
And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride;
Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state;
Where change of fav'rites made no change of
laws,

And senates heard before they judg'd a cause;
How wouldst thou shake at Britain's modish
tribe,

Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe!
Attentive truth and nature to descry,
And pierce each scene with philosophic eye,
To thee were solemn toys or empty show,
The robes of pleasure and the veils of woe:
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are
vain.

Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind,
Renew'd at ev'ry glance on human kind;
How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,
Search ev'ry state, and canvass ev'ry pray'r.

‡ Unnumber'd suppliants crowd Preferment's
gate,

Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great;
Delusive Fortune hears th' incessant call,
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
On ev'ry stage the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.

* Ver. 23—27.

† Ver. 28—55.

‡ Ver. 56—107.

Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's
door

Pours in the morning worshipper no more;
For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicat'or flies;
From ev'ry room descends the painted face,
That hung the bright palladium of the place,
And smok'd in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
To better features yields the frame of gold;
For now no more we trace in ev'ry line
Heroic worth, benevolence divine:
The form distorted justifies the fall,
And detestation rides th' indignant wall.
But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
Sign her foes' doom, or guard her fav'rites' zeal?
Thro' Freedom's sons no more remonstrance
rings,

Degrading nobles, and controlling kings;
Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
And ask no questions but the price of votes;
With weekly libels, and septennial ale,
Their wish is full to riot and to rail.

In full-blown dignity, see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs con-
Thro' him the rays of regal bounty shine; [sign,
Turn'd by his nod the stream of honour flows,
His smile alone security bestows:
Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r;
Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r;
Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
And rights submitted left him none to seize.
At length his sovereign frowns—the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to
hate.

Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly:
Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glittering plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies oppress,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace
repine, [thine?
Shall Wolsey's wealth with Wolsey's end be
Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest justice on the banks of Trent?
For why did Wolsey, near the steeps of fate,
On weak foundations raise the enormous weight?
Why but to sink, beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulfs below. [knife,

* What gave great Villiers to th' assassin's
And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life?
What murder'd Wentworth, and what ead'd
By kings protected, and to kings ally'd? [Hyde,
What but their wish indulg'd in courts to shine,
And pow'r too great to keep, or to resign.

† When first the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;

• Ver. 108—113.

‡ Ver. 114—132.

Resistless burns the fever of renown,
 Caught from the strong contagion of the gown:
 O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,
 And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.*
 Are these thy views ? proceed, illustrious youth,
 And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth!
 Yet should thy soul indulge the gen'rous heat,
 Till captive Science yields her last retreat;
 Should Reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
 And pour on misty Doubt resistless day;
 Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,
 Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright;
 Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,
 And Sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain;
 Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
 Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart;
 Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,
 Nor Melancholy phantoms haunt thy shade;
 Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
 Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee:
 Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
 And pause a while from learning, to be wise:
 There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
 Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.
 See nations slowly wise, and meanly just,
 To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
 If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
 Hear Lydiat's life, † and Galileo's end.

Nor deem, when Learning her last prize bestows,
 The glitt'ring eminence exempt from foes;
 See, when the vulgar 'scapes, despis'd or aw'd,
 Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.
 From meaner mines, tho' smaller fines content,
 The plunder'd palace, or sequester'd rent;
 Mark'd out by dang'rous parts, he meets the shock,
 And fatal Learning leads him to the block:
 Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,
 But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.
 ‡ The festal blazes, the triumphal show,
 The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,
 The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
 With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
 Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd,
 For such the steady Romans shook the world;
 For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
 And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine;

This pow'r has praise, that virtue scarce can warm
 Till fame supplies the universal charm.
 Yet Reason frowns on War's unequal game,
 Where wasted nations raise a single name;
 And mortgag'd states their grandsires' wreaths regret,
 From age to age in everlasting debt;
 Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right
 To rust on medals, or on stones decay. [convey
 § On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
 How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide;
 A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
 No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
 O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
 Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain;
 No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
 War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
 Behold surrounding kings their pow'r combine,
 And one capitulate, and one resign;
 Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;
 "Think nothing gain'd, he cries, till nought remain,
 "On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
 "And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
 The march begins in military state,
 And nations on his eye suspended wait;
 Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
 And Winter barricades the realms of Frost;
 He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay;—
 Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day:
 The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
 And shows his miseries in distant lands,
 Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait,
 While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
 But did not Chance at length her error mend?
 Did no subverted empire mark his end?
 Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
 Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
 His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,
 A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
 He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
 To point a moral, or adorn a tale.
 || All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,
 From Persia's tyrant, to Bavaria's lord.
 In gay hostility, and barb'rous pride,
 With half mankind embattl'd at his side,

* There is a tradition, that the study of friar Bacon, built on an arch over the bridge, will fall when a man greater than Bacon shall pass under it.

† A very learned divine and mathematician, fellow of New College Oxford, and rector of Okerton, near Banbury. He wrote, among many others, a Latin treatise, *De Natura Cœli*, &c. in which he attacked the sentiments of Scaliger and Aristotle; not bearing to hear it urged that some things are true in philosophy and false in divinity. He made above six hundred sermons on the harmony of the Evangelists. Being unsuccessful in publishing his works, he lay in the prison of Bocardo at Oxford, and the king's bench, till bishop Usher, Dr. Laud, Sir William Boswell, and Dr. Pink, released him by paying his debts. He petitioned king Charles I. to be sent into Ethiopia, &c. to procure MSS. Having spoken in favour of monarchy and bishops, he was plundered by the parliament forces, and twice carried away prisoner from his rectory; and he died very poor in 1646.

‡ Ver. 133—146

§ Ver. 147—167.

|| Ver. 168—187.

Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,
And starves exhausted regions in his way;
Attendant Flatt'ry counts his myriads o'er,
Till counted myriads sooth his pride no more;
Fresh praise is try'd till madness fires his mind,
The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind;
New pow'rs are claim'd, new pow'rs are still
bestow'd,

Till rude resistance lops the spreading god;
The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
And heap their valleys with the gaudy foe;
Th' insulted sea with humbler thoughts he gains,
A single skiff to speed his flight remains:
Th' incumbent'd oar scarce leaves the dreaded
coast

Through purple billows and a floating host.

The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean pow'r,
With unexpected legions bursts away,
And sees defenceless realms receive his sway;
Short sway! fair Austria spreads her mournful
charms,

The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms;
From hill to hill the beacon's rousing blaze
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise;
The fierce Croatian, and the wild Hussar,
With all the sons of ravage crowd the war;
The baffled prince, in honour's flatt'ring bloom,
Of hasty greatness finds the fatal doom;
His foes' derision, and his subjects' blame,
And steals to death from anguish and from
shame.

* 'Enlarge my life with multitude of days;'
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays;
Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know,
That life protracted is protracted woe.

Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy:
In vain their gifts their bounteous seasons pour,
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow'r—
With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
He views, and wonders that they please no more;
Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,
And Luxury with sighs her slave resigns.

Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain:
No sounds, alas! would touch th' impervious ear,
Though dancing mountains witness'd Orpheus
Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'rs attend, [near;
Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend:

But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perversely grave, or positively wrong.
The still returning tale, or ling'ring jest,
Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd guest,
While growing hopes scarce awe the gathering
And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear; [sneer,
The watchful guests still hint the last offence,
The daughter's petulance, the son's expense,
Improve his heady rage with treach'rous skill,
And mould his passions till they make his will.

Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade;

But unextinguish'd Avarice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains;
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant, the virtues of a temp'rate prime
Blest with an age exempt from scorn or crime;
An age that melts with unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful day Benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating Conscience cheers;
The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend:
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end?—

Yet ev'n on this her load Misfortune flings,
To press the weary minutes' flagging wings;
New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred Merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated Friendship claims a tear.
Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from with'ring life away;
New forms arise, and diff'rent views engage,
Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage,
Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like these await,
Who set unclouded in the gulfs of Fate.
From Lydia's monarch should the search de-
By Solon caution'd to regard his end, [scend,
In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise!
From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage
And Swift expires a driv'ller and a show. [flow,

* The teeming mother, anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face;
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring,
And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.
Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
Whom Pleasure keeps too busy to be wise,
Whom joys with soft varieties invite,
Ry'd the frolic, and the dance by night,
Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,
And ask the latest fashion of the heart,
What care, what rules your heedless charms
shall save, [slave!

Each nymph your rival, and each youth your
Against your fame with fondness hate combines,
The rival batters, and the lover mines.
With distant voice neglected Virtue calls,
Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance falls;
Tir'd with contempt, she quits the slipp'ry rein,
And Pride and Prudence take her seat in vain.
In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,
The harmless freedom, and the private friend.
The guardians yield, by force superior ply'd;
To Int'rest, Prudence; and to Flatt'ry, Pride.
Here beauty falls betray'd, despis'd, distrest,
And hissing Infamy proclaims the rest.

† Where then shall Hope and Fear their ob-
jects find?

Must dull Suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?

* Ver. 188—288.

* Ver. 289—345.

† Ver. 346—366.

Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
 Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
 Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
 No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?
 Inquirer, cease, petitions yet remain
 Which Heav'n may hear, nor deem religion
 Still raise for good the supplicating voice, [vain;
 But leave to Heav'n the measure and the choice,
 Safe in his pow'r, whose eyes discern afar
 The secret ambush of a specious pray'r,
 Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
 Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
 Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
 And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
 Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
 Obedient passions, and a will resign'd;
 For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
 For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill;
 For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
 Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat:
 These goods for man the laws of Heav'n ordain,
 These goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to
 gain;
 With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
 And makes the happiness she does not find.

§ 50. *Elegy on the Death of Lady Coventry.*
Written in 1760. Mason.

THE midnight clock has toll'd—and hark, the
 bell [found?
 Of death beats slow! heard ye the note pro-
 It pauses now; and now, with rising knell,
 Flings to the hollow gale its sullen sound.
 Yes—Coventry is dead. Attend the strain,
 Daughters of Albion! ye that, light as air,
 So oft have tripp'd in her fantastic train,
 With hearts as gay, and faces half as fair:
 For she was fair beyond your brightest bloom,
 (This envy owns, since now her bloom is fled;)
 Fair as the forms that, wove in Fancy's loom,
 Float in light vision round the poet's head.
 Whene'er with soft serenity she smil'd,
 Or caught the orient blush of quick surprise,
 How sweetly mutable, how brightly wild,
 The liquid lustre darted from her eyes!
 Each look, each motion, wak'd a new-born grace,
 That o'er her form its transient glory cast:
 Some lovelier wonder soon usurp'd the place,
 Chas'd by a charm still lovelier than the last.
 That bell again! It tells us what she is;
 On that she was, no more the strain prolong;
 Luxuriant fancy, pause! an hour like this
 Demands the tribute of a serious song.
 Maria claims it from that sable bier,
 Where cold and wan the slumberer rests her
 In still small whispers to reflection's ear [head;
 She breathes the solemn dictates of the dead.
 O catch the awful notes, and lift them loud!
 Proclaim the theme by sage, by fool rever'd,
 Hear it, ye young, ye vain, ye great, ye proud!
 'Tis Nature speaks, and Nature will be heard.

Yes; ye shall hear, and tremble as ye hear,
 While, high with health, your hearts exulting
 E'en in the midst of pleasure's mad career, [leap;
 The mental monitor shall wake and weep!
 For say, than Coventry's propitious star,
 What brighter planet on your births arose?
 Or gave of fortune's gifts an ampler share,
 In life to lavish, or by death to lose?
 Early to lose! While, borne on busy wing,
 Ye sip the nectar of each varying bloom;
 Nor fear, while basking in the beams of spring,
 The wint'ry storm that sweeps you to the tomb;
 Think of her fate! revere the heavenly hand
 That led her hence, tho' soon by steps so slow;
 Long at her couch Death took his patient stand,
 And menac'd oft, and oft withheld the blow.
 To give reflection time, with lenient art,
 Each fond delusion from her soul to steal!
 Teach her from folly peaceably to part,
 And wean her from a world she lov'd so well.
 Say, are you sure his mercy shall extend
 To you so long a span? Alas, ye sigh! [friend,
 Make then, while yet ye may, your God your
 And learn with equal ease to sleep or die!
 Nor think the Muse, whose sober voice ye hear,
 Contracts with bigot frown her sullen brow;
 Casts round religion's orb the mists of fear,
 Or shades with horrors what with smiles
 should glow.
 No—she would warn you with seraphic fire,
 Heirs as ye are of heaven's eternal day;
 Would bid you boldly to that heaven aspire,
 Nor sink and slumber in your cells of clay.
 Know, ye were form'd to range yon azure field,
 In yon ethereal founts of bliss to lave:
 Force then, secure in faith's protecting shield,
 The sting from death, the vict'ry from the
 grave!
 Is this the bigot's rant? Away, ye vain! [steep:
 Your hopes, your fears, in doubt, in dulness
 Go sooth your souls in sickness, grief, or pain,
 With the sad solace of eternal sleep!
 Yet will I praise you, triflers as ye are, [creed,
 More than those preachers of your fav'rite
 Who proudly swell the brazen throat of war,
 Who from the phalanx, bid the battle bleed,
 Nor wish for more; who conquer but to die.
 Hear, Folly, hear, and triumph in the tale!
 Like you they reason, not like you enjoy
 The breeze of bliss, that fills your silken sail:
 On pleasure's glitt'ring stream ye gaily steer
 Your little course to cold oblivion's shore;
 They dare the storm, and thro' th' inclement year
 Stem the rough surge, and brave the torrent's
 roar.
 Is it for glory? That just Fate denies;
 Long must the warrior moulder in his shroud,
 Ere from her trump the heav'n-breath'd accents
 That lift the hero from the fighting crowd! [rise

Is it his grasp of empire to extend?
 To curb the fury of insulting foes?
 Ambition, cease! the idle contest end:
 'Tis but a kingdom thou canst win or lose.
 And why must murder'd myriads lose their all,
 (If life be all,) why desolation low'r
 With famish'd frown on this affrighted ball,
 That thou mayst flame the meteor of an hour?
 Go, wiser ye, that flutter life away, [high!
 Crown with the mantling juice the goblet
 Weave the light dance, with festive freedom gay,
 And live your moment, since the next ye die!
 Yet know, vain sceptics! know, th' Almighty
 Mind,
 Who breath'd on man a portion of his fire,
 Bade his free soul, by earth nor time confin'd,
 To heav'n, to immortality aspire.
 Nor shall the pile of hope his mercy rear'd,
 By vain philosophy be e'er destroy'd:
 Eternity, by all or wish'd or fear'd,
 Shall be by all or suffer'd or enjoy'd!

§ 51. *The Choice of Hercules: from the Greek
 of Prodicus. Bp. Lowth.*

Now had the son of Jove, mature, attain'd
 The joyful prime; when youth, elate and gay,
 Steps into life, and follows unrestrain'd [way.
 Where passion leads, or prudence points the
 In the pure mind, at those ambiguous years,
 Or vice, rank weed, first strikes her pois'nous
 Or haply virtue's op'ning bud appears [root;
 By just degrees, fair bloom of fairest fruit!
 For, if on youth's untainted thought imprest,
 The gen'rous purpose still shall warm the manly
 breast.
 As on a day, reflecting on his age
 For highest deeds now ripe, Alcides sought
 Retirement, nurse of contemplation sage,
 Step following step, and thought succeeding
 thought;
 Musing, with steady pace the youth pursued
 His walk, and lost in meditation stray'd
 Far in a lonely vale, with solitude
 Conversing; while intent his mind survey'd
 The dubious path of life: before him lay,
 Here virtue's rough ascent, there pleasure's
 flow'ry way.
 Much did the view divide his wav'ring mind;
 Now glow'd his breast with gen'rous thirst of
 fame;
 Now love of ease to softer thoughts inclin'd
 His yielding soul, and quench'd the rising
 flame:
 When, lo! far off two female forms he spies:
 Direct to him their steps they seem to bear;
 Both large and tall, exceeding human size;
 Both, far exceeding human beauty, fair.
 Graceful, yet each with different grace, they
 move;
 This striking sacred awe; that, softer, winning
 love.

The first in native dignity surpass'd;
 Artless and unadorn'd she pleas'd the more;
 Health o'er her looks a genuine lustre cast,
 A vest more white than new-fall'n snow she
 August she trod, yet modest was her air; [wore:
 Serene her eye, yet darting heavenly fire;
 Still she drew near, and nearer still more fair,
 More mild, appear'd: yet such as might inspire
 Pleasure corrected with an awful fear;
 Majestically sweet, and amiably severe.
 The other dame seem'd even of fairer hue;
 But bold her mien, unguarded rov'd her eye,
 And her flush'd cheeks confess'd at nearer view
 The borrow'd blushes of an artful dye.
 All soft and delicate, with airy swim,
 Lightly she danc'd along; her robe betray'd
 Through the clear texture every tender limb,
 Height'ning the charms it only seem'd to shade;
 And as it flow'd adown, so loose and thin,
 Her stature show'd more tall, more snowy white
 her skin.
 Oft with a smile she view'd herself askance;
 Even on her shade a conscious look she threw:
 Then all around her cast a careless glance,
 To mark what gazing eyes her beauty drew.
 As they came near, before that other maid
 Approaching decent, eagerly she pressed
 With hasty step; nor of repulse afraid, [dress'd;
 With freedom bland the wond'ring youth ad-
 With winning fondness on his neck she hung;
 Sweet as the honey-dew flow'd her enchanting
 tongue;
 "Dear Hercules, whence this unkind delay?
 Dear youth, what doubts can thus distract thy
 Securely follow where I lead the way, [mind?
 And range through wilds of pleasure uncon-
 fin'd.
 With me retire from noise, and pain, and care,
 Embath'd in bliss, and wrapt in endless ease:
 Rough is the road to fame, through blood and war;
 Smooth is my way, and all my paths are peace.
 With me retire, from toils and perils free;
 Leave honor to the wretch! pleasures were made
 for thee.
 "Then will I grant thee all thy soul's desire;
 All that may charm thine ear, and please thy
 sight;
 All that the thought can frame, or wish require,
 To steep thy ravish'd senses in delight:
 The sumptuous feast, enhanc'd with music's
 Fittest to tune the melting soul to love, [sound,
 Rich odors, breathing choicest sweets around;
 The fragrant bow'r, cool fountain, shady
 grove;
 Fresh flow'rs to strew thy couch, and crown thy
 head: [thy bed
 Joy shall attend thy steps, and ease shall smooth
 "These will I freely, constantly supply;
 Pleasure's not earn'd with toil, nor mix'd with
 Far from thy rest repining want shall fly, [woe;
 Nor labor bathe in sweat thy careful brow.
 Mature the copious harvest shall be thine,
 Let the laborous hind subdue the soil;

Leave the rash soldier spoils of war to win,

Won by the soldier thou shalt share the spoil:
These softer cares my best allies employ,
New pleasures to invent, to wish, and to enjoy."

Her winning voice the youth attentive caught:

He gaz'd impatient on the smiling maid;
Still gaz'd and listen'd; then her name besought:

"My name, fair youth, is Happiness," she said.
"Well can my friends this envied truth maintain;
They share my bliss, they best can speak my
praise:

Though Slander call me Sloth, (detraction vain!)
Heed not what Slander, vain detractor, says;
Slander, still prompt true merit to defame,
To blot the brightest worth, and blast the fairest
name."

By this arriv'd the fair majestic maid;

She all the while, with the same modest pace,
Compos'd advanc'd: "Know Hercules," she said

With manly tone, "thy birth of heav'nly race:
Thy tender age, that lov'd instruction's voice,
Promis'd thee generous, patient, brave, and
wise:

When manhood should confirm thy glorious
Now expectation waits to see thee rise.

Rise, youth! exalt thyself and me; approve
Thy high descent from Heaven, and dare be
worthy Jove.

"But what truth prompts, my tongue shall not
disguise:

The steep ascent must be with toil subdued;
Watching and cares must win the lofty prize
Propos'd by Heaven—true bliss and real good.

Honor rewards the brave and bold alone;
She spurns the timorous, indolent, and base:
Danger and toil stand stern before her throne,
And guard (so Jove commands) the sacred
place.

Who seeks her, must the mighty cost sustain,
And pay the price of fame—labor, and care,
and pain.

"Wouldst thou engage the gods' peculiar care,
O Hercules, th' immortal pow'rs adore!

With a pure heart, with sacrifice, and pray'r,
Attend their altars, and their aid implore.

Or, wouldst thou gain thy country's loud ap-
plause,

Lov'd as her father, as her god ador'd?

Be thou the bold asserter of her cause;

Her voice in council, in the fight her sword:
In peace, in war, pursue thy country's good;
For her, bare thy bold breast, and pour thy ge-
nerous blood.

"Wouldst thou, to quell the proud and lift th'
opprest,

In arts of war and matchless strength excel?
First conquer thou thyself: to ease, to rest,

To each soft thought of pleasure, bid farewell.
The night alternate, due to sweet repose,

In watches waste; in painful march, the day:
Congeal'd amidst the rigorous winter's snows,
Scorch'd by the summer's thirst-inflaming ray,

Thy harden'd limbs shall boast superior might:
Vigor shall brace thine arm, resistless in the
fight."

"Hear'st thou what monsters then thou must
engage? [prove?

What dangers, gentle youth, she bids thee
(Abrupt says Sloth)—"Ill fit thy tender age

Tumult and wars, fit age for joy and love.
Turn, gentle youth, to me, to love, and joy!

To these I lead: no monsters here shall stay
Thine easy course; no cares thy peace annoy;

I lead to bliss a nearer, smoother way;
Short is my way, fair, easy, smooth, and plain:
Turn, gentle youth—with me eternal pleasures
reign."

"What pleasures, vain mistaken wretch, are
thine?" [ease

(Virtue with scorn replied) "who sleep'st in
Insensate; whose soft limbs the toil decline

That seasons bliss, and makes enjoyment
please;

Draining the copious bowl, ere thirst require;
Feasting ere hunger to the feast invite;

Whose tasteless joys anticipate desire;
Whom luxury supplies with appetite:

Yet nature loaths, and you employ in vain
Variety and art to conquer her disdain.

"The sparkling nectar cool'd with summer
snows,

The dainty board with choicest viands spread,
To thee are tasteless all! sincere repose

Flies from thy flow'ry couch, and downy bed.
For thou art only tired with indolence;

Nor is thy sleep with toil and labor bought,
Th' imperfect sleep, that lulls thy languid sense

In dull oblivious interval of thought;
That kindly steal th' inactive hours away

From the long ling'ring space, that lengthens out
the day.

"From bounteous nature's unexhausted stores
Flows the pure fountain of sincere delights:

Averse to her, you waste the joyless hours;
Sleep drowns thy days, and riot rules thy
night.

Immortal though thou art, indignant Jove
Hurl'd thee from heav'n, th' immortals' bliss-
ful place,

For ever banish'd from the realms above,
To dwell on earth with man's degenerate race:

Fitter abode! on earth alike disgrac'd;
Rejected by the wise, and by the fool embrac'd.

"Fond wretch, that vainly weenest all delight
To gratify the sense, reserv'd for thee!

Yet the most pleasing object to the sight,
Thine own fair action never didst thou see.

Though lull'd with softest sounds thou liest along,
Soft music, warbling voices, melting lays, [song

Ne'er didst thou hear, more sweet than sweetest
Charming the soul, thou ne'er didst hear thy

No—to thy revels let the fool repair; [praise!
To such go smooth thy speech, and spread thy
tempting snare.

"Vast happiness enjoy thy gay allies !

A youth of follies, an old age of cares ;
Young yet enervate, old, yet never wise, [pairs.
Vice wastes their vigor, and their mind im-
Vain, idle, delicate, in thoughtless ease, [spend ;
Reserving woes for age, their prime they
All wretched, hopeless, in the evil days,
With sorrow to the verge of life they tend.
Griev'd with the present, of the past asham'd,
They live, and are despis'd ; they die, nor more
are nam'd.

"But with the gods, and godlike men I dwell ;
Me, his supreme delight, th' Almighty Sire
Regards well pleas'd : whatever works excel,
All, or divine or human, I inspire.
Counsel with strength, and industry with art,
In union meet conjoin'd with me reside :
My dictates arm, instruct, and mend the heart,
The surest policy, the wisest guide. [bind
With me true friendship dwells : she deigns to
Those generous souls alone, whom I before have
join'd.

"Nor need my friends the various costly feast,
Hunger to them th' effects of art supplies ;
Labor prepares their weary limbs to rest ;
Sweet is their sleep ; light, cheerful, strong,
they rise. [and renown

Through health, through joy, through pleasure
They tread my paths : and by a soft descent
At length to age all gently sinking down,

Look back with transport at a life well spent,
In which no hour flew unimprov'd away ; [day.
In which some gen'rous deed distinguish'd ev'ry

"And when the destin'd term at length 's com-
Their ashes rest in peace ; eternal fame [plete,
Sounds wide their praise : triumphant over fate,
In sacred song for ever lives their name.

This, Hercules, is happiness ! Obey
My voice, and live : let thy celestial birth
Lift and enlarge thy thoughts : behold the way
That leads to fame, and raises thee from earth,
Immortal ! Lo, I guide thy steps, Arise, [skies."
Pursue the glorious path and claim thy native

Her words breathe fire celestial, and impart
New vigor to his soul, that sudden caught
The generous flame : with great intent his heart
Swells full, and labors with exalted thought.

The mist of error from his eyes dispell'd,
Thro' all her fraudulent arts, in clearest light,
Sloth in her native form he now beheld ;

Unveil'd she stood confest before his sight :
False Siren !—All her vaunted charms, that shone
So fresh erwhile and fair, now wither'd, pale,
and gone.

No more the rosy bloom in sweet disguise [grace
Masks her dissembled looks ; each borrow'd
Leaves her wan cheek ; pale sickness clouds her
Livid and sunk, and passions dim her face. [eyes
As when fair Iris has awhile display'd

Her wat'ry arch with gaudy painture gay,
While yet we gaze the glorious colors fade,
And from our wonder gently steal away :

Where shone the beauteous phantom, erst so
bright, [the sight.

Now low'rs the low-hung cloud, all gloomy to
But Virtue more engaging, all the while [rene ;
Disclos'd new charms, more lovely, more se-
Beaming sweet influence, a milder smile
Softened the terrors of her lofty mien.

"Lead, goddess ; I am thine !" transported cried
Alcides ; "O propitious pow'r, thy way
Teach me ! possess my soul ! be thou my guide :
From thee oh never, never let me stray !"

While ardent thus the youth his vows address'd
With all the goddess fill'd, already glow'd his
breast.

The heav'nly maid with strength divine endued
His daring soul ; there all her pow'rs com-
Firm constancy, undaunted fortitude, [bin'd :
Enduring patience, arm'd his mighty mind.
Unmov'd in toils, in dangers undisnay'd,
By many a hardy deed and bold emprise,
From fiercest monsters, thro' her powerful aid,
He freed the earth ! thro' her he gain'd the
skies.

'Twas Virtue plac'd him in the blest abode ; [god.
Crown'd with eternal youth, among the gods a

§ 52. *The Hermit.* Parnell.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a rev'rend Hermit grew ;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell ;
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well :
Remote from man, with God he pass'd his days,
Pray'r all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd heav'n itself, till one suggestion rose—
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey ;
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway :
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul is lost.

So when a smooth expanse receives impress
Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breast, [grow,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending
And skies beneath with answering colors glow :
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on ev'ry side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun ;
Banks, trees, and skies in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by
To find if books or swains report it right, [sight,
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell ; the pilgrim staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before ;
Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass ;
But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way ;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair :
Then near approaching, "Father, hail !" he cried :
And "Hail, my son !" the rev'rend sire replied.

Words follow'd words, from question answer
flow'd,

And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey;
Nature in silence bid the world repose:
When near the road a stately palace rose; [pass,
There, by the moon, through ranks of trees they
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of
It chanc'd the noble master of the dome [grass.
Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's
home;

Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive: the liveried servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good. [drown,
Then, led to rest, the day's long toil they
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day
Along the wide canals the Zephyrs play;
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighb'ring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests obedient to the call;
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste,
Then pleas'd and thankful, from the porch
they go:

And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe:
His cup was vanish'd; for in secret guise
The younger guest purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.
As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glist'ning and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with
So seem'd the sire, when far upon the road [fear;
The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.
He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling
heart,

And much he wish'd, but durst not ask, to part:
Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
That gen'rous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds;
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat
To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring seat:
'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,
Unkind and griping caus'd a desert there.
As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble light'ning mix'd with show'rs began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran;
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.

At length some pity warm'd the master's breast
('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest):
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcome's in the shiv'ring pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervor through their limbs recalls:
Bread of the coarser sort with meagre wine,
(Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine:
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pond'ring Hermit view'd,
In one so rich a life so poor and rude;
And why should such (within himself he cried)
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?
But what new marks of wonder soon took place
In ev'ry settling feature of his face,
When from his vest the young companion bore
That cup the gen'rous landlord own'd before;
And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul!

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The sun emerging opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk the Pilgrim's bosom
wrought

With all the travail of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cause appear;
'Twas there a vice; and seem'd a madness here:
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky;
Again the wand'ers want a place to lie:
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low nor idly great,
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praise but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet.
Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
The courteous master hears and thus replies:

"Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer."
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed;
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with pray'r.

At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
Was strong for toil; the dappled morn arose.
Before the Pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the clos'd cradle, where an infant slept,
And with'd his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and
died,

Horror of horrors! what! his only son?
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done?
Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his
heart.

Confus'd and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies; but trembling, fails to fly with speed,
His steps the youth pursues: the country lay
Perplex'd with roads; a servant show'd the way:
A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before:
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,
And deep the waves beneath the bending branches
glide.

The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in:
Plunging he falls; and rising lifts his head;
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes;
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
"Detested wretch!"—But scarce his speech
began,

When the strange partner seem'd no longer man.
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odors breathe through purpled air;
And wings whose colors glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Tho' loud at first the Pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd and wist not what to do;
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke
(The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke):

"Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,

In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
These charms success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down to calm thy mind;
For this commission'd, I forsook the sky—
Nay, cease to kneel!—thy fellow-servant I.

"Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.

"The Maker justly claims that world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work his ends;
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The pow'r exerts his attributes on high;
Your actions uses, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

"What strange events can strike with more
surprise, [eyes?

Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring
Yet, taught by these, confess th' Almighty just;
And, where you can't unriddle, learn to trust.

"The great vain man, who far'd on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of
wine;

Has with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

"The mean suspicious wretch, whose bolted
door

Ne'er mov'd in pity to the wand'ring poor,

With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loose from dross, the silver runs below.

"Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain, [God;
And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run!
But God, to save the father, took the son.

To all but thee in fits he seem'd to go;
And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.
The poor fond parent humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

"But how had all his fortunes felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back!
This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus Heav'n instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more."

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew;
The sage stood wond'ring as the seraph flew.
Thus look'd Elisha, when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky:
The fiery pomp ascending left the view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending Hermit here a pray'r begun:
Lord! as in heav'n, on earth thy will be done.
Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

§ 53. *The Fire-Side.* Cotton.

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,

In Folly's maze advance:
Though singularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heart-felt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam.
The world has nothing to bestow;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing she left
That safe retreat, the ark;
Giving her vain excursion o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
Explor'd the sacred bark.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle pow'rs,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,

That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring;
If tutor'd right, they'll prove a spring
Whence pleasures ever rise:
We'll form their minds, with studious care,
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs:
They'll grow in virtue ev'ry day,
And thus our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

No borrow'd joys, they're all our own
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot:
Monarchs! we envy not your state;
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humble lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed;
But then how little do we need!
For nature's calls are few:
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish, with content,
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our pow'r;
For, if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resign'd when ills betide,
Patient when favors are denied,
And pleas'd with favors giv'n;
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part;
This is that incense of the heart
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

We'll ask no long protracted treat,
Since winter's life is seldom sweet;
But, when our feast is o'er,
Grateful, from table we'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons with envious eyes,
The relics of our store.

Thus, hand in hand, through life we'll go;
Its checquer'd paths of joy and woe
With cautious steps we'll tread;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

§ 54. *VISIONS for the Entertainment and
Instruction of younger Minds.* Cotton.
Virginibus puerisque canto. HOR.

TO THE READER.

AUTHORS, you know, of greatest fame,
Through modesty suppress their name;*
And would you wish me to reveal
What these superior wits conceal?
Forego the search, my curious friend,
And husband time to better end.
All my ambition is, I own,
To profit and to please unknown;
Like streams supplied from springs below,
Which scatter blessings as they flow.

Were you diseas'd, or press'd with pain,
Straight you'd apply to Warwick Lane;
The thoughtful Doctor feels your pulse,
(No matter whether Mead or Hulse,)
Writes—Arabic to you and me—
Then signs his hand, and takes his fee.
Now, should the sage omit his name,
Would not the cure remain the same?
Not but physicians sign their bill,
Or when they cure, or when they kill.

'Tis often known, the mental race
Their fond ambitious sires disgrace.
Dar'd I avow a parent's claim,
Critics might sneer, and friends might blame.
This dang'rous secret let me hide,
I'll tell you ev'ry thing beside:
Not that it boots the world a tittle,
Whether the author's big or little;
Or whether fair, or black, or brown;
No writer's hue concerns the town.

I pass the silent rural hour,
No slave to wealth, no tool to pow'r.
My mansion's warm, and very neat;
You'd say, "A pretty snug retreat!"
My rooms no costly paintings grace,
The humbler print supplies their place.
Behind the house my garden lies,
And opens to the southern skies:
The distant hills gay prospects yield,
And plenty smiles in ev'ry field.

The faithful mastiff is my guard;
The feather'd tribes adorn my yard;
Alive my joy, my treat when dead,
And their soft plumes improve my bed.

My cow rewards me all she can
(Brutes leave ingratitude to man);
She, daily thankful to her lord,
Crowns with nectareous sweets my board:
Am I diseas'd? The cure is known,
Her sweeter juices mend my own.

I love my house, and seldom roam;
Few visits please me more than home;
I pity that unhappy elf
Who loves all company but self;
By idle passions borne away
To opera, masquerade, or play;

* Though Dr. Cotton is well known to have been the author of these Visions, they have generally been published without prefixing his name.

Fond of those hives where Folly reigns,
And Britain's peers receive her chains;
Where the pert virgin slights a name,
And scorns to redden into shame.

But know, my fair, to whom belong
The poet and his artless song,
When female cheeks refuse to glow,
Farewell to virtue here below!

Our sex is lost to ev'ry rule;
Our sole distinction, knave or fool:
'Tis to your innocence we run;
Save us, ye fair, or we're undone;
Maintain your modesty and station,
So women shall preserve the nation.

Mothers, 'tis said, in days of old,
Esteem'd their girls more choice than gold;
Too well a daughter's worth they knew,
To make her cheap by public view;
Few, who their diamonds' value weigh,
Expose those diamonds every day.
Then, if sir Plume drew near, and smil'd,
The parent trembled for her child:
The first advance alarm'd her breast,
And fancy pictur'd all the rest.
But now no mother fears a foe;
No daughter shudders at a beau.

Pleasure is all the reigning theme;
Our noon-day thought, our midnight dream.
In Folly's chase our youths engage,
And shameless crowds of tott'ring age.
The die, the dance, th' intemperate bowl,
With various charms engross the soul.
Are gold, fame, health, the terms of vice?
The frantic tribes shall pay the price.
But though to ruin post they run,
They'll think it hard to be undone.

Do not arraign my want of taste,
Or sight, to ken where joys are plac'd.
They widely err who think me blind;
And I disclaim a Stoic's mind.
Like yours are my sensations quite;
I only strive to feel aright.
My joys, like streams, glide gently by;
Though small their channel, never dry;
Keep a still, even, fruitful wave,
And bless the neighb'ring meads they lave.

My fortune (for I'll mention all,
And more than you dare tell) is small;
Yet ev'ry friend partakes my store,
And Want goes smiling from my door.
Will forty shillings warm the breast
Of worth or industry distress—
This sum I cheerfully impart,
'Tis fourscore pleasures to my heart;
And you may make, by means like these,
Five talents ten, whene'er you please.
'Tis true, my little purse grows light;
But then I sleep so sweet at night!
This grand specific will prevail
When all the doctor's opiates fail.

You ask what party I pursue;
Perhaps you mean, "Whose fool are you?"
The names of party I detest—
Badges of slavery at best—

I've too much grace to play the knave,
And too much pride to turn a slave.

I love my country from my soul,
And grieve when knaves or fools control;
I'm pleased when vice and folly smart,
Or at the gibbet or the cart;
Yet always pity where I can;
Abhor the guilt, but mourn the man.

Now the religion of your poet—
Does not this little preface show it?
My Visions if you scan with care,
'Tis ten to one you'll find it there.
And if my actions suit my song,
You can't in conscience think me wrong.

§ 55. *Vision I. Slander. Inscribed to Miss S***.*

My lovely girl, I write for you,
And pray believe my Visions true;
They'll form your mind to ev'ry grace;
They'll add new beauties to your face;
And when old age impairs your prime,
You'll triumph o'er the spoils of time.
Childhood and youth engage my pen;
'Tis labor lost to talk to men;
Youth may perhaps reform when wrong;
Age will not listen to my song.
He who at fifty is a fool,
Is far too stubborn grown for school.

What is that vice which still prevails,
When almost ev'ry passion fails;
Which with our very dawn begun,
Nor ends but with our setting sun;
Which, like a noxious weed, can spoil
The fairest flow'rs, and choke the soil?
'Tis Slander—and, with shame I own,
The vice of human kind alone.

Be Slander, then, my leading dream,
Though you're a stranger to the them;
Thy softer breast, and honest heart,
Scorn the defamatory art;
Thy soul asserts her native skies,
Nor asks detraction's wings to rise;
In foreign spoils let others shine,
Intrinsic excellence is thine.
The bird in peacock's plumes who shone
Could plead no merit of her own;
The silly theft betray'd her pride,
And spoke her poverty beside.

Th' insidious sland'ring thief is worse
Than the poor rogue who steals your purse.
She who purloins your glitt'ring store;
Who takes your gold, takes trash—no more;
Perhaps he pilfers—to be fed—
Ah! guiltless wretch who steals for bread!
But the dark villain who shall aim
To blast my fair, my spotless name,
He'd steal a precious gem away,
Steal what both Indies can't repay!
Here the strong pleas of want are vain,
Or the more pious pleas of gain.
No sinking family to save!
No gold to glut th' insatiate knave!

Improve the hint of Shakspeare's tongue;
'Twas thus immortal Shakspeare sung; *

* Othello.

And trust the bard's unerring rule,
For nature was that poet's school.

As I was nodding in my chair,
I saw a rueful wild appear;
No verdure met my aching sight,
But hemlock and cold aconite;
Two very pois'nous plants, 'tis true,
But not so bad as vice to you.

The dreary prospect spread around;
Deep snow had whiten'd all the ground:
A bleak and barren mountain nigh,
Expos'd to ev'ry friendless sky!
Here foul-mouth'd Slander lay reclin'd,
Her snaky tresses hiss'd behind;
"A bloated toad-stool rais'd her head,
"The plumes of ravens were her bed;"*
She fed upon the viper's brood,
And slak'd her impious thirst with blood.

The rising sun, and western ray,
Were witness to her distant sway.
The tyrant claim'd a mightier host
Than the proud Persian e'er could boast.
No conquest grac'd Darius' son, †
By his own numbers half undone:
Success attended Slander's pow'r;
She reap'd fresh laurels ev'ry hour:
Her troops a deeper scarlet wore
Than ever armies knew before.

No plea diverts the fury's rage,
The fury spares nor sex nor age:
E'en Merit, with destructive charms,
Provokes the vengeance of her arms.

Whene'er the tyrant sounds to war,
Her canker'd trump is heard afar.
Pride, with a heart unknown to yield
Commands in chief, and guides the field;
He stalks with vast gigantic stride,
And scatters fear and ruin wide:
So the impetuous torrents sweep
At once whole nations to the deep.

Revenge, that base Hesperian, ‡ known
A chief support of Slander's throne,
Amidst the bloody crowd is seen,
And treachery brooding in his mien;
The monster often chang'd his gait,
But march'd resolved and fix'd as fate.
Thus the fell kite, whom hunger stings,
Now slowly moves his outstretch'd wings;
Now swift as lightning bears away,
And darts upon his trembling prey.

Envy commands a sacred band,
With sword and poison in her hand.
Around her haggard eyeballs roll;
A thousand fiends possess her soul.
The artful unsuspected sprite
With fatal aim attacks by night.

* Garth's Dispensatory.

† Xerxes, king of Persia, and son of Darius. He invaded Greece with an army consisting of more than a million of men (some say more than two millions); who, together with their cattle, perished in a great measure through the inability of the countries to supply such a vast host with provision.

‡ Hesperia includes Italy as well as Spain; and the inhabitants of both are remarkable for their revengeful dispositions,

Her troops advance with silent tread,
And stab the hero in his bed;
Or shoot the wing'd malignant lie,
And female honors pine and die.
So prowling wolves when darkness reigns,
Intent on murder, scour the plains;
Approach the folds where lambs repose,
Whose guileless breasts suspect no foes;
The savage gluts his fierce desires,
And bleating innocence expires.

Slander smil'd horribly, to view
How wide her conquests daily grew:
Around the crowded levees wait,
Like oriental slaves of state;
Of either sex whole armies prest,
But chiefly of the fair and best.
Is it a breach of friendship's law,
To say what female friends I saw?
Slander assumes the idol's part,
And claims the tribute of the heart;
The best in some unguarded hour
Have bow'd the knee and owned her pow'r.

Then let the poet not reveal
What candor wishes to conceal.

If I beheld some faulty fair,
Much worse delinquents crowded there:
Prelates in sacred lawn I saw,
Grave physis, and loquacious law;
Courtiers, like summer flies, abound;
And hungry poets swarm around.
But now my partial story ends,
And makes my females full amends.

If Albion's isle such dreams fulfils,
'Tis Albion's isle which cures the ills;
Fertile of ev'ry worth and grace,
Which warm the heart and flush the face.

Fancy disclos'd a smiling train
Of British nymphs that tripp'd the plain.
Good-nature first, a sylvan queen,
Attir'd in robes of cheerful green;
A fair and smiling virgin she!
With ev'ry charm that shines in thee.
Prudence assum'd the chief command,
And bore a mirror in her hand;
Grey was the matron's head by age,
Her mind by long experience sage;
Of ev'ry distant ill afraid,
And anxious for the simp'ring maid.
The Graces danc'd before the fair;
And white-rob'd Innocence was there:
The trees with golden fruits were crown'd,
And rising flow'rs adorn'd the ground;
The sun display'd each brighter ray,
And shone in all the pride of day:

When Slander sicken'd at the sight,
And skulk'd away to shun the light.

§ 56. *Vision II. Pleasure.*

HEAR, ye fair mothers of our isle,
Nor scorn your Poet's homely style.
What though my thoughts be quaint or new,
I'll warrant that my doctrine's true;
Or, if my sentiments be old,
Remember truth is sterling gold.

You judge it of important weight,
To keep your rising offspring straight;
For this such anxious moments feel,
And ask the friendly aids of steel;
For this import the distant cane,
Or slay the monarch of the main.
And shall the soul be warp'd aside
By passion, prejudice, and pride?
Deformity of heart I call
The worst deformity of all.
Your cares to body are confin'd;
Few fear obliquity of mind.
Why not adorn the better part?
This is a noble theme for art:
For what is form, or what is face,
But the soul's index, or its case?

Now take a simile at hand,
Compare the mental soil to land.
Shall fields be till'd with annual care,
And minds lie fallow ev'ry year?
Oh, since the crop depends on you,
Give them the culture which is due:
Hoe ev'ry weed, and dress the soil,
So harvest shall repay your toil.

If human minds resemble trees
(As ev'ry moralist agrees),
Prune all the stragglers of your vine,
Then shall the purple cluster shine.
The gardener knows that fruitful life
Demands the salutary knife:
For ev'ry wild luxuriant shoot
Or robs the bloom, or starves the fruit.

A satirist* in-Roman times,
When Rome, like Britain, groan'd with crimes,
Asserts it for a sacred truth,
That pleasures are the bane of youth;
That sorrows such pursuits attend,
Or such pursuits in sorrows end:
That all the wild advent'rer gains,
Are perils, penitence, and pains.
Approve, ye fair, the Roman page,
And bid your sons revere the sage;
In study spend their midnight oil,
And string their nerves by manly toil.
Thus shall they grow, like Temple, wise;
Thus future Lockes and Newtons rise;
Or hardy chiefs to wield the lance,
And save us from the chains of France.
Yes, bid your sons betimes forego
Those treach'rous paths where pleasures grow,
Where the young mind is Folly's slave;
Where ev'ry virtue finds a grave.

Let each bright character be nam'd,
For wisdom or for valor fam'd.

* Persius.

Are the dear youths to science prone?
Tell how th' immortal Bacon shone!
Who, leaving meaner joys to kings,
Soar'd high on contemplation's wings;
Rang'd the fair fields of nature o'er,
Where never mortal trod before:
Bacon! whose vast capacious plan
Bespoke him angel more than man!

Does love of martial fame inspire?
Cherish, ye fair, the gen'rous fire;
Teach them to spurn inglorious rest,
And rouse the hero in his breast:
Paint Cressy's vanquish'd field anew,
Their souls shall kindle at the view;
Resolv'd to conquer or to fall,
When Liberty and Britain call.
Thus shall they rule the crimson plain;
Or hurl their thunders through the main;
Gain with their blood, nor grudge the cost,
What their degen'rate sires have lost:
The laurel thus shall grace their brow,
As Churchill's once, or Warren's now.

One summer evening as I stray'd
Along the silent moonlight glade,
With these reflections in my breast,
Beneath an oak I sunk to rest;
A gentle slumber intervenes,
And fancy dress'd instructive scenes.

Methought a spacious road I spied,
And stately trees adorn'd its side;
Frequented by a giddy crowd
Of thoughtless mortals, vain and loud,
Who tripp'd with jocund heel along,
And bade me join their smiling throng.

I straight obey'd—persuasion hung
Like honey on the speaker's tongue:
A cloudless sun improv'd the day,
And pinks and roses strew'd our way.

Now as our journey we pursue,
A beauteous fabric rose to view—
A stately dome, and sweetly grac'd
With ev'ry ornament of taste.
This structure was a female's claim,
And Pleasure was the Monarch's name.

The hall we enter'd uncontroll'd,
And saw the queen enthron'd in gold:
Arabian sweets perfum'd the ground,
And laughing Cupids flutter'd round;
A flowing vest adorn'd the fair,
And flow'ry chaplets wreath'd her hair.
Fraud taught the queen a thousand wiles,
A thousand soft insidious smiles;
Love taught her lisp'ing tongue to speak,
And form'd the dimple in her cheek;
The lily and the damask rose
The tincture of her face compose;
Nor did the God of wit disdain
To mingle with the shining train.
Her vot'ries flock from various parts,
And chiefly youth resign'd their hearts;
The old in sparing numbers press'd,
But awkward devotees at best.

"Now let us range at large," we cried,
"Thro' all the garden's boasted pride."

Here jasmines spread the silver flow'r,
To deck the wall, or weave the bow'r ;
The woodbines mix in am'rous play,
And breathe their fragrant lives away.
Here rising myrtles form a shade ;
There roses blush, and scent the glade ;
The orange with a vernal face,
Wears ev'ry rich autumnal grace ;
While the young blossoms here unfold,
There shines the fruit like pendant gold :
Citrons their balmy sweets exhale,
And triumph in the distant gale.
Now fountains, murmur'ing to the song,
Roll their translucent streams along ;
Thro' all the aromatic groves
The faithful turtles coo their loves ;
The lark ascending, pours his notes,
And linnets swell their rapt'rous throats.

Pleasure, imperial fair ! how gay
Thy empire, and how wide thy sway !
Enchanting queen, how soft thy reign !
How man, fond man, implores thy chain !
Yet thine each meretricious art,
That weakens and corrupts the heart :
The childish toys, and wanton page,
Which sink and prostitute the stage !
The masquerade, that just offence
To virtue, and reproach to sense !
The midnight dance, the mantling bowl,
And all that dissipate the soul ;
All that to ruin man combine,
Yes, specious harlot ! all are thine.

Whence sprung th' accursed lust of play,
Which beggars thousands in a day ?
Speak, sorc'ress, speak (for thou canst tell),
Who call'd the treach'rous card from hell ?
Now man profanes his reasoning pow'rs,
Profanes sweet friendship's sacred hours ;
Abandon'd to inglorious ends,
And faithless to himself and friends ;
A dupe to ev'ry artful knave,
To ev'ry abject wish a slave :
But who against himself combines,
Abets his enemy's designs.
When rapine meditates a blow,
He shares the guilt who aids the foe.
Is man a thief who steals my self—
How great his theft who robs himself !
Is man, who gulls his friend, a cheat—
How heinous, then, is self-deceit !
Is murder justly deem'd a crime—
How black his guilt who murders time !
Should custom plead, as custom will,
Grand precedents to palliate ill ;
Shall modes and forms avail with me,
When reason disavows the plea ?
Who games is felon of his wealth,
His time, his liberty, his health ;
Virtue forsakes his sordid mind,
And Honor scorns to stay behind.
From man when these bright cherubs part,
Ah, what's the poor deserted heart ?
A savage wild that shocks the sight !
Or chaos, and impervious night !

Each gen'rous principle destroy'd,
And dæmons crowd the frightful void.

Shall Siam's elephant supply
The baneful desolating die !
Against the honest sylvan's will,
You taught his iv'ry tusk to kill.
Heaven, fond its favours to dispense,
Gave him that weapon for defence :
That weapon for his guard design'd,
You render'd fatal to mankind.
He plann'd no death for thoughtless youth ;
You gave the venom to his tooth.
Blush, tyrant, blush ! for, oh ! 'tis true,
That no fell serpent bites like you.

The guests were order'd to depart ;
Reluctance sat on ev'ry heart :
A porter show'd a diff'rent door,
Not the fair portal known before.
The gates methought were open'd wide ;
The crowds descended in a tide :
But oh ! ye heavens, what vast surprise
Struck the advent'urers' frighted eyes !
A barren heath before us lay,
And gath'ring clouds obscur'd the day ;
The darkness rose in smoky spires ;
The lightning flash'd their livid fires ;
Loud peals of thunder rent the air,
While vengeance chill'd our hearts with fear.

Five ruthless tyrants sway'd the plain,
And triumph'd o'er the mangled slain.
Here sat Distaste, with sickly mien,
And more than half devour'd with spleen :
There stood Remorse with thought oppress'd,
And vipers feeding on his breast.
Then Want, dejected, pale, and thin,
With bones just starting thro' his skin ;
A ghastly fiend !—and close behind,
Disease his aching head reclin'd ;
His everlasting thirst confess'd
The fires which rag'd within his breast.
Death clos'd the train ! the hideous form
Smil'd, unrelenting, in the storm ;
When straight a doleful shriek was heard :
I 'woke—the vision disappear'd.

Let not the unexperienc'd boy
Deny that pleasures will destroy ;
Or say that dreams are vain and wild,
Like fairy tales to please a child.
Important hints the wise may reap
From sallies of the soul in sleep ;
And since there's meaning in my dream,
The moral merits your esteem.

§ 57. *Vision V. Happiness.*

YE ductile youths, whose rising sun
Hath many circles still to run ;
Who wisely wish the pilot's chart,
To steer through life th' unsteady heart
And all the thoughtful voyage past,
To gain a happy port at last :
Attend a seer's instructive song ;
For moral truths to dreams belong.

I saw this wondrous Vision soon,
Long ere my sun had reach'd its noon ;

Just when the rising beard began
To grace my chin, and call me man.

One night when balmy slumbers shed
Their peaceful poppies o'er my head,
My fancy led me to explore
A thousand scenes unknown before.
I saw a plain extended wide,
And crowds pour'd in from ev'ry side;
All seem'd to start at diff'rent game,
Yet all declar'd their views the same:
The chase was Happiness, I found;
But all, alas! enchanted ground.

Indeed, I judg'd it wondrous strange,
To see the giddy numbers range
Through roads, which promis'd nought, at best,
But sorrow to the human breast.
Methought, if bliss was all their view,
Why did they diff'rent paths pursue?
The waking world has long agreed,
That Bagshot's not the road to Tweed;
And he who Berwick seeks through Staines,
Shall have his labor for his pains.

As Parnell says,* my bosom wrought
With travail of uncertain thought;
And, as an angel help'd the dean,
My angel chose to intervene.
The dress of each was much the same;
And Virtue was my seraph's name.
When thus the angel silence broke;
Her voice was music as she spoke:

"Attend, O man! nor leave my side,
"And safety shall thy footsteps guide:
"Such truth I'll teach, such secrets show,
"As none but favor'd mortals know."

She said—and straight we march'd along
To join Ambition's active throng:
Crowds urg'd on crowds with eager pace,
And happy he who led the race.
Axes and daggers lay unseen
In ambuscade along the green;
While vapors shed delusive light,
And bubbles mock'd the distant sight.

We saw a shining mountain rise,
Whose tow'ring summit reach'd the skies;
The slopes were steep, and form'd of glass,
Painful and hazardous to pass:
Courtiers and statesmen led the way;
The faithless paths their steps betray;
This moment seen aloft to soar,
The next to fall, and rise no more.

'Twas here ambition kept her court,
A phantom of gigantic port:
The fav'rite that sustain'd her throne
Was Falsehood, by her vizard known;
Next stood Mistrust, with frequent sigh,
Disorder'd look, and squinting eye;
While meagre Envy claim'd a place;
And Jealousy, with jaundic'd face.

"But where is Happiness?" I cried.
My guardian turn'd, and thus replied:

"Mortal, by Folly still beguill'd,
"Thou hast not yet outstript the child;

"Thou who hast twenty winters seen
" (I hardly think thee past fifteen),
"To ask if happiness can dwell
"With ev'ry dirty imp of hell!
"Go to the school-boy; he shall preach
"What twenty winters cannot teach;
"He'll tell thee, from his weekly theme,
"That thy pursuit is all a dream;
"That bliss ambitious vows disowns,
"And, self-dependent, laughs at thrones
"Prefers the shades, and lowly seats,
"Whither fair Innocence retreats.
"So the coy lily of the vale
"Shuns eminence, and loves the dale."

I blush'd; and now we cross'd the plain,
To find the money-getting train;
Those silent, snug, commercial bands,
With busy looks, and dirty hands.
Amidst these thoughtful crowds, the old
Plac'd all their happiness in gold;
And surely, if there's bliss below,
These hoary heads the secret know.
We journey'd with the plodding crew,
When soon a temple rose to view,
A Gothic pile! with moss o'ergrown;
Strong were the walls, and built with stone;
Without a thousand mastiffs wait;
A thousand bolts secure the gate.
We sought admission long in vain,
For here all favors sell for gain.

The greedy porter yields to gold;
His fee receiv'd, the gates unfold.
Assembled nations here we found,
And view'd the cringing herds around,
Who daily sacrific'd to Wealth
Their honor, conscience, peace, and health.
I saw no charms that could engage;
The god appear'd like sordid age,
With hooked nose, and famish'd jaws,
But serpent's eyes, and harpy's claws:
Behind stood Fear, that restless sprite,
Which haunts the watches of the night;
And viper Care, that stings so deep,
Whose deadly venom murders sleep.

We hasten'd now to Pleasure's bow'rs,
Where the gay tribes sat crown'd with flow'rs:
Here beauty ev'ry charm display'd,
And love inflam'd the yielding maid;
Delicious wine our taste employs;
His crimson bowl exalts our joys.
I felt its gen'rous pow'r, and thought
The pearl was found that long I sought.
Determin'd here to fix my home,
I bless'd the change, nor wish'd to roam:
The seraph disapprov'd my stay;
Spread her fair plumes, and wing'd away.

Alas! whene'er we talk of bliss,
How prone is man to judge amiss!
See, a long train of ills conspires
To scourge our uncontroll'd desires;
Like summer swarms diseases crowd,
Each bears a crutch, or each a shroud:
Fever, that thirsty fury came,
With inextinguishable flame;

* See the Hermit, page 54, col. 2.

Consumption, sworn ally of Death!
 Crept slowly on with panting breath;
 Gout roar'd, and show'd his throbbing feet;
 And Dropsy took the drunkard's seat;
 Stone brought his tort'ring racks; and near
 Sat Palsy, shaking in his chair.

A mangled youth, beneath a shade,
 A melancholy scene display'd:
 His noseless face, and loathsome stains,
 Proclaim'd the poison in his veins;
 He rais'd his eyes, he smote his breast,
 He wept aloud, and thus address'd:

"Forbear the harlot's false embrace,
 Though lewdness wear an angel's face:
 Be wise, by my experience taught;
 "I die, alas! for want of thought!"

As he who travels Lybia's plains,
 Where the fierce lion lawless reigns,
 Is seiz'd with fear and wild dismay,
 When the grim foe obstructs his way;
 My soul was pierc'd with equal fright,
 My tott'ring limbs oppos'd my flight:
 I call'd on Virtue, but in vain;
 Her absence quicken'd ev'ry pain.
 At length the slighted angel heard;
 The dear refugent form appear'd:
 "Presumptuous youth!" she said, and frown'd
 (My heart-strings flutter'd at the sound);

"Who turns to me reluctant ears,
 Shall shed repeated floods of tears.
 These rivers shall for ever last;
 There's no retracting what is past:
 Nor think avenging ills to shun;
 Play a false card, and you're undone.

"Of Pleasure's gilded baits beware,
 Nor tempt the Syren's fatal snare:
 Forego this curs'd detested place;
 Abhor the strumpet, and her race.
 Had you those softer paths pursued,
 Perdition, stripling, had ensued:
 Yes, fly—you stand upon its brink!
 To-morrow is too late to think.

"Indeed, unwelcome truths I tell,
 But mark my sacred lesson well;
 With me whoever lives at strife,
 Loses his better friend for life;
 With me, who lives in friendship's ties,
 Finds all that's sought for by the wise.
 Folly exclaims, and well she may,
 Because I take her mask away;
 If once I bring her to the sun,
 The painted harlot is undone.
 But prize, my child, oh prize my rules,
 And leave Deception to her fools.

"Ambition deals in tinsel toys,
 Her traffic gewgaws, fleeting joys;
 An errant juggler in disguise,
 Who holds false optics to your eyes.
 But ah! how quick the shadows pass!
 Though the bright visions through her glass
 Charm at a distance! yet, when near,
 The baseless fabrics disappear.

"Nor riches boast intrinsic worth;
 Their charms, at best, superior earth:

"These oft the heaven-born mind enslave,
 "And make an honest man a knave."
 "Wealth cures my wants!" the miser cries:
 "Be not deceiv'd—the miser lies;
 "One want he has, with all his store,
 "That worst of wants—the want of more."
 "Take Pleasure, Wealth, and Pomp away,
 "And where is Happiness?" you say.
 "'Tis here—and may be yours—for, know,
 "I'm all that's Happiness below.
 "To Vice I leave tumultuous joys;
 "Mine is the still and softer voice!
 "That whispers peace when storms invade,
 "And music through the midnight shade.
 "Come, then, be mine in ev'ry part,
 "Nor give me less than all your heart;
 "When troubles discompose your breast,
 "I'll enter there a cheerful guest:
 "My converse shall your cares beguile,
 "The little world within shall smile.
 "And then it scarce imports a jot,
 "Whether the great world frowns or not.
 "And when the closing scenes prevail,
 "When wealth, state, pleasure, all shall fail;
 "All that a foolish world admires,
 "Or Passion craves, or Pride inspires:
 "At that important hour of need,
 "Virtue shall prove a friend indeed!
 "My hands shall smooth thy dying bed,
 "My arms sustain thy drooping head:
 "And when the painful struggle's o'er,
 "And that vain thing, the world, no more;
 "I'll bear my fav'rite son away
 "To rapture and eternal day."

§ 58: *Vision VII. Marriage. Inscribed to Miss ***.*

Fairest, this Vision is thy due;
 I form'd th' instructive plan for you.
 Slight not the rules of thoughtful age;
 Your welfare actuates ev'ry page;
 But ponder well my sacred theme,
 And tremble while you read my dream.
 These awful words, "till death do part,"
 May well alarm the youthful heart:
 No after-thought when once a wife,—
 The die is cast, and cast for life;
 Yet thousands venture ev'ry day,
 As some base passion leads the way.
 Pert Sylvia talks of wedlock scenes,
 Though hardly enter'd on her teens;
 Smiles on her whining spark, and hears
 The sugar'd speech with raptur'd ears;
 Impatient of a parent's rule,
 She leaves her sire, and weds a fool;
 Want enters at the guardless door,
 And Love is fled, to come no more.

Some few there are of sordid mould,
 Who barter youth and bloom for gold,
 Careless with what or whom they mate;
 Their ruling passion's all for state.
 But Hymen, gen'rous, just, and kind,
 Abhors the mercenary mind;

Such rebels groan beneath his rod ;
 For Hymen's a vindictive god :
 " Be joyless ev'ry night," he said :
 " And barren be their nuptial bed !"
 Attend, my fair, to wisdom's voice ;
 A better fate shall crown thy choice.
 A married life, to speak the best,
 Is all a lottery contest :
 Yet, if my fair one will be wise,
 I will ensure my girl a prize,
 Though not a prize to match thy worth :
 Perhaps thy equal's not on earth !

'Tis an important point, to know
 There's no perfection here below.
 Man's an odd compound, after all ;
 And ever has been since the fall.
 Say, that he loves you from his soul,
 Still man is proud, nor brooks control ;
 And though a slave in love's soft school,
 In wedlock claims his right to rule.
 The best, in short, has faults about him ;
 If few those faults, you must not flout him.
 With some, indeed, you can't dispense,
 As want of temper and of sense :
 For when the sun deserts the skies,
 And the dull winter evenings rise,
 Then for a husband's social pow'r
 To form the calm, converseive hour ;
 The treasures of thy breast explore,
 From that rich mine to draw the ore :
 Fondly each gen'rous thought refine,
 And give thy native gold to shine ;
 Show thee, as really thou art,
 Though fair, yet fairer still at heart.

Say, when life's purple blossoms fade,
 As soon they must, thou charming maid !
 When in thy cheek the roses die,
 And sickness clouds that brilliant eye ;
 Say, when or age or pains invade,
 And those dear limbs shall call for aid ;
 If thou art fetter'd to a fool,
 Shall not his transient passion cool ?
 And, when thy health and beauty end,
 Shall thy weak mate persist a friend ?
 But to a man of sense, my dear,
 E'en then thou lovely shalt appear ;
 He'll share the griefs that wound thy heart,
 And, weeping, claim the larger part :
 Though age impairs that beauteous face,
 He'll prize the pearl beyond its case.
 In wedlock when the sexes meet,
 Friendship is only then complete.
 " Bless'd state ! where souls each other draw ;
 " Where love is liberty and law !"
 The choicest blessing found below,
 That man can wish, or Heaven bestow !
 Trust me, these raptures are divine,
 For lovely Chloe once was mine !
 Nor fear the varnish of my style ;
 Though poet, I'm estrang'd to guile.
 Ah me ! my faithful lips impart
 The genuine language of my heart !
 When bards extol their patrons high,
 Perhaps 'tis gold extorts the lie ;

Perhaps the poor reward of bread—
 But who burns incense to the dead ?
 He, whom a fond affection draws,
 Careless of censure or applause ;
 Whose soul is upright and sincere,
 With nought to wish, and nought to fear.

Now to my visionary scheme
 Attend, and profit by my dream.
 Amidst the slumbers of the night,
 A stately temple rose to sight ;
 And ancient as the human race,
 If Nature's purposes you trace :
 This fane, by all the wise rever'd,
 To wedlock's pow'rful god was rear'd.
 Hard by I saw a graceful sage,
 His locks were frosted o'er by age ;
 His garb was plain, his mind serene,
 And wisdom dignified his mien.
 With curious search his name I sought,
 And found 'twas Hymen's fav'rite, Thought.

Apace the giddy crowds advance,
 And a lewd satyr led the dance.

I griev'd to see whole thousands run,
 For oh ! what thousands were undone !
 The sage, when these mad troops he spied,
 In pity flew to join their side :
 The disconcerted pairs began
 To rail against him to a man ;
 Vow'd they were strangers to his name,
 Nor knew from whence the dotard came.

But mark the sequel—for this truth
 Highly concerns impetuous youth.
 Long ere the honey-moon could wane,
 Perdition seiz'd on every twain ;
 At ev'ry house, and all day long,
 Repentance plied her scorpion throng :
 Disgust was there with frowning mien,
 And ev'ry wayward child of spleen.

Hymen approach'd his awful fane,
 Attended by a num'rous train.
 Love, with each soft and nameless grace,
 Was first in favor and in place :
 Then came the god, with solemn gait,
 Whose ev'ry word was big with fate ;
 His hand a flaming taper bore,
 That sacred symbol, fam'd of yore.
 Virtue, adorn'd with every charm,
 Sustain'd the god's incumbent arm :
 Beauty improv'd the glowing scene
 With all the roses of eighteen :
 Youth led the gaily-smiling fair,
 His purple pinions wav'd in air :
 Wealth, a close hunk, walk'd hobbling nigh,
 With vulture claw, and eagle eye,
 Who threescore years had seen, or more
 ('Tis said his coat had seen a score) ;
 Proud was the wretch, though clad in rags,
 Presuming much upon his bags.

A female next her arts display'd ;
 Poets alone can paint the maid :
 Trust me, Hogarth (though great thy fame),
 'Twould pose thy skill to draw the same ;
 And yet thy mimic pow'r is more
 Than ever painter's was before.

Now she was fair as cygnet's down,
 Now as Mat Prior's Emma brown;
 And, changing as the changing flow'r,
 Her dress she varied ev'ry hour.
 'Twas Fancy, child—you know the fair,
 Who pins your gowd, and sets your hair.

Lo! the god mounts his throne of state,
 And sits the arbiter of fate:
 His head, with radiant glories drest,
 Gently reclin'd on Virtue's breast.
 Love took his station on the right;
 His quiver beam'd with golden light:
 Beauty usurp'd the second place,
 Ambitious of distinguish'd grace;
 She claim'd this ceremonial joy,
 Because related to the boy;
 Said it was hers to point his dart,
 And speed his passage to the heart:
 While on the god's inferior hand
 Fancy and Wealth obtain'd their stand.

And now the hallow'd rites proceed,
 And now a thousand heart-strings bleed.
 I saw a blooming, trembling bride,
 A toothless lover join'd her side;
 Averse she turn'd her weeping face,
 And shudder'd at the cold embrace.

But various baits their force impart;
 Thus titles lie at Celia's heart.
 A passion, much too foul to name,
 Costs supercilious prudes their fame:
 Prudes wed to publicans and sinners;
 The hungry poet weds for dinners.

The god with frown indignant view'd
 The rabble covetous or lewd;
 By ev'ry vice his altar stain'd,
 By ev'ry fool his rites profan'd:
 When Love complain'd of Wealth aloud,
 Affirming Wealth debauch'd the crowd;
 Drew up in form his heavy charge,
 Desiring to be heard at large.

The god consents, the throng divide,
 The young espous'd the plaintiff's side;
 The old declar'd for the defendant,
 For age is money's sworn attendant.

Love said, that wedlock was design'd
 By gracious Heaven to match the mind;
 To pair the tender and the just,
 And his the delegated trust:
 That Wealth had play'd a knavish part,
 And taught the tongue to wrong the heart;
 But what avails the faithless voice?
 The injur'd heart disdains the choice.

Wealth straight replied, that Love was blind,
 And talk'd at random of the mind:
 That killing eyes, and bleeding hearts,
 And all th' artillery of darts,
 Were long ago exploded fancies,
 And laugh'd at even in romances.
 Poets indeed style love a treat,
 Perhaps for want of better meat:
 And love might be delicious fare,
 Could we, like poets, live on air.
 But grant that angels feast on love,
 (Those purer essences above,)

Yet Albion's sons, he understood,
 Prefer'd a more substantial food.
 Thus while with gibes he dress'd his cause,
 His grey admirers hemm'd applause;
 With seeming conquest pert and proud,
 Wealth shook his sides, and chuckled loud;
 When Fortune, to restrain his pride,
 And fond to favor Love beside,
 Op'ning the miser's tape-tied vest,
 Disclos'd the cares which stung his breast:
 Wealth stood abash'd at his disgrace,
 And a deep crimson flush'd his face.

Love sweetly simper'd at the sight;
 His gay adherents laugh'd outright.
 The god, though grave his temper, smil'd;
 For Hymen dearly priz'd the child.
 But he who triumphs o'er his brother,
 In turn is laugh'd at by another.

Such cruel scores we often find
 Repaid the criminal in kind:
 For Poverty, that famish'd fiend!
 Ambitious of a wealthy friend,
 Advanc'd into the miser's place,
 And star'd the stripling in the face;
 Whose lips grew pale, and cold as clay:
 I thought the chit would swoon away.
 The god was studious to employ
 His cares to aid the vanquish'd boy;
 And therefore issued his decree,
 That the two parties straight agree:
 When both obey'd the god's commands,
 And Love and Riches join'd their hands.

What wondrous change in each was wrought,
 Believe me, fair, surpasses thought.

If love had many charms before,
 He now had charms ten thousand more:
 If Wealth had serpents in his breast,
 They now were dead, or lull'd to rest.

Beauty, that vain, affected thing,
 Who join'd the hymeneal ring,
 Approach'd, with round unthinking face;
 And thus the trifler states her case:

She said that Love's complaints, 'twas known,
 Exactly tallied with her own:
 That Wealth had learn'd the felon's arts,
 And robb'd her of a thousand hearts;
 Desiring judgment against Wealth,
 For falsehood, perjury, and stealth:
 All which she could on oath depose;
 And hop'd the court would slit his nose.

But Hymen, when he heard her name,
 Call'd her an interloping dame;
 Look'd through the crowd with angry state,
 And blam'd the porter at the gate
 For giving entrance to the fair,
 When she was no essential there.

To sink this haughty tyrant's pride,
 He order'd Fancy to preside.
 Hence, when debates on beauty rise,
 And each bright fair disputes the prize,
 To Fancy's court we straight apply,
 And wait the sentence of her eye;
 In beauty's realms she holds the seals,
 And her awards preclude appeals.

§ 59. *Vision VIII. Life.*

LET not the young my precepts shun ;
 Who slight good counsels are undone.
 Your poet sung of love's delights,
 Of halcyon days and joyous nights ;
 To the gay fancy lovely themes ;
 And fain I'd hope they're more than dreams.
 But, if you please, before we part,
 I'd speak a language to your heart.
 We'll talk of Life, though much I fear
 Th' ungrateful tale would wound your ear.
 You raise your sanguine thoughts too high,
 And hardly know the reason why :
 But, say Life's tree bears golden fruit,
 Some canker shall corrode the root ;
 Some unexpected storm shall rise,
 Or scorching suns, or chilling skies ;
 And (if experienced truths avail)
 All your autumnal hopes shall fail.

" But, poet, whence such wide extremes ?
 " Well may you style your labors dreams.
 " A son of sorrow, thou, I ween,
 " Whose Visions are the brats of Spleen.
 " Is bliss a vague, unmeaning name ?
 " Speak then the passions' use or aim ;
 " Why rage desires without control,
 " And rouse such whirlwinds in the soul ?
 " Why hope erects her tow'ring crest,
 " And laughs and riots in the breast ?
 " Think not my weaker brain turns round ;
 " Think not I tread on fairy ground ;
 " Think not your pulse alone beats true—
 " Mine makes as healthful music too.
 " Our joys, when Life's soft spring we trace,
 " Put forth their early buds apace :
 " See the bloom loads the tender shoot ;
 " The bloom conceals the future fruit.
 " Yes, manhood's warm meridian sun
 " Shall ripen what in spring begun.
 " Thus infant roses, ere they blow,
 " In germinating clusters grow ;
 " And only wait the summer's ray,
 " To burst and blossom to the day."

What said the gay unthinking boy ?
 Methought Hilario talk'd of joy !
 Tell, if thou canst, whence joys arise,
 Or what those mighty joys you prize.
 You'll find (and trust superior years)
 The vale of life a vale of tears.
 Could wisdom teach where joys abound,
 Or riches purchase them when found,
 Would sceptred Solomon complain
 That all was fleeting, false, and vain ?
 Yet sceptred Solomon could say,
 Returning clouds obscur'd his day.
 Those maxims, which the preacher drew,
 The royal sage experienc'd true.
 He knew the various ills that wait
 Our infant and meridian state ;
 That toys our earliest thoughts engage,
 And diff'rent toys maturer age ;
 That grief at ev'ry stage appears,
 But diff'rent griefs at diff'rent years ;

That vanity is seen, in part,
 Inscrib'd on ev'ry human heart ;
 In the child's breast the spark began,
 Grows with his growth, and glares in man.
 But when in life we journey late,
 If follies die, do griefs abate ?
 Ah ! what is life at fourscore years ? [and tears.
 One dark, rough road, of sighs, groans, pains

Perhaps you'll think I act the same
 As a sly sharper plays his game :
 You triumph ev'ry deal that's past,
 He's sure to triumph at the last !
 Who often wins some thousands more
 Than twice the sums you won before.
 But I'm a loser with the rest ;
 For life is all a deal at best,
 Where not the prize of wealth or fame
 Repays the trouble of the game—
 (A truth no winner e'er denied,
 An hour before that winner died.)
 Not that with me these prizes shine ;
 For neither fame nor wealth is mine.
 My cards, a weak plebeian band,
 With scarce an honor in my hand !
 And, since my trumps are very few,
 What have I more to boast than you ?
 Nor am I gainer by your fall ;
 That harlot Fortune bubbles all !
 'Tis truth (receive it ill or well),
 'Tis melancholy truth I tell.
 Why should the preacher take your pence,
 And smother truth to flatter sense ?
 I'm sure physicians have no merit,
 Who kill through lenity of spirit.

That life's a game, divines confess ;
 This says at cards, and that at chess :
 But, if our views be centred here,
 'Tis all a losing game I fear.

Sailors, you know, when wars obtain,
 And hostile vessels crowd the main,
 If they discover from afar
 A bark as distant as a star,
 Hold the perspective to their eyes,
 To learn its colors, strength, and size ;
 And, when this secret once they know,
 Make ready to receive the foe ;
 Let you and I from sailors learn
 Important truths of like concern.

I clos'd the day, as custom led,
 With reading till the time of bed ;
 Where Fancy, at the midnight hour,
 Again display'd her magic pow'r—
 (For know that Fancy, like a sprite,
 Prefers the silent scenes of night.)
 She lodg'd me in a neighb'ring wood,
 No matter where the thicket stood ;
 The Genius of the place was nigh,
 And held two pictures to my eye.
 The curious painter had pourtray'd
 Life in each just and genuine shade.
 They, who have only known its dawn,
 May think these lines too deeply drawn ;
 But riper years, I fear, will show
 The wiser artists paint too true.

One piece presents a rueful wild,
Where not a summer's sun had smil'd;
The road with thorns is cover'd wide,
And Grief sits weeping by the side:
Here tears with constant tenor flow,
And form a mournful lake below;
Whose silent waters, dark and deep,
Through all the gloomy valley creep.

Passions that flatter, or that slay,
Are beasts that fawn, or birds that prey.
Here Vice assumes the serpent's shape;
There Folly personates the ape:
Here Av'rice gripes with harpy's claws;
There Malice grins with tiger's jaws;
While sons of Mischief, Art, and Guile,
Are alligators of the Nile.

E'en Pleasure acts a treach'rous part;
She charms the sense, but stings the heart:
And when she gulls us of our wealth,
Or that superior pearl, our health,
Restores us nought but pains and woe,
And drowns us in the lake below.

There a commission'd angel stands,
With desolation in his hands!
He sends the all-devouring flame,—
And cities hardly boast a name:
Or wings the pestilential blast,
And, lo! ten thousands breathe their last.
He speaks—obedient tempests roar,
And guilty nations are no more:
He speaks—the fury Discord raves,
And sweeps whole armies to their graves;
Or Famine lifts her mildew'd hand,
And Hunger howls through all the land.

"Oh! what a wretch is man!" I cried;
"Expos'd to death on ev'ry side!
"And sure as born to be undone
"By evils which he cannot shun!
"Besides a thousand baits to sin,
"A thousand traitors lodg'd within!
"For soon as Vice assaults the heart,
"The rebels take the dæmon's part."

I sigh, my aching bosom bleeds;
When straight the milder plan succeeds.
The lake of tears, the dreary shore,
The same as in the piece before;
But gleams of light are here display'd,
To cheer the eye, and gild the shade;
Affliction speaks a softer style,
And Disappointment wears a smile:
A group of virtues blossom near;
Their roots improve by ev'ry tear.

Here Patience, gentle maid! is nigh,
To calm the storm, and wipe the eye;
Hope acts the kind physician's part,
And warms the solitary heart:
Religion nobler comfort brings,
Disarms our griefs, or blunts their stings;
Points out the balance on the whole,
And Heaven rewards the struggling soul.

But while these raptures I pursue,
The Genius suddenly withdrew.

§ 60. *Vision the last. Death.*

'Tis thought my Visions are too grave;*
A proof I'm no designing knave.
Perhaps if int'rest held the scales,
I had devis'd quite diff'rent tales;
Had join'd the laughing, low buffoon,
And scribbled satire and lampoon;
Or stirr'd each source of soft desire,
And fann'd the coals of wanton fire:
Then had my paltry Visions sold;
Yes, all my dreams had turn'd to gold;
Had prov'd the darling of the town,
And I—a Poet of renown!

Let not my awful theme surprise;
Let no unmanly fears arise.
I wear no melancholy hue;
No wreaths of cypress, or of yew,
The shroud, the coffin, pall, or hearse,
Shall ne'er deform my softer verse.
Let me consign the fun'ral plume,
The herald's paint, the sculptur'd tomb,
And all the solemn farce of graves,
To undertakers and their slaves.

You know that moral writers say,
The world's a stage, and life a play;
That in this drama to succeed,
Requires much thought and toil indeed!
There still remains one labor more,
Perhaps a greater than before.
Indulge the search, and you shall find
The harder task is still behind:
That harder task, to quit the stage
In early youth or riper age;
To leave the company and place
With firmness, dignity, and grace.

Come, then, the closing scene survey;
'Tis the last act which crowns the play.
Do well this grand decisive part,
And gain the plaudit of your heart.
Few greatly live in Wisdom's eye—
But, oh! how few who greatly die!
Who, when their days approach an end,
Can meet the foe as friend meets friend.

Instructive heroes! tell us whence
Your noble scorn of flesh and sense?
You part from all we prize so dear,
Nor drop one soft reluctant tear;
Part from those tender joys of life,
The friend, the parent, child, and wife.
Death's black and stormy gulf you brave,
And ride exulting on the wave;
Deem thrones but trifles all!—no more—
Nor send one wishful look to shore.

For foreign ports, and lands unknown,
Thus the firm sailor leaves his own;
Obedient to the rising gale,
Unmoors his bark, and spreads his sail;
Defies the ocean and the wind,
Nor mourns the joys he left behind.

Is Death a pow'rful monarch? True:
Perhaps you dread the tyrant too!

* See the Monthly Review of New Books, for February 1751

Fear, like a fog, precludes the light,
 Or swells the object to the sight.
 Attend my visionary page,
 And I'll disarm the tyrant's rage.
 Come, let this ghastly form appear;
 He's not so terrible when near.
 Distance deludes th' unwary eye;
 So clouds seem monsters in the sky:
 Hold frequent converse with him now,
 He'll daily wear a milder brow.
 Why is my theme with terror fraught?
 Because you shun the frequent thought.
 Say, when the captive pard is nigh,
 Whence thy pale cheek and frighted eye?
 Say, why dismay'd thy manly breast,
 When the grim lion shakes his crest?
 Because these savage sights are new;
 No keeper shudders at the view:
 Keepers accustom'd to the scene,
 Approach the dens with looks serene;
 Fearless their grisly charge explore,
 And smile to hear the tyrants roar.

"Ay—but to die! to bid adieu!
 "An everlasting farewell too!
 "Farewell to ev'ry joy around!
 "Oh, the heart sickens at the sound!"

Stay, stripling—thou art poorly taught:
 Joy, didst thou say? discard the thought.
 Joys are a rich celestial fruit,
 And scorn a sublunary root:
 What wears the face of joy below,
 Is often found but splendid woe.
 Joys here, like unsubstantial fame,
 Are nothing but a pompous name;
 Or else, like comets in the sphere,
 Shine with destruction in their rear.

Passions, like clouds, obscure the sight,
 Hence mortals seldom judge aright.
 The world's a harsh unfruitful soil,
 Yet still we hope, and still we toil;
 Deceive ourselves with wondrous art,
 And disappointment wrings the heart.

Thus, when a mist collects around,
 And hovers o'er a barren ground,
 The poor deluded trav'ler spies
 Imagin'd trees, and structures rise;
 But, when the shrouded sun is clear,
 The desert and the rocks appear.

"Ah—but when youthful blood runs high,
 "Sure 'tis a dreadful thing to die!
 "To die! and what exalts the gloom,
 "I'm told that man survives the tomb!
 "O! can the learned prelate find
 "What future scenes await the mind?
 "Where wings the soul, dislodg'd from clay?
 "Some courteous angel point the way!
 "That unknown somewhere in the skies,
 "Say where that unknown somewhere lies!
 "And kindly prove, when life is o'er,
 "That pains and sorrows are no more;
 "For, doubtless, dying is a curse,
 "If present ills be chang'd for worse."

Hush, my young friend, forego the theme,
 And listen to your poet's dream.

Erewhile I took an ev'ning walk,
 Honorio join'd in social talk.
 Along the lawns the zephyrs sweep;
 Each ruder wind was lull'd asleep:
 The sky, all beauteous to behold,
 Was streak'd with azure, green, and gold:
 But though serenely soft and fair,
 Fever hung brooding in the air;
 Then settled on Honorio's breast,
 Which shudder'd at the fatal guest.
 No drugs the kindly wish fulfil;
 Disease eludes the doctor's skill:
 The poison, spread through all the frame,
 Ferments, and kindles into flame.
 From side to side Honorio turns,
 And now with thirst insatiate burns:
 His eyes resign their wonted grace,
 Those friendly lamps expire apace!
 The brain's an useless organ grown;
 And Reason tumbled from his throne.

But, while the purple surges glow,
 The currents thicken as they flow:
 The blood in ev'ry distant part
 Stagnates and disappoints the heart;
 Defrauded of its crimson store,
 The vital engine plays no more.

Honorio dead, the fun'ral bell
 Call'd ev'ry friend to bid farewell.
 I join'd the melancholy bier,
 And dropp'd the unavailing tear.

The clock struck twelve—when nature sought
 Repose from all the pangs of thought;
 And, while my limbs were sunk to rest,
 A vision sooth'd my troubled breast.

I dream'd the spectre Death appear'd!
 I dream'd his hollow voice I heard!
 Methought th' imperial tyrant wore
 A state no prince assum'd before;
 All nature fetch'd a general groan,
 And lay expiring round his throne.

I gaz'd—when straight arose to sight
 The most detested fiend of night.
 He shuffled with unequal pace,
 And conscious shame deform'd his face.
 With jealous leer he squinted round,
 Or fix'd his eyes upon the ground.
 From hell this frightful monster came;
 Sin was his sire, and Guilt his name.
 This fury, with officious care,
 Waited around the sov'reign's chair;
 In robes of terror dress'd the king,
 And arm'd him with a baneful sting;
 Gave fierceness to the tyrant's eye,
 And hung the sword upon his thigh.
 Diseases next, a hideous crowd!
 Proclaim'd their master's empire loud,
 And all, obedient to his will,
 Flew in commission'd troops to kill.

A rising whirlwind shakes the poles,
 And lightning glares, and thunder rolls.
 The monarch and his train prepare
 To range the foul tempestuous air.
 Straight to his shoulders he applies
 Two pinions of enormous size!

Methought I saw the ghastly form
Stretch his black wings and mount the storm;
When Fancy's airy horse I strode,
And join'd the army on the road.
As the grim conqueror urg'd his way,
He scatter'd terror and dismay.
Thousands a pensive aspect wore,
Thousands who sneer'd at death before.
Life's records rise on ev'ry side,
And Conscience spreads those volumes wide;
Which faithful registers were brought
By pale-eyed Fear and busy Thought.
Those faults which artful men conceal,
Stand here engrav'd with pen of steel
By Conscience, that impartial scribe!
Whose honest palm disdains a bribe:
Their actions all like critics view,
And all like faithful critics too.
As Guilt had stain'd life's various stage,
What tears of blood bedew'd the page!
All shudder'd at the black account,
And scarce believ'd the vast amount!
All vow'd a sudden change of heart,
Would death relent, and sheath his dart:
But, when the awful foe withdrew,
All to their follies fled anew.

So when a wolf, who scours at large,
Springs on the shepherd's fleecy charge,
The flock in wild disorder fly,
And cast behind a frequent eye;
But when the victim's borne away,
They rush to pasture and to play.

Indulge my dream, and let my pen
Paint those unmeaning creatures, men.

Carus, with pain and sickness worn,
Chides the slow night, and sighs for morn:
Soon as he views the eastern ray,
He mourns the quick return of day;
Hourly laments protracted breath,
And courts the healing hand of death.

Verres, oppress'd with guilt and shame,
Shipwreck'd in fortune, health, and fame,
Pines for his dark, sepulchral bed,
To mingle with th' unheeded dead.

With fourscore years great Natho bends,
A burden to himself and friends!
And with impatience seems to wait
The friendly hand of ling'ring Fate.
So hirelings wish their labor done,
And often eye the western sun.

The monarch hears their various grief;
Descends, and brings the wish'd relief.
On Death with wild surprise they stared;
All seem'd averse! all unprepared!

As torrents sweep with rapid force,
The grave's pale chief pursued his course.
No human pow'r can or withstand,
Or shun, the conquests of his hand.
Oh! could the prince of upright mind,
And as a guardian angel kind,
With ev'ry heart-felt worth beside,
Turn the keen shaft of death aside,

When would the brave Augustus join
The ashes of his sacred line!
But death maintains no partial war;
He mocks a sultan or a czar:
He lays his iron hand on all—
Yes, kings, and sons of kings, must fall!
A truth Britannia lately felt,
And trembled to her centre——!*

Could ablest statesmen ward the blow,
Would Grenville own this common foe?
For greater talents ne'er were known
To grace the fav'rite of a throne.

Could genius save—wit, learning, fire—
Tell me would Chesterfield expire?
Say, would his glorious sun decline,
And set like your pale star or mine?

Could ev'ry virtue of the sky—
Would Herring,† Butler, ‡ Secker, § die?
Why this address to peerage all?
Untitled Allen's virtues call!
If Allen's worth demands a place,
Lords, with your leave, 'tis no disgrace,
Though high your ranks in heralds' rolls,
Know, Virtue too ennobles souls.
By her that private man's renown'd
Who pours a thousand blessings round.
While Allen takes Affliction's part,
And draws out all his gen'rous heart,
Anxious to seize the fleeting day,
Lest unimprov'd it steal away;
While thus he walks with jealous strife,
Through goodness, as he walks through life;
Shall not I mark his radiant path?—
Rise, Muse, and sing the Man of Bath!
Publish abroad, could goodness save,
Allen would disappoint the grave;
Translated to the heavenly shore,
Like Enoch, when his walk was o'er.

Nor Beauty's pow'ful pleas restrain:
Her pleas are trifling, weak, and vain;
For women pierce with shrieks the air,
Smite the bare breasts, and rend their hair;
All have a doleful tale to tell,
How friends, sons, daughters, husbands fell!

Alas! is life our fav'rite theme—
'Tis all a vain or painful dream;
A dream which fools or cowards prize,
But slighted by the brave or wise.
Who lives, for others' ills must groan,
Or bleed for sorrows of his own;
Must journey on with weeping eye,
Then pant, sink, agonize, and die.

"And shall a man arraign the skies,
"Because man lives, and mourns, and dies?
"Impatient Reptile!" Reason cried;
"Arraign thy passion and thy pride;
"Retire, and commune with thy heart;
"Ask whence thou cam'st, and what thou art;
"Explore thy body and thy mind,
"Thy station too, why here assign'd.
"The search shall teach thee life to prize,
"And make thee grateful, good, and wise.

* Referring to the death of his Royal Highness Frederic Prince of Wales.

† Archbishop of Canterbury.

‡ Late Bishop of Durham.

§ Bishop of Oxford.

"Why do you roam to foreign climes,
 "To study nations, modes, and times;
 "A science often dearly bought,
 "And often what avails you nought?
 "Go, man, and act a wiser part,
 "Study the science of your heart:
 "This home philosophy, you know,
 "Was priz'd some thousand years ago.*
 "Then why abroad a frequent guest?
 "Why such a stranger to your breast?
 "Why turn so many volumes o'er,
 "Till Dodsley can supply no more?
 "Not all the volumes on thy shelf
 "Are worth that single volume, Self:
 "For who this sacred book declines,
 "Howe'er in other arts he shines,
 "Though smit with Pindar's noble rage,
 "Or vers'd in Tully's manly page;
 "Though deeply read in Plato's school,
 "With all his knowledge, is a fool.
 "Proclaim the truth—Say, what is man?
 "His body from the dust began;
 "And when a few short years are o'er,
 "The crumbling fabric is no more.
 "But whence the soul?—From heav'n it came!
 "O prize this intellectual flame!
 "This nobler self with rapture scan;
 "Tis mind alone which makes the man.
 "Trust me, there's not a joy on earth,
 "But from the soul derives its birth;
 "Ask the young rake, (he'll answer right,)
 "Who treats by day and drinks by night,
 "What makes his entertainment shine?
 "What gives the relish to his wine?
 "He'll tell thee (if he scorns the beast)
 "That social pleasures form the feast.
 "The charms of beauty too shall cloy,
 "Unless the soul exalts the joy.
 "The mind must animate the face,
 "Or cold and tasteless ev'ry grace.
 "What! must the soul her pow'rs dispense,
 "To raise and swell the joys of sense?
 "Know too, the joys of sense control
 "And clog the motions of the soul;
 "Forbid her pinions to aspire,
 "Damp and impair her native fire;
 "And sure as Sense, that tyrant! reigns,
 "She holds the empress Soul in chains:
 "Inglorious bondage to the mind,
 "Heaven-born, sublime, and unconfin'd!
 "She's independent, fair, and great,
 "And justly claims a large estate;
 "She asks no borrow'd aids to shine;
 "She boasts within a golden mine;
 "But, like the treasures of Peru,
 "Her wealth lies deep, and far from view.
 "Say, shall the man who knows her worth,
 "Debase her dignity and birth?
 "Or e'er repine at Heaven's decree,
 "Who kindly gave her leave to be;
 "Call'd her from nothing into day,
 "And built her tenement of clay?

"Hear and accept me for your guide
 "(Reason shall ne'er desert your side);
 "Who listens to my wiser voice,
 "Can't but applaud his Maker's choice;
 "Pleas'd with that first and sov'reign Cause,
 "Pleas'd with unerring Wisdom's laws:
 "Secure, since sov'reign goodness reigns;
 "Secure, since sov'reign pow'r obtains.
 "With curious eyes review thy frame;
 "This science shall direct thy claim.
 "Dost thou indulge a double view,
 "A long, long life, and happy too?
 "Perhaps a farther boon you crave—
 "To lie down easy in the grave.
 "Know, then, my dictates must prevail,
 "Or surely each fond wish shall fail.
 "Come, then, is happiness thy aim?
 "Let mental joys be all thy game.
 "Repeat the search, and mend your pace,
 "The capture shall reward the chase.
 "Let ev'ry minute, as it springs,
 "Convey fresh knowledge on its wings;
 "Let ev'ry minute, as it flies,
 "Record thee good, as well as wise.
 "While such pursuits your thoughts engage,
 "In a few years you'll live an age.
 "Who measures life by rolling years?
 "Fools measure by revolving spheres.
 "Go thou, and fetch th' unerring rule
 "From Virtue's and from Wisdom's school.
 "Who well improves life's shortest day
 "Will scarce regret its setting ray;
 "Contented with his share of light,
 "Nor fear nor wish th' approach of night:
 "And when disease assaults the heart,
 "When sickness triumphs over art,
 "Reflection on a life well past
 "Shall prove a cordial to the last:
 "This medicine shall the soul sustain,
 "And soften or suspend the pain;
 "Shall break Death's fell tyrannic pow'r,
 "And calm the troubled dying hour."
 Blest rules of cool prudential age!
 I listen'd, and rever'd the sage;
 When lo! a form divinely bright
 Descends, and bursts upon my sight;
 A seraph of illustrious birth
 (RELIGION was her name on earth);
 Supremely sweet her radiant face,
 And blooming with celestial grace!
 Three shining seraphs form'd her train,
 Wav'd their light wings, and reach'd the plain;
 Faith, with sublime and piercing eye,
 And pinions flutt'ring for the sky;
 Here Hope, that smiling angel, stands,
 And golden anchors grace her hands;
 There Charity in robes of white,
 Fairest and fav'rite maid of light!
 The seraph spake—"Tis Reason's part
 "To govern and to guard the heart;
 "To lull the wayward soul to rest,
 "When hopes and fears distract the breast;

* "Know thyself;" a celebrated saying of Chilo, one of the Seven Wise Men of Greece.

"Reason may claim this doubtful strife,
 "And steer thy bark through various life.
 "But when the storms of Death are nigh,
 "And midnight darkness veils the sky,
 "Shall Reason then direct thy sail,
 "Disperse the clouds, or sink the gale?
 "Stranger, this skill alone is mine,
 "Skill that transcends his scanty line.

"That hoary sage has counsell'd right,
 "Be wise, nor scorn his friendly light.
 "Revere thyself—thou'rt near allied
 "To angels on thy better side.
 "How various e'er their ranks or kinds,
 "Angels are but unbodied minds:
 "When the partition walls decay,
 "Men emerge angels from their clay;
 "Yes, when the frailer body dies,
 "The soul asserts her kindred skies:
 "But minds, though sprung from heavenly race,
 "Must first be tutor'd for the place:
 "(The joys above are understood
 "And relish'd only by the good.)
 "Who shall assume this guardian care?
 "Who shall secure their birthright there?
 "Souls are my charge—to me 'tis given
 "To train them for their native heaven.

"Know, then—Who bow the early knee,
 "And give the willing heart to me;
 "Who wisely, when temptation waits,
 "Elude her frauds, and spurn her baits;
 "Who dare to own my injur'd cause,
 "Though fools deride my sacred laws;
 "Or scorn to deviate to the wrong,
 "Though Persecution lifts her thong;
 "Though all the sons of hell conspire
 "To raise the stake, and light the fire—
 "Know, that for such superior souls
 "There lies a bliss beyond the poles;
 "Where spirits shine with purer ray,
 "And brighten to meridian day;
 "Where love, where boundless friendship rules,
 "(No friends that change, no love that cools!)
 "Where rising floods of knowledge roll,
 "And pour, and pour upon the soul!

"But where 's the passage to the skies?—
 "The road through Death's black valley lies.
 "Nay, do not shudder at my tale;
 "Though dark the shades, yet safe the vale.
 "This path the best of men have trod,
 "And who'd decline the road to God?
 "Oh! 'tis a glorious boon to die!
 "This favor can't be priz'd too high."

While thus he spake, my looks express'd
 The raptures kindling in my breast:
 My soul afix'd attention gave;
 When the stern monarch of the grave
 With haughty strides approach'd—amaz'd
 I stood, and trembled as I gaz'd.
 The seraph calm'd each anxious fear,
 And kindly wip'd the falling tear;
 Then hasten'd with expanded wing
 To meet the pale, terrific king.
 But now what milder scenes arise!
 The tyrant drops his hostile guise:

He seems a youth divinely fair;
 In graceful ringlets waves his hair;
 His wings their whit'ning plumes display,
 His burnish'd plumes reflect the day;
 Light flows his shining azure vest,
 And all the angel stands confest.

I view'd the change with sweet surprise,
 And, oh! I panted for the skies;
 Thank'd Heaven that e'er I drew my breath,
 And triumph'd in the thoughts of Death.

FROM THE FABLES OF GAY.

§ 61. *The Miser and Plutus.*

The wind was high, the window shakes;
 With sudden start the Miser wakes;
 Along the silent room he stalks;
 Looks back, and trembles as he walks!
 Each lock and ev'ry bolt he tries,
 And ev'ry creek and corner pries;
 Then opes the chest with treasure stor'd,
 And stands in rapture o'er his hoard.
 But now, with sudden qualms possess'd,
 He wrings his hands, he beats his breast;
 By conscience stung, he wildly stares,
 And thus his guilty soul declares:

Had the deep earth her stores confin'd,
 This heart had known sweet peace of mind.
 But virtue's sold! Good gods! what price
 Can recompense the pangs of vice?
 O bane of good! seducing cheat!
 Can man, weak man, thy pow'r defeat?
 Gold banish'd honor from the mind,
 And only left the name behind;
 Gold sow'd the world with ev'ry ill;
 Gold taught the murderer's sword to kill:
 'Twas gold instructed coward hearts
 In treachery's more pernicious arts.
 Who can recount the mischiefs o'er?
 Virtue resides on earth no more!
 He spoke, and sigh'd. In angry mood,
 Plutus, his god, before him stood.
 The Miser, trembling, locked his chest;
 The vision frown'd, and thus address'd:

Whence is this vile ungrateful rant,
 Each sordid rascal's daily cant?
 Did I, base wretch, corrupt mankind?
 The fault's in thy rapacious mind.
 Because my blessings are abus'd,
 Must I be censur'd, curs'd, accus'd?
 E'en virtue's self by knaves is made
 A cloak to carry on the trade;
 And pow'r (when lodg'd in their possession)
 Grows tyranny and rank oppression;
 Thus, when the villain crams his chest,
 Gold is the canker of the breast;
 'Tis avarice, insolence, and pride,
 And ev'ry shocking vice beside:
 But when to virtuous hands 'tis given,
 It blesses like the dews of heaven;
 Like heaven, it hears the orphan's cries,
 And wipes the tears from widows' eyes.
 Their crimes on gold shall misers lay,
 Who pawn'd their sordid souls for pay?

Let bravos then (when blood is spilt)
Upbraid the passive sword with guilt.

§ 62. *The Lady and the Wasp.*

WHAT whispers must the beauty bear!
What hourly nonsense haunts her ear!
Where'er her eyes dispense their charms,
Impertinence around her swarms.
Did not the tender nonsense strike,
Contempt and scorn might soon dislike:
Forbidding airs might thin the place;
The slightest flap a fly can chase.
But who can drive the num'rous breed?
Chase one, another will succeed;
Who knows a fool, must know his brother,
One fop will recommend another:
And with this plague she's rightly curst,
Because she listen'd to the first.

As Doris, at her toilet's duty,
Sat meditating on her beauty,
She now was pensive, now was gay,
And loll'd the sultry hours away.

As thus in indolence she lies,
A giddy Wasp around her flies.
He now advances, now retires.
Now to her neck and cheek aspires.
Her fan in vain defends her charms;
Swift he returns, again alarms:
For by repulse he bolder grew,
Perch'd on her lip, and sipp'd the dew.

She frowns, she frets. Good gods! she cries,
Protect me from these teasing flies!
Of all the plagues that heaven hath sent,
A wasp is most impertinent.

The hov'ring insect thus complain'd:
Am I then slighted, scorn'd, disdain'd?
Can such offence your anger wake?
'Twas beauty caus'd the bold mistake.
Those cherry lips that breathe perfume,
That cheek so ripe with youthful bloom,
Made me with strong desire pursue
The fairest peach that ever grew.

Strike him not, Jenny, Doris cries,
Nor murder Wasps like vulgar flies:
For though he's free, (to do him right)
The creature's civil and polite.

In ecstasies away he posts;
Where'er he came the favor boasts;
Braggs how her sweetest tea he sips,
And shows the sugar on his lips.

The hint alarm'd the forward crew:
Sure of success, away they flew.
They share the dainties of the day,
Round her with airy music play;
And now they flutter, now they rest,
Now soar again and skim her breast.
Nor were they banish'd till she found
That Wasps have stings, and felt the wound.

§ 63. *The Elephant and the Bookseller.*

THE man who with undaunted toils
Sails unknown seas to unknown soils,
With various wonders feasts his sight:
What stranger wonders does he write!

We read, and in description view
Creatures which Adam never knew:
For, when we risk no contradiction,
It prompts the tongue to deal in fiction;
Those things that startle me or you,
I grant are strange, yet may be true.
Who doubts that Elephants are found
For science and for sense renown'd?
Borri records their strength of parts,
Extent of thought, and skill in arts;
How they perform the law's decrees,
And save the state the hangman's fees:
And how by travel understand
The language of another land.
Let those who question this report,
To Pliny's ancient page resort;
How learn'd was that sagacious breed!
Who now like them the Greek can read?

As one of these, in days of yore,
Rummag'd a shop of learning o'er;
Not, like our modern dealers, minding
Only the margin's breadth and binding;
A book his curious eye detains,
Where with exactest care and pains
Were ev'ry beast and bird pourtray'd,
That e'er the search of man survey'd.
Their natures and their pow'rs were writ
With all the pride of human wit.
The page he with attention spread,
And thus remark'd on what he read:—

'Man with strong reason is endow'd;
A beast scarce instinct is allow'd.'
But let this author's work be tried:
'Tis plain that neither was his guide.
Can he discern the different natures,
And weigh the pow'r of other creatures,
Who by the partial work hath shown
He knows so little of his own?
How falsely is the spaniel drawn!
Did man from him first learn to fawn?
A dog proficient in the trade!
He the chief flatt'rer nature made!
Go, Man, the ways of courts discern,
You'll find a spaniel still might learn.
How can the Fox's theft and plunder
Provoke his censure or his wonder?
From courtier tricks, and lawyer's arts,
The fox might well improve his parts.
The lion, wolf, and tiger's brood,
He curses for their thirst of blood:
But is not man to man a prey?
Beasts kill for hunger, men for pay.

The Bookseller, who heard him speak,
And saw him turn a page of Greek,
Thought, what a genius have I found!
Then thus address'd with bow profound:—

Learn'd Sir, if you'd employ your pen
Against the senseless sons of men,
Or write the history of Siam,
No man is better pay than I am;
Or, since you're learn'd in Greek, let's see
Something against the Trinity.

When, wrinkling with a sneer his trunk,
Friend, quoth the Elephant, you're drunk;

E'en keep your money, and be wise ;
 Leave man on man to criticise :
 For that you ne'er can want a pen
 Among the senseless sons of men.
 They unprovok'd will court the fray ;
 Envy's a sharper spur than pay.
 No author ever spar'd a brother ;
 Wits are game-cocks to one another.

§ 64. *Cupid, Hymen, and Plutus.*

As Cupid in Cythera's grove
 Employ'd the lesser pow'rs of love ;
 Some shape the bow, or fit the string ;
 Some give the taper shaft its wing,
 Or turn the polish'd quiver's mould,
 Or head the darts with temper'd gold.
 Amidst their toil and various care,
 Thus Hymen, with assuming air,
 Address'd the god :—Thou purblind chit,
 Of awkward and ill-judging wit,
 If matches are not better made,
 At once I must forswear my trade.
 You send me such ill-coupled folks,
 That 'tis a shame to sell them yokes ;
 They squabble for a pin, a feather,
 And wonder how they came together.
 The husband's sullen, dogged, shy ;
 The wife grows flippant in reply ;
 He loves command and due restriction,
 And she as well likes contradiction :
 She never slavishly submits ;
 She'll have her will, or have her fits :
 He this way tugs, she t'other draws ;
 The man grows jealous, and with cause :
 Nothing can save him but divorce ;
 And here the wife complies of course.

When, says the boy, had I to do
 With either your affairs or you ?
 I never idly spent my darts ;
 You trade in mercenary hearts.
 For settlements the lawyer's fee'd ;
 Is my hand witness to the deed ?
 If they like cat and dog agree,
 Go rail at Plutus, not at me.

Plutus appear'd, and said—'Tis true,
 In marriage gold is all their view ;
 They seek no beauty, wit or sense ;
 And love is seldom the pretence.
 All offer incense at my shrine,
 And I alone the bargain sign.
 How can Belinda blame her fate ?
 She only ask'd a great estate.

Doris was rich enough, 'tis true ;
 Her lord must give her title too :
 And ev'ry man, or rich or poor,
 A fortune asks, and asks no more.

Av'rice, whatever shape it bears,
 Must still be coupled with its cares.

§ 65. *The Monkey who had seen the World.*

A MONKEY, to reform the times,
 Resolved to visit foreign climes :
 For men in distant regions roam
 To bring politer manners home.

So forth he fares, all toil defies ;
 Misfortune serves to make us wise.

At length the treach'rous snare was laid ;
 Poor Pug was caught, to town convey'd,
 There sold. How envied was his doom,
 Made captive in a lady's room !
 Proud as a lover of his chains,
 He day by day her favor gains.
 When'er the duty of the day
 The toilet calls, with mimic play
 He twirls her knots, he cracks her fan,
 Like any other gentleman.
 In visits too his parts and wit,
 When jests grew dull, were sure to hit.
 Proud with applause, he thought his mind
 In ev'ry courtly art refin'd ;
 Like Orpheus burnt with public zeal,
 To civilize the Monkey weal :
 So watch'd occasion, broke his chain,
 And sought his native woods again.

The hairy sylvans round him press,
 Astonish'd at his strut and dress.
 Some praise his sleeve ; and others gloat
 Upon his rich embroider'd coat :
 His dapper perriwig commending,
 With the black tail behind depending :
 His powder'd back, above, below,
 Like hoary frost or fleecy snow ;
 But all with envy and desire
 His fluttering shoulder-knot admire.

Hear and improve he pertly cries ;
 I come to make a nation wise.
 Weigh your own worth, support your place,
 The next in rank to human race.
 In cities long I pass'd my days,
 Convers'd with men, and learn'd their ways.
 Their dress, their courtly manners see ;
 Reform your state, and copy me.
 Seek ye to thrive?—in flattery deal ;
 Your scorn, your hate, with that conceal.
 Seem only to regard your friends,
 But use them for your private ends.
 Stint not to truth the flow of wit ;
 Be prompt to lie when'er 'tis fit.
 Bend all your force to spatter merit ;
 Scandal is conversation's spirit.
 Boldly to ev'ry thing attend,
 And men your talents shall commend.
 I know the great. Observe me right ;
 So shall you grow like man polite.

He spoke, and bow'd. With mutt'ring jaws
 The wond'ring circle grinn'd applause.
 Now, warm with malice, envy, spite,
 Their most obliging friends they bite ;
 And, fond to copy human ways,
 Practise new mischief all their days.

Thus the dull Lad, too tall for school,
 With travel finishes the fool ;
 Studious of ev'ry coxcomb's airs,
 He drinks, games, dresses, whores, and swears ;
 O'erlooks with scorn all virtuous arts ;
 For vice is fitted to his parts.

§ 66. *The Painter who pleased nobody and every body.*

LEST men suspect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view.
The trav'ler leaping o'er those bounds,
The credit of his book confounds.
Who with his tongue hath armies routed,
Makes ev'n his real courage doubted:
But flatt'ry never seems absurd,
The flatter'd always take your word:
Impossibilities seem just;
They take the strongest praise on trust.
Hyperboles, though ne'er so great,
Will still come short of self-conceit.

So very like, a Painter drew,
That ev'ry eye the picture knew;
He hit complexion, feature, air,
So just, the life itself was there.
No flatt'ry with his colors laid,
To bloom restor'd the faded maid;
He gave each muscle all its strength;
The mouth, the chin, the nose's length,
His honest pencil touch'd with truth,
And mark'd the date of age and youth.
He lost his friends, his practice fail'd;
Truth should not always be reveal'd;
In dusty piles his pictures lay,
For no one sent the second pay.
Two bustos, fraught with ev'ry grace,
A Venus and Apollo's face,
He plac'd in view; resolv'd to please,
Whoever sat, he drew from these;
From these corrected ev'ry feature,
And spirited each awkward creature.

All things were set; the hour was come,
His pallet ready o'er his thumb,
My Lord appear'd; and, seated right
In proper attitude and light,
The Painter look'd, he sketch'd the piece,
Then dipp'd his pencil, talk'd of Greece,
Of Titian's tints, of Guido's air;
Those eyes, my Lord, the spirit there
Might well a Raphael's hand require,
To give them all the native fire;
The features fraught with sense and wit,
You'll grant, are very hard to hit;
But yet with patience you shall view
As much as paint and art can do.
Observe the work. My Lord replied,
Till now I thought my mouth was wide;
Besides, my nose is somewhat long;
Dear Sir, for me 'tis far too young.

Oh pardon me! the artist cried,
In this the painters must decide.
The piece ev'n common eyes must strike;
I warrant it extremely like.

My Lord examin'd it anew;
No looking-glass seem'd half so true.
A Lady came, with borrow'd grace;
He from his Venus form'd her face.
Her lover prais'd the Painter's art;
So like the picture in his heart!
To ev'ry age some charm he lent;
Ev'n beauties were almost content.

Through all the town his art they prais'd;
His custom grew, his price was rais'd.
Had he the real likeness shown,
Would any man the picture own?
But when thus happily he wrought,
Each found the likeness in his thought.

§ 67. *The old Hen and the Cock.*

RESTRAIN your child; you'll soon believe'
The text which says, "We sprung from Eve."
As an old Hen led forth her train,
And seem'd to peck to show the grain;
She rak'd the chaff, she scratch'd the ground,
And glean'd the spacious yard around.

A giddy Chick, to try her wings,
On the well's narrow margin springs,
And prone she drops. The mother's breast
All day with sorrow was possess'd.

A Cock she met; her son she knew,
And in her heart affection grew.

My son, says she, I grant your years
Have reach'd beyond a mother's cares.
I see you vig'rous, strong, and bold;
I hear with joy your triumphs told.
'Tis not from Cocks thy fate I dread;
But let thy ever-wary tread
Avoid yon well; the fatal place
Is sure perdition to our race.

Print this my counsel on thy breast:
To the just gods I leave the rest.

He thank'd her care; yet day by day
His bosom burn'd to disobey;
And ev'ry time the well he saw,
Scorn'd in his heart the foolish law:
Near and more near each day he drew,
And long'd to try the dang'rous view.

Why was this idle charge? he cries;
Let courage female fears despise.
Or did she doubt my heart was brave,
And therefore this injunction gave?
Or does her harvest store the place,
A treasure for her younger race?
And would she thus my search prevent?
I stand resolv'd, and dare th' event.

Thus said, he mounts the margin's round,
And pries into the depth profound.
He stretch'd his neck; and from below
With stretching neck advanc'd a foe:
With wrath his ruffled plumes he rears,
The foe with ruffled plumes appears:
Threat answer'd threat; his fury grew;
Headlong to meet the war he flew;
But when the wat'ry death he found,
He thus lamented as he drown'd:—

I ne'er had been in this condition,
But for my mother's prohibition.

§ 68. *The Butterfly and Snail.*

ALL upstarts insolent in place
Remind us of their vulgar race.
As, in the sunshine of the morn,
A Butterfly but newly born
Sat proudly perking on a rose,
With pert conceit his bosom glows;

His wings, all glorious to behold,
Bedropt with azure, jet, and gold,
Wide he displays; the spangled dew
Reflects his eyes and various hue.

His now-forgotten friend, a Snail,
Beneath his house, with slimy trail,
Crawls o'er the grass; whom when he spies,
In wrath he to the gard'ner cries:—

“What means yon peasant's daily toil,
“From choking weeds to rid the soil?
“Why wake you to the morning's care?
“Why with new arts correct the year?
“Why glows the peach with crimson hue?
“And why the plum's inviting blue?
“Were they to feast his taste design'd,
“That vermin of voracious kind?
“Crush then the slow, the pilf'ring race;
“So purge thy garden from disgrace.”
“What arrogance!” the snail replied;
“How insolent is upstart pride!
“Hadst thou not thus, with insult vain,
“Provok'd my patience to complain,
“I had conceal'd thy meaner birth,
“Nor trac'd thee to the scum of earth.
“For scarce nine suns had wak'd the hours
“To swell the fruit and paint the flow'rs,
“Since I thy humbler life survey'd,
“In base and sordid guise array'd:
“A hideous insect, vile, unclean,
“You dragg'd a slow and noisome train;
“And from your spider-bowels drew
“Foul film, and spun the dirty clue.
“I own my humble life, good friend;
“Snail was I born and Snail shall end.
“And what's a Butterfly? At best
“He's but a caterpillar drest;
“And all thy race (a num'rous seed)
“Shall prove of caterpillar breed.”

§ 69. *The Cur and the Mastiff.*

A SNEAKING Cur, the master's spy,
Rewarded for his daily lie,
With secret jealousies and fears
Set all together by the ears.
Poor Puss to-day was in disgrace,
Another cat supplied her place;
The Hound was beat, the Mastiff chid;
The Monkey was the room forbid:
Each to his dearest friend grew shy,
And none could tell the reason why.

A plan to rob the house was laid:
The thief with love seduc'd the maid:
Cajol'd the Cur, and strok'd his head,
And bought his secrecy with bread.
He next the Mastiff's honor tried;
Whose honest jaws the bribe defied.
He stretch'd his hand to proffer more;
The surly dog his fingers tore.

Swift ran the Cur; with indignation
The master took his information.
Hang him, the villain's curst, he cries;
And round his neck the halter ties.

The dog his humble suit prefer'd;
And begg'd in justice to be heard.

The master sat. On either hand
The cited dogs confronting stand.

The Cur the bloody tale relates,
And, like a lawyer, aggravates.

Judge not unheard, the Mastiff cried,
But weigh the cause of either side.

Think not that treach'ry can be just;
Take not informers' words on trust.

They ope their hand to ev'ry pay,
And you and me by turns betray.

He spoke; and all the truth appear'd;
The Cur was hang'd, the Mastiff clear'd.

§ 70. *The Sick Man and the Angel.*

Is there no hope? the sick man said;
The silent doctor shook his head,

And took his leave with signs of sorrow,
Despairing of his fee to-morrow.

When thus the Man, with gasping breath;
I feel the chilling wound of death.

Since I must bid the world adieu,
Let me my former life review.

I grant my bargains well were made,
But all men over-reach in trade;

'Tis self-defence in each profession:
Sure self-defence is no transgression.

The little portion in my hands,
By good security on lands,

Is well increas'd. If unawares,
My justice to myself and heirs

Hath let my debtor rot in jail,
For want of good sufficient bail;

If I by writ, or bond, or deed,
Reduc'd a family to need,

My will hath made the world amends;
My hope on charity depends.

When I am number'd with the dead,
And all my pious gifts are read,

By heaven and earth 'twill then be known
My charities were amply shown.

An angel came. Ah! friend, he cried,
No more in flatt'ring hope confide.

Can thy good deeds in former times
Outweigh the balance of thy crimes?

What widow or what orphan prays
To crown thy life with length of days?

A pious action's in thy pow'r,
Embrace with joy the happy hour.

Now, while you draw the vital air,
Prove your intention is sincere.

This instant give a hundred pound:
Your neighbours want, and you abound.

But why such haste? the sick man whines;
Who knows as yet what Heaven designs?

Perhaps I may recover still;
That sum and more are in my will.

Fool! says the Vision, now 'tis plain,
Your life, your soul, your heaven was gain.

From ev'ry side, with all your might,
You scrap'd, and scrap'd beyond your right;

And after death would fain atone,
By giving what is not your own.

While there is life, there's hope, he cried;
Then why such haste? So groan'd and died.

§ 71. *The Persian, the Sun, and the Cloud.*

Is there a bard whom genius fires,
Whose ev'ry thought the god inspires?
When envy reads the nervous lines,
She frets, she rails, she raves, she pines;
Her hissing snakes with venom swell;
She calls her venal train from hell:
Th' eservile fiends her nod obey,
And all Curl's authors are in pay.
Fame calls up calumny and spite;
Thus shadow owes its birth to light.

As prostrate to the god of day,
With heart devout a Persian lay,
His invocation thus began:—

Parent of light, all-seeing Sun!
Prolific beam, whose rays dispense
The various gifts of Providence!
Accept our praise, our daily pray'r,
Smile on our fields, and bless the year!

A cloud, who mock'd his grateful tongue,
The day with sudden darkness hung;
With pride and envy swell'd aloud,
A voice thus thunder'd from the Cloud:

Weak is this gaudy god of thine,
Whom I at will forbid to shine.
Shall I nor vows nor incense know?
Where praise is due, the praise bestow.

With fervent zeal the Persian mov'd,
Thus the proud calumny reprov'd:
It was that god, who claims my pray'r,
Who gave thee birth and rais'd thee there;
When o'er his beams the veil is thrown,
Thy substance is but plainer shown.
A passing gale, a puff of wind,
Dispels thy thickest troops combin'd.

The gale arose; the vapor, tost
(The sport of winds) in air, was lost.
The glorious orb the day refines;
Thus envy breaks, thus merit shines.

§ 72. *The Fox at the Point of Death.*

A Fox in life's extreme decay,
Weak, sick, and faint, expiring lay;
All appetite had left his maw,
And age disarm'd his mumbling jaw.
His num'rous race around him stand,
To learn their dying sire's command:
He rais'd his head with whining moan,
And thus was heard the feeble tone:—

Ah, sons! from evil ways depart;
My crimes lie heavy on my heart.
See, see, the murder'd geese appear!
Why are those bleeding turkeys there?
Why all around this cackling train,
Who haunt my ears for chickens slain?

The hungry Foxes round them star'd,
And for the promis'd feast prepar'd.

Where, sir, is all this dainty cheer?
Nor turkey, goose, nor hen is here:
These are the phantoms of your brain,
And your sons lick their lips in vain.

O gluttons! says the drooping sire,
Restrain inordinate desire;

Your liquorish taste you shall deplore,
When peace of conscience is no more.
Does not the hound betray our pace,
And gins and guns destroy our race?
Thieves dread the searching eye of pow'r,
And never feel the quiet hour.
Old age (which few of us shall know)
Now puts a period to my woe.
Would you true happiness attain,
Let honesty your passions rein;
So live in credit and esteem,
And the good name you lost redeem.

The counsel's good, a Fox replies,
Could we perform what you advise.
Think what our ancestors have done;
A line of thieves from son to son:
To us descends the long disgrace,
And infamy hath mark'd our race.
Though we, like harmless sheep, should feed,
Honest in thought, in word, and deed,
Whatever hen-roost is decreas'd,
We shall be thought to share the feast.
The change shall never be believ'd;
A lost good name is ne'er retriev'd.

Nay, then, replies the feeble Fox,
(But, hark! I hear a hen that clucks!)
Go, but be moderate in your food;
A chicken too might do me good.

§ 73. *The Universal Apparition.*

A RAKE, by ev'ry passion rul'd,
With ev'ry vice his youth had cool'd;
Disease his tainted blood assails;
His spirits droop, his vigor fails;
With secret ills at home he pines,
And, like infirm old age, declines.

As twing'd with pain he pensive sits;
And raves, and prays, and swears by fits;
A ghastly phantom, lean and wan,
Before him rose and thus began:—

My name, perhaps, hath reach'd your ear;
Attend, and be advis'd by Care.
Nor love nor honor, wealth nor pow'r,
Can give the heart a cheerful hour
When health is lost. Be timely wise:
With health all taste of pleasure flies.

Thus said, the phantom disappears;
The wary counsel wak'd his fears;
He now from all excess abstains;
With physic purifies his veins;
And, to procure a sober life,
Resolves to venture on a wife.

But now again the Sprite ascends:
Where'er he walks his ear attends;
Insinuates that beauty's frail;
That perseverance must prevail;
With jealousies his brain inflames,
And whispers all her lovers' names.
In other hours she represents
His household charge, his annual rents,
Increasing debts, perplexing duns,
And nothing for his younger sons.

Straight all his thought to gain he turns,
And with the thirst of lucre burns.

But, when possess'd of fortune's store,
The Spectre haunts him more and more;
Sets want and misery in view,
Bold thieves, and all the murd'ring crew;
Alarms him with eternal frights,
Infests his dreams, or wakes his nights.
How shall he chase this hideous guest?
Pow'r may perhaps protect his rest.
To pow'r he rose: again the Sprite
Besets him morning, noon, and night;
Talks of ambition's tott'ring seat,
How envy persecutes the great;
Of rival hate, of treach'rous friends,
And what disgrace his fall attends.

The court he quits to fly from Care,
And seeks the peace of rural air:
His groves, his fields, amus'd his hours;
He prun'd his trees, he rais'd his flow'rs.
But Care again his steps pursues;
Warns him of blasts, of blighting dews,
Of plund'ring insects, snails, and rains,
And drougths that starv'd the labor'd plains.
Abroad, at home, the Spectre's there:
In vain we seek to fly from Care.
At length he thus the Ghost address'd:
Since thou must be my constant guest,
Be kind, and follow me no more;
For Care by right should go before.

§ 74. *The Courtier and Proteus.*

WHEN'E'R a courtier's out of place,
The country shelters his disgrace;
Where, doom'd to exercise and health,
His house and gardens own his wealth;
He builds new schemes, in hope to gain
The plunder of another reign;
Like Philip's son, would fain be doing,
And sighs for other realms to ruin.

As one of these (without his wand)
Pensive, along the winding strand
Employ'd the solitary hour,
In projects to regain his pow'r,
The waves in spreading circles ran,
Proteus arose, and thus began:—

Came you from court? for in your mien
A self-important air is seen.

He frankly own'd, his friends had trick'd him,
And how he fell his party's victim.

Know, says the god, by matchless skill,
I change to ev'ry shape at will;
But yet I'm told, at court you see
Those who presume to rival me.

Thus said—a snake, with hideous trail,
Proteus extends his scaly mail.

Know, says the man, though proud in place,
All courtiers are of reptile race.
Like you, they take that dreadful form,
Bask in the sun, and fly the storm;
With malice hiss, with envy gloat,
And for convenience change their coat;
With new got lustre rear their head,
Though on a dunghill born and bred.

Sudden the god a lion stands;
He shakes his mane, he spurns the sands;

Now a fierce lynx, with fiery glare,
A wolf, an ass, a fox, a bear.

Had I ne'er lived at court, he cries,
Such transformation might surprise;
But there, in quest of daily game,
Each abler courtier acts the same.
Wolves, lions, lynxes, while in place,
Their friends and fellows are their chase.
They play the bear's and fox's part;
Now rob by force, now steal with art.
They sometimes in the senate bray;
Or, chang'd again to beasts of prey,
Down from the lion to the ape,
Practise the frauds of ev'ry shape.

So said, upon the god he flies;
In cords the struggling captive ties.
Now, Proteus, now, (to truth compell'd)
Speak, and confess thy art excell'd.
Use strength, surprise, or what you will,
The courtier finds evasions still,
Not to be bound by any ties,
And never forc'd to leave his lies.

§ 75. *The Mastiff.*

THOSE who in quarrels interpose,
Must often wipe a bloody nose.

A Mastiff, of true English blood,
Lov'd fighting better than his food;
When dogs were snarling for a bone,
He long'd to make the war his own;
And often found (when two contend)
To interpose obtain'd his end:
He glory'd in his limping pace;
The scars of honor seam'd his face;
In ev'ry limb a gash appears,
And frequent fights retrench'd his ears.

As on a time he heard from far
Two Dogs engag'd in noisy war,
Away he scours, and lays about him,
Resolv'd no fray should be without him.
Forth from his yard a tanner flies,
And to the bold intruder cries:

A cudgel shall correct your manners;
Whence sprung this cursed hate to tanners?
While on my dog you vent your spite,
Sirrah! 'tis me you dare not bite.
To see the battle thus perplex'd,
With equal rage a butcher vex'd,
Hoarse screaming from the circled crowd,
To the curs'd Mastiff cries aloud:

Both Hockley-hole and Mary-bone
The combats of my Dog have known.
He ne'er, like bullies coward hearted,
Attacks in public to be parted.
Think not, rash fool, to share his fame;
Be his the honor or the shame.

Thus said, they swore, and rav'd like thunder;
Then dragg'd their fasten'd Dogs asunder;
While clubs and kicks on ev'ry side
Rebounded from the Mastiff's hide.

All reeking now with sweat and blood,
A while the parted warriors stood,
Then pour'd upon the meddling foe,
Who, worried, howl'd, and sprawl'd below!

He rose ; and limping from the fray,
By both sides mangled, sneak'd away.

§ 76. *The Barley Mow and the Dunghill.*

How many saucy airs we meet
From Temple-bar to Aldgate-street !
Proud rogues, who shar'd the South-sea prey,
And spring like mushrooms in a day !
They think it mean to condescend
To know a brother or a friend ;
They blush to hear a mother's name,
And by their pride expose their shame.

As cross his yard, at early day,
A careful farmer took his way,
He stopp'd, and, leaning on his fork,
Observ'd the flail's incessant work.
In thought he measur'd all his store,
His geese, his hogs, he number'd o'er ;
In fancy weigh'd the fleeces shorn,
And multiplied the next year's corn.

A Barley mow, which stood beside,
Thus to its musing master cried :

Say, good Sir, is it fit or right
To treat me with neglect and slight ?
Me, who contribute to your cheer,
And raise your mirth with ale and beer :
Why thus insulted, thus disgrac'd,
And that vile Dunghill near me plac'd ?
Are those poor sweepings of a groom,
That filthy sight, that nauseous fume,
Meet objects here ? Command it hence ;
A thing so mean must give offence.

The humble Dunghill thus replied :—
Thy master hears, and mocks thy pride :
Insult not thus the meek and low ;
In me thy benefactor know ;
My warm assistance gave thee birth,
Or thou hadst perish'd low in earth ;
But upsarts to support their station,
Cancel at once all obligation.

§ 77. *Pythagoras and the Countryman.*

PYTHAG'RAS rose at early dawn,
By soaring meditation drawn ;
To breathe the fragrance of the day,
Through flow'ry fields he took his way.
In musing contemplation warm,
His steps misled him to a farm,
Where, on the ladder's topmost round,
A peasant stood : the hammer's sound
Shook the weak barn. Say, friend, what care
Calls for thy honest labor there ?

The Clown, with surly voice, replies :
Vengeance aloud for justice cries.
This kite, by daily rapine fed,
My hens' annoy, my turkeys' dread,
At length his forfeit life hath paid ;
See on the wall his wings display'd ;
Here nail'd, a terror to his kind,
My fowls shall future safety find ;
My yard the thriving poultry feed,
And my barn's refuse fat the breed.

Friend, says the Sage, the doom is wise ;
For public good the murd'rer dies.

But if these tyrants of the air
Demand a sentence so severe ;
Think how the glutton man devours ;
What bloody feasts regale his hours !
O, impudence of pow'r and might,
Thus to condemn a hawk or kite,
When thou perhaps, carniv'rous sinner,
Hadst pullets yesterday for dinner !

Hold ! cried the Clown, with passion heated,
Shall kites and men alike be treated ?
When Heav'n the world with creatures stor'd,
Man was ordain'd their sov'reign lord.

Thus tyrants boast, the Sage replied,
Whose murders spring from power and pride.
Own then this manlike kite is slain
Thy greater lux'ry to sustain ;
For " Petty rogues submit to fate,
" That great ones may enjoy their state." *

§ 78. *The Farmer's Wife and the Raven.*

WHY are those tears ? why droops your head ?
Is then your other husband dead ?
Or does a worse disgrace betide ;
Hath no one since his death applied ?

Alas ! you know the cause too well :
The salt is spilt, to me it fell.

Then to contribute to my loss,
My knife and fork were laid across ;
On Friday too ! the day I dread !
Would I were safe at home in bed !
Last night (I vow to Heaven 'tis true)
Bounce from the fire a coffin flew.
Next post some fatal news shall tell ;
God send my Cornish friends be well !

Unhappy widow, cease thy tears,
Nor feel affliction in thy fears :
Let not thy stomach be suspended ;
Eat now, and weep when dinner's ended !
And when the butler clears the table,
For thy desert I'll read my fable.

Betwixt her swagging panniers' load
A farmer's wife to market rode,
And jogging on, with thoughtful care,
Summ'd up the profits of her ware ;
When, starting from her silver dream,
Thus far and wide was heard her scream :

That Raven on yon left-hand oak
(Curse on his ill-betiding croak !)
Bodes me no good. No more she said,
When poor blind Ball, with stumbling tread,
Fell prone ; o'erturn'd the panniers lay,
And her mash'd eggs bestrew'd the way.

She, sprawling in the yellow road,
Rail'd, swore, and curs'd : Thou croaking toad,
A murrain take thy whoreson throat !
I knew misfortune in the note.

Dame, quoth the Raven, spare your oaths,
Unclench your fist, and wipe your clothes.
But why on me those curses thrown ?
Goody, the fault was all your own ;
For had you laid this brittle ware
On Dun, the old sure-footed mare,

* Garth's Dispensatory.

Though all the Ravens of the hundred
With croaking had your tongue out-thunder'd,
Sure-footed Dun had kept her legs,
And you, good woman, sav'd your eggs.

§ 79. *The Two Monkeys.*

THE learned, full of inward pride,
The Fops of outward show deride:
The Fop, with learning at defiance,
Scoffs at the pedant, and the science:
The Don, a formal, solemn strutter,
Despises Monsieur's airs and flutter;
While Monsieur mocks the formal fool,
Who looks, and speaks, and walks by rule.
Britain, a medley of the twain,
As pert as France, as grave as Spain,
In fancy wiser than the rest,
Laughs at them both, of both the jest.
Is not the poet's chiming close
Censur'd by all the sons of prose?
While bards of quick imagination
Despise the sleepy prose narration.
Men laugh at apes, they men condemn,
For what are we but apes to them?

Two Monkeys went to Southwark fair,
No critics had a sourer air:
They forc'd their way through draggled folks,
Who gap'd to catch jack-pudding's jokes;
Then took their tickets for the show,
And got by chance the foremost row.
To see their grave, observing face,
Provok'd a laugh through all the place.

Brother, says Pug, and turn'd his head,
The rabble's monstrously ill-bred!

Now through the booth loud hisses ran;
Nor ended till the show began.
The tumbler whirls the flip-flap round,
With somersets he shakes the ground;
The cord beneath the dancer springs;
Aloft in air the vaulter swings;
Distorted now, now prone depends,
Now through his twisted arm ascends:
The crowd in wonder and delight,
With clapping hands applaud the sight.

With smiles, quoth Pug, If pranks like these
The giant apes of reason please,
How would they wonder at our arts!
They must adore us for our parts.
High on the twig I've seen you cling,
Play, twist, and turn in airy ring:
How could those clumsy things, like me,
Fly with a bound from tree to tree?
But yet, by this applause we find
These emulators of our kind
Discern our worth, our parts regard,
Who our mean mimics thus reward.

Brother, the grinning mate replies,
In this I grant that man is wise.
While good example they pursue,
We must allow some praise is due;
But when they strain beyond their guide,
I laugh to scorn the mimic pride;
For how fantastic is the sight,
To meet men always bolt upright,

Because we sometimes walk on two!
I hate the imitating crew.

§ 80. *The Council of Horses.*

UPON a time, a neighing Steed,
Who graz'd among a num'rous breed,
With mutiny had fir'd the train,
And spread dissension through the plain.
On matters that concern'd the state
The council met in grand debate.

A Colt, whose eyeballs flam'd with ire,
Elate with strength and youthful fire,
In haste stepp'd forth before the rest,
And thus the list'ning throng address'd:

Good gods! how abject is our race,
Condemn'd to slav'ry and disgrace!
Shall we our servitude retain,
Because our sires have borne the chain?
Consider, friends, your strength and might,
'Tis conquest to assert your right.

How cumbrous is the gilded coach!
The pride of man is our reproach.
Were we design'd for daily toil,
To drag the plough-share through the soil,
To sweat in harness through the road,
To groan beneath the carrier's load?

How feeble are the two-legg'd kind!
What force is in our nerves combin'd!
Shall then our nobler jaws submit
To foam and champ the galling bit?
Shall haughty man my back bestride?
Shall the sharp spur provoke my side?
Forbid it, Heavens! Reject the rein
Your shame, your infamy disdain.

Let him the lion first control,
And still the tiger's famish'd growl.
Let us, like them, our freedom claim,
And make him tremble at our name.

A gen'ral nod approv'd the cause,
And all the circle neigh'd applause.

When lo! with grave and solemn pace,
A Steed advanc'd before the race;
With age and long experience wise,
Around he cast his thoughtful eyes;
And to the murmurs of the train,
Thus spoke the Nestor of the plain:

When I had health and strength like you,
The toils of servitude I knew;
Now grateful man rewards my pains,
And gives me all these wide domains.
At will I crop the year's increase;
My latter life is rest and peace.
I grant, to man we lend our pains,
And aid him to correct the plains:
But doth not he divide the care,
Through all the labors of the year?
How many thousand structures rise,
To fence us from inclement skies!
For us he bears the sultry day,
And stores up all our winter's hay.
He sows, he reaps the harvest's grain;
We share the toil, and share the gain.
Since ev'ry creature was decreed
To aid each other's mutual need,

Appease your discontented mind,
And act the part by Heaven assign'd.
The tumult ceas'd. The Colt submitted;
And, like his ancestors, was bitted.

§ 81. *The Poet and the Rose.*

I HATE the man who builds his name
On ruins of another's fame.
Thus prudes by characters o'erthrown
Imagine that they raise their own.
Thus scribblers, covetous of praise,
Think slander can transplant the bays.
Beauties and bards have equal pride:
With both all rivals are decried.
Who praises Lesbia's eyes and feature,
Must call her sister awkward creature;
For the kind flattery's sure to charm,
When we some other nymph disarm.
As in the cool of early day
A Poet sought the sweets of May,
The garden's fragrant breath ascends,
And ev'ry stalk with odour bends.
A Rose he pluck'd, he gaz'd, admir'd,
Thus singing, as the Muse inspir'd:—
Go, Rose, my Chloe's bosom grace:
How happy should I prove,
Might I supply that envied place
With never-fading love!
There, Phoenix-like, beneath her eye,
Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die!
Know, hapless flow'r, that thou shalt find
More fragrant roses there;
I see thy with'ring head reclin'd
With envy and despair!
One common fate we both must prove;
You die with envy, I with love.
Spare your comparisons, replied
An angry Rose who grew beside:
Of all mankind you should not flout us;
What can a Poet do without us?
In ev'ry love-song roses bloom;
We lend you color and perfume.
Does it to Chloe's charms conduce,
To found her praise on our abuse?
Must we, to flatter her, be made
To wither, envy, pine, and fade?

§ 82. *The Court of Death.*

DEATH, on a solemn night of state,
In all his pomp of terror sate:
Th' attendants of his gloomy reign,
Diseases dire, a ghastly train!
Crowd the vast Court. With hollow tone,
A voice thus thunder'd from the throne:
This night our minister we name,
Let ev'ry servant speak his claim;
Merit shall bear this ebony wand.—
All, at the word, stretch'd forth their hand.
Fever, with burning heat possess'd,
Advanc'd, and for the wand address'd:
I to the weekly bills appeal,
Let those express my fervent zeal:
On ev'ry slight occasion near,
With violence I persevere.

Next Gout appears, with limping pace,
Pleads how he shifts from place to place;
From head to foot how swift he flies,
And ev'ry joint and sinew plies;
Still working when he seems supprest—
A most tenacious stubborn guest.

A haggard Spectre from the crew
Crawls forth, and thus asserts his due:
'Tis I who taint the sweetest joy,
And in the shape of Love destroy:
My shanks, sunk eyes, and noseless face,
Prove my pretension to the place.

Stone urg'd his ever-growing force;
And next Consumption's meagre corse,
With feeble voice that scarce was heard,
Broke with short coughs, his suit preferr'd:
Let none object my ling'ring way,
I gain, like Fabius, by delay;
Fatigue and weaken ev'ry foe
By long attack—secure, though slow.

Plague represents his rapid pow'r,
Who thinn'd a nation in an hour.

All spoke their claim, and hop'd the wand.
Now expectation hush'd the band,
When thus the monarch from the throne:

Merit was ever modest known.
What, no Physician speaks his right?
None here! but fees their toils requite.
Let then Intemperance take the wand,
Who fills with gold their zealous hand.
You, Fever, Gout, and all the rest
(Whom wary man as foes detest),
Forego your claim; no more pretend;
Intemperance is esteem'd a friend;
He shares their mirth, their social joys,
And as a courted guest destroys.
The charge on him must justly fall,
Who finds employment for you all.

§ 83. *The Hare and many Friends.*

FRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendship; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.

A hare, who in a civil way
Complied with ev'ry thing, like GAY,
Was known by all the bestial train
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain.
Her care was, never to offend;
And ev'ry creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn,
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies:
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round;
Till fainting in the public way,
Half dead with fear she gasping lay.

What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the Horse appeared in view!

Let me, says she, your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend,
You know my feet betray my flight:
To friendship ev'ry burthen's light.

The horse replied, Poor honest puss!
It grieves my heart to see thee thus:
Be comforted, relief is near;
For all your friends are in the rear.
She next the stately Bull implor'd,
And thus replied the mighty lord:
Since every beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.
Love calls me hence! a fav'rite cow
Expects me near yon barley mow;
And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind;
But see, the Goat is just behind.

The Goat remark'd her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye;
My back, says he, may do you harm;
The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm.
The Sheep was feeble, and complain'd
His sides a load of wool sustain'd:
Said he was slow, confess'd his fears;
For hounds eat sheep as well as hares.

She now the trotting Calf address'd,
To save from death a friend distress'd.
Shall I, says he, of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler pass'd you by:
How strong are those, how weak am I!
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me, then. You know my heart,
But dearest friends, alas! must part.
How shall we all lament! Adieu!
For, see, the hounds are just in view.

FROM YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

§ 84. NIGHT I. *Sleep.*

TIR'D Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where Fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes:

Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.

From short (as usual) and disturb'd repose
I wake: How happy they who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wreck'd, desponding
thought,

From wave to wave of fancy'd misery
At random drove, her helm of reason lost:
Though now restor'd, 'tis only change of pain,
A bitter change; severer for severe:
The day too short for my distress! and night,
Ev'n in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is sunshine to the color of my fate.

§ 85. *Night.*

NIGHT, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world:
Silence, how dead! and darkness how profound!
Nor eye, nor list'ning ear an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause,
An awful pause, prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be soon fulfill'd:
Fate! drop the curtain: I can lose no more.

§ 86. *Time.*

THE bell strikes one: We take no note of time,
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours;
Where are they? With the years beyond the
It is the signal that demands dispatch; [Flood.
How much is to be done! my hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? A fathomless abyss;
A dread eternity! how surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?

§ 87. *Man.*

How poor! how rich! how abject! how august!
How complicate! how wonderful is Man!
How passing wonder HE who made him such!
Who centred in our make such strange extremes!
From different natures marvellously mixt,
Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal sullied, and absorb'd!
Though sullied, and dishonor'd, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god! I tremble at myself;
And in myself am lost! At home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surpris'd, aghast,
And wond'ring at her own: how reason reels!
O what a miracle to man is man!
Triumphantly distress'd, what joy, what dread!
Alternately transported and alarm'd!
What can preserve my life, or what destroy?
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

§ 88. *Vanity of Lamentation over the Dead.*

WHY then their loss deplore, that are not lost?
Why wanders wretched thought their tombs
In infidel distress? Are angels there? [around,
Slumbers, rak'd up in dust, ethereal fire?
They live! they greatly live a life on earth
Unkindled, unconceiv'd; and from an eye
Of tenderness, let heavenly pity fall
On me, more justly number'd with the dead.
This is the desert, this the solitude:
How populous! how vital is the grave!

This is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom;
The land of apparitions, empty shades!
All, all on earth is shadow, all beyond
Is substance; the reverse is folly's creed:
How solid all, where change shall be no more!

§ 89. *Life and Eternity.*

THIS is the bud of being, the dim dawn;
Life's theatre as yet is shut, and death,
Strong death alone can heave the massy bar,
This gross impediment of clay remove,
And make us, embryos of existence, free.
From real life, but little more remote
Is he, not yet a candidate for light,
The future embryo, slumbering in his sire.
Embryos we must be till we burst the shell,
Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life,
The life of gods—O transport! and of man.
Yet man, fool man! here buries all his thoughts;
Inters celestial hopes without one sigh:
Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here pinions all his wishes: wing'd by heaven
To fly at infinite, and reach it there,
Where seraphs gather immortality,
On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambrosial clust'ring glow
In His full beam, and ripen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more! [expire!
Where time, and pain, and chance, and death
And is it in the flight of threescore years,
To push eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust!
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptur'd, or alarm'd,
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather or to drown a fly.

Where falls this censure? It o'erwhelms myself.
How was my heart incrust'd by the world!
O how self-fetter'd was my grovelling soul!
How, like a worm, was I wrapt round and round
In silken thought, which reptile Fancy spun,
Till darken'd Reason lay quite clouded o'er
With soft conceit of endless comfort here,
Nor yet put forth her wings to reach the skies!

Our waking dreams are fatal: how I dreamt
Of things impossible! (could sleep do more?)
Of joys perpetual in perpetual change!
Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave!
Eternal sunshine in the storms of life!
How richly were my noontide trances hung
With gorgeous tapestries of pictur'd joys!
Joy behind joy, in endless perspective!
Till at Death's toll, whose restless iron tongue
Calls daily for his millions at a meal,
Starting I woke, and found myself undone!
Where now my phrensy's pompous furniture?
The cobweb'd cottage with its ragged wall
Of mouldering mud, is royalty to me!
The spider's thread is cable to man's tie
On earthly bliss; it breaks at every breeze.

§ 90. *Time and Death.*

O YE blest scenes of permanent delight!
Full above measure! lasting beyond bound!
Could you, so rich in rapture, fear an end,
That ghastly thought would drink up all your joy,
And quite unparadise the realms of light.
Safe are you lodg'd above these rolling spheres,
The baleful influence of whose giddy dance
Sheds sad vicissitude on all beneath.
Here teems with revolutions ev'ry hour;
And rarely for the better; or the best,
More mortal than the common births of fate:
Each moment has its sickle, emulous
Of Time's enormous scythe, whose ample sweep
Strikes empires from the root; each moment plies
His little weapon in the narrower sphere
Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down
The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss.

Bliss! sublunary bliss! proud words and vain!
Implicit treason to divine decree!
A bold invasion of the rights of heaven!
I clasp'd the phantoms, and I found them air!
O had I weigh'd it ere my fond embrace,
What darts of agony had miss'd my heart!

Death! great proprietor of all! 'tis thine
To tread out empire, and to quench the stars:
The sun himself by thy permission shines;
And, one day, thou shalt pluck him from his
Amid such mighty plunder, why exhaust'st sphere.
Thy partial quiver on a mark so mean?
Why thy peculiar rancour wreak'd on me?
Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?
Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was
slain; [horn.

And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her
O Cynthia! why so pale? Dost thou lament
Thy wretched neighbour? grieve, to see thy wheel
Of ceaseless change outwhirl'd in human life?

In ev'ry varied posture, place, and hour,
How widow'd every thought of every joy!
Thought, busy thought! too busy for my peace,
Through the dark postern of time long elaps'd,
Led softly, by the stillness of the night,
Strays, wretched rover! o'er the pleasing past,
In quest of wretchedness, perversely strays;
And finds all desert now; and meets the ghosts
Of my departed joys, a numerous train!
I rue the riches of my former fate,
Sweet comfort's blasted clusters make me sigh:
I tremble at the blessings once so dear;
And ev'ry pleasure pains me to the heart.
Yet why complain? or why complain for one?
I mourn for millions: 'tis the common lot;
In this shape, or in that, has fate entail'd
The mother's throes on all of woman born,
Not more the children, than sure heirs of pain

§ 91. *The Instability and Insufficiency of Human Joys.*

LORENZO! Fortune makes her court to thee,
Thy fond heart dances, while the syren sings.
I would not damp, but to secure thy joys.
Think not that fear is sacred to the storm:

Stand on thy guard against the smiles of fate.
Is heaven tremendous in its frown? Most sure:
And in its favors formidable too;
Its favors here are trials, not rewards;
A call to duty, not discharge from care;
And should alarm us, full as much as woes.
O'er our scann'd conduct give a jealous eye;
Awe Nature's tumult, and chastise her joys,
Lest, while we clasp we kill them; nay, invert,
To worse than simple misery, their charms.
Revolted joys, like foes in civil war,
Like bosom friendships to resentment sour'd,
With rage envenom'd rise against our peace.

Beware what earth calls happiness; beware
All joys, but joys that never can expire:
Who builds on less than an immortal base,
Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death.

Mine died with thee, Philander! thy last sigh
Dissolv'd the charm; the disenchanted earth
Lost all her lustre. Where, her glittering towers?
Her golden mountains, where? all darken'd down
To naked waste; a dreary vale of tears!
The great magician's dead! thou poor, pale piece
Of outcast earth, in darkness! what a change
From yesterday! thy darling hope so near,
(Long-labor'd prize!) death's subtle seed within
(Sly treach'rous miner!) working in the dark,
Smil'd at thy well-concerted scheme, and beck-
The worm to riot on that rose so red, [on'd
Unfaded ere it fell; one moment's prey!

§ 92. Sudden Death.

Nor ev'n Philander had bespoke his shroud;
Nor had he cause, a warning was deny'd.
How many fall as sudden, not as safe!
As sudden, though for years admonish'd home?
Of human ills the last extreme beware,
Beware, Lorenzo! a slow sudden death.
How dreadful that deliberate surprise!
Be wise to-day, 'tis madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene!
If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.

§ 93. NIGHT II. Instability of Life.

Who venerate themselves the world despise.
For what, gay friend! is this escutcheon'd world,
Which hangs out Death in one eternal night?
A night that glooms us in the noontide ray,
And wraps our thoughts, at banquets, in the
Life's little stage is a small eminence, [shroud.
Inch high the grave above; that home of man,
Where dwells the multitude: we gaze around,
We read their monuments; we sigh; and while
We sigh, we sink; and are what we deplor'd;
Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot!

Is death at distance? No: he has been on thee;
And given sure earnest of his final blow. [now?
Those hours which lately smil'd, where are they

Pallid to thought, and ghastly! drown'd, all
drown'd

In that great deep, which nothing disembogues;
And, dying, they bequeath'd thee small renown.
The rest are on the wing: how fleet their flight!
Already has the fatal train took fire;
A moment, and the world's blown up to thee;
The sun is darkness, and the stars are dust.

§ 94. Vanity of Human Enjoyments, taught by Experience.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours;
And ask them, what report they bore to heaven;
And how they might have borne more welcome
news.

Their answers form what men Experience call:
If Wisdom's friend, her best; if not, worst foe.
O reconcile them! kind Experience cries,
"There's nothing here, but what as nothing
weighs;

The more our joy, the more we know it vain;
And by success are tutor'd to despair."
Nor is it only thus, but must be so:
Who knows not this, though grey, is still a child.
Loose then from earth the grasp of fond desire,
Weigh anchor, and some happier clime explore.

§ 95. Death unavoidable.

SINCE by life's passing breath, blown up from
earth,

Light as the summer's dust, we take in air
A moment's giddy flight, and fall again;
Join the dull mass, increase the trodden soil,
And sleep till earth herself shall be no more;
Since then, (as emmets, their small world o'er-
thrown)

We, sore amaz'd, from out earth's ruin crawl,
And rise to fate extreme, or foul or fair,
As man's own choice, controller of the skies!
As man's despotic will, this hour, decrees;
Should not each warning give a strong alarm?
Warning, far less than that of bosom torn
From bosom, bleeding o'er the sacred dead!
Should not each dial strike us as we pass,
Portentous, as the written wall, which struck,
O'er midnight bowls, the proud Assyrian pale?
Like that, the dial speaks; and points to thee:
"O man, thy kingdom is departing from thee;
"And, while it lasts, is emptier than my shade."
Know, like the Median, fate is in thy walls:
Man's make encloses the sure seeds of death;
Life feeds the murderer: ingrate! he thrives
On her own meal; and then his nurse devours.

§ 96. Death of the Good Man.

So sung Philander. O! the cordial warmth,
And elevating spirit, of a friend,
For twenty summers ripening by my side;
All feculence of falsehood long thrown down;
All social virtues rising in the soul,
As crystal clear, and smiling, as they rise!
On earth how lost! Philander is no more.

How blessings brighten as they take their flight!
His flight Philander took. It were profane

To quench a glory lighted at the skies,
And cast in shadows his illustrious close.
Strange, the theme most affecting, most sublime,
Momentous most to man, should sleep unsung!
Man's highest triumph! man's profoundest fall!
The death-bed of the just! is yet undrawn
By mortal hand; it merits a divine:
Angels should paint it, angels ever there;
There, on a post of honor, and of joy.

The chamber where the good man meets his
Is privileg'd beyond the common walk [fate
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven.
Fly, ye profane! or else draw near with awe,
For here, resistless demonstration dwells;
Here tir'd dissimulation drops her mask,
Here real and apparent are the same.
You see the man; you see his hold on heaven:
Heaven waits not the last moment, owns its
friends

On this side death; and points them out to men;
A lecture, silent, but of sovereign pow'r,
To vice, confusion; and to virtue, peace!

Whatever farce the boastful hero plays,
Virtue alone has majesty in death;
And greater still, the more the tyrant frowns.
Philander! he severely frown'd on thee.
"No warning given! unceremonious fate!
"A sudden rush from life's meridian joys!
"A restless bed of pain! a plunge opaque
"Beyond conjecture! feeble nature's dread!
"Strong reason shudders at the dark unknown!
"A sun extinguish'd! a just-opening grave!
"And oh! the last, last: what? (can words ex-
press? [friend!"]

"Thought reach it?) the last—silence of a
Through nature's wreck, through vanquish'd
agonies, [gloom,
Like the stars struggling through this midnight
What gleams of joy, what more than human
peace!

Where the frail mortal? the poor abject worm?
No, not in death, the mortal to be found.
His comforters he comforts; great in ruin,
With unreluctant grandeur, gives, not yields
His soul sublime; and closes with his fate.

How our hearts burnt within us at the scene!
Whence this brave bound o'er limits fixt to man?
His God sustains him in his final hour!
His final hour brings glory to his God!
Man's glory heaven vouchsafes to call its own.
Amazement strikes! devotion bursts to flame!
Christians adore! and infidels believe.
At that black hour, which general horror sheds
On the low level of the inglorious throng,
Sweet peace, and heavenly hope, and humble
Divinely beam on his exalted soul; [joy,
Destruction gild, and crown him for the skies.
Life, take thy chance; but oh for such an end!

§ 97. NIGHT III. *Picture of Narcissa, De-
scription of her Funeral, and a Reflection
upon Man.*

SWEET harmonist! and beautiful as sweet!
And young as beautiful! and soft as young!

And gay as soft! and innocent as gay!
And happy (if aught happy here) as good!
For fortune fond had built her nest on high.
Like birds quite exquisite of note and plume,
Transfix'd by fate (who loves a lofty mark)
How from the summit of the grove she fell,
And left it unharmonious! all its charms
Extinguish'd in the wonders of her song!
Her song still vibrates in my ravish'd ear,
Still melting there, and with voluptuous pain
(O to forget her!) thrilling through my heart!

Song, Beauty, Youth, Love, Virtue, Joy! this
Of bright ideas, flow'rs of Paradise, [group
As yet unforfeit! in one blaze we bind,
Kneel, and present it to the skies, as all
We guess of heav'n; and these were all her own:
And she was mine; and I was—was!—most
Gay title of the deepest misery! [blest!
As bodies grow more pond'rous robb'd of life,
Good lost weighs more in grief than gain'd in joy.
Like blossom'd trees o'erturn'd by vernal storm,
Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay;
And if in death still lovely, lovelier there;
Far lovelier! pity swells the tide of love.
And will not the severe excuse a sigh?
Scorn the proud man that is asham'd to weep;
Our tears indulg'd indeed deserve our shame.
Ye that e'er lost an angel, pity me.

Soon as the lustre languish'd in her eye,
Dawning a dimmer day on human sight;
And on her cheek, the residence of spring,
Pale omen sat, and scattered fears around
On all that saw, (and who could cease to gaze
That once had seen?)—with haste, parental haste,
I flew, I snatch'd her from the rigid north,
Her native bed, on which black Boreas blew,
And bore her nearer to the sun; the sun
(As if the sun could envy) check'd his beam,
Denied his wonted succour; nor with more
Regret beheld her drooping, than the bells
Of lilies; fairest lilies, not so fair!

Queen lilies! and ye painted populace
Who dwell in fields, and lead ambrosial lives;
In morn and evening dew your beauties bathe,
And drink the sun; which gives your cheeks to
glow,

And out-blush (mine excepted) every fair;
You gladlier grew, ambitious of her hand,
Which often cropp'd your odors, incense meet
To thought so pure! Ye lovely fugitives!
Coeval race with man! for man you smile;
Why not smile at him too? You share indeed
His sudden pass, but not his constant pain.

So man is made, nought ministers delight,
But what his glowing passions can engage;
And glowing passions bent on aught below,
Must soon or late with anguish turn the scale;
And anguish, after rapture, how severe!
Rapture? Bold man! who tempts the wrath di-
By plucking fruit denied to mortal taste, [vine,
While here, presuming on the rights of heaven.
For transport dost thou call on ev'ry hour,
Lorenzo? At thy friend's expense be wise;
Lean not on earth, 'twill pierce thee to the heart:

A broken reed at best, but oft a spear ;
On its sharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires.

Turn, hopeless thoughts ! turn from her :—
thought repell'd

Resenting rallies, and wakes every woe.

Snatch'd ere thy prime, and in thy bridal hour !

And when kind fortune with thy lover smil'd !

And when high-flavor'd thy fresh opening joys !

And when blind man pronounc'd thy bliss complete !

And on a foreign shore, where strangers wept !

Strangers to thee ; and, more surprising still,

Strangers to kindness wept : their eyes let fall

Inhuman tears ; strange tears ! that trickled
down

From marble hearts ! obdurate tenderness !

A tenderness that call'd them more severe ;

In spite of nature's soft persuasion, steel'd :

While nature melted, superstition rav'd ;

That mourn'd the dead, and *this* denied a grave.

Their sighs incens'd, sighs foreign to the will !

Their will the tiger suck'd, outrag'd the storm.

For, oh ! the curs'd ungodliness of zeal !

While sinful flesh relented, spirit nurs'd

In blind infallibility's embrace,

The sainted spirit petrified the breast ;

Denied the charity of dust, to spread

O'er dust ! a charity their dogs enjoy.

What could I do ? what succour ? what re-

With pious sacrilege a grave I stole, [source ?

With impious piety that grave I wrong'd ;

Short in my duty, coward in my grief !

More like her murderer than friend, I crept

With soft suspended step, and muffled deep

In midnight darkness, whisper'd my last sigh.

I whisper'd what should echo through their
realms ;

Nor writ her name whose tomb should pierce
the skies.

Presumptuous fear ! how durst I dread her foes,

While nature's loudest dictates I obey'd ?

Pardon necessity, blest shade ! Of grief

And indignation rival bursts I pour'd ;

Half execration mingled with my pray'r ;

Kindled at man, while I his God ador'd ;

Sore grudg'd the savage land her sacred dust ;

Stamp'd the curs'd soil ; and with humanity

(Denied Narcissa) wish'd them all a grave.

Glow my resentment into guilt ? What guilt

Can equal violations of the dead ?

The dead how sacred ! Sacred is the dust

Of this heaven-labor'd form, erect, divine ;—

This heaven-assum'd majestic robe of earth

He deign'd to wear, who hung the vast expanse

With azure bright, and cloth'd the sun in gold.

When ev'ry passion sleeps that can offend ;

When strikes us ev'ry motive that can melt ;

When man can wreak his rancour uncontroll'd,

That strongest curb on insult and ill-will ;

Then, spleen to dust ? the dust of innocence ?

An angel's dust ?—This Lucifer transcends :

When he contended for the patriarch's bones,

'Twas not the strife of malice, but of pride ;

The strife of pontiff pride, not pontiff gall.

Far less than this is shocking, in a race
Most wretched but for streams of mutual love,
And uncreated but for love divine ;
And, but for love divine, this moment lost,
By fate resorb'd, and sunk in endless night.
Man hard of heart to man ! of horrid things
Most horrid ! 'Mid stupendous, highly strange !
Yet oft his courtesies are smother wrongs ;
Pride brandishes the favors he confers,
And contumelious his humanity :

What then his vengeance ? hear it not, ye stars !

And thou, pale moon, turn paler at the sound !

Man is to man the sorest, surest ill.

A previous blast foretells the rising storm ;

O'erwhelming turrets threaten ere they fall ;

Volcanos bellow ere they disembogue ;

Earth trembles ere her yawning jaws devour ;

And smoke betrays the wide-consuming fire :

Ruin from man is most conceal'd when near,

And sends the dreadful tidings in the blow.

Is this the flight of fancy ? Would it were !

Heaven's Sovereign saves all beings but himself,

That hideous sight, a naked human heart !

§ 98. NIGHT IV. *Fears of Death extinguished
by Man's Redemption.*

THOUGH nature's terrors thus may be repress,
Still frowns grim death ; guilt points the tyrant's
spear.

Who can appease its anguish ? how it burns !

What hand the barb'd, envenom'd thought can
draw ?

What healing hand can pour the balm of peace,
And turn my sight undaunted on the tomb ?

With joy,—with grief, that healing hand I

Ah ! too conspicuous ! it is fix'd on high ! [see ;

On high ?—What means my phrenzy ? I blas-
pheme.

Alas ! how low ! how far beneath the skies !

The skies it form'd ; and now it bleeds for me—

But bleeds the balm I want—yet still it bleeds :

Draw the dire steel—ah no !—the dreadful
blessing

What heart or can sustain, or dares forego ?

There hangs all human hope : that nail supports

Our falling universe : that gone, we drop :

Horror receives us, and the dismal wish

Creation had been smother'd in her birth.

Darkness his curtain, and his bed the dust,

When stars and sun are dust beneath his throne !

In heaven itself can such indulgence dwell ?

O what a groan was there ! A groan not his.

He seiz'd our dreadful right, the load sustain'd,

And heav'd the mountain from a guilty world.

A thousand worlds so bought, were bought too

Sensations new in angels' bosoms rise ! [dear.

Suspend their song ; and silence is in heaven.

O for their song to reach my lofty theme !

Inspire me, Night, with all thy tuneful spheres !

Much rather, Thou ! who dost those spheres
inspire ;

Lest I blaspheme my subject with my song.

Thou most indulgent, most tremendous pow'r !

Still more tremendous for thy wondrous love !

That arms, with awe more awful, thy commands;

And foul transgression dips in sevenfold night;
How our hearts tremble at thy love immense!
In love immense, inviolably just!

O'er guilt (how mountainous!), with outstretch'd arms,

Stern justice and soft-smiling love embrace,
Supporting, in full majesty, thy throne,
When seem'd its majesty to need support,
Or that, or man, inevitably lost.

What, but the fathomless of thought divine,
Could labor such expedient from despair,
And rescue both? Both rescue! both exalt!
O how are both exalted by the deed!

A wonder in omnipotence itself!
A mystery, no less to gods than men!

Not thus our infidels th' Eternal draw;
A God all o'er, consummate, absolute,
Full-orb'd, in his whole round of rays complete;
They set at odds heaven's jarring attributes,
And with one excellence another wound;
Maim heaven's perfection, break its equal beams,
Bid mercy triumph over—God himself,
Undeify'd by their opprobrious praise:
A God all mercy, is a God unjust.

Ye brainless wits, ye baptiz'd infidels,
The ransom was paid down; the fund of heaven
Amazing, and amaz'd, pour'd forth the price,
All price beyond: though curious to compute,
Archangels fail'd to cast the mighty sum:
Its value vast, ungrasp'd by minds create,
For ever hides, and glows in the supreme.

And was the ransom paid? It was: and paid
(What can exalt the bounty more?) for you.
The sun beheld it—no, the shocking scene
Drove back his chariot; midnight veil'd his face;
Not such as this, not such as nature makes,
A midnight, nature shudder'd to behold;
A midnight new! from her Creator's frown!
Sun! didst thou fly thy Maker's pain? or start
At that enormous load of human guilt, [cross;
Which bow'd his blessed head; o'erwhelm'd his
Made groan the centre; burst earth's marble
womb,

With pangs, strange pangs! deliver'd of her dead?
Hell howl'd; and heav'n, that hour, let fall a tear;
Heav'n wept that man might smile! heaven bled
That man might never die.—

What heart of stone but glows at thoughts like these?

[mount
Such contemplations mount us; and should
The mind still higher; nor ever glance on man,
Unraptur'd, uninflam'd. Where roll my thoughts
To rest from wonders? How my soul is caught!
Heav'n's sov'reign blessings clust'ring from the
cross,

Rush on her in a throng, and close her round,
The prisoner of amaze!—In his blest life,
I see the path, and, in his death, the price,
And in his great ascent, the proof supreme
Of immortality.—And did he rise?

Hear, O ye nations! hear, it, O ye dead!
He rose! he rose! he burst the bars of death!

Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates,
And give the king of glory to come in!
Who is the king of glory? he who left
His throne of glory, for the pang of death:
Lift up your heads ye everlasting gates,
And give the king of glory to come in!
Who is the king of glory? he who slew
The ravenous foe, that gorg'd all human race!
The king of glory, he, whose glory fill'd
Heav'n with amazement at his love to man;
And with divine complacency beheld
Powers most illum'd wilder'd in the theme.

The theme, the joy, how then shall man sustain?
[throne!

Oh the burst gates! crush'd sting! demolish'd
Last gasp of vanquish'd death. Shout, earth
and heaven,

This sum of good to man; whose nature then
Took wing, and mounted with him from the
tomb!

Then, then I rose; then first humanity
Triumphant past the crystal ports of light,
And seiz'd eternal youth. Mortality
Was then transferr'd to death; and heaven's du-
Unalienably seal'd to this frail frame, [ration
This child of dust.—Man, all-immortal! hail;
Hail, heaven! all lavish of strange gifts to man!
Thine all the glory! man's the boundless bliss.

Where am I rapt by this triumphant theme,
On christian joy's exulting wing, above
Th' Aonian mount?—Alas! small cause for
What if to pain, immortal? if extent [Joy!
Of being, to preclude a close of woe?
Where, then, my boast of immortality?

I boast it still, though cover'd o'er with guilt
For guilt, not innocence, his life he pour'd;
'Tis guilt alone can justify his death;
Nor that, unless his death can justify
Relenting guilt in heaven's indulgent sight.
If sick of folly, I relent; he writes
My name in heaven, with that inverted spear
(A spear deep dipt in blood!) which pierc'd his
And open'd there a font for all mankind [side,
Who strive, who combat crimes, to drink, and
live:

This, only this, subdues the fear of death.

§ 99. *Greatness of the Redemption.*

AND what is this?—Survey the wondrous
cure;

And, at each step, let higher wonder rise!

"Pardon for infinite offence! and pardon

"Through means that speak its value infinite!

"A pardon bought with blood! with blood di-
vine!

"With blood divine of him I made my foe;

"Persisted to provoke! though woo'd and aw'd,

"Bless'd, and chastis'd, a flagrant rebel still!

"A rebel 'midst the thunders of his throne!

"Nor I alone! a rebel universe!

"My species up in arms! not one exempt!

"Yet for the foulest of the foul he dies."

Bound every heart! and every bosom burn!
Oh what a scale of miracles is here!

Its lowest round high planted on the skies ;
 Its tow'ring summit lost beyond the thought
 Of man or angel : Oh that I could climb
 The wonderful ascent with equal praise !
 Praise ardent, cordial, constant, to high heaven
 More fragrant than Arabia sacrific'd,
 And all her spicy mountains in a flame.

§ 100. *Magnificence and Omnipresence of the Deity.*

Or may I breathe no longer, than I breathe
 My soul in praise to him who gave me soul,
 And all her infinite of prospect fair, [thee !
 Cut through the shades of hell, great love ! by
 Where shall that praise begin, which ne'er
 should end ?

Where'er I turn, what claim on all applause !
 How is night's sable mantle labor'd o'er !
 How richly wrought, with attributes divine !
 What wisdom shines ! what love ! This mid-
 night pomp,

This gorgeous arch, with golden worlds inlay'd,
 Built with divine ambition ! nought to thee :
 For others this profusion : thou apart,
 Above, beyond ! oh tell me, mighty mind,
 Where art thou ? Shall I dive into the deep ?
 Call to the sun, or ask the roaring winds,
 For their Creator ? Shall I question loud
 The thunder, if in that th' Almighty dwells ?
 Or holds the furious storms in straiten'd reins,
 And bids fierce whirlwinds wheel his rapid car ?

What mean these questions ?—trembling I
 retract ;

My prostrate soul adores the present God :
 Praise I a distant Deity ? he tunes [tains ;
 My voice (if tun'd) ; the nerve, that writes, sus-
 Wrapt in his being, I resound his praise :
 But though past all diffus'd, without a shore,
 His essence : local is his throne (as meet),
 To gather the dispers'd, to fix a point,
 A central point, collective of his sons,
 Since finite every nature but his own.

The nameless He, whose nod is nature's birth ;
 And nature's shield, the shadow of his hand ;
 Her dissolution, his suspended smile ;
 The great first last ! pavilion'd high he sits
 In darkness, from excessive splendor born.
 His glory, to created glory, bright,
 As that to central horrors ; he looks down
 On all that soars ; and spans immensity.

§ 101. *Religion.*

RELIGION's all. Descending from her sire
 To wretched man, the goddess in her left
 Holds out this world, and in her right, the next :
 Religion ! the sole voucher man is man :
 Supporter sole of man above himself.

Religion ! providence ! an after state !
 Here is firm footing ; here is solid rock ;
 This can support us : all is sea besides ;
 Sinks under us : bestorms, and then devours.
 His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
 And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.

Religion ! thou the soul of happiness ;
 And groaning Calvary, of thee ! There shine
 The noble truths ; there strongest motives sting !
 Can love allure us ? or can terror awe ?
 He weeps !—the falling drop puts out the sun ;
 He sighs—the sigh earth's deep foundation
 If, in his love, so terrible, what then [shakes.
 His wrath inflam'd ? his tenderness on fire ?
 Can prayer, can praise avert it ?—Thou, my all !
 My theme ! my inspiration ! and my crown !
 My strength in age ! my rise in low estate !
 My soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth ! my world !
 My light in darkness ! and my life in death !
 My boast through time ! bliss through eternity !
 Eternity too short to speak thy praise,
 Or fathom thy profound of love to man !

§ 102. *The mere Man of the World.*

YE sold to sense, ye citizens of earth,
 (For such alone the Christian banner fly)
 Know ye how wise your choice, how great your
 gain ?

Behold the picture of earth's happiest man :
 " He calls his wish, it comes ; he sends it back,
 " And says, he call'd another ; that arrives,
 " Meets the same welcome ; yet he still calls on,
 " Till one calls him, who varies not his call,
 " But holds him fast, in chains of darkness
 bound,

" Till nature dies, and judgment sets him free :
 " A freedom far less welcome than his chain."
 But grant man happy ; grant him happy long ;
 Add to life's highest prize her latest hour ;
 That hour, so late, comes on in full career :
 How swift the shuttle flies that weaves thy
 shroud !

Where is the fable of thy former years ?
 Thrown down the gulf of time ; as far from thee
 As they had ne'er been thine ; the day in hand,
 Like a bird struggling to get loose, is going ;
 Scarce now possess, so suddenly 'tis gone ;
 And each swift moment fled, is death advanc'd
 By strides as swift : Eternity is all ;
 And whose eternity ? Who triumphs here,
 Bathing for ever in the fount of bliss,
 For ever basking in the Deity ?

Conscience, reply : O give it leave to speak ;
 For it will speak ere long. Oh hear it now :
 While useful its advice, its accents mild.
 Truth is deposited with man's last hour ;
 An honest hour, and faithful to her trust—
 Truth, eldest daughter of the Deity ;
 Truth, of his council when he made the worlds,
 Nor less when he shall judge the worlds he made :
 Though silent long, and sleeping ne'er so sound,
 That heaven-commission'd hour no sooner calls,
 Than from her cavern in the soul's abyss,
 The goddess bursts in thunder and in flame :
 " Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die."

§ 103. NIGHT V. *Darkness.*

LET Indians, and the gay, like Indians, fond
 Of feather'd fopperies, the sun adore ;
 Darkness has more divinity for me :

It strikes thought inward, it drives back the soul
To settle on herself, our point supreme!
There lies our theatre; there sits our judge,
Darkness the curtain drops o'er life's dull scene;
'Tis the kind hand of Providence stretcht out
'Twixt man and vanity; 'tis Reason's reign,
And Virtue's too; these tutelary shades
Are man's asylum from the tainted throng.

§ 104. *Midnight.*

THIS sacred shade, and solitude, what is it?
'Tis the felt presence of the Deity.
Few are the faults we flatter when alone:
Vice sinks in her allurements, is ungilt,
And looks, like other objects, black by night.
By night an atheist half believes a God.
Night is fair Virtue's immemorial friend;
The conscious moon, through every distant age,
Has held a lamp to Wisdom, and let fall
On contemplation's eye her purging ray.
Hail, precious moments! stol'n from the black
waste

Of murder'd time; auspicious midnight, hail!
The world excluded, every passion hush'd,
And open'd a calm intercourse with heav'n;
Here the soul sits in council, ponders past,
Predestines future actions; sees, not feels,
Tumultuous life; and reasons with the storm;
All her lies answers, and thinks down her charms.

§ 105. *Reflections in a Churchyard.*

SAY, on what themes shall puzzled choice
descend?
"Th' importance of contemplating the tomb;
"Why men decline it; Suicide's foul birth;
"The various kinds of grief; the faults of age;
"And Death's dread character"—invite my
song.

And first, th' importance of our end survey'd.
Friends counsel quick dismission of our grief;
Mistaken kindness! our hearts heal too soon.
Are they more kind than He who struck the blow?
Who bid it do his errand in our hearts,
And banish peace till nobler guests arrive,
And bring it back a true and endless peace?
Calamities are friends: as glaring day
Of these unnumber'd lustres robs our sight;
Prosperity puts out unnumber'd thoughts
Of import high, and light divine to man.

The man how blest, who, sick of gaudy scenes,
(Scenes apt to thrust between us and ourselves!)
Is led by choice to take his favorite walk
Beneath Death's gloomy, silent cypress shades,
Unpierced by Vanity's fantastic ray;
To read his monuments, to weigh his dust,
Visit his vaults, and dwell among the tombs!
Lorenzo, read with me Narcissa's stone;
Few orators so tenderly can touch
The feeling heart. What pathos in the date!
Apt words can strike, and yet in them we see
Faint images of what we here enjoy.
What cause have we to build on length of life?
Temptations seize when fear is laid asleep;
And ill foreboding is our strongest guard.

See from her tomb, Truth sallies on my soul,
And puts Delusion's dusky train to flight;
Dispers the mists our sultry passions raise,
And shows the real estimate of things,
Which no man, unafflicted, ever saw;
Pulls off the veil from Virtue's rising charms;
Detects Temptation in a thousand lies.
Truth bids me look on men, as autumn's leaves,
And all they bleed for, as the summer's dust,
Driven by the whirlwind: lighted by her beams,
I widen my horizon, gain new powers,
See things invisible, feel things remote,
Am present with futurities; think nought
To man so foreign, as the joys possest,
Nought so much his as those beyond the grave.

No folly keeps its color in her sight:
Pale worldly wisdom loses all her charms.
How differ worldly wisdom, and divine?
Just as the waning and the waxing moon:
More empty worldly wisdom every day;
And every day more fair her rival shines.
But soon our term for wisdom is expir'd,
And everlasting fool is writ in fire,
Or real wisdom wafts us to the skies.

What grave prescribes the best?—a friend's;
and yet
From a friend's grave how soon we disengage,
Even to the dearest, as his marble, cold!
Why are friends ravish'd from us? 'tis to bind
By soft affection's ties, on human hearts,
The thought of death, which reason, too supine,
Or misemploy'd, so rarely fastens there.
Nor reason, nor affection, no, nor both
Combin'd can break the witchcrafts of the world.
Behold th' inexorable hour at hand!
Behold th' inexorable hour forgot!
And to forget it, the chief aim of life;
Though well to ponder it is life's chief end.

§ 106. *Suicide.*

WHAT groan was that? There took his gloomy
flight,

On wing impetuous, a black sullen soul,
Blasted from hell with horrid lust of death.
Thy friend, the brave, the gallant Altamont,
So call'd, so thought—and then he fled the field.
Less base the fear of death, than fear of life.
O Britain! infamous for suicide;
An island in thy manners! far disjoint'd
From the whole world of rationals beside,
In ambient waves plunge thy polluted head,
Wash the dire stain, nor shock the continent.

But thou be shock'd, while I detect the cause
Of self-assault, expose the monster's birth,
And bid abhorrence hiss it round the world.
Blame not thy clime, nor chide the distant sun;
Immoral climes kind nature never made.
The cause I sing in Eden might prevail,
And proves it is thy folly, not thy fate.

The soul of man (let man in homage bow
Who names his soul) a native of the skies!
High born, and free, her freedom should main-
tain,
Unsold, unmortgag'd for earth's little bribes.

Th' illustrious stranger, in this foreign land
Like strangers, jealous of her dignity,
Studious of home, and ardent to return,
Of earth suspicious, earth's enchanted cup
With cool reserve light touching, should indulge
On immortality her godlike taste;
There take large draughts; make her chief banquet there.

But some reject this sustenance divine;
To beggarly vile appetites descend;
Ask alms of earth for gifts that came from heaven;

Sink into slaves; and sell, for present hire,
Their rich reversion, and (what shares its fate)
Their native freedom, to the prince who sways
This nether world. And when his payments fail,
When his full basket gorges them no more,
Or their pall'd palates loathe the basket full,
Are, instantly, with wild demoniac rage,
For breaking all the chains of Providence,
And bursting their confinement; though fast barr'd

By laws divine and human; guarded strong
With horrors, doubled to defend the pass,
The blackest nature or dire guilt can raise;
And moated round with fathomless destruction,
Sure to receive, and overwhelm them in their fail.

Such, Britons! is the cause, to you unknown,
Or worse, o'erlook'd; o'erlook'd by magistrates,
Thus criminals themselves. I grant the deed
Is madness; but the madness of the heart.
And what is that? our utmost bound of guilt.
A sensual, unreflecting life is big
With monstrous births, and suicide, to crown
The black infernal brood. The bold to break
Heaven's law supreme, and desperately rush
Through sacred nature's murder, on their own,
Because they never think of death, they die.
When by the bed of languishment we sit,
Or, o'er our dying friends, in anguish hang,
Wipe the cold dew, or stay the sinking head,
Number their moments, and in ev'ry clock
Start at the voice of an eternity;
See the dim lamp of life just feebly lift
An agonizing beam, at us to gaze,
Then sink again, and quiver into death,
(That most pathetic herald of our own!)
How read we such sad scenes? as sent to man
In perfect vengeance? no, in pity sent,
To melt him down, like wax, and then impress,
Indelible, death's image on his heart;
Bleeding for others, trembling for himself.
We bleed, we tremble; we forget, we smile:
The mind turns fool, before the cheek is dry:
Our quick returning folly cancels all;
As the tide rushing razes what is writ [shore.
In yielding sands, and smooths the letter'd

§ 107. *Tears.*

LORENZO! hast thou ever weigh'd a sigh?
Or studied the philosophy of tears?
Hast thou descended deep into the breast,
And seen their source? If not, descend with me,
And trace these briny riv'lets to their springs.

Our funeral tears from diff'rent causes rise:
Of various kinds they flow. From tender hearts,
By soft contagion call'd, some burst at once,
And stream obsequious to the leading eye.
Some ask more time, by curious art distill'd.
Some hearts, in secret hard, unapt to melt,
Struck by the public eye, gush out amain.
Some weep to share the fame of the deceas'd,
So high in merit, and to them so dear: [share.
They dwell on praises, which they think they
Some mourn in proof that something they could
love;

They weep not to relieve their grief, but show.
Some weep in perfect justice to the dead,
As conscious all their love is in arrear.
Some mischievously weep, not unappriz'd,
Tears, sometimes, aid the conquest of an eye.
As seen through crystal, how their roses glow,
While liquid pearl runs trickling down their
cheek.

By kind construction some are deem'd to weep,
Because a decent veil conceals their joy.

Some weep in earnest; and yet weep in vain;
As deep in indiscretion, as in woe.
Passion, blind passion! impotently pours
Tears, that deserve more tears; while reason
sleeps,

Or gazes, like an idiot, unconcern'd;
Nor comprehends the meaning of the storm.
They weep impetuous, as the summer storm,
And full as short! The cruel grief soon tam'd,
They make a pastime of the stingless tale!
Far as the deep-resounding knell, they spread
The dreadful news, and hardly feel it more.
No grain of wisdom pays them for their woe.
When the sick soul, her wonted stay withdrawn,
Reclines on earth, and sorrows in the dust;
Instead of learning there her true support,
She crawls to the next shrub, or bramble vile,
The stranger weds, and blossoms, as before,
In all the fruitless fopperies of life.

§ 108. NIGHT VI. *The Death of Narcissa.*

SHE (for I know not yet her name in Heaven)
Not early, like Narcissa, left the scene;
Nor sudden, like Philander. What avail?
This seeming mitigation but inflames;
This fancy'd medicine heightens the disease.
The longer known, the closer still she grew;
And gradual parting is a gradual death.

O the long dark approach through years of
Death's gallery, with sable terror hung; [pain,
Sick hope's pale lamp its only glimmering ray!
There fate my melancholy walk ordain'd.
How oft I gaz'd, prophetically sad!
How oft I saw her dead while yet in smiles!
In smiles she sunk her grief to lessen mine:
She spoke me comfort, and increas'd my pain.
Like powerful armies trenching at a town,
By slow and silent, but resistless sap,
In his pale progress gently gaining ground,
Death urg'd his deadly siege: in spite of art,
Of all the balmy blessings nature lends
To succour frail humanity. Ye stars!

And thou, O moon! bear witness; many a night
 He tore the pillow from beneath my head,
 Tied down my sore attention to the shock,
 By ceaseless depredations on a life
 Dearer than that he left me. Dreadful post
 Of observation! darker every hour!
 Less dread the day that drove me to the brink,
 And pointed at eternity below:
 When my soul shudder'd at futurity,
 When, on a moment's point, th' important die
 Of life and death spun doubtful, ere it fell,
 And turn'd up life—my title to more woe.

But why more woe? more comfort let it be.
 Nothing is dead, but that which wish'd to die;
 Nothing is dead, but wretchedness and pain:
 Nothing is dead, but what encumber'd, gall'd,
 Block'd up the pass, and barr'd from real life.
 Where dwells that wish most ardent of the wise?
 Too dark the sun to see it; highest stars
 Too low to reach it; death, great death alone,
 O'er stars and sun triumphant, lands us there.

Nor dreadful our transition; though the mind,
 An artist at creating self-alarms,
 Rich in expedients for inquietude,
 Is prone to paint it dreadful. Who can take
 Death's portrait true? the tyrant never sat.
 Our sketch, all random strokes, conjecture all;
 Close shuts the grave, nor tells one single tale.
 Death, and his image rising in the brain,
 Bear faint resemblance; never are alike;
 Fear shakes the pencil, Fancy loves excess,
 Dark Ignorance is lavish of her shades;
 And these the formidable picture draw.

But grant the worst; 'tis past; new prospects
 And drop a veil eternal o'er her tomb. [rise;
 Far other views our contemplation claim,
 Views that o'erpay the rigors of our life;
 Views that suspend our agonies in death.
 Wrapt in the thought of immortality,
 Long life might lapse, age unperceiv'd come on;
 And find the soul unsated with her theme:
 Its nature, proof, importance, fire my song.

§ 109. *Immortality.*

IMMORTAL! ages past, yet nothing gone!
 Morn without eve! a race without a goal!
 Unshorten'd by progression infinite!
 Futurity for ever future! life
 Beginning still, where computation ends!
 'Tis the description of a Deity!
 'Tis the description of the meanest slave.

Immortal! what can strike the sense so strong,
 As this the soul? it thunders to the thought;
 Reason amazes; gratitude o'erwhelms:
 No more we slumber on the brink of fate;
 Rouz'd at the sound, th' exulting soul ascends,
 And breathes her native air; an air that feeds
 Ambition high, and fans ethereal fires;
 Quick kindles all that is divine within us;
 Nor leaves one loitering thought beneath the
 stars.

Immortal! was but one immortal, how
 Would others envy! how would thrones adore!
 Because 'tis common, is the blessing lost?

How this ties up the bounteous hand of Heaven!
 O vain, vain, vain! all else: eternity!
 A glorious, and a needful refuge that,
 From vile imprisonment in abject views.

'Tis immortality, 'tis that alone,
 Amidst life's pains, abasements, emptiness,
 The soul can comfort, elevate, and fill.
 Eternity depending covers all;
 Sets earth at distance, casts her into shades;
 Blends her distinctions; abrogates her pow'rs;
 The low, the lofty, joyous, and severe,
 Fortune's dread frowns, and fascinating smiles,
 Make one promiscuous and neglected heap,
 The man beneath; if I may call him man,
 Whom immortality's full force inspires.
 Nothing terrestrial touches his high thought;
 Suns shine unseen, and thunders roll unheard;
 By minds quite conscious of their high descent,
 Their present province, and their future prize;
 Divinely darting upward every wish,
 Warm on the wing, in glorious absence lost.

Doubt you this truth? why labors your be-
 lief?

If earth's whole orb by some due distant eye
 Was seen at once, her tow'ring Alps would sink,
 And levell'd Atlas leave an even sphere.
 Thus earth, and all that earthly minds admire,
 Is swallow'd in eternity's vast round.
 To that stupendous view when souls awake,
 So large of late, so mountainous to man,
 Time's toys subside; and equal all below.

§ 110. *Man's Immortality proved by Nature.*

NATURE, thy daughter, ever-changing birth
 Of thee the great Immutible, to man
 Speaks wisdom; is his oracle supreme;
 And he who most consults her, is most wise.
 Look nature through, 'tis revolution all; [night
 All change, no death. Day follows night; and
 The dying day; stars rise, and set, and rise;
 Earth takes th' example. See the summer gay,
 With her green chaplet, and ambrosial flow'rs,
 Droops into pallid autumn; winter grey,
 Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,
 Blows autumn and his golden fruits away,
 Then melts into the spring; soft spring with
 breath

Favonian, from warm chambers of the south,
 Recalls the first. All, to re-flourish, fades:
 As in a wheel, all sinks, to re-ascend:
 Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.

With this minute distinction, emblems just,
 Nature revolves, but man advances; both
 Eternal; that a circle, this a line:
 That gravitates, this soars. Th' aspiring soul,
 Ardent and tremulous, like flame ascends;
 Zeal, and humility, her wings to heaven.
 The world of matter, with its various forms,
 All dies into new life. Life born from death
 Rolls the vast mass, and shall for ever roll.
 No single atom, once in being, lost,
 With change of counsel charges the Most High.

Matter, immortal? and shall spirit die?
 Above the nobler, shall less noble rise?

Shall man alone, from whom all else revives,
No resurrection know? shall man alone,
Imperial man! be sown in barren ground,
Less privileg'd than grain, on which he feeds?
Is man, in whom alone is power to prize
The bliss of being, or with previous pain
Deplore its period, by the spleen of fate,
Severely doom'd death's single unredeem'd?

§ 111. NIGHT VII. *Misery of Unbelief.*

COULDEST thou persuade me, the next life would
fail

Our ardent wishes; how should I pour out
My bleeding heart in anguish, new, as deep!
Oh! with what thoughts, thy hope, and my
Abhor'd Annihilation, blasts the soul, [despair,
And wide extends the bounds of human woe!
In this black channel would my ravings run:

"Grief from the future borrow'd peace, ere-
while.

The future vanish'd, and the present pain'd!
Fall, how profound! hurl'd headlong, hurl'd at
once

To night! to nothing! darker still than night.
If 'twas a dream, why wake me, my worst foe?
O for delusion! O for error still! [plant
Could vengeance strike much stronger than to
A thinking being in a world like this,
Not over-rich before, now beggar'd quite;
More curs'd than at the fall? The sun goes out!
The thorns shoot up! what thorns in ev'ry
thought!

Why sense of better? it imbitters worse:
Why sense? why life? if but to sigh, then sink
To what I was? twice nothing! and much woe!
Woe, from heaven's bounties! woe, from what
was wont

To flatter most, high intellectual powers.

"Thought, virtue, knowledge! blessings, by
thy scheme,

All poison'd into pains. First knowledge, once
My soul's ambition, now her greatest dread.
To know myself, true wisdom?—no, to shun
That shocking science, parent of despair!
Avert thy mirror; if I see, I die.

"Know my Creator! Climb his blest abode

By painful speculation, pierce the veil,
Dive in his nature, read his attributes,
And gaze in admiration—on a foe
Obtruding life, withholding happiness?
From the full rivers that surround his throne,
Not letting fall one drop of joy on man;
Man gasping for one drop, that he might cease
To curse his birth, nor envy reptiles more!
Ye sable clouds! ye darkest shades of night;
Hide him, for ever hide him, from my thought,
Once all my comfort; source and soul of joy!

"Know his achievements! study his renown!

Contemplate this amazing universe,
Dropt from his hand, with miracles replete!
For what? 'Mid miracles of nobler name,
To find one miracle of misery!
To find the being, which alone can know
And praise his works, a blemish on his praise!

Through nature's ample range in thought to
stray,

And start at man, the single mourner there,
Breathing high hope! chain'd down to pangs
and death!

"Knowing is suff'ring: and shall virtue share
The sigh of knowledge? virtue shares the sigh.
By straining up the steep of excellent,
By battles fought, and from temptation won,
What gains she, but the pang of seeing worth,
Angelic worth, soon shuffled in the dark
With ev'ry vice, and swept to brutal dust?

"Duty! Religion! these, our duty done,
Imply reward. Religion is mistake:
Duty! there's none, but to repel the cheat.
Ye cheats! away; ye daughters of my pride!
Who feign yourselves the fav'rites of the skies:
Ye tow'ring hopes! abortive energies!
That toss and tumble in my lying breast,
To scale the skies, and build presumption there,
As I were heir of an eternity:

Vain, vain ambitions! trouble me no more.
As bounded as my being, be my wish.
All is inverted, wisdom is a fool;
Sense! take the rein; blind passion! drive us on;
And, ignorance! befriend us on our way;
Yes; give the pulse full empire; live the brute,
Since, as the brute, we die: the sum of man,
Of godlike man! to revel, and to rot.

"But not on equal terms with other brutes:
Their revels a more poignant relish yield,
And safer too; they never poisons choose.
Instinct, than reason, makes more wholesome
meals,

And sends all-marring murmur far away.
For sensual life they best philosophize;
Theirs, that serene, the sages sought in vain:
'Tis man alone expostulates with heaven;
His, all the pow'r, and all the cause to mourn.
Shall human eyes alone dissolve in tears?
And bleed, in anguish, none but human hearts?
The wide-stretch'd realm of intellectual woe,
Surpassing sensual far, is all our own.
In life so fatally distinguish'd, why
Cast in one lot, confounded, lump't, in death?

"And why then have we thought? To toil
and eat, [thought.
Then make our bed in darkness, needs no
What superfluities are reas'ning souls!
Oh give eternity! or thought destroy.—
But without thought our curse were half unfelt!
Its blunted edge would spare the throbbing
heart;

And therefore 'tis bestow'd. I thank thee, reason,
For aiding life's too small calamities,
And giving being to the dread of death.
Such are thy bounties!—Was it then too much
For me, to trespass on the brutal rights?
Too much for heav'n to make one emmet more?
Too much for chaos to permit my mass
A longer stay with essences unwrought,
Unfashion'd, untormented into man?
Wretched preferment to this round of pains!
Wretched capacity of phrenzy, thought!

Wretched capacity of dying, life!

Life, thought, worth, wisdom, all (oh foul revolt!)

Once friends to peace, gone over to the foe.

“Death then has chang’d its nature, too; O death,

Come to my bosom, thou best gift of heav’n!

Best friend of man! since man is man no more.

Why in this thorny wilderness so long,

Since there’s no promis’d land’s ambrosial bow’r?

But why this sumptuous insult o’er our heads?

Why this illustrious canopy display’d?

Why so magnificently lodg’d despair?

At stated periods sure returning, roll

These glorious orbs, that mortals may compute

Their length of labors, and of pains; nor lose

Their misery’s full measure?—smiles with flow’rs,

And fruits promiscuous, ever-teeming earth,

That man may languish in luxurious scenes,

And in an Eden mourn his with’ring joys?

Claim earth and skies man’s admiration, due

For such delights? blest animals! too wise

To wonder; and too happy to complain!

“Our doom decreed demands a mournful scene;

Why not a dungeon dark for the condemn’d?

Why not the dragon’s subterranean den,

For man to howl in? why not his abode

Of the same dismal color with his fate?

A Thebes, a Babylon, at vast expense

Of time, toil, treasure, art, for owls and adders,

As congruous, as for man this lofty dome,

Which prompts proud thought, and kindles high desire;

If from her humble chamber in the dust,

While proud thought swells, and high desire in-flames,

The poor worm calls us for her inmates there;

And round us death’s inexorable hand

Draws the dark curtain close; undrawn no more.

“Undrawn no more? behind the cloud of

Once I beheld a sun; a sun which gild [death,

That sable cloud, and turn’d it all to gold:

How the grave’s alter’d! fathomless as hell!

Annihilation! how it yawns before me!

Next moment I may drop from thought, from

The privilege of angels, and of worms, [sense,

An outcast from existence! and this spirit,

This all-pervading, this all-conscious soul,

This particle of energy divine,

Which travels nature, flies from star to star,

And visits gods, and emulates their pow’rs,

For ever is extinguish’d. Horror! death!

Death of that death I fearless once survey’d.

When horror universal shall descend,

And heaven’s dark concave urn all human race,

On that enormous, unrefunding tomb,

How just this verse! this monumental sigh!

Beneath the lumber of demolish’d worlds

Of matter, never dignify’d with life,

Here lie proud rationals; the sons of heav’n!

The lords of earth! the property of worms!

Beings of yesterday, and not to-morrow!
Who liv’d in terror, and in pangs expir’d.”

And art thou then a shadow? less than shadow?

A nothing? less than nothing? To have been,

And not to be, is lower than unborn.

Art thou ambitious? why then make the worm

Thine equal? runs thy taste of pleasure high?

Why patronize sure death of every joy?

Charm riches? why choose begg’ry in the grave,

Of ev’ry hope a bankrupt? and for ever!

Dar’st thou persist? And is there nought on earth

But a long train of transitory forms,

Rising, and breaking, millions in an hour?

Bubbles of a fantastic lord, blown up

In sport, and then in cruelty destroy’d!

Oh! for what crime, unmerciful Lorenzo,

Destroys thy scheme the whole of human race?

Kind is fell Lucifer compar’d to thee:

Oh! spare this waste of being half divine;

And vindicate th’ economy of heav’n.

§ 112. NIGHT VIII. *Human Life compared to the Ocean.*

OCEAN! thou dreadful and tumultuous home

Of dangers, at eternal war with man!

Death’s capital! where most he domineers,

With all his chosen terrors frowning round,

(Though lately feasted high at Albion’s cost,) Wide op’ning, and loud roaring still for more!

Too faithful mirror! how dost thou reflect

The melancholy face of human life!

The strong resemblance tempts me farther still

And, haply, Britain may be deeper struck

By moral truth, in such a mirror seen,

Which nature holds for ever at her eye.

Self-flatter’d, unexperienced, high in hope,

When young with sanguine cheer and streamers

We cut our cable, lanch into the world, [gay,

And fondly dream each wind and star our friend;

All in some darling enterprise embark’d:

But where is he can fathom its event?

Amid a multitude of artless hands,

Ruin’s sure perquisite! her lawful prize!

Some steer aright: but the black blast blows hard,

And puffs them wide of hope: with hearts of proof,

Full against wind and tide, some win their way;

And when strong effort has deserv’d the port,

And tugg’d it into view, ’tis won! ’tis lost!

They strike; and, while they triumph, they

expire.

In stress of weather, most; some sink outright;

O’er them and o’er their names the billows close;

To-morrow knows not they were ever born:

Others a short memorial leave behind,

Like a flag floating when the bark’s ingulf’d;

It floats a moment, and is seen no more:

One Cæsar lives, a thousand are forgot.

How few, beneath auspicious planets born,

With swelling sails make good the promis’d port,

With all their wishes freighted! Yet ev’n these,

Freighted with all their wishes, soon complain;

They still are men; and when is man secure?

As fatal time, as storm! the rush of years
Beats down their strength: their numberless
escapes

In ruin end; and now their proud success
But plants new terrors on the victor's brow:
What pain to quit the world just made their own!
Their nest so deeply down'd, and built so high!
Too low they build, who build beneath the stars.

§ 113. *Pleasure.*

Though somewhat disconcerted, steady still
To the world's cause, with half a face of joy,
Lorenzo cries, "Be, then, ambition cast;
Ambition's dearer far stands unimpeach'd,
Gay pleasure! proud ambition is her slave;
Who can resist her charms?"—Or, should?

Lorenzo!

What mortals shall resist where angels yield?
Pleasure's the mistress of ethereal pow'rs;
Pleasure's the mistress of the world below;
How would all stagnate, but for pleasure's ray!
What is the pulse of this so busy world?
The love of pleasure: that through ev'ry vein
Throws motion, warmth; and shuts out death
from life.

Though various are the tempers of mankind,
Pleasure's gay family holds all in chains.
Some most affect the black, and some the fair;
Whate'er the motive, pleasure is the mark:
For her, the black assassin draws his sword;
For her, dark statesmen trim their midnight
To which no single sacrifice may fall; [lamp,
The Stoic proud, for pleasure, pleasure scorn'd;
For her, affliction's daughters grief indulge,
And find, or hope, a luxury in tears:
For her, guilt, shame, toil, danger, we defy;
And, with an aim voluptuous, rush on death:
Thus universal her despotic power.

Patron of pleasure! I thy rival am;
Pleasure, the purpose of my gloomy song:
Pleasure is nought but virtue's gayer name—
I wrong her still, I rate her worth too low:
Virtue the root, and pleasure is the flow'r.

The love of pleasure is man's eldest-born,
Born in his cradle, living to his tomb:
Wisdom, her younger sister, though more grave,
Was meant to minister, and not to mar
Imperial pleasure, queen of human hearts.

§ 114. *Resources of a Dejected Mind.*

Art thou dejected? is thy mind o'ercast?
Thy gloom to chase, go, fix some weighty
truth; [good;
Chain down some passion; do some gen'rous
Teach ignorance to see, or grief to smile!
Correct thy friend; befriend thy greatest foe;
Or, with warm heart, and confidence divine,
Spring up, and lay strong hold on him who
made thee—

Thy gloom is scatter'd, sprightly spirits flow,
Though wither'd is thy vine, and harp unstrung.

Dost call the bowl, the viol, and the dance,
Loud mirth, mad laughter? wretched comforters!
Physicians! more than half of thy disease.

Laughter, though never censur'd yet as sin,
Is half-immoral. Is it much indulg'd?
By venting spleen, or dissipating thought,
It shows a scorner, or it makes a fool;
And sins, as hurting others, or ourselves.
The house of laughter makes a house of woe:
What cause for triumph, where such ills abound?
What for dejection, where presides a pow'r,
Who call'd us into being to be bless'd?
So grieve, as conscious, grief may rise to joy;
So joy, as conscious, joy to grief may fall.
Most true; a wise man never will be sad;
But neither will sonorous, bubbling mirth
A shallow stream of happiness betray:
Too happy to be sportive, he's serene.

Retire, and read thy Bible, to be gay:
There truths abound of sov'reign aid to peace:
Ah! do not prize them less, because inspir'd;
If not inspir'd, that pregnant page had stood,
Time's treasure! and the wonder of the wise!
But these, thou think'st are gloomy paths to
joy.

True joy in sunshine ne'er was found at first:
They first themselves offend, who greatly please;
And travel only gives us sound repose.
Heav'n sells all pleasure; effort is the price;
The joys of conquest are the joys of man;
And glory the victorious laurel spreads
O'er pleasure's pure, perpetual, placid stream.

§ 115. *Picture of a Good Man.*

With aspect mild, and elevated eye,
Behold him seated on a mount serene,
Above the fogs of sense and passion's storm;
All the black cares and tumults of this life,
Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet.
Earth's genuine sons, the sceptred and the slave,
A mingled mob! a wand'ring herd! he sees
Bewilder'd in the vale; in all unlike!
His full reverse in all; what higher praise?
What stronger demonstration of the right?

The present all their care; the future his:
When public welfare calls, or private want,
They give to fame; his bounty he conceals:
Their virtues varnish nature; his exalt:
Theirs the wild chase of false felicities;
His the composed possession of the true:
Alike throughout is his consistent peace,
All of one color, and an even thread;
While party-color'd shreds of happiness,
With hideous gaps between, patch up for them
A madman's robe; each puff of fortune blows
The tatters by, and shows their nakedness.

He sees with other eyes than theirs'; where
they
Behold a sun, he spies a Deity;
What makes them only smile, makes him
adore;

Where they see mountains, he but atoms sees;
An empire in his balance, weighs a grain:
They things terrestrial worship, as divine;
His hopes immortal blow them by, as dust,
That dims his sight, and shortens his survey,
Which longs, in infinite, to lose all bound:

Titles and honors (if they prove his fate)
 He lays aside to find his dignity :
 They triumph in externals (which conceal
 Man's real glory), proud of an eclipse ;
 He nothing thinks so great in man, as man ;
 Too dear he holds his interest, to neglect
 Another's welfare, or his right invade ;
 Their int'rest, like a lion's, lives on prey ;
 They kindle at the shadow of a wrong ;
 Wrong he sustains with temper, looks on heav'n,
 Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe ;
 Nought, but what wounds his virtue, wounds
 his peace :

A cover'd heart their character defends ;
 A cover'd heart denies him half his praise :
 With nakedness his innocence agrees ;
 While their broad foliage testifies their fall :
 Their no-joys end, where his full feast begins ;
 His joys create, theirs murder future bliss :
 To triumph in existence, his alone ;
 And his alone, triumphantly to think
 His true existence is not yet begun :
 His glorious course was, yesterday, complete ;
 Death then was welcome, yet life still is sweet.

§ 116. *Wit and Wisdom.*

WIT, how delicious to man's dainty taste !—
 'Tis precious as the vehicle of sense ;
 But, as its substitute, a dire disease :
 Pernicious talent ! flatter'd by mankind,
 Yet hated too ; they think the talent rare.
 Wisdom is rare, Lorenzo ! wit abounds ;
 Passion can give it ; sometimes wine inspires
 The lucky flash ; and madness rarely fails.
 Whatever cause the spirit strongly stirs,
 Confers the bays, and rivals thy renown ;
 Chance often hits it ; and to pique thee more,
 See dulness blund'ring on vivacities.
 But wisdom, awful wisdom ! which inspects,
 Discerns, compares, weighs, separates, infers,
 Seizes the right, and holds it to the last !
 How rare ! In senates, synods, sought in vain ;
 Or, if there found, 'tis sacred to the few.
 While a loud prostitute to multitudes,
 Frequent as fatal, wit. In civil life,
 Wit makes an enterpriser ; sense a man :
 Sense is our helmet, wit is but the plume ;
 The plume exposes, 'tis our helmet saves :
 Sense is the diamond, weighty, solid, sound ;
 When cut by wit, it casts a brighter beam ;
 Yet, wit apart, it is a diamond still : [nought ;
 Wit, widow'd of good sense, is worse than
 It hoists more sail to run against a rock.

How ruinous the rock I warn thee shun,
 Where syrens sit to sing thee to thy fate !
 Let not the cooings of the world allure thee ;
 Which of her lovers ever found her true ?
 Happy ! of this bad world who little know ;
 She gives but little ; nor that little, long.
 There is, I grant, a triumph of the pulse ;
 A dance of spirits, a mere froth of joy,
 That mantles high, that sparkles and expires,
 Leaving the soul more vapid than before ;
 An animal ovation ! such as holds

No commerce with our reason, but subsists
 On juices, through the well-tun'd tubes well
 strain'd ;
 A nice machine ! scarce ever tun'd aright ;
 But when it jars, the syrens sing no more,
 The demi-god is thrown beneath the man,
 In coward gloom immers'd, or fell despair.

§ 117. *NIGHT IX. Reflections on Death.*

WHERE the prime actors of the last year's
 scene ;
 Their port so proud, their buskin, and their
 plume ?

How many sleep, who kept the world awake
 With lustre, and with noise ? Has Death pro-
 claim'd
 A truce, and hung his sated lance on high ?
 'Tis brandish'd still ; nor shall the present year
 Be more tenacious of her human leaf,
 Or spread of feeble life a thinner fall.

But needless monuments to wake the
 thought ;

Life's gayest scenes speak man's mortality,
 Though in a style more florid, full as plain,
 As mausoleums, pyramids, and tombs.
 What are our noblest ornaments, but deaths
 Turn'd flatterers of life, in paint or marble ;
 The well-stain'd canvas, or the featur'd stone ?
 Our fathers grace, or rather haunt the scene ;
 Joy peoples her pavilion from the dead.

" Profest diversions ! cannot these escape ?"
 Far from it ; these present us with a shroud,
 And talk of death like garlands o'er the grave.
 As some bold plunderers for buried wealth,
 We ransack tombs for pastime ; from the dust
 Call up the sleeping hero ; bid him tread
 The scene for our amusement : how like gods
 We sit ; and, wrapt in immortality,
 Shed gen'rous tears on wretches born to die ;
 Their fate deploring, to forget our own !

§ 118. *The World a Grave.*

WHAT is the world itself ? thy world ?—a
 grave !
 Where is the dust that has not been alive ?
 The spade, the plough, disturb our ancestors ;
 From human mould we reap our daily bread ;
 The globe around earth's hollow surface shakes,
 And is the ceiling of her sleeping sons :
 O'er devastation we blind revels keep ;
 Whole buried towns support the dancer's heel :
 The moist of human frame the sun exhales ;
 Winds scatter, through the mighty void, the dry ;
 Earth re-possesses part of what she gave,
 And the freed spirit mounts on wings of fire ;
 Each element partakes our scatter'd spoils ;
 As nature wide, our ruins spread : man's death
 Inhabits all things, but the thought of man.

§ 119. *The Triumphs of Death.*

NOR man alone ; his breathing bust expires ;
 His tomb is mortal ; empires die : Where now
 The Roman ? Greek ? They stalk, an empty
 name !

Yet few regard them in this useful light;
 Though half our learning is their epitaph.
 When down thy vale, unlock'd by midnight
 thought,
 That loves to wander in thy sunless realms,
 O Death! I stretch my view; what visions rise!
 What triumphs! toils imperial! arts divine!
 In wither'd laurels, glide before my sight!
 What lengths of far-fam'd ages, billow'd high
 With human agitation, roll along
 In unsubstantial images of air!
 The melancholy ghosts of dead renown,
 Whisp'ring faint echoes of the world's applause;
 With penitential aspect, as they pass,
 All point at earth, and hiss at human pride.

§ 120. *Deluge and Conflagration.*

BUT, O Lorenzo! far the rest above,
 Of ghastly nature, and enormous size,
 One form assaults my sight and chills my blood
 And shakes my frame: of one departed world
 I see the mighty shadow; oozy wreath
 And dismal sea-weed crown her; o'er her urn
 Reclin'd, she weeps her desolated realms,
 And bloated sons; and, weeping, prophesies
 Another's dissolution, soon, in flames.

Deluge and Conflagration, dreadful pow'rs!
 Prime ministers of vengeance! chain'd in caves
 Distinct, apart the giant furies roar;
 Apart, or such their horrid rage for ruin,
 In mutual conflict would they rise, and wage
 Eternal war, till one was quite devour'd:
 But not for this ordain'd their boundless rage;
 When heav'n's inferior instruments of wrath,
 War, famine, pestilence, are found too weak
 To scourge a world for her enormous crimes;
 These are let loose, alternate; down they rush,
 Swift and tempestuous, from th' eternal throne,
 With irresistible commission arm'd,
 The world, in vain corrected, to destroy,
 And ease creation of the shocking scene.

§ 121. *The Last Day.*

SEEST thou, Lorenzo! what depends on man?
 The fate of nature; as for man, her birth:
 Earth's actors change earth's transitory scenes,
 And make creation groan with human guilt:
 How must it groan, in a new deluge whelm'd;
 But not of waters! At the destin'd hour,
 By the loud trumpet summon'd to the charge,
 See, all the formidable sons of fire,
 Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings, play
 Their various engines; all at once disgorge
 Their blazing magazines; and take by storm
 This poor terrestrial citadel of man.

Amazing period: when each mountain height
 Out-burns Vesuvius; rocks eternal pour
 Their melted mass, as rivers once they pour'd;
 Stars rush; and final ruin fiercely drives
 Her ploughshare o'er creation!—while aloft
 More than astonishment! if more can be!
 Far other firmament than e'er was seen,
 Than e'er was thought by man! far other stars!
 Stars animate, that govern these of fire:

Far other sun!—A sun, O how unlike
 The babe of Bethlem! How unlike the man
 That groan'd on Calvary!—Yet, He it is;
 That man of sorrows! O how chang'd! What
 pomp!

In grandeur terrible, all heaven descends!
 A swift archangel, with his golden wing,
 As blots and clouds that darken and disgrace
 The scene divine, sweeps stars and suns aside:
 And now, all dross remov'd, heav'n's own pure
 Full on the confines of our ether, flames. [day,
 While (dreadful contrast!) far, how far beneath!
 Hell bursting, belches forth her blazing seas,
 And storms sulphureous: her voracious jaws
 Expanding wide, and roaring for her prey.

At midnight, when mankind is wrapp'd in
 peace,
 And worldly fancy feeds on golden dreams,
 Man, starting from his couch, shall sleep no
 more,
 Above, around, beneath, amazement all!
 Terror and glory join'd in their extremes!
 Our God in grandeur, and our world on fire!
 All nature struggling in the pangs of death!
 Dost thou not hear her? dost thou not deplore
 Her strong convulsions, and her final groan?
 Where are we now? Ah me! the ground is gone
 On which we stood!—Lorenzo! while thou
 mayst,

Provide more firm support, or sink for ever!
 Where? how? from whence? Vain hope! it is
 too late!

Where, where, for shelter, shall the guilty fly,
 When consternation turns the good man pale?

Great day! for which all other days were
 made; [earth;

For which earth rose from chaos; man from
 And an Eternity, the date of Gods,
 Descended on poor earth-created man!
 Great day of dread, decision, and despair!
 At thought of thee, each sublunary wish
 Lets go its eager grasp, and drops the world;
 And catches at each reed of hope in heav'n.
 Already is begun the grand assize,
 In us, in all: deputed conscience scales
 The dread tribunal, and forestalls our doom;
 Forestalls; and by forestalling, proves it sure.
 Why on himself should man void judgment
 pass?

Is idle nature laughing at her sons?
 Who conscience sent, her sentence will support,
 And God above assert that God in man.

§ 122. *Thoughtlessness of the Last Day.*

THrice happy they, that enter now the court
 Heav'n opens in their bosoms: but, how rare!
 Ah me! that magnanimity, how rare!
 What hero, like the man who stands himself;
 Who dares to meet his naked heart alone?
 Who hears intrepid the full charge it brings,
 Resolv'd to silence future murmurs there?
 The coward flies; and, flying, is undone.

Shall all, but man, look out with ardent eye
 For that great day, which was ordain'd for man?

O day of consummation! mark supreme
 (If men are wise) of human thought! nor least,
 Or in the sight of angels, or their King!
 Angels, whose radiant circles, height o'er height,
 As in a theatre, surround this scene,
 Intent on man and anxious for his fate,
 Angels look out for thee; for thee, their Lord,
 To vindicate his glory; and for thee,
 Creation universal calls aloud,
 To disinvolve the moral world, and give
 To nature's renovation brighter charms.

Shall man alone, whose fate, whose final fate,
 Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his thought?
 I think of nothing else; I see! I feel it!
 All nature like an earthquake, trembling round!
 I see the Judge enthron'd! the flaming guard!
 The volume open'd! open'd ev'ry heart!
 A sunbeam pointing out each secret thought!
 No patron! intercessor none! now past
 The sweet, the element, mediatorial hour!
 For guilt no plea! to pain no pause! no bound!
 Inexorable all! and all extreme!
 Nor man alone; the foe of God and man,
 From his dark den, blaspheming, drags his chain,
 And rears his brazen front, with thunder scar'd;
 Like meteors in a stormy sky, how roll
 His baleful eyes! he curses whom he dreads,
 And deems it the first moment of his fall.

§ 123. *Eternity and Time.*

'Tis present to my thought!—And, yet, where
 is it?

Say, Thou great close of human hopes and fears!
 Great key of hearts! great finisher of fates!
 Great end, and great beginning! say, where art
 Art thou in time, or in eternity? [thou?
 Nor in eternity, nor time I find thee!
 These, as two monarchs, on their borders meet,
 (Monarchs of all elaps'd, or unarriv'd!)
 As in debate, how best their pow'rs ally'd
 May swell the grandeur, or discharge the wrath,
 Of him, whom both their monarchies obey.

Time, this vast fabric for him built (and
 doom'd

With him to fall) now bursting o'er his head;
 His lamp, the sun, extinguish'd, calls his sons
 From their long slumber, from earth's heaving
 womb,

To second birth; upstarting from one bed,
 He turns them o'er, eternity! to thee:
 Then (as a king depos'd disdains to live)
 He falls on his own scythe; nor falls alone;
 His greatest foe falls with him; time, and he
 Who murder'd all time's offspring, death, expire.

Time was! eternity now reigns alone!
 And lo! her twice ten thousand gates thrown
 wide,

With banners, streaming as the comet's blaze,
 And clarions, louder than the deep in storms,
 Pour forth their myriads, potentates, and pow'rs,
 Of light, of darkness: in a middle field,
 Wide as creation! there to mark th' event
 Of that great drama, whose preceding scenes
 Detain'd them close spectators, through a length

Of ages, rip'ning to this grand result;
 Ages, as yet unnumber'd but by God;
 Who, now, pronouncing sentence, vindicates
 The rights of virtue, and his own renown.

Eternity, the various sentence past,
 Assigns the sever'd throng distinct abodes,
 Sulphureous or ambrosial: What ensues?
 The goddess, with determin'd aspect, turns
 Her adamantine key's enormous size
 Through destiny's inextricable wards,
 Deep driving ev'ry bolt, on both their fates:
 Then from the crystal battlements of heav'n,
 Down, down, she hurls it through the dark
 profound,

Ten thousand thousand fathom; there to rust,
 And ne'er unlock her resolution more.
 The deep resounds, and hell, through all her
 glooms,
 Returns, in groans, the melancholy roar.

§ 124. *The Unreasonableness of Complaint.*

WHAT then am I?—

Amidst applauding worlds,
 And worlds celestial, is there found on earth
 A peevish, dissonant, rebellious string,
 Which jars in the grand chorus, and complains?
 All, all is right, by God ordain'd, or done;
 And who, but God, resum'd the friends he gave?
 And have I been complaining, then, so long?—
 Complaining of his favors; pain, and death?
 Who without pain's advice would e'er be good?
 Who without death, but would be good in vain?
 Pain is to save from pain! all punishment,
 To make for peace! and death to save from
 death!

And second death to guard immortal life;
 To rouse the careless, the presumptuous awe,
 And turn the tide of souls another way;
 By the same tenderness divine ordain'd,
 That planted Eden, and high-bloom'd for man,
 A fairer Eden, endless in the skies.

§ 125. *The Greatness of God inexpressible.*

O WHAT a root! O what a branch is here!
 O what a father! what a family!
 Worlds! systems! and creations!—and creations,
 In one agglomerated cluster, hung,
 Great Vine! on thee; on thee the cluster hangs;
 The filial cluster! infinitely spread
 In glowing globes, with various being fraught;
 Or, shall I say (for who can say enough?)
 A constellation of ten thousand gems,
 Set in one signet, flames on the right hand
 Of majesty divine; the blazing seal,
 That deeply stamps, on all created mind,
 Indelible, his sovereign attributes,
 Omnipotence and love: nor stop we here,
 For want of power in God, but thought in man.
 If greater aught, that greater all is thine,
 Dread Sire!—Accept this miniature of thee;
 And pardon an attempt from mortal thought,
 In which archangels might have fail'd, un-
 blam'd.

§ 126. *Reflections on Sleep.*

BUT oh!—my spirits fail!—sleep's dewy hand
Has strok'd my drooping lids to soft repose:
Haste, haste, sweet stranger! from the peasant's
cot!

The ship-boy's hammock, or the soldier's straw,
Whence sorrow never chas'd thee: with thee
bring

Not hideous visions, as of late; but draughts
Delicious of well-tasted, cordial, rest;
Man's rich restorative; his balmy bath,
That supples, lubricates, and keeps in play,
The various movements of this nice machine.
Sleep winds us up for the succeeding dawn;
Fresh we spin on, till sickness clogs our wheels,
Or death quite breaks the spring, and motion
When will it end with me! [ends.

—Thou only know'st,

Thou, whose broad eye the future and the past
Joins to the present; thou, and thou alone,
All-knowing!—all unknown! and yet well
known!

Thee, though invisible, for ever seen!
And seen in all the great and the minute,
Each globe above, with its gigantic race,
Each flower, each leaf, with its small people
swarm'd, [declare

To the first thought, that asks, from whence?
Their common source, thou fountain running
In rivers of communicated joy! [o'er
Who gav'st us speech for far, far humbler
themes!

Say, by what name shall I presume to call
Him I see burning in these countless souls,
As Moses in the bush? illustrious mind!
How shall I name Thee?—how my laboring
soul [birth!

Heaves underneath the thought, too big for

§ 127. *Address to the Trinity.*

GREAT system of perfections! mighty cause
Of nature, that luxuriant growth of God,
Father of this immeasurable mass
Of matter multiform; mov'd, or at rest:
Father of these bright millions of the night!
Of which the least full Godhead had proclaim'd,
Father of matter's temporary lords!
Father of spirits! nobler offspring! sparks
Of high, paternal glory; rich-endow'd
With various measures, and with various modes
Of instinct, reason, intuition; beams
More pale, or bright from day divine, that raise
Each over other in superior light,
Till the last ripens into lustre strong
Of next approach to Godhead: Father kind
Of intellectual beings; beings blest
With powers to please thee: not of passive ply
To laws they know not; beings lodg'd in seats
Of well-adapted joys; in different domes
Of this imperial palace for thy sons.
Or, oh! indulge, immortal King! indulge
A title, less august indeed, but more
Endearing—ah! how sweet in human ears—
Father of immortality to man!

And thou the next! yet equal! thou, by whom
That blessing was convey'd; far more! was
bought;

Ineffable the price! by whom all worlds
Were made, and one redeem'd! illustrious light
From light illustrious! Thou, whose regal
On more than adamant basis fix'd, [power,
O'er more, far more, than diadems and thrones,
Inviolably reigns; beneath whose foot,
And by the mandate of whose awful nod,
All regions, revolutions, fortunes, fates,
Of high, of low, of mind, and matter roll
Through the short channels of expiring time,
Or shoreless ocean of eternity,
In absolute subjection!—And, O Thou,
The glorious third! distinct, not separate,
Beaming from both! incorporate with dust
By condescension, as thy glory, great;
Enshrin'd in man! of human hearts, if pure,
Divine inhabitant! the tie divine [pow'r!
Of heaven with distant earth!—mysterious
Reveal'd,—yet unreveal'd! darkness in light!
Number in unity! our joy! our dread!
Tri-une, unutterable, unconceiv'd,
Absconding yet demonstrable, great God!
Greater than greatest! with soft pity's eye,
From thy bright home, from that high firma-
ment,

Where thou, from all eternity, hast dwelt;
Beyond archangels' unassisted ken;
Through radiant ranks of essences unknown;
Through hierarchies from hierarchies detach'd,
Round various banners of omnipotence,
With endless change of rapt'rous duties fired;
Through wondrous beings interposing swarms,
All clust'ring at the call, to dwell in thee;
Through this wide waste of worlds—look down
—down—down,

On a poor breathing particle in dust,
Or, lower, an immortal in his crimes:
His crimes forgive! forgive his virtues too!
Those smaller faults; half-converts to the right.
Nor let me close these eyes, which never more
May see the sun (though night's descending
scale

Now weighs up morn) un pity'd and unblest!
In thy displeasure dwells eternal pain;
And, since all pain is terrible to man,
Gently, ah, gently, lay me in my bed,
My clay-cold bed! by nature, now, so near!
And when (the shelter of thy wing implor'd)
My senses, sooth'd, shall sink in soft repose;
O sink this truth still deeper in my soul: [ever,
Man's sickly soul, though turn'd, and toss'd for
From side to side, can rest on nought but thee;
Here, in full trust; hereafter, in full joy.
Thou God and mortal! thence more God to
man!

Thou canst not 'scape uninjur'd from our praise:
Uninjur'd from our praise can he escape,
Who, disembosom'd from the Father, bows
The heav'n of heav'ns, to kiss the distant earth!
Breathes out in agonies a sinless soul!
Against the cross, death's iron sceptre breaks!

Throws wide the gates celestial to his foes!
 Their gratitude, for such a boundless debt,
 Deputes their suffering brothers to receive!
 Enjoins it as our duty, to rejoice!
 And (to close all) omnipotently kind,
 Takes his delights among the sons of men.

What words are these?—And did they come
 from heav'n?
 And were they spoke to man? to guilty man?
 What are all mysteries to love like this!
 Rich prelibation of consummate joy!

§ 128. *Conclusion.*

THEN, farewell night! of darkness, now no
 more:

Joy breaks, shines, triumphs; 'tis eternal day!
 Shall that which rises out of nought complain,
 Of a few evils, paid with endless joys?
 My soul! henceforth, in sweetest union join
 The two supports of human happiness,
 Which some, erroneous, think can never meet;
 True taste of life, and constant thought of death;
 Thy patron, he, whose diadem has dropp'd
 Yon gems of heav'n; eternity thy prize.
 How must a spirit, late escap'd from earth,
 The truth of things new-blazing in its eye,
 Look back, astonish'd, on the ways of men,
 Whose life's whole drift is to forget their graves!
 And when our present privilege is past,
 The same astonishment will seize us all.
 What then must pain us, would preserve us now!
 Seize wisdom, ere 'tis torment to be wise;
 That is, seize wisdom, ere she seizes thee:
 For, what is hell? full knowledge of the truth,
 When truth, resisted long, is sworn our foe;
 And calls eternity to do her right.

Thus, darkness aiding intellectual light,
 And sacred silence whispering truths divine,
 And truths divine converting pain to peace,
 My song the midnight raven has outwing'd,
 And shot, ambitious of unbounded scenes,
 Beyond the flaming limits of the world,
 Her gloomy flight. But what avails the flight
 Of fancy, when our hearts remain below?
 Virtue abounds in flatterers and foes;
 Lorenzo! rise, at this auspicious hour; [man;
 An hour, when heaven's most intimate with
 When, like a falling star, the ray divine
 Glides swift into the bosom of the just;
 And just are all, determin'd to reclaim;
 Which sets that title high within thy reach.
 Awake, then: thy Philander calls: awake!
 Thou, who shalt wake, when the creation sleeps:
 When, like a taper, all these suns expire:
 When time, like him of Gaza, in his wrath
 Plucking the pillars that support the world,
 In nature's ample ruins lies entomb'd;
 And midnight, universal midnight! reigns.

§ 129. *The Day of Judgment.* Young.

Lo! the wide theatre, whose ample space
 Must entertain the whole of human race,
 At Heaven's all-powerful edict is prepar'd,
 And fenc'd around with an immortal guard,

Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds, o'erflow
 The mighty plain, and deluge all below:
 And ev'ry age and nation pours along;
 Nimrod and Bourbon mingle in the throng;
 Adam salutes his youngest son; no sign
 Of all those ages which their births disjoin.'

How empty learning, and how vain is art,
 But as it mends the life, and guides the heart!
 What volumes have been swell'd, what time
 been spent,

To fix a hero's birthday or descent!
 What joy must it now yield, what rapture raise,
 To see the glorious race of ancient days!

To greet those worthies, who perhaps have stood
 Illustrious on record before the flood!

Alas! a nearer care your soul demands:

Cæsar unnoted in your presence stands.

How vast the concourse! not in number more

The waves that break on the resounding shore,

The leaves that tremble in the shady grove,

The lamps that gild the spangled vaults above;

Those overwhelming armies, whose command

Said to one empire, fall; another, stand;

Whose rear lay wrapt in night, while breaking
 dawn

Rous'd the broad front, and call'd the battle on;

Great Xerxes' world in arms, proud Cannæ's
 field,

Where Carthage taught victorious Rome to yield;

(Another blow had broke the Fates' decree,

And earth had wanted her fourth monarchy.)

Immortal Blenheim, fam'd Ramillia's host,

They all are here, and here they all are lost:

Their millions swell to be discern'd in vain,

Lost as a billow in th' unbounded main. [air:

This echoing voice now rends the yielding
 "For judgment, judgment, sons of men pre-
 pare!"

Earth shakes anew; I hear her groans profound,
 And hell through all her trembling realms
 resound.

Whoe'er thou art, thou greatest pow'r of earth,

Blest with most equal planets at thy birth,

Whose valor drew the most successful sword,

Most realms united in one common lord;

Who on the day of triumph said'st, Be thine

The skies, Jehovah, all this world is mine;

Dare not to lift thine eye—Alas, my Muse!

How art thou lost! what numbers canst thou
 choose?

A sudden blush inflames the waving sky,

And now the crimson curtains open fly;

Lo! far within, and far above all height,

Where heaven's great Sov'reign reigns in worlds
 of light;

Whence nature He informs, and with one ray

Shot from his eye, does all her works survey,

Creates, supports, confounds! where time and
 place,

Matter, and form, and fortune, life, and grace,

Wait humbly at the footstool of their God,

And move obedient at his awful nod;

Whence he beholds us vagrant emmets crawl

At random on this air-suspended ball

(Speck of creation!): if he pour one breath,
The bubble breaks, and 'tis eternal death.

Thence issuing I behold (but mortal sight
Sustains not such a rushing sea of light!)
I see, on an empyreal flying throne
Sublimely rais'd, Heaven's everlasting Son;
Crown'd with that majesty which form'd the
world,

And the grand rebel flaming downward hurl'd:
Virtue, dominion, praise, omnipotence,
Support the train of their triumphant Prince.
A zone, beyond the thought of angels bright,
Around him, like the zodiac, winds its light.
Night shades the solemn arches of his brows,
And in his cheek the purple morning glows.
Where'er serene he turns propitious eyes,
Or we expect, or find, a paradise:
But if resentment reddens their mild beams,
The Eden kindles, and the world's in flames.
On one hand, knowledge shines in purest light,
On one, the sword of justice, fiercely bright.
Now bend the knee in sport, present the reed;
Now tell the scourg'd impostor he shall bleed!

Thus glorious, through the courts of heaven,
the Source

Of life and death eternal bends his course;
Loud thunders round him roll, and lightnings
play,

Th' angelic host is rang'd in bright array;
Some touch the string, some strike the sounding
shell;

And mingling voices in rich concert swell;
Voices seraphic! blest with such a strain,
Could Satan hear, he were a god again.

Triumphant King of glory! Soul of bliss,
What a stupendous turn of fate is this!
O! whither art thou rais'd above the scorn
And indigence of him in Bethlem born?
A needless, helpless, unaccounted guest,
And but a second to the fodder'd beast! [laid,
How chang'd from him, who meekly prostrate
Vouchsaf'd to wash the feet himself had made!
From him who was betray'd, forsook, denied,
Wept, languish'd, pray'd, bled, thirsted, groan'd,
and died;

Hung, pierc'd and bare, insulted by the foe;
All heaven in tears above, earth unconcern'd
below!

And was 't enough to bid the sun retire?
Why did not Nature at thy groan expire?
I see, I hear, I feel, the pangs divine;
The world is vanish'd—I am wholly thine!

Mistaken Caiaphas! ah! which blasphem'd,
Thou or thy pris'ner? which shall be condemn'd?
Well mightst thou rend thy garments, well ex-
Deep are the horrors of eternal flame! [claim,
But God is good! 'tis wondrous all! ev'n He
Thou gav'st to death, shame, torture, died for thee.

Now the descending triumph stops its flight
From earth full twice a planetary height.
There all the clouds condens'd, two columns raise
Distinct with orient veins and golden blaze;
One fix'd on earth, and one in sea: and round
Its ample foot the swelling billows sound.

These an immeasurable arch support,
The grand tribunal of this awful court.
Sheets of bright azure from the purest sky,
Stream from the crystal arch, and round the co-
lums fly.

Death, wrapt in chains, low at the basis lies,
And on the point of his own arrow dies.

Here high enthron'd th' eternal Judge is plac'd,
With all the grandeur of his Godhead grac'd;
Stars on his robes in beauteous order meet,
And the sun burns beneath his awful feet.

Now an archangel eminently bright,
From off his silver staff of wondrous height,
Unfurls the Christian flag, which waving flies,
And shuts and opens more than half the skies:
The cross so strong a red, it sheds a stain
Where'er it floats, on earth, and air, and main;
Flushes the hill, and sets on fire the wood,
And turns the deep-dyed ocean into blood.

Oh formidable glory! dreadful bright!
Refulgent torture to the guilty sight!
Ah, turn, unwary Muse, nor dare reveal
What horrid thoughts with the polluted dwell.
Say not (to make the sun shrink in his beam),
Dare not affirm, they wish it all a dream;
Wish or their souls may with their limbs decay,
Or God be spoil'd of his eternal sway:
But rather, if thou know'st the means, unfold
How they with transport might the scene behold.

Ah how but by repentance—by a mind
Quick and severe its own offence to find?
By tears, and groans, and never-ceasing care,
And all the pious violence of pray'r?
Thus then, with fervency till now unknown,
I cast my heart before th' eternal throne,
In this great temple, which the skies surround,
For homage to its Lord a narrow bound:
"O Thou! whose balance does the mountains
weigh,

Whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey,
Whose breath can turn those wat'ry worlds to
flame,

That flame to tempest, and that tempest tame;
Earth's meanest son, all trembling, prostrate falls,
And on the bounties of thy goodness calls.

"O! give the winds all past offence to sweep,
To scatter wide, or bury in the deep:
Thy pow'r, my weakness, may I ever see,
And wholly dedicate my soul to thee!
Reign o'er my will; my passions ebb and flow
At thy command, nor human motive know!
If anger boil, let anger be my praise,
And sin the graceful indignation raise.
My love be warm to succour the distress'd,
And lift the burden from the soul oppress'd.
O may my understanding ever read
This glorious volume, which thy wisdom made!
Who decks the maiden Spring with flow'ry
pride?

Who calls forth Summer like a sparkling bride?
Who joys the mother Autumn's bed to crown?
And bids old Winter lay his honors down?
Not the great Ottoman, or greater Czar,
Not Europe's arbitress of peace and war.

May sea and land, and earth and heav'n be join'd,
To bring th' eternal Author to my mind!
When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,
May thoughts of thy dread vengeance shake my soul!

When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly shine,
Adore, my heart, the Majesty divine!
Through ev'ry scene of life, or peace, or war,
Plenty, or want, thy glory be my care!
Shine we in arms, or sing beneath our vine?
Thine is the vintage, and the conquest thine;
Thy pleasure points the shaft and bends the bow,
The cluster blasts, or bids it brightly glow;
'Tis thou that lead'st our pow'rful armies forth,
And giv'st great Anne thy sceptre o'er the north.

"Grant I may ever, at the morning ray,
Open with pray'r the consecrated day;
Tune thy great praise, and bid my soul arise,
And with the mounting sun ascend the skies!
As that advances, let my zeal improve,
And glow with ardor of consummate love;
Nor cease at eve, but with the setting sun,
My endless worship shall be still begun.

"And, oh, permit the gloom of solemn night
To sacred thought may forcibly invite.
When this world's shut, and awful planets rise,
Call on our minds, and raise them to the skies.
Compose our souls with a less dazzling sight,
And show all nature in a milder light;
How ev'ry boist'rous thought in calms subsides;
How the smooth'd spirit into goodness glides!
O how divine, to tread the milky way
To the bright palace of the Lord of day!
His court admire, or for his favor sue;
Or leagues of friendship with his saints renew;
Pleas'd to look down, and see the world asleep,
While I long vigils to its Founder keep! [trot]

"Canst thou not shake the centre? Oh con-
Subdue by force, the rebel in my soul!
Thou, who canst still the raging of the flood,
Restrain the various tumults of my blood;
Teach me, with equal firmness, to sustain
Alluring pleasure, and assailing pain.
O may I pant for thee in each desire,
And with strong faith foment the holy fire!
Stretch out my soul in hope, and grasp the prize
Which in Eternity's deep bosom lies!
At the great day of recompense behold,
Devoid of fear, the fatal book unfold!
Then, wafted upwards to the blissful seat,
From age to age my grateful song repeat;
My light, my life, my God, my Saviour see,
And rival angels in the praise of Thee.

FROM EDWARD MOORE'S FABLES.

§ 130. *The Panther, the Horse, and other Beasts.*

THE man who seeks to win the fair,
(So custom says) must truth forbear;
Must fawn and flatter, cringe and lie,
And raise the goddess to the sky.
For truth is hateful to her ear;
A rudeness which she cannot bear.

A rudeness! Yes, I speak my thoughts;
For truth upbraids her with her faults.

How wretched, Chloe, then am I,
Who love you, and yet cannot lie!
And still, to make you less my friend,
I strive your errors to amend!
But shall the senseless fop impart
The softest passion to your heart;
While he who tells you honest truth,
And points to happiness your youth,
Determines, by his care, his lot,
And lives neglected and forgot?

Trust me, my dear, with greater ease,
Your taste for flatt'ry I could please;
And similes in each dull line,
Like glow-worms in the dark, should shine.
What if I say your lips disclose
The freshness of the op'ning rose?
Or that your cheeks are beds of flow'rs,
Enripen'd by refreshing show'rs?
Yet certain as these flow'rs shall fade,
Time ev'ry beauty will invade.
The butterfly of various hue,
More than the flow'rs, resembles you;
Fair, flutt'ring, fickle, busy thing,
To pleasure ever on the wing,
Gaily coquetting for an hour,
To die, and ne'er be thought of more.

Would you the bloom of youth should last?
'Tis virtue that must bind it fast;
An easy carriage, wholly free
From sour reserves or levity;
Good-natur'd mirth, an open heart,
And looks unskill'd in any art;
Humility enough to own
The frailties which a friend makes known;
And decent pride, enough to know
The worth that virtue can bestow.

These are the charms which ne'er decay,
Though youth and beauty fade away;
And time, which all things else removes,
Still heightens virtue, and improves.

You'll frown, and ask, To what intent
This blunt address to you is sent?
I'll spare the question, and confess
I'd praise you, if I lov'd you less.
But rail, be angry, or complain,
I will be rude while you are vain.

Beneath a lion's peaceful reign,
When beasts met friendly on the plain,
A Panther of majestic port
(The vainest female of the court)
With spotted skin, and eyes of fire,
Fill'd ev'ry bosom with desire.
Where'er she mov'd, a servile crowd
Of fawning creatures cring'd and bow'd:
Assemblies ev'ry week she held
(Like modern belles) with coxcombs fill'd;
Where noise, and nonsense, and grimace,
And lies, and scandal, fill'd the place.

Behold the gay fantastic thing
Encircled by the spacious ring!
Low bowing, with important look,
As, first in rank, the Monkey spoke:

"Gad take me, madam! but I swear,
No angel ever look'd so fair:
Forgive my rudeness, but I vow
You were not quite divine till now;
Those limbs! that shape! and then those eyes!
O close them, or the gazer dies!"

Nay, gentle pug, for goodness hush,
I vow and swear you make me blush;
I shall be angry at this rate;
'Tis so like flatt'ry, which I hate.

The Fox, in deeper cunning vers'd,
The beauties of the mind rehears'd,
And talk'd of knowledge, taste, and sense,
To which the fair have vast pretence!
Yet well he knew them always vain
Of what they strive not to attain;
And play'd so cunningly his part,
That pug was rivall'd in his art.

The Goat avow'd his am'rous flame,
And burnt—for what he durst not name;
Yet hop'd a meeting in the wood
Might make his meaning understood.
Half angry at the bold address,
She frown'd; but yet she must confess
Such beauties might inflame his blood,
But still his phrase was somewhat rude.

The Hog her neatness much admir'd;
The formal Ass her swiftness fir'd;
While all to feed her folly strove,
And by their praises shar'd her love.

The Horse, whose gen'rous heart disdain'd
Applause by servile flatt'ry gain'd,
With graceful courage silence broke,
And thus with indignation spoke:

When flatt'ring monkeys fawn and prate,
They justly raise contempt or hate;
For merit's turn'd to ridicule,
Applauded by the grinning fool.
The artful fox your wit commends,
To lure you to his selfish ends;
From the vile flatt'rer turn away,
For knaves make friendships to betray:
Dismiss the train of fops and fools,
And learn to live by wisdom's rules:
Such beauties might the lion warm,
Did not your folly break the charm;
For who could court that lovely shape,
To be the rival of an ape?

He said, and snorting in disdain,
Spurn'd at the crowd, and sought the plain.

§ 131. *The Nightingale and the Glow-worm.*

THE prudent nymph, whose cheeks disclose
The lily and the blushing rose,
From public view her charms will screen,
And rarely in the crowd be seen;
This simple truth shall keep her wise—
"The fairest fruits attract the flies."

One night a Glow-worm, proud and vain,
Contemplating her glitt'ring train,
Cried, Sure there never was in nature,
So elegant, so fine a creature.
All other insects that I see,
The frugal ant, industrious bee,

Or silk-worm, with contempt I view;
With all that low, mechanic crew,
Who servilely their lives employ
In business, enemy to joy.
Mean, vulgar herd! ye are my scorn;
For grandeur only I was born,
Or sure am sprung from race divine,
And plac'd on earth to live and shine.
Those lights that sparkle so on high,
Are but the glow-worms of the sky;
And kings on earth their gems admire,
Because they imitate my fire.

She spoke. Attentive on a spray,
A Nightingale forebore his lay;
He saw the shining morsel near,
And flew, directed by the glare;
A while he gaz'd, with sober look,
And thus the trembling prey bespoke:
Deluded fool, with pride elate!
Know, 'tis thy beauty brings thy fate:
Less dazzling, long thou mightst have lain
Unheeded on the velvet plain:
Pride, soon or late, degraded mourns,
And beauty wrecks whom she adorns.

§ 132. *The Poet and his Patron.*

WHY, Celia, is your spreading waist
So loose, so negligently lac'd?
Why must the wrapping bed-gown hide
Your snowy bosom's swelling pride?
How ill that dress adorns your head,
Distain'd and rumpled from the bed!
Those clouds that shade your blooming face
A little water might displace,
As nature ev'ry morn bestows
The crystal dew to cleanse the rose.
Those tresses, as the raven black,
That wav'd in ringlets down your back,
Uncomb'd, and injur'd by neglect,
Destroy the face which once they deck'd.

Whence this forgetfulness of dress?
Pray, madam, are you married?—Yes.
Nay, then indeed the wonder ceases;
No matter now how loose your dress is;
The end is won, your fortune's made;
Your sister now may take the trade.

Alas! what pity 'tis to find
This fault in half the female kind!
From hence proceeds aversion, strife,
And all that sours the wedded life.
Beauty can only point the dart,
'Tis neatness guides it to the heart;
Let neatness then and beauty strive
To keep a wav'ring flame alive.

'Tis harder far (you'll find it true)
To keep the conquest, than subdue;
Admit us once behind the screen,
What is there farther to be seen?
A newer face may raise the flame,
But ev'ry woman is the same.

Then study chiefly to improve
The charm that fix'd your husband's love.
Weigh well his humour. Was it dress
That gave your beauty pow'r to bless?

Pursue it still; be neater seen;
'Tis always frugal to be clean;
So shall you keep alive desire,
And time's swift wing shall fan the fire.

In garret high (as stories say)
A Poet sung his tuneful lay:
So soft, so smooth, his verse, you'd swear
Apollo and the Muses there:
Through all the town his praises rung;
His sonnets at the playhouse sung:
High waving o'er his lab'ring head,
The goddess Want her pinions spread,
And with poetic fury fir'd
What Phœbus faintly had inspir'd.

A noble youth, of taste and wit,
Approv'd the sprightly things he writ,
And sought him in his cobweb dome,
Discharg'd his rent, and brought him home.

Behold him at the stately board!
Who but the Poet and my Lord!
Each day deliciously he dines,
And greedy quaffs the gen'rous wines:
His sides were plump, his skin was sleek,
And plenty wanton'd on his cheek;
Astonish'd at the change so new,
Away th' inspiring goddess flew.

Now, dropt for politics and news,
Neglected lay the drooping Muse;
Unmindful whence his fortune came,
He stifled the poetic flame;
Nor tale, nor sonnet, for my lady,
Lampoon, nor epigram, was ready.

With just contempt his Patron saw
(Resolv'd his bounty to withdraw);
And thus, with anger in his look,
The late repenting fool bespoke:

Blind to the good that courts thee grown,
Whence has the sun of favor shone?
Delighted with thy tuneful art,
Esteem was growing in my heart;
But idly thou reject'st the charm
That gave it birth, and kept it warm.

Unthinking fools alone despise
The arts that taught them first to rise.

§ 133. *The Lawyer and Justice.*

LOVE! thou divinest good below!
Thy pure delights few mortals know:
Our rebel hearts thy sway disown,
While tyrant lust usurps thy throne.
The bounteous God of nature made
The sexes for each other's aid;
Their mutual talents to employ,
To lessen ills, and heighten joy.
To weaker women he assign'd
That soft'ning gentleness of mind,
That can by sympathy impart
Its likeness to the roughest heart.
Her eyes with magic pow'r endued,
To fire the dull, and awe the rude.
His rosy fingers on her face
Shed lavish ev'ry blooming grace,
And stamp'd (perfection to display)
His mildest image on her clay.

Man, active, resolute, and bold,
He fashion'd in a different mould,
With useful arts his mind inform'd,
His breast with nobler passions warm'd;
He gave him knowledge, taste, and sense,
And courage for the fair's defence.
Her frame, resistless to each wrong,
Demands protection from the strong;
To man she flies when fear alarms,
And claims the temple of his arms.

By nature's Author thus declar'd
The woman's sovereign and her guard,
Shall man by treach'rous wiles invade
The weakness he was meant to aid?
While beauty, given to inspire
Protecting love, and soft desire,
Lights up a wildfire in the heart,
And to its own breast points the dart,
Becomes the spoiler's base pretence
To triumph over innocence.

The wolf, that tears the tim'rous sheep,
Was never set the fold to keep;
Nor was the tiger, or the pard,
Meant the benighted traveller's guard;
But man, the wildest beast of prey,
Wears friendship's semblance to betray;
His strength against the weak employs;
And where he should protect, destroys.

Past twelve o'clock, the watchman cried;
His brief the studious lawyer plied;
The all-prevailing fee lay nigh,
The earnest of to-morrow's lie.
Sudden the furious winds arise,
The jarring casement shatter'd flies;
The doors admit a hollow sound,
And rattling from their hinges bound;
When Justice, in a blaze of light,
Reveal'd her radiant form to sight.

The wretch with thrilling horror shook;
Loose ev'ry joint, and pale his look;
Not having seen her in the courts,
Or found her mention'd in reports,
He ask'd, with falt'ring tongue, her name,
Her errand there, and whence she came.

Sternly the white-rob'd Shade replied
(A crimson glow her visage dyed)
Canst thou be doubtful who I am?
Is Justice grown so strange a name?
Were not your courts for Justice rais'd?
'Twas there, of old, my altars blaz'd.
My guardian thee did I elect,
My sacred temple to protect,
That thou and all thy venal tribe
Should spurn the goddess for the bribe?
Aloud the ruin'd client cries,
Justice has neither ears nor eyes;
In foul alliance with the bar,
'Gainst me the judge denounces war,
And rarely issues his decree
But with intent to baffle me.

She paus'd—her breast with fury burn'd;
The trembling Lawyer thus return'd:
I own the charge is justly laid,
And weak th' excuse that can be made;

Yet search the spacious globe and see
If all mankind are not like me.

The gownman, skill'd in Romish lies,
By faith's false glass deludes our eyes :
O'er conscience rides without control,
And robs the man to save his soul.

The doctor, with important face,
By sly design mistakes the case ;
Prescribes, and spins out the disease,
To trick the patient of his fees.

The soldier rough with many a scar,
And red with slaughter, leads the war ;
If he a nation's trust betray,
The foe has offer'd double pay.

When vice o'er all mankind prevails,
And weighty int'rest turns the scales,
Must I be better than the rest,
And harbour Justice in my breast ?
On one side only take the fee,
Content with poverty and thee ?

Thou blind to sense, and vile of mind,
Th' exasperated Shade rejoind',
If virtue from the world is flown,
Will others' faults excuse thy own ?
For sickly souls the priest was made ;
Physicians for the body's aid ;
The soldier guarded liberty ;
Man, woman, and the lawyer me.
If all are faithless to their trust,
They leave not thee the less unjust.
Henceforth your pleadings I disclaim,
And bar the sanction of my name ;
Within your courts it shall be read,
That Justice from the law is fled.

She spoke ; and hid in shades her face,
Till Hardwicke sooth'd her into grace.

§ 134. *The Young Lion and the Ape.*

'Tis true, I blame your lover's choice,
Though flatter'd by the public voice ;
And peevish grow, and sick, to hear
His exclamations, O how fair !
I listen not to wild delights,
And transports of expected nights ;
What is to me your hoard of charms,
The whiteness of your neck and arms ?
Needs there no acquisition more
To keep contention from the door ?
Yes ; past a fortnight, and you'll find
All beauty cloy, but of the mind.

Sense and good humour ever prove
The surest cords to fasten love ;
Yet, Phillis, simplest of your sex,
You never think but to perplex ;
Coquetting it with ev'ry ape
That struts abroad in human shape ;
Not that the coxcomb is your taste,
But that it stings your lover's breast.
To-morrow you resign the sway,
Prepar'd to honor and obey :
The tyrant mistress change for life,
To the submission of a wife.

Your follies, if you can, suspend,
And learn instruction from a friend :

Reluctant hear the first address,
Think often ere you answer Yes :
But, once resolv'd, throw off disguise,
And wear your wishes in your eyes ;
With caution ev'ry look forbear
That might create one jealous fear,
A lover's ripening hopes confound,
Or give the gen'rous breast a wound ;
Condemn the girlish arts to tease,
Nor use your power unless to please ;
For fools alone with rigor sway,
When, soon or late, they must obey.

The King of Brutes, in life's decline,
Resolv'd dominion to resign ;
The beasts were summon'd to appear,
And bend before the royal heir.
They came ; a day was fix'd ; the crowd
Before their future monarch bow'd.

A dapper Monkey, pert and vain,
Stepp'd forth, and thus address'd the train :
Why cringe, my friends, with slavish awe,
Before this pageant king of straw ?
Shall we anticipate the hour,
And, ere we feel it, own his pow'r ?
The counsels of experience prize,
I know the maxims of the wise ;
Subjection let us cast away,
And live the monarchs of to-day ;
'Tis ours the vacant hand to spurn,
And play the tyrant each in turn.
So shall he right from wrong discern,
And mercy from oppression learn ;
At others' woes be taught to melt,
And loathe the ills himself has felt.

He spoke—his bosom swell'd with pride ;
The youthful Lion thus replied :

What madness prompts thee to provoke
My wrath, and dare th' impending stroke ?
Thou wretched fool ! can wrongs impart
Compassion to the feeling heart ?
Or teach the grateful breast to glow,
The hand to give, or eye to flow ?
Learn'd in the practice of their schools,
From women thou hast drawn thy rules :
To them return ; in such a cause,
From only such expect applause ;
The partial sex I don't condemn,
For liking those who copy them.

Wouldst thou the gen'rous lion bind,
By kindness bribe him to be kind ;
Good offices their likeness get,
And payment lessens not the debt ;
With multiplying hand he gives
The good from others he receives ;
Or for the bad makes fair return,
And pays with int'rest scorn for scorn.

§ 135. *The Sparrow and the Dove.*

It was, as learn'd traditions say,
Upon an April's blithsome day,
When pleasure, ever on the wing,
Return'd, companion of the spring,
And cheer'd the birds with am'rous heat,
Instructing little hearts to beat ;

A Sparrow, frolic, gay, and young,
Of bold address, and flippant tongue,
Just left his lady of a night,
Like him to follow new delight.

The youth, of many a conquest vain,
Flew off to seek the chirping train;
The chirping train he quickly found,
And with a saucy ease bow'd round.
For ev'ry she his bosom burns,
And this and that he woos by turns;
And here a sigh, and there a bill;
And here—those eyes, so form'd to kill!
And now, with ready tongue, he strings
Unmeaning, soft, resistless things;
With vows and dem-me's skill'd to woo
As other pretty fellows do.
Not that he thought this short essay
A prologue needful to his play;
No, trust me, says our learned letter,
He knew the virtuous sex much better:
But these he held as specious arts,
To show his own superior parts;
The form of decency to shield,
And give a just pretence to yield.

Thus finishing his courtly play,
He mark'd the fav'rite of a day;
With careless impudence drew near,
And whisper'd Hebrew in her ear;
A hint, which, like the mason's sign,
The conscious can alone divine.

The flutt'ring nymph, expert at feigning,
Cried, Sir?—pray, Sir, explain your meaning—
Go prate to those that may endure ye!—
To me this rudeness!—I'll assure ye!
Then off she glided like a swallow,
As saying—you guess where to follow.

To such as know the party set,
'Tis needless to declare they met;
The parson's barn, as authors mention,
Confess'd the fair had apprehension.
Her honor there secure from stain,
She held all farther trifling vain;
No more affected to be coy,
But rush'd, licentious, on the joy.
Hist, love! the male companion cried;
Retire a while, I fear we're spied;
Nor was the caution vain: he saw
A Turtle rustling in the straw;
While o'er her callow brood she hung,
And fondly thus address'd her young:

Ye tender objects of my care!
Peace, peace, ye little helpless pair;
Anon he comes, your gentle sire,
And brings you all your hearts require.
For us, his infants, and his bride,
For us, with only love to guide,
Our lord assumes an eagle's speed,
And like a lion dares to bleed.
Nor yet by wint'ry skies confin'd,
He mounts upon the rudest wind,
From danger tears the vital spoil,
And with affection sweetens toil.
Ah cease, too vent'rous, cease to dare;
In thine, our dearer safety spare!

From him, ye cruel falcons, stray;
And turn, ye fowlers, far away!

Should I survive to see the day
That tears me from myself away;
That cancels all that Heaven could give,
The life by which alone I live,
Alas, how more than lost were I,
Who in the thought already die.

Ye powers whom men and birds obey,
Great rulers of your creatures, say,
Why mourning comes, by bliss convey'd,
And e'en the sweets of love allay'd?
Where grows enjoyment, tall and fair,
Around it twines entangling care;
While fear for what our souls possess
Enervates ev'ry pow'r to bless;
Yet friendship forms the bliss above;
And, life, what art thou without love?

Our hero, who had heard apart,
Felt something moving in his heart;
But quickly, with disdain, suppress'd
The virtue rising in his breast;
And first he feign'd to laugh aloud;
And next, approaching, smil'd and bow'd:

Madam, you must not think me rude;
Good manners never can intrude;
I vow I come through pure good nature—
(Upon my soul a charming creature!)
Art these the comforts of a wife?
This careful, cloister'd, moping life?
No doubt that odious thing call'd Duty,
Is a sweet province for a beauty.
Thou pretty ignorance! thy will
Is measur'd to thy want of skill;
That good oldfashion'd dame, thy mother,
Has taught thy infant years no other:
The greatest ill in the creation
Is sure the want of education.

But think ye—tell me without feigning—
Have all these charms no farther meaning?
Dame nature, if you don't forget her,
Might teach your ladyship much better.
For shame! reject this mean employment,
Enter the world and taste enjoyment,
Where time by circling bliss we measure;
Beauty was form'd alone for pleasure:
Come, prove the blessing, follow me,
Be wise, be happy, and be free.

Kind sir, replied our matron chaste,
Your zeal seems pretty much in haste;
I own, the fondness to be blest,
Is a deep thirst in ev'ry breast;
Of blessings too I have my store,
Yet quarrel not should Heaven give more;
Then prove the change to be expedient,
And think me, sir, your most obedient.

Here turning, as to one inferior,
Our gallant spoke, and smil'd superior:
Methinks, to quit your boasted station
Requires a world of hesitation;
Where brats and bonds are held a blessing,
The case I doubt is past redressing.
Why, child, suppose the joys I mention
Were the mere fruits of my invention,

You've cause sufficient for your carriage,
In flying from the curse of marriage;
That sly decoy; with varied snares,
That takes your widgeons in by pairs;
Alike to husband and to wife,
The cure of love, and bane of life;
The only method of forecasting,
To make misfortune firm and lasting;
The sin, by Heaven's peculiar sentence,
Unpardon'd through a life's repentance.

It is the double snake that weds
A common tail to diff'rent heads,
That lead the carcase still astray,
By dragging each a different way.
Of all the ills that may attend me,
From marriage, mighty gods, defend me!

Give me frank nature's wild demesne,
And boundless tract of air serene,
Where fancy, ever wing'd for change,
Delights to sport, delights to range:
There, Liberty! to thee is owing
Whate'er of bliss is worth bestowing:
Delights still varied, and divine,
Sweet goddess of the hills! are thine.

What say you now, you pretty pink, you?
Have I for once spoke reason, think you?
You take me now for no romancer—
Come, never study for an answer!

Away, cast ev'ry care behind ye,
And fly where joy alone shall find ye:

Soft, yet, return'd our female fencer;
A question more, or so—and then, sir.
You've rallied me with sense exceeding,
With much fine wit, and better breeding;
But pray, sir, how do you contrive it?
Do those of your world never wive it?
“No, no.” How then? “Why dare I tell,
“What does the bus'ness full as well?”
Do you ne'er love? “An hour at leisure.”
Have you no friendships? “Yes, for pleasure.”
No care for little ones? “We get 'em;
“The rest the mothers mind—and let 'em.”

Thou wretch, rejoin'd the kindling Dove,
Quite lost to life, as lost to love!

Whene'er misfortune comes, how just!
And come misfortunes surely must.
In the dead season of dismay,
In that your hour of trial, say,
Who then shall prop your sinking heart?
Who bear affliction's weightier part?

Say, when the black-bow'd welkin bends,
And winter's gloomy form impends,
To mourning turns all transient cheer,
And blasts the melancholy year;
For times at no persuasion stay,
Nor vice can find perpetual May;
Then where's that tongue by folly fed,
That soul of pertness whither fled?
All shrunk within thy lonely nest,
Forlorn, abandon'd, and unblest.
No friends, by cordial bonds allied,
Shall seek thy cold unsocial side;
No chirping prattlers to delight,
Shall turn the long-enduring night;

No bride her words of balm impart,
And warm thee at her constant heart.
Freedom, restrain'd by reason's force,
Is as the sun's unvarying course;
Benignly active, sweetly bright,
Affording warmth, affording light;
But, torn from virtue's sacred rules,
Becomes a comet, gaz'd by fools,
Foreboding cares, and storms, and strife,
And fraught with all the plagues of life.

Thou fool! by union ev'ry creature
Subsists, through universal nature;
And this, to beings void of mind,
Is wedlock of a meaner kind.
While womb'd in space, primeval clay
A yet unfashion'd embryo lay,
The Source of endless good above
Shot down his spark of kindling love:
Touch'd by the all-enlivening flame,
Then motion first exulting came;
Each atom sought its separate class
Through many a fair enamour'd mass;
Love cast the central charm around,
And with eternal nuptials bound.
Then form and order o'er the sky
First train'd their bridal pomp on high;
The sun display'd his orb to sight,
And burnt with hymeneal light.

Hence nature's virgin womb conceiv'd,
And with the genial burden heav'd;
Forth came the oak, her first-born heir,
And scal'd the breathing steep of air;
Then infant stems of various use,
Imbib'd her soft maternal juice;
The flow'rs, in early bloom disclos'd,
Upon her fragrant breast repos'd;
Within her warm embraces grew
A race of endless form and hue:
Then pour'd her lesser offspring round,
And fondly cloth'd the parent ground.

Nor here alone the virtue reign'd,
By matter's cumb'ring form detain'd;
But thence, subliming and refin'd,
Aspir'd, and reach'd its kindred mind.
Caught in the fond celestial fire,
The mind perceiv'd unknown desire;
And now with kind effusion flow'd,
And now with cordial ardors glow'd,
Beheld the sympathetic fair,
And lov'd its own resemblance there;
On all with circling radiance shone,
But cent'ring fix'd on one alone;
There clasp'd the heav'n-appointed wife,
And doubled every joy of life.

Here ever blessing, ever blest,
Resides this beauty of the breast;
As from his palace, here the god
Still beams effulgent bliss abroad;
Here gems his own eternal round,
The ring by which the world is bound;
Here bids his seat of empire grow,
And builds his little heav'n below.

The bridal partners thus allied,
And thus in sweet accordance tied,

One body, heart, and spirit live,
 Enrich'd by ev'ry joy they give;
 Like echo, from her vocal hold,
 Return'd in music twenty-fold,
 Their union, firm and undecay'd,
 Nor time can shake, nor pow'r invade;
 But as the stem and scion stand
 Ingrafted by a skilful hand,
 They check the tempest's wintry rage,
 And bloom and strengthen into age.
 A thousand amities unknown,
 And pow'rs perceiv'd by love alone,
 Endearing looks and chaste desire,
 Fan and support the mutual fire;
 Whose flame, perpetual as refin'd,
 Is fed by an immortal mind.

Nor yet the nuptial sanction ends;
 Like Nile it opens, and descends;
 Which, by apparent windings led,
 We trace to its celestial head.
 The fire, first springing from above,
 Becomes the source of life and love,
 And gives his filial heir to flow
 In fondness down on sons below:
 Thus, roll'd in one continued tide,
 To time's extremest verge they glide;
 While kindred streams on either hand,
 Branch forth in blessings o'er the land.

Thee, wretch! no lisping babe shall name,
 No late-returning brother claim,
 No kinsman on thy sight rejoice,
 No sister greet thy ent'ring voice;
 With partial eyes no parent see,
 And bless their years restor'd in thee.

In age rejected or declin'd,
 An alien e'en among thy kind,
 The partner of thy scorn'd embrace
 Shall play the wanton in thy face;
 Each spark unplume thy little pride,
 All friendship fly thy faithless side.
 Thy name shall like thy carcass rot,
 In sickness spurn'd, in death forgot.

All-giving Pow'r! great Source of life!
 Oh hear the parent, hear the wife!
 That life thou lendest from above,
 Though little, make it large in love;
 O bid my feeling heart expand
 To ev'ry claim, on ev'ry hand;
 To those from whom my days I drew,
 To these in whom those days renew,
 To all my kin, however wide,
 In cordial warmth as blood allied,
 To friends with steely fetters twin'd,
 And to the cruel, not unkind!

But chief, the lord of my desire,
 My life, myself, my soul, my sire,
 Friends, children, all that wish can claim,
 Chaste passion clasp, and rapture name—
 O spare him, spare him, gracious Pow'r!
 O give him to my latest hour!
 Let me my length of life employ
 To give my soul's enjoyment joy.
 His love let mutual love excite,
 Turn all my cares to his delight;

And ev'ry needless blessing spare,
 Wherein my darling wants a share.
 When he with graceful action woos,
 And sweetly bills, and fondly coos,
 Ah! deck me, to his eyes alone,
 With charms attractive as his own;
 And, in my circling wings caress'd,
 Give all the lover to my breast.
 Then in our chaste connubial bed,
 My bosom pillow'd for his head,
 His eyes with blissful slumbers close,
 And watch, with me, my lord's repose;
 Your peace around his temples twine,
 And love him with a love like mine.

And, for I know his gen'rous flame,
 Beyond whate'er my sex can claim,
 Me too to your protection take,
 And spare me for my husband's sake.
 Let one unruffled, calm delight
 The loving and belov'd unite;
 One pure desire our bosoms warm,
 One will direct, one wish inform;
 Through life, one mutual aid sustain;
 In death, one peaceful grave contain.

While swelling with the darling theme,
 Her accents pour'd an endless stream,
 The well-known wings a sound impart,
 That reach'd her ear, and touch'd her heart;
 Quick dropp'd the music of her tongue,
 And forth with eager joy she sprung.
 As swift her ent'ring consort flew,
 And plum'd, and kiudled at the view;
 Their wings, their souls, embracing meet,
 Their hearts with answering measure beat;
 Half lost in secret sweets, and bless'd
 With raptures felt, but ne'er express'd.
 Straight to her humble roof she led
 The partner of her spotless bed;
 Her young, a flutt'ring pair, arise,
 Their welcome sparkling in their eyes;
 Transported, to their sire they bound,
 And hang with speechless action round:
 In pleasure wrapt the parents stand,
 And see their little wings expand;
 The sire his life-sustaining prize
 To each expecting bill applies,
 There fondly pours the wheaten spoil,
 With transport giv'n, though won with toil;
 While all-collected at the sight,
 And silent through supreme delight,
 The fair high heaven of bliss beguiles,
 And on her lord and infants smiles.

The Sparrow, whose attention hung
 Upon the Dove's enchanting tongue,
 Of all his little slights disarm'd,
 And from himself by virtue charm'd,
 When now he saw what only seem'd
 A fact, so late a fable deem'd,
 His soul to envy he resign'd,
 His hours of folly to the wind;
 In secret wish a Turtle too,
 And, sighing to himself, withdrew.

§ 136. *The Female Seducers.*

'Tis said of widow, maid, and wife,
That honor is a woman's life;
Unhappy sex! who only claim
A being in the breath of fame;
Which, tainted, not the quick'ning gales
That sweep Sabæa's spicy vales,
Nor all the healing sweets restore,
That breathe along Arabia's shore.

The traveller, if he chance to stray,
May turn uncensur'd to his way;
Polluted streams again are pure,
And deepest wounds admit a cure:
But woman no redemption knows,
The wounds of honor never close.

Though distant ev'ry hand to guide,
Nor skill'd on life's tempestuous tide,
If once her feeble bark recede,
Or deviate from the course decreed,
In vain she seeks the friendless shore;
Her swifter folly flies before!
The circling ports against her close,
And shut the wand'rer from repose;
Till, by conflicting waves oppress'd,
Her found'ring pinnacle sinks to rest.

Are there no offerings to atone
For but a single error?—None.
Though woman is avow'd, of old,
Nay daughter of celestial mould,
Her temp'ring not without allay,
And form'd but of the finer clay,
We challenge from the mortal dame
The strength angelic natures claim;
Nay more—for sacred stories tell,
That e'en immortal angels fell.
Whatever fills the teeming sphere
Of humid earth, and ambient air,
With varying elements endued,
Was form'd to fall, and rise renew'd.

The stars no fix'd duration know;
Wide oceans ebb, again to flow;
The moon repletes her waning face,
All beauteous from her late disgrace;
And suns, that mourn approaching night,
Refulgent rise with new-born light.

In vain may death and time subdue,
While nature mints her race anew;
And holds some vital spark apart,
Like virtue, hid in ev'ry heart.
'Tis hence reviving warmth is seen,
To clothe a naked world in green.
No longer barr'd by winter's cold,
Again the gates of life unfold;
Again each insect tries his wing,
And lifts fresh pinions on the spring;
Again from ev'ry latent root
The latent stem and tendrils shoot,
Exhaling incense to the skies,
Again to perish, and to rise.

And must weak woman then disown
The change to which a world is prone?
In one meridian brightness shine,
And ne'er like ev'ning suns decline?

Resolv'd and firm alone? Is this
What we demand of woman?—Yes.

But should the spark of vestal fire
In some unguarded hour expire;
Or should the nightly thief invade
Hesperia's chaste and sacred shade,
Of all the blooming spoil possess'd,
The dragon Honor charm'd to rest,
Shall virtue's flame no more return?
No more with virgin splendor burn?
No more the ravag'd garden blow
With spring's succeeding blossom?—No.
Pity may mourn, but not restore;
And woman falls—to rise no more!

Within this sublunary sphere
A country lies—no matter where;
The clime may readily be found
By all who tread poetic ground;
A stream call'd Life, across it glides,
And equally the land divides;
And here, of vice the province lies;
And there the hills of virtue rise.

Upon a mountain's airy stand,
Whose summit look'd to either land,
An ancient pair their dwelling chose,
As well for prospect as repose;
For mutual faith they long were fam'd,
And Temp'rance and Religion nam'd.

A num'rous progeny divine
Confess'd the honors of their line,
But in a little daughter fair
Was centred more than half their care;
For Heaven to gratulate her birth,
Gave signs of future joy to earth;
White was the robe this infant wore,
And Chastity the name she bore.

As now the maid in stature grew
(A flow'r just op'ning to the view)
Oft through her native lawns she stray'd,
And wrestling with the lambkins play'd;
Her looks diffusive sweets bequeath'd,
The breeze grew purer as she breath'd;
The morn her radiant blush assum'd,
The spring with earlier fragrance bloom'd;
And nature yearly took delight,
Like her to dress the world in white.

But when her rising form was seen
To reach the crisis of fifteen,
Her parents up the mountain's head
With anxious step their darling led;
By turns they snatch'd her to their breast,
And thus the fears of age express'd:

O joyful cause of many a care!
O daughter too divinely fair!
Yon world, on this important day,
Demands thee to a dang'rous way;
A painful journey all must go,
Whose doubted period none can know;
Whose due direction who can find,
Where reason's mute, and sense is blind!
Ah, what unequal leaders these,
Through such a wide, perplexing maze!
Then mark the warnings of the wise,
And learn what love and years advise.

Far to the right thy prospect bend,
Where yonder tow'ring hills ascend;
Lo! there the arduous path's in view
Which Virtue and her sons pursue;
With toil o'er less'ning earth they rise,
And gain, and gain, upon the skies.
Narrow's the way her children tread,
No walk for pleasure smoothly spread,
But rough, and difficult, and steep,
Painful to climb, and hard to keep.

Fruits immature those lands dispense,
A food indelicate to sense,
Of taste unpleasant: yet from those
Pure health, with cheerful vigor, flows;
And strength, unfeeling of decay,
Throughout the long laborious way.

Hence, as they scale that heavenly road,
Each limb is lighten'd of its load;
From earth refining still they go,
And leave the mortal weight below;
Then spreads the strait, the doubtful clears,
And smooth the rugged path appears;
For custom turns fatigue to ease,
And taught by virtue, pain can please.

At length the toilsome journey o'er,
And near the bright celestial shore,
A gulf, black, fearful, and profound,
Appears, of either world the bound,
Through darkness leading up to light;
Sense backward shrinks, and shuns the sight;
For there the transitory train
Of time, and form, and care, and pain,
And matter's gross incumb'ring mass,
Man's late associates, cannot pass;
But, sinking, quit th' immortal charge,
And leave the wond'ring soul at large;
Lightly she wings her obvious way,
And mingles with eternal day.

Thither, oh thither wing thy speed,
Though pleasure charm, or pain impede;
To such th' all-bounteous Pow'r has given,
For present earth, a future heaven;
For trivial loss, unmeasur'd gain;
And endless bliss for transient pain.

Then fear, ah! fear to turn thy sight
Where yonder flow'ry fields invite:
Wide on the left the pathway bends,
And with pernicious ease descends!
There, sweet to sense, and fair to show,
New-planted Edens seem to blow,
Trees that delicious poison bear;
For death is vegetable there.

Hence is the frame of health unbrac'd,
Each sinew slack'ning at the taste,
The soul to passion yields her throne,
And sees with organs not her own;
While, like the slumb'rer in the night,
Pleas'd with the shadowy dream of light,
Before her alienated eyes
The scenes of fairy-land arise;
The puppet world's amusing show
Dipp'd in the gaily-color'd bow,
Sceptres and wreaths, and glittering things,
The toys of infants and of kings,

That tempt along the baneful plain,
The idly wise and lightly vain,
Till, verging on the gulfy shore,
Sudden they sink—and rise no more.

But list to what thy fates declare;
Though thou art woman frail as fair,
If once thy sliding foot should stray,
Once quit yon heav'n-appointed way,
For thee, lost maid, for thee alone,
Nor pray'rs shall plead, nor tears atone;
Reproach, scorn, infamy, and hate,
On thy returning steps shall wait;
Thy form be loath'd by ev'ry eye,
And ev'ry foot thy presence fly.

Thus arm'd with words of potent sound,
Like guardian angels plac'd around,
A charm by truth divinely cast,
Forward our young adven'rer pass'd;
Forth from her sacred eyelids sent,
Like morn, fore-running radiance went,
While Honor, handmaid late assign'd,
Upheld her lucid train behind.

Awe-struck, the much-admiring crowd
Before the virgin vision bow'd;
Gaz'd with an ever-new delight,
And caught fresh virtue at the sight;
For not of earth's unequal frame
They deem the heaven-compounded dame;
If matter, sure the most refin'd,
High wrought, and temper'd into mind,
Some darling daughter of the day,
And bodied by her native ray.

Where'er she passes, thousands bend,
And thousands where she moves attend;
Her ways observant eyes confess,
Her steps pursuing praises bless;
While to the elevated Maid
Oblations, as to heaven, are paid.

'Twas on an ever-blithsome day,
The jovial birth of rosy May,
When genial warmth, no more suppress,
Now melts the frost in ev'ry breast,
The cheek with secret flushing dyes,
And looks kind things from chastest eyes;
The sun with healthier visage glows,
Aside his clouded kerchief throws,
And dances up th' ethereal plain,
Where late he us'd to climb with pain,
While nature, as from bonds set free,
Springs out, and gives a loose to glee.

And now, for momentary rest,
The nymph her travell'd steps repress'd,
Just turn'd to view the stage attain'd,
And gloried in the height she gain'd.

Outstretch'd before her wide survey
The realms of sweet perdition lay,
And pity touch'd her soul with woe,
To see a world so lost below;
When straight the breeze began to breathe
Airs, gently wafted from beneath,
That bore commission'd witchcraft thence,
And reach'd her sympathy of sense;—
No sounds of discord, that disclose
A people sunk and lost in woes,

But as of present good possess,
 The very triumph of the blest.
 The maid in rapt attention hung,
 While thus approaching Sirens sung:
 Hither, fairest, hither haste,
 Brightest beauty, come and taste
 What the pow'rs of bliss unfold,
 Joys too mighty to be told:
 Taste what ecstasies they give;
 Dying raptures taste, and live.
 In thy lap, disdaining measure,
 Nature empties all her treasure,
 Soft desires, that sweetly languish;
 Fierce delights, that rise to anguish;
 Fairest, dost thou yet delay?
 Brightest beauty, come away.
 List not, when the froward chide,
 Sons of pedantry and pride,
 Snarlers, to whose feeble sense
 April's sunshine is offence;
 Age and envy will advise
 E'en against the joy they prize.
 Come, in pleasure's balmy bowl
 Slake the thirstings of thy soul,
 Till thy raptur'd powers are fainting
 With enjoyment past the painting;
 Fairest dost thou yet delay?
 Brightest beauty, come away.

So sung the Sirens, as of yore,
 Upon the false Ausonian shore;
 And O! for that preventing chain
 That bound Ulysses on the main,
 That so our Fair One might withstand
 The covert ruin, now at hand.

The song her charm'd attention drew,
 When now the tempters stood in view:
 Curiosity, with prying eyes,
 And hands of busy bold emprise;
 Like Hermes, feather'd wane her feet;
 And, like fore-running Fancy, fleet;
 By search untaught, by toil untir'd,
 To novelty she still aspir'd,
 Tasteless of every good possess,
 And but in expectation blest.

With her, associate, Pleasure came,
 Gay Pleasure, frolic-loving dame,
 Her mien all swimming in delight,
 Her beauties half reveal'd to sight;
 Loose flow'd her garments from the ground,
 And caught the kissing winds around:
 As erst Medusa's looks were known
 To turn beholders into stone,
 A dire reversion here they felt,
 And in the eye of Pleasure melt.
 Her glance, with sweet persuasion charm'd,
 Unnerv'd the strong, the steel disarm'd;
 No safety e'en the flying find,
 Who, vent'rous, look but once behind.

Thus was the much-admiring Maid,
 While distant, more than half betray'd.
 With smiles, and adulation bland,
 They join'd her side, and seiz'd her hand;
 Their touch envenom'd sweets instill'd,
 Her frame with new pulsations thrill'd,

While half consenting, half denying,
 Reluctant now, and now complying,
 Amidst a war of hopes and fears,
 Of trembling wishes, smiling tears,
 Still down and down, the winning pair
 Compell'd the struggling, yielding Fair:
 As when some stately vessel, bound
 To blest Arabia's distant ground,
 Borne from her courses, haply lights
 Where Barca's flow'ry clime invites,
 Conceal'd around whose treach'rous land
 Lurk the dire rock and dang'rous sand;
 The pilot warns, with sail and oar
 To shun the much-suspected shore,
 In vain; the tide, too subtly strong,
 Still bears the wrestling bark along,
 Till found'ring, she resigns to fate,
 And sinks, o'erwhelm'd, with all her freight.

So, baffling ev'ry bar to sin,
 And heav'n's own pilot plac'd within,
 Along the devious, smooth descent,
 With pow'rs increasing as they went,
 The dames, accusom'd to subdue,
 As with a rapid current drew,
 And o'er the fatal bounds convey'd
 The lost, the long-reluctant Maid.

Here stop, ye fair ones, and beware,
 Nor send your fond affections there;
 Yet, yet your darling, now deplor'd,
 May turn, to you and heav'n restor'd;
 Till then, with weeping Honor wait,
 The servant of her better fate;
 With Honor, left upon the shore,
 Her friend and handmaid now no more;
 Nor, with the guilty world, upbraid
 The fortunes of a wretch betray'd;
 But o'er her failing cast a veil,
 Rememb'ring you yourselves are frail.

And now from all-inquiring light,
 Fast fled the conscious shades of night;
 The Damsel, from a short repose,
 Confounded at her plight, arose.

As when, with slumb'rous weight oppress,
 Some wealthy miser sinks to rest,
 Where felons eye the glitt'ring prey,
 And steal his board of joys away;
 He, borne where golden Indus streams,
 Of pearl and quarry'd diamond dreams;
 Like Midas, turns the glebe to ore,
 And stands all rapt amidst his store;
 But wakens, naked and despoil'd,
 Of that for which his years had toil'd;
 So far'd the Nymph, her treasure flown,
 And turn'd, like Niobe, to stone;
 Within, without, obscure and void,
 She felt all ravag'd, all destroy'd:
 And, O thou curs'd, insidious coast!
 Are these the blessings thou canst boast?
 These, Virtue! these the joys they find,
 Who leave thy heav'n-topt hills behind?
 Shade me, ye pines, ye caverns hide,
 Ye mountains, cover me, she cried.
 Her trumpet Slander rais'd on high,
 And told the tidings to the sky;

Contempt discharg'd a living dart,
A sidelong viper to her heart;
Reproach breath'd poisons o'er her face,
And soil'd and blasted ev'ry grace;
Officious Shame, her handmaid new,
Still turn'd the mirror to her view;
While those in crimes the deepest dyed
Approach'd to whiten at her side,
And ev'ry lewd insulting dame
Upon her folly rose to fame.

What should she do? Attempt once more
To gain the late deserted shore?
So trusting, back the Mourner flew,
As fast the train of fiends pursue.

Again the farther shore's attain'd,
Again the land of virtue gain'd;
But echo gathers in the wind,
And shows her instant foes behind.
Amaz'd, with headlong speed she tends,
Where late she left a host of friends;
Alas! those shrinking friends decline,
Nor longer own that form divine;
With fear they mark the following cry,
And from the lonely trembler fly;
Or backward drive her on the coast,
Where peace was wreck'd and honor lost.
From earth thus hoping aid in vain,
To Heaven not daring to complain;
No truce by hostile clamor given,
And from the face of friendship driven,
The Nymph sunk prostrate on the ground,
With all her weight of woes around.

Enthron'd within a circling sky,
Upon a mount o'er mountains high,
All radiant sat, as in a shrine,
Virtue, first effluence divine,
Far, far above the scenes of woe,
That shut this cloud-wrapt world below;
Superior goddess, essence bright,
Beauty of uncreated light,
Whom should mortality survey,
As doom'd upon a certain day,
The breath of frailty must expire,
The world dissolve in living fire,
The gems of heaven and solar flame
Be quench'd by her eternal beam,
And nature, quick'ning in her eye,
To rise a new-born phoenix, die.

Hence, unreveal'd to mortal view,
A veil around her form she threw,
Which three sad sisters of the shade,
Pain, Care, and Melancholy made.
Through this her all-inquiring eye,
Attentive from her station high,
Beheld, abandon'd to despair,
The ruins of her fav'rite fair;
And with a voice, whose awful sound
Appall'd the guilty world around,
Bid the tumultuous winds be still,
To numbers bow'd each list'ning hill,
Uncurl'd the surging of the main,
And smooth'd the thorny bed of pain;
The golden harp of heaven she strung,
And thus the tuneful goddess sung:

Lovely Penitent arise,
Come, and claim thy kindred skies;
Come, thy sister angels say,
Thou hast wept thy stains away.

Let experience now decide
'Twixt the good and evil tried;
In the smooth, enchanted ground,
Say, unfold the treasures found.

Structures, rais'd by morning dreams;
Sands, that trip the flitting streams;
Down, that anchors on the air;
Clouds, that paint their changes there;

Seas, that smoothly dimpling lie,
While the storm impends on high,
Showing, in an obvious glass,
Joys that in possession pass;

Transient, fickle, light, and gay,
Flatt'ring only to betray;
What, alas, can life contain!
Life! like all its circles—vain.

Will the stork, intending rest,
On the billow build her nest?
Will the bee demand his store
From the bleak and bladeless shore?

Man alone, intent to stray,
Ever turns from wisdom's way;
Lays up wealth in foreign land,
Sows the sea, and ploughs the sand.

Soon this elemental mass,
Soon the encumb'ring world shall pass:
Form be wrapt in wasting fire,
Time be spent, and life expire.

Then, ye boasted works of men,
Where is your asylum then?
Sons of pleasure, sons of care,
Tell me mortals, tell me where?

Gone, like traces on the deep,
Like a sceptre grasp'd in sleep,
Dews exhal'd from morning glades,
Melting snows, and gliding shades.

Pass the world, and what's behind?
Virtue's gold, by fire refin'd;
From a universe deprav'd,
From the wreck of nature sav'd;

Like the life-supporting grain,
Fruit of patience and of pain,
On the swains' autumnal day,
Winnow'd from the chaff away.

Little trembler, fear no more,
Thou hast plenteous crops in store;
Seed, by genial sorrows sown,
More than all thy scorners own.

What though hostile earth despise,
Heaven beholds with gentler eyes;
Heaven thy friendless steps shall guide,
Cheer thy hours, and guard thy side.

When the fatal tramp shall sound,
When th' immortals pour around,

Heaven shall thy return attest,
Hail'd by myriads of the blest.

Little native of the skies,
Lovely penitent, arise;
Calm thy bosom, clear thy brow,
Virtue is thy sister now.

More delightful are my woes
Than the rapture pleasure knows;
Richer far the weeds I bring,
Than the robes that grace a king.

On my wars of shortest date,
Crowns of endless triumph wait;
On my cares a period best;
On my toils eternal rest.

Come, with Virtue at thy side;
Come, be ev'ry bar defied,
Till we gain our native shore;
Sister, come, and turn no more.

§ 137. *Love and Vanity.*

THE breezy morning breath'd perfume,
The wak'ning flow'rs unveil'd their bloom,
Up with the sun, from short repose,
Gay health and lusty labor rose;
The milkmaid caroll'd at her pail,
And shepherds whistled o'er the dale;
When Love, who led a rural life,
Remote from bustle, state, and strife,
Forth from his thatch-roof'd cottage stray'd,
And stroll'd along the dewy glade.

A Nymph, who lightly tripp'd it by,
To quick attention turn'd his eye;
He mark'd the gesture of the fair,
Her self-sufficient grace and air,
Her steps that mincing, meant to please,
Her studied negligence and ease;
And curious to inquire what meant
This thing of prettiness and paint,
Approaching spoke, and bow'd observant;
The lady slightly,—Sir, your servant.

Such beauty in so rude a place!
Fair one, you do the country grace;
At court no doubt the public care;
But Love has small acquaintance there.

Yes, Sir, replied the flutt'ring Dame,
This form confesses whence it came;
But dear variety, you know,
Can make us pride and pomp forego.
My name is Vanity. I sway
The utmost islands of the sea;
Within my court all honor centres;
I raise the meanest soul that enters,
Endow with latent gifts and graces,
And model fools for posts and places.

As Vanity appoints at pleasure,
The world receives its weight and measure;
Hence all the grand concerns of life—
Joys, cares, plagues, passions, peace, and strife.

Reflect how far my pow'r prevails,
When I step in where nature fails,
And ev'ry breach of sense repairing,
And bounteous still where heaven is sparing.

But chief in all their arts and airs,
Their playing, painting, pouts, and pray'rs,
Their various habits and complexions,
Fits, frolics, foibles, and perfections,
Their robing, curling, and adorning,
From noon to night, from night to morning,
From six to sixty, sick or sound,
I rule the female world around.

Hold there a moment, Cupid cried,
Nor boast dominion quite so wide.
Was there no province to invade,
But that by Love and Meekness sway'd?
All other empire I resign;
But be the sphere of beauty mine.

For in the downy lawn of rest,
That opens on a woman's breast,
Attended by my peaceful train,
I choose to live, and choose to reign.

Far-sighted faith I bring along,
And truth, above an army strong;
And chastity of icy mould,
Within the burning tropics cold;
And lowliness, to whose mild brow,
The pow'r and pride of nations bow;
And modesty, with downcast eye,
That lends the morn her virgin dye;
And innocence, array'd in light;
And honor, as a tow'r upright;
With sweetly winning graces, more
Than poets ever dreamt of yore,
In unaffected conduct free,
All smiling sisters, three times three;
And rosy peace, the cherub blest,
That nightly sings us all to rest.

Hence, from the bud of nature's prime,
From the first step of infant time,
Woman, the world's appointed light,
Has skirted ev'ry shade with white;
Has stood for imitation high,
To ev'ry heart, and ev'ry eye;
From ancient deeds of fair renown,
Has brought her bright memorials down:
To time affix'd perpetual youth,
And form'd each tale of love and truth.

Upon a new Promethean plan
She moulds the essence of a man,
Tempers his mass, his genius fires,
And, as a better soul, inspires.

The rude she softens, warms the cold,
Exalts the meek, and checks the bold,
Calls sloth from his supine repose,
Within the coward's bosom glows,
Of pride unplumes the lofty crest,
Bids bashful merit stand confest,
And, like coarse metal from the mines,
Collects, irradiates, and refines.
The gentle science she imparts,
All manners smooths, informs all hearts;
From her sweet influence are felt
Passions which please, and thoughts that melt;
To stormy rage she bids control,
And sinks serenely on the soul,
Softens Deucalion's flinty race,
And tunes the warring world to peace.

Thus, arm'd to all that's light and vain,
And freed from thy fantastic chain,
She fills the sphere by Heaven assign'd,
And, rul'd by me, o'er-rules mankind.

He spoke; the Nymph impatient stood,
And, laughing, thus her speech renew'd:

And pray, Sir, may I be so bold
To hope your pretty tale is told;
And next demand without a cavil,
What new Utopia do you travel?—
Upon my word, these high-flown fancies
Show depth of learning—in romances.

Why, what unfashion'd stuff you tell us
Of buckram dames and tiptoe fellows!
Go, child; and when you're grown maturer,
You'll shoot your next opinion surer.

O such a pretty knack at painting!
And all for soft'ning and for sainting;
Guess now, who can, a single feature,
Through the whole piece of female nature;
Then mark, my looser hand may fit
The lines, too coarse for love to hit.

'Tis said that woman, prone to changing,
Through all the rounds of folly ranging,
On life's uncertain ocean riding,
Nor reason, rule, nor rudder guiding,
Is like the comet's wand'ring light,
Eccentric, ominous, and bright;
Trackless, and shifting as the wind;
A sea, whose fathom none can find;
A moon, still changing and revolving;
A riddle, past all human solving;
A bliss, a plague, a heaven, a hell;
A—something that no man can tell.

Now learn a secret from a friend,
But keep your counsel, and attend.

Though in their tempers thought so distant,
Nor with their sex nor selves consistent,
'Tis but the difference of a name,
And ev'ry woman is the same;
For as the world, however varied,
And through unnumber'd changes carried,
Of elemental modes and forms,
Clouds, meteors, colors, calms, and storms,
Though in a thousand suits array'd,
Is of one subject matter made;
So, Sir, a woman's constitution,
The world's enigma finds solution;
And let her form be what you will,
I am the subject essence still.

With the first spark of female sense,
The speck of being, I commence,
Within the womb make fresh advances,
And dictate future qualms and fancies;
Thence in the growing form expand,
With childhood travel hand in hand,
And give a taste for all their joys
In gewgaws, rattles, pomp, and noise.

And now, familiar and unaw'd,
I send the flutt'ring soul abroad,
Prais'd for her shape, her air, her mien,
The little goddess, and the queen,
Takes at her infant shrine oblation,
And drinks sweet draughts of adulation.

Now blooming, tall, erect, and fair,
To dress becomes her darling care;
The realms of beauty then I bound;
I swell the hoop's enchanted round,
Shrink in the waist's descending size,
Heav'd in the snowy bosom rise,
High on the flowing lappet sail,
Or, curl'd in tresses, kiss the gale.
Then to her glass I lead the fair,
And show the lovely idol there;
Where struck, as by divine emotion,
She bows with most sincere devotion,
And, numb'ring ev'ry beauty o'er,
In secret bids the world adore.

Then all her parking and parading,
Coquetting, dancing, masquerading;
For balls, plays, courts, and crowds what passion,
And churches, sometimes,—if the fashion;
For woman's sense of right and wrong
Is rul'd by the almighty throng;
Still turns to each meander tame,
And swims the straw of ev'ry stream;
Her soul intrinsic worth rejects,
Accomplish'd only in defects;
Such excellence is her ambition,
Folly her wisest acquisition;
And e'en from pity and disdain
She'll cull some reason to be vain.

Thus, Sir, from ev'ry form and feature,
The wealth and wants of female nature,
And e'en from vice, which you'd admire,
I gather fuel to my fire;
And on the very base of shame
Erect my monument of fame.

Let me another truth attempt,
Of which your godship has not dreamt.

Those shining virtues which you muster,
Whence think you they derive their lustre?
From native honor and devotion?
O yes, a mighty likely notion!
Trust me, from titled dames to spinners,
'Tis I make saints, whoe'er make sinners;
'Tis I instruct them to withdraw,
And hold presumptuous man in awe;
For female worth, as I inspire,
In just degrees, still mounts the higher;
And virtue, so extremely nice,
Demands long toil and mighty price.
Like Samson's pillars, fix'd elate,
I bear the sex's tott'ring state;
Sap these, and in a moment's space,
Down sinks the fabric to its base.

Alike from titles and from toys
I spring the fount of female joys;
In ev'ry widow, wife, and miss,
The sole artificer of bliss;
For them each tropic I explore,
I cleave the sand of ev'ry shore;
To them, uniting India's sail,
Sabæa breathes her farthest gale;
For them the bullion I refine,
Dig sense and virtue from the mine,
And from the bowels of invention
Spin out the various arts you mention.

Nor bliss alone my pow'r's bestow,
 They hold the sov'reign balm of woe.
 Beyond the stoic's boasted art
 I sooth the heavings of the heart;
 To pain give splendor and relief,
 And gild the pallid face of grief.
 Alike the palace and the plain
 Admit the glories of my reign;
 Through ev'ry age, in ev'ry nation,
 Taste, talents, tempers, state, and station.
 Whate'er a woman says, I say;
 Whate'er a woman spends, I pay;
 Alike I fill and empty bags,
 Flutter in finery and rags;
 With light coquettes through folly range,
 And with the proud disdain to change.

And now you'd think, 'twixt you and I,
 That things were ripe for a reply—
 But soft, and while I'm in the mood,
 Kindly permit me, to conclude,
 Their utmost mazes to unravel,
 And touch the farthest step they travel.

When ev'ry pleasure's run aground,
 And folly tir'd through many a round,
 The nymph, conceiving discontent hence,
 May ripen to an hour's repentance,
 And vapors, shed in pious moisture,
 Dismiss her to a church or cloister;
 Then on I lead her, with devotion
 Conspicuous in her dress and motion,
 Inspire the heavenly-breathing air,
 Roll up the lucid eye in pray'r,
 Soften the voice, and in the face
 Look melting harmony and grace.

Thus far extends my friendly pow'r,
 Nor quits her in her latest hour;
 The couch of decent pain I spread,
 In form recline her languid head;
 Her thoughts I methodise in death,
 And part not with her parting breath;
 Then do I set, in order bright,
 A length of fun'ral pomp to sight,
 The glitt'ring tapers and attire,
 The plumes that whiten o'er the bier;
 And last, presenting to her eye
 Angelic fineries on high,
 To scenes of painted bliss I waft her,
 And form the heav'n she hopes hereafter.

In truth, rejoin'd love's gentle god,
 You've gone a tedious length of road,
 And, strange, in all the toilsome way
 No house of kind refreshment lay;
 No nymph, whose virtues might have tempted
 To hold her from her sex exempted.

For one we'll never quarrel, man;
 Take her, and keep her, if you can;
 And pleas'd I yield to your petition,
 Since ev'ry fair, by such permission,
 Will hold herself the one selected;
 And so my system stands protected.

O! deaf to virtue, deaf to glory,
 To truths divinely vouch'd in story!
 The godhead in his zeal return'd,
 And, kindling at her malice, burn'd:

Then sweetly rais'd his voice, and told
 Of heav'nly nymphs, rever'd of old;
 Hypsipyle, who sav'd her sire,
 And Portia's love, approv'd by fire;
 Alike Penelope was quoted,
 Nor laurell'd Daphne pass'd unnoted,
 Nor Laodamia's fatal garter,
 Nor fam'd Lucretia, honor's martyr,
 Alceste's voluntary steel,
 And Catharine, smiling on the wheel.
 But who can hope to plant conviction
 Where cavil grows on contradiction?
 Some she evades or disavows,
 Demurs to all, and none allows—
 A kind of ancient thing call'd fables!
 And thus the goddess turn'd the tables.

Now both in argument grew high,
 And choler flash'd from either eye;
 Nor wonder each refus'd to yield
 The conquest of so fair a field.
 When happily arriv'd in view
 A goddess whom our grand-dames knew,
 Of aspect grave, and sober gait,
 Majestic, awful, and sedate,
 As heaven's autumnal eve serene
 When not a cloud o'ercasts the scene;
 Once Prudence call'd, a matron fam'd,
 And in old Rome Cornelia nam'd.
 Quick at a venture both agree
 To leave their strife to her decree.

And now by each the facts were stated,
 In form and manner as related.
 The case was short. They crav'd opinion,
 Which held o'er females chief dominion:
 When thus the goddess, answer'ing mild,
 First shook her gracious head, and smil'd:

Alas, how willing to comply,
 Yet how unfit a judge am I!
 In times of golden date, 'tis true,
 I shar'd the fickle sex with you;
 But from their presence long precluded,
 Or held as one whose form intruded,
 Full fifty annual suns can tell,
 Prudence has bid the sex farewell.

In this dilemma what to do,
 Or who to think of, neither knew;
 For both, still biass'd in opinion,
 And arrogant of sole dominion,
 Were forc'd to hold the case compounded,
 Or leave the quarrel where they found it.

When in the nick, a rural fair,
 Of inexperience'd gait and air,
 Who ne'er had cross'd the neighb'ring lake,
 Nor seen the world beyond a wake,
 With cambric coif, and kerchief clean,
 Tripp'd lightly by them o'er the green.

Now, now! cried love's triumphant child,
 And at approaching conquest smil'd,
 If Vanity will once be guided,
 Our diff'rence soon may be decided;
 Behold yon wench, a fit occasion
 To try your force of gay persuasion.
 Go you while I retire aloof,
 Go, put those boasted pow'rs to proof;

And if your prevalence of art
Transcends my yet unerring dart,
I give the fav'rite contest o'er,
And ne'er will boast my empire more.

At once, so said, and so consented ;
And well our goddess seem'd contented ;
Nor pausing made a moment's stand,
But tripp'd, and took the girl in hand.

Meanwhile the godhead, unalarm'd,
As one to each occasion arm'd,
Forth from his quiver cull'd a dart,
That erst had wounded many a heart ;
Then, bending, drew it to the head :
The bowstring twang'd, the arrow fled,
And to her secret soul address,
Transfix'd the whiteness of her breast.

But here the dame, whose guardian care
Had to a moment watch'd the fair,
At once her pocket-mirror drew,
And held the wonder full in view ;
As quickly rang'd in order bright,
A thousand beauties rush to sight,
A world of charms, till now unknown,
A world reveal'd to her alone ;
Enraptur'd stands the lovesick maid,
Suspended o'er the darling shade,
Here only fixes to admire,
And centres ev'ry fond desire.

§ 138. *The Young Lady and Looking-Glass.*

Wilkie.

Ye deep philosophers, who can
Explain that various creature, Man,
Say, is there any point to nice
As that of off'ring an advice ?
To bid your friend his errors mend,
Is almost certain to offend :
Though you in softest terms advise,
Confess him good, admit him wise,
In vain you sweeten the discourse,
He thinks you call him fool, or worse.
You paint his character, and try
If he will own it, and apply ;
Without a name reprove and warn ;
Here none are hurt, and all may learn :
This too must fail ; the picture shown,
No man will take it for his own.
In moral lectures treat the case,
Say this is honest, that is base ;
In conversation none will bear it ;
And for the pupil, few come near it.
And is there then no other way
A moral lesson to convey ?
Must all that shall attempt to teach,
Admonish, satirize, or preach ?
Yes, there is one, an ancient art,
By sages found to reach the heart,
Ere science, with distinctions nice,
Had fix'd what virtue is, and vice.
Inventing all the various names
On which the moralist declaims,
They would by simple tales advise,
Which took the hearer by surprise ;

Alarm'd his conscience unprepar'd,
Ere pride had put it on its guard ;
And made him from himself receive
The lessons which they meant to give.
That this device will oft prevail,
And gain its end when others fail,
If any shall pretend to doubt,
The tale which follows makes it out.

There was a little stubborn dame,
Whom no authority could tame ;
Restive, by long indulgence, grown,
No will she minded but her own :
At trifles oft she'd scold and fret,
Then in a corner take a seat,
And, sourly moping all the day,
Disdain alike to work or play.

Papa all softer arts had tried,
And sharper remedies applied ;
But both were vain ; for ev'ry course
He took, still made her worse and worse.
'Tis strange to think how female wit
So oft should make a lucky hit ;
When man, with all his high pretence
To deeper judgment, sounder sense,
Will err, and measures false pursue—
'Tis very strange, I own, but true.—
Mamma observ'd the rising lass
By stealth retiring to the glass,
To practise little airs unseen,
In the true genius of thirteen :
On this a deep design she laid
To tame the humor of the maid ;
Contriving, like a prudent mother,
To make one folly cure another.
Upon the wall, against the seat
Which Jessy us'd for her retreat,
Whene'er by accident offended,
A looking-glass was straight suspended,
That it might show her how deform'd
She look'd, and frightful, when she storm'd ;
And warn her, as she priz'd her beauty,
To bend her humor to her duty.
All this the looking-glass achiev'd ;
Its threats were minded and believ'd.

The Maid, who spurn'd at all advice,
Grew tame and gentle in a trice.
So, when all other means had fail'd,
The silent monitor prevail'd.

Thus, Fable to the human kind
Presents an *image* of the mind ;
It is a *mirror*, where we spy
At large our own deformity ;
And learn of course those faults to mend,
Which but to mention would offend.

§ 139. *The Boy and the Rainbow.* Wilkie.

DECLARE, ye sages, if ye find
'Mongst animals of ev'ry kind,
Of each condition, sort, and size,
From whales and elephants to flies,
A creature that mistakes his plan,
And errs, so constantly as Man.
Each kind pursues his proper good,
And seeks for pleasure, rest, and food :

As nature points, and never errs
In what it chooses and prefers;
Man only blunders, though possesst
Of talents far above the rest.

Descend to instances, and try;
An ox will scarce attempt to fly,
Or leave his pasture in the wood,
With fishes to explore the flood.
Man only acts, of ev'ry creature,
In opposition to his nature.
The happiness of human kind
Consists in rectitude of mind;
A will subdued to reason's sway,
And passions practis'd to obey;
An open and a gen'rous heart,
Refin'd from selfishness and art;
Patience, which mocks at fortune's power,
And wisdom never sad nor sour:
In these consists our proper bliss;
Else Plato reasons much amiss:
But foolish mortals still pursue
False happiness in place of true;
Ambition serves us for a guide,
Or lust, or avarice, or pride;
While Reason no assent can gain,
And Revelation warns in vain.
Hence through our lives, in ev'ry stage,
From infancy itself to age,
A happiness we toil to find,
Which still avoids us like the wind;
E'en when we think the prize our own,
At once 'tis vanish'd, lost, and gone.
You'll ask me why I thus rehearse
All Epictetus in my verse?
And if I fondly hope to please,
With dry reflections, such as these,
So trite, so hackney'd, and so stale?
I'll take the hint, and tell a tale.

One evening, as a simple swain
His flock attended on the plain,
The shining bow he chanc'd to spy,
Which warns us when a show'r is nigh.
With brightest rays it seem'd to glow:
Its distance eighty yards or so.
This bumpkin had, it seems, been told
The story of the cup of gold,
Which fame reports is to be found
Just where the Rainbow meets the ground;
He therefore felt a sudden itch
To seize the goblet, and be rich;
Hoping, yet hopes are oft but vain,
No more to toil through wind and rain,
But sit indulging by the fire,
'Midst ease and plenty, like a 'squire.
He mark'd the very spot of land
On which the Rainbow seem'd to stand,
And, stepping forwards at his leisure,
Expected to have found the treasure.
But as he mov'd, the color'd ray
Still chang'd its place, and slipp'd away,
As seeming his approach to shun:
From walking he began to run;
But all in vain, it still withdrew
As nimbly as he could pursue.

At last, through many a bog and lake,
Rough craggy road, and thorny brake,
It led the easy fool, till night
Approach'd, then vanish'd in his sight,
And left him to compute his gains,
With nought but labor for his pains.

§ 140. *The Rake and the Hermit.* Wilkie.

A YOUTH, a pupil of the town,
Philosopher and atheist grown,
Benighted once upon the road,
Found out a hermit's lone abode,
Whose hospitality in need
Reliev'd the trav'ler and his steed;
For both sufficiently were tir'd,
Well drench'd in ditches, and bemir'd.
Hunger the first attention claims;
Upon the coals a rasher flames;
Dry crusts, and liquor something stale,
Were added to make up a meal;
At which our trav'ler, as he sat,
By intervals began to chat.—
'Tis odd, quoth he, to think what strains
Of folly governs some folks' brains:
What makes you choose this wild abode?
You'll say, 'Tis to converse with God.
Alas, I fear, 'tis all a whim;
You never saw or spoke with him.
They talk of Providence's pow'r,
And say, it rules us ev'ry hour:
To me all nature seems confusion,
And such weak fancies mere delusion.
Say, if it rul'd and govern'd right,
Could there be such a thing as night;
Which, when the sun has left the skies,
Puts all things in a deep disguise?
If then a trav'ler chance to stray,
The least step from the public way,
He's soon in endless mazes lost,
As I have found it to my cost.
Besides, the gloom which nature wears
Assists imaginary fears,
Of ghosts and goblins from the waves,
Of sulph'rous lakes and yawning graves;
All sprung from superstitious seed,
Like other maxims of the creed.
For my part, I reject the tales
Which faith suggests when reason fails;
And reason nothing understands,
Unwarranted by eyes and hands.
These subtle essences, like wind,
Which some have dreamt of, and call mind,
It ne'er admits; nor joins the lie,
Which says men rot, but never die.
It holds all future things in doubt,
And therefore wisely leaves them out;
Suggesting what is worth our care,
To take things present as they are,
Our wisest course: the rest is folly.
The fruit of spleen and melancholy.—
Sir, quoth the Hermit, I agree
That Reason still our guide should be;
And will admit her as the test
Of what is true, and what is best;

But Reason sure would blush for shame
 At what you mention in her name;
 Her dictates are sublime and holy;
 Impiety's the child of Folly;
 Reason with measur'd steps and slow,
 To things above from things below
 Ascends, and guides us through her sphere
 With caution, vigilance, and care.
 Faith in the utmost frontier stands,
 And Reason puts us in her hands;
 But not till her commission giv'n
 Is found authentic, and from Heav'n.
 'Tis strange that man, a reas'ning creature,
 Should miss a God, in viewing nature;
 Whose high perfections are display'd
 In ev'ry thing his hands have made.
 E'en when we think their traces lost,
 When found again, we see them most.
 The night itself, which you would blame
 As something wrong in nature's frame,
 Is but a curtain to invest
 Her weary children when at rest;
 Like that which mothers draw to keep
 The light off from a child asleep.
 Besides, the fears which darkness breeds
 (At least augments) in vulgar heads,
 Are far from useless: when the mind
 Is narrow, and to earth confin'd,
 They make the worldling think with pain
 On frauds, and oaths, and ill-got gain;
 Force from the ruffian's hand the knife
 Just rais'd against his neighbour's life;
 And in defence of virtue's cause,
 Assist each sanction of the laws.
 But souls serene, where wisdom dwells,
 And superstitious dread expels,
 The silent majesty of night
 Excites to take a nobler flight:
 With saints and angels to explore
 The wonders of creating pow'r;
 And lifts on contemplation's wings
 Above the sphere of mortal things.
 Walk forth, and tread those dewy plains
 Where night in awful silence reigns;
 The sky's serene, the air is still,
 The woods stand listening on each hill,
 To catch the sounds that sink and swell,
 Wide floating from the ev'ning bell;
 While foxes howl, and beetles hum,
 Sounds which make silence still more dumb;
 And try if folly, rash and rude,
 Dare on the sacred hour intrude.
 Then turn your eyes to heav'n's broad frame,
 Attempt to quote those lights by name
 Which shine so thick, and spread so far;
 Conceive a sun in ev'ry star,
 Round which unnumber'd planets roll,
 While comets shoot athwart the whole;
 From system still to system ranging,
 Their various benefits exchanging,
 And shaking from their flaming hair
 The things most needed ev'ry where.—
 Explore this glorious scene, and say
 That night discovers less than day;

That 'tis quite useless, and a sign
 That chance disposes, not design.
 Whoe'er maintains it, I'll pronounce
 Him either mad, or else a dunce;
 For reason, though 'tis far from strong,
 Will soon find out that nothing's wrong,
 From signs and evidences clear
 Of wise contrivance ev'ry where.

The Hermit ended, and the youth
 Became a convert to the truth;
 At least he yielded, and confess'd
 That all was order'd for the best.

§ 141. *The Youth and the Philosopher.*

W. Whitehead.

A GRECIAN youth of talents rare,
 Whom Plato's philosophic care
 Had form'd for virtue's nobler view,
 By precept and example too,
 Would often boast his matchless skill
 To curb the steed, and guide the wheel;
 And as he pass'd the gazing throng,
 With graceful ease, and smack'd the thong,
 The idiot wonder they express'd
 Was praise and transport to his breast.

At length, quite vain, he needs would show
 His master what his art could do;
 And bade his slaves the chariot lead
 To Academus' sacred shade.
 The trembling grove confess'd its fright,
 The wood-nymphs started at the sight;
 The Muses drop the learned lyre,
 And to their inmost shades retire.
 Howe'er the youth, with forward air,
 Bows to the sage, and mounts the car;
 The lash resounds, the coursers spring,
 The chariot marks the rolling ring;
 And gathering crowds, with eager eyes,
 And shouts, pursue him as he flies.
 Triumphant to the goal return'd,
 With nobler thirst his bosom burn'd;
 And now along th' indented plain
 The self-same track he marks again;
 Pursues with care the nice design,
 Nor ever deviates from the line.

Amazement seiz'd the circling crowd;
 The youths with emulation glow'd;
 E'en bearded sages hail'd the boy,
 And all but Plato gaz'd with joy.
 For he, deep-judging sage, beheld
 With pain the triumphs of the field:
 And when the charioteer drew nigh,
 And, flush'd with hope, had caught his eye,
 Alas! unhappy youth, he cried,
 Expect no praise from me (and sigh'd).
 With indignation I survey
 Such skill and judgment thrown away.
 The time profusely squander'd there
 On vulgar arts, beneath thy care,
 If well employ'd, at less expense,
 Had taught thee honor, virtue, sense,
 And rais'd thee from a coachman's fate
 To govern men, and guide the state.

§ 142. *The Bee, the Ant, and the Sparrow.*

Dr. Cotton.

Addressed to Phœbe and Kitty C. at Boarding-School.

My dears, 'tis said, in days of old
That beasts could talk, and birds could scold:
But now, it seems, the human race
Alone engross the speaker's place.
Yet lately, if report be true,
(And much the tale relates to you)
There met a Sparrow, Ant, and Bee,
Which reason'd and convers'd as we.

Who reads my page will doubtless grant
That Phe's the wise industrious Ant;
And all with half an eye may see
That Kitty is the busy Bee.
Here then are two—but where's the third?
Go search the school, you'll find the bird.
Your school! I ask your pardon, fair;
I'm sure you'll find no Sparrow there.

Now to my tale—One summer's morn
A Bee rang'd o'er the verdant lawn;
Studious to husband ev'ry hour,
And make the most of ev'ry flow'r.
Nimble from stalk to stalk she flies,
And loads with yellow wax her thighs;
With which the artist builds her comb,
And keeps all tight and warm at home;
Or from the cowslip's golden bells
Sucks honey, to enrich her cells:
Or ev'ry tempting rose pursues,
Or sips the lily's fragrant dew;
Yet never robs the shining bloom,
Or of its beauty or perfume.
Thus she discharg'd in ev'ry way
The various duties of the day.

It chanc'd a frugal Ant was near,
Whose brow was wrinkled o'er by care;
A great œconomist was she,
Nor less laborious than the Bee;
By pensive parents often taught
What ills arise from want of thought;
That poverty on sloth attends;
On poverty the loss of friends;
Hence ev'ry day the Ant is found
With anxious steps to tread the ground;
With curious search to trace the grain,
And drag the heavy load with pain.

The active Bee with pleasure saw
The Ant fulfil her parent's law.
Ah! sister laborer, says she,
How very fortunate are we!
Who, taught in infancy to know
The comforts which from labor flow,
Are independent of the great,
Nor know the wants of pride and state.
Why is our food so very sweet?
Because we earn before we eat.
Why are our wants so very few?
Because we nature's call pursue.
Whence our complacency of mind?
Because we act our parts assign'd.

Have we incessant tasks to do?
Is not all nature busy too?

Doth not the sun, with constant pace,
Persist to run his annual race?
Do not the stars, which shine so bright,
Renew their courses ev'ry night?
Doth not the ox obedient bow
His patient neck, and draw the plough?
Or when did e'er the gen'rous steed
Withhold his labor or his speed?
If you all nature's system scan,
The only idle thing is man.

A wanton Sparrow long'd to hear
Their sage discourse, and straight drew near.
The bird was talkative and loud,
And very pert and very proud;
As worthless and as vain a thing,
Perhaps, as ever wore a wing.
She found, as on a spray she sat,
The little friends were deep in chat;
That virtue was their fav'rite theme,
And toil and probity their scheme:
Such talk was hateful to her breast;
She thought them arrant prudes at best.

When to display her naughty mind,
Hunger with cruelty combin'd,
She viewed the Ant with savage eyes,
And hopp'd and hopp'd to snatch the prize.
The Bee, who watch'd her op'ning bill,
And guess'd her fell design to kill,
Ask'd her from what her anger rose,
And why she treated Ants as foes?

The Sparrow her reply began,
And thus the conversation ran:
Whenever I'm dispos'd to dine,
I think the whole creation mine;
That I'm a bird of high degree,
And ev'ry insect made for me.
Hence oft I search the emmet-brood
(For emmets are delicious food),
And oft, in wantonness and play,
I slay ten thousand in a day.
For truth it is, without disguise,
That I love mischief as my eyes.

Oh! fie! the honest Bee replied,
I fear you make base men your guide,
Of ev'ry creature sure the worst,
Though in creation's scale the first!
Ungrateful man! 'tis strange he thrives,
Who burns the Bees to rob their hives!
I hate his vile administration,
And so do all the emmet nation.
What fatal foes to birds are men,
Quite to the eagle from the wren!
Oh! do not men's example take,
Who mischief do for mischief's sake;
But spare the Ant—her worth demands
Esteem and friendship at your hands.
A mind with ev'ry virtue blest,
Must raise compassion in your breast.

Virtue! rejoind'd the sneering bird,
Where did you learn that Gothic word?
Since I was hatch'd, I never heard
That virtue was at all rever'd.

But say it was the ancients' claim,
Yet moderns disavow the name;
Unless, my dear, you read romances,
I cannot reconcile your fancies.
Virtue in fairy tales is seen
To play the goddess or the queen;
But what's a queen without the pow'r,
Or beauty, child, without a dow'r?
Yet this is all that virtue brags,
At best 'tis only worth in rags.
Such whims my very heart derides:
Indeed you make me burst my sides.
Trust me, Miss Bee, to speak the truth,
I've copied men from earliest youth;
The same our taste, the same our school,
Passion and appetite our rule;
And call me bird, or call me sinner,
I'll ne'er forego my sport or dinner.

A prowling cat the miscreant spies,
And wide expands her amber eyes:
Near and more near grimalkin draws;
She wags her tail, pretends her paws;
Then, springing on her thoughtless prey,
She bore the vicious bird away.

Thus in her cruelty and pride,
The wicked, wanton sparrow died.

§ 143. *The Bears and Bees.* Merrick.

As two young Bears in wanton mood,
Forth issuing from a neighb'ring wood,
Came where th' industrious Bees had stor'd
In artful cells their luscious hoard;
O'erjoy'd they seiz'd it with eager haste
Luxurious on the rich repast.
Alarm'd at this, the little crew
About their ears vindictive flew.
The beasts, unable to sustain
Th' unequal combat, quit the plain;
Half blind with rage, and mad with pain,
Their native shelter they regain;
There sit, and now discreeter grown,
Too late their rashness they bemoan;
And this by dear experience gain—
That pleasure's ever bought with pain.
So when the gilded baits of vice
Are plac'd before our longing eyes,
With greedy haste we snatch our fill,
And swallow down the latent ill;
But when experience opens our eyes,
Away the fancied pleasure flies:
It flies, but oh! too late we find
It leaves a real sting behind.

§ 144. *The Chamelion.* Merrick.

OFt has it been my lot to mark
A proud conceited talking spark,
With eyes, that hardly serv'd at most
To guard their master 'gainst a post;
Yet round the world the blade has been,
To see whatever could be seen.
Returning from his finish'd tour,
Grown ten times perter than before,
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The travell'd fool your mouth will stop:

"Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
"I've seen—and sure I ought to know"—
So begs you'd pay a due submission,
And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,
As o'er Arabia's wilds they pass'd,
And on their way in friendly chat
Now talk'd of this, and then of that,
Discours'd a while, 'mongst other matter,
Of the Chamelion's form and nature.

"A stranger animal," cries one,
"Sure never liv'd beneath the sun;
"A lizard's body, lean and long,
"A fish's head, a serpent's tongue;
"Its foot with triple claw disjoin'd;
"And what a length of tail behind!
"How slow its pace! and then its hue—
"Who ever saw so fine a blue?"

"Hold there," the other quick replies,
"Tis green,—I saw it with these eyes,
"As late with open mouth it lay,
"And warm'd it in the sunny ray;
"Stretch'd at its ease the beast I view'd,
"And saw it eat the air for food!"

"I've seen it, sir, as well as you,
"And must again affirm it blue.
"At leisure I the beast survey'd,
"Extended in the cooling shade."

"Tis green, 'tis green, sir, I assure ye."—
"Green!" cries the other, in a fury—
"Why, sir, d'ye think I've lost my eyes?"
"Twere no great loss," the friend replies,
"For, if they always serve you thus,
"You'll find them but of little use."

So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows:
When luckily came by a third—
To him the question they refer'd;
And begg'd he'd tell them, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.

"Sirs," cries the umpire, "cease your pother,
"The creature's neither one nor t' other;
"I caught the animal last night,
"And view'd it o'er by candlelight:
"I mark'd it well—'twas black as jet—
"You stare—but, sirs, I've got it yet,
"And can produce it."—Pray, sir, do:
"I'll lay my life, the thing is blue."

"And I'll be sworn that when you've seen
"The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."

"Well then, at once, to ease the doubt,"
Replies the man, "I'll turn him out:
"And when before your eyes I've set him,
"If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."

He said; then full before their sight
Produc'd the beast, and lo—'twas white!
Both star'd; the man look'd wondrous wise—
"My children," the Chamelion cries
(Then first the creature found a tongue),
"You all are right, and all are wrong:
"When next you talk of what you view,
"Think others see as well as you:
"Nor wonder, if you find that none
"Prefers your eyesight to his own."

§ 145. *Know Thyself.* Arbuthnot.

WHAT am I? how produc'd? and for what end?
Whence drew I being? to what period tend?
Am I th' abandon'd orphan of blind chance,
Dropp'd by wild atoms in disorder'd dance?
Or from an endless chain of causes wrought,
And of unthinking substance, born with thought?
By motion which began without a cause,
Supremely wise, without design or laws?
Am I but what I seem, mere flesh and blood?
A branching channel, with a mazy flood?
The purple stream that through my vessels
glides,

Dull and unconscious flows, like common tides;
The pipes through which the circling juices
stray,

Are not that thinking I, no more than they:
This frame, compacted with transcendent skill
Of moving joints obedient to my will,
Nurs'd from the fruitful glebe, like yonder tree,
Waxes and wastes; I call it mine, not me.
New matter still the mould'ring mass sustains:
The mansion chang'd, the tenant still remains;
And from the fleeting stream repair'd by food,
Distinct, as is the swimmer from the flood.

What am I then? sure of a noble birth;
By parents' right, I own as mother, Earth;
But claim superior lineage by my sire,
Who warm'd th' unthinking clod with heavenly
Essence divine, with lifeless clay allay'd, [fire;
By double nature, double instinct sway'd:

With look erect, I dart my longing eye,
Seem wing'd to part, and gain my native sky;
I strive to mount, but strive, alas! in vain,
Tied to this massy globe with magic chain.
Now with swift thought I range from pole to pole,
View worlds around their flaming centres roll:
What steady pow'rs their endless motions guide
Through the same trackless paths of boundless

I trace the blazing comet's fiery tail, [void!
And weigh the whirling planets in a scale;
These godlike thoughts while eager I pursue,
Some glitt'ring trifle offer'd to my view,
A gnat, an insect of the meanest kind,
Erase the new-born image from my mind:
Some beastly want, craving, importunate,
Vile as the grinning mastiff at my gate,
Calls off from heavenly truth this reas'ning me,

And tells me I'm a brute as much as he.
If, on sublimer wings of love and praise,
My soul above the starry vault I raise,
Lur'd by some vain conceit, or shameful lust,
I flag, I drop, and flutter in the dust.
The tow'ring lark thus, from her lofty strain,
Stoops to an emmet, or a barley grain.
By adverse gusts of jarring instincts tost,
I rove to one, now to the other coast;
To bliss unknown my lofty soul aspires,
My lot unequal to my vast desires.

As 'mongst the hinds a child of royal birth
Finds his high pedigree by conscious worth;
So man, amongst his fellow brutes expos'd,
Sees he's a king, but 'tis a king depos'd.

Pity him, beasts! you by no law confin'd,
And barr'd from devious paths by being blind;
Whilst man, through op'ning views of various
ways,

Confounded, by the aid of knowledge strays;
Too weak to choose, yet choosing still in haste,
One moment gives the pleasure and distaste;
Bilk'd by past minutes, while the present cloy,
The flatt'ring future still must give the joy:
Not happy, but amus'd upon the road,
And (like you) thoughtless of his last abode,
Whether next sun his being shall restrain
To endless nothing, happiness, or pain.

Around me, lo! the thinking thoughtless crew
(Bewilder'd each) their diff'rent paths pursue;
Of them I ask the way; the first replies,
Thou art a god; and sends me to the skies:
Down on the turf, the next, thou two-legg'd beast,
There fix thy lot, thy bliss and endless rest.

Between these wide extremes the length is such,
I find I know too little or too much. [mand,
"Almighty Pow'r! by whose most wise com-
"Helpless, forlorn, uncertain here I stand,
"Take this faint glimm'ring of thyself away,
"Or break into my soul with perfect day!"

This said, expanded lay the sacred text,
The balm, the light, the guide of souls perplex'd.
Thus the benighted traveller, that strays
Through doubtful paths, enjoys the morning
rays:

The nightly mist, and thick descending dew,
Parting, unfolds the fields and vaulted blue.

"O truth divine! enlighten'd by thy ray,
"I grope and guess no more, but see my way;
"Thou clear'dst the secret of my high descent,
"And told'st me what those mystic tokens
"meant;

"Marks of my birth, which I had worn in vain,
"Too hard for worldly sages to explain.

"Zeno's were vain, vain Epicurus' schemes,
"Their systems false, delusive were their dreams;

"Unskill'd not with thy guilt his bounteous love,
"One nurs'd my pleasure, and one nurs'd my
pride;

"Those jarring truths which human art beguile,
"Thy sacred page thus bids me reconcile."

Offspring of God, no less thy pedigree,
What thou once wert, art now, and still may be,
Thy God alone can tell, alone decree;
Faultless thou dropp'dst from his unerring skill,

With the bare pow'r to sin, since free of will:
Yet charge not with thy guilt his bounteous love,

For who has pow'r to walk has pow'r to rove:
Who acts by force impell'd can nought deserve;

And wisdom short of infinite may swerve.
Borne on thy new-imp'd wings, thou took'st
thy flight,

Left thy Creator, and the realms of light;
Disdain'd his gentle precept to fulfil,

And thought to grow a god by doing ill:
Though by foul guilt thy heav'nly form defac'd,

In nature chang'd, from happy mansions chas'd,
Thou still retain'st some sparks of heav'nly fire,
Too faint to mount, yet restless to aspire;

Angel enough to seek thy bliss again,
And brute enough to make thy search in vain.
The creatures now withdraw their kindly use,
Some fly thee, some torment, and some seduce;
Repast ill suited to such diff'rent guests,
For what thy sense desires, thy soul distastes:
Thy lust, thy curiosity, thy pride,
Curb'd or indulg'd, or baulk'd or gratified,
Rage on, and make thee equally unblest'd
In what thou want'st, and what thou hast
possess'd;

In vain thou hop'st for bliss on this poor clod;
Return and seek thy Father and thy God;
Yet think not to regain thy native sky,
Borne on the wings of vain philosophy!
Mysterious passage! hid from human eyes,
Soaring you'll sink, and sinking you will rise:
Let humble thoughts thy weary footsteps guide;
Repair by meekness what you lost by pride.

§ 146. *Lessons of Wisdom.* Armstrong.

How to live happiest; how avoid the pains,
The disappointments, and disgusts of those
Who would in pleasure all their hours employ;
The precepts here of a divine old man
I could recite. Though old, he still retain'd
His manly sense, and energy of mind.
Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe;
He still remember'd that he once was young;
His easy presence check'd no decent joy.
Him e'en the dissolute admir'd, for he
A graceful looseness when he pleas'd put on,
And laughing could instruct. Much had he read,
Much more had seen; he studied from the life,
And in th' original perus'd mankind.

Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life,
He pitied man; and much he pitied those
Whom falsely-smiling fate has curs'd with
To dissipate their days in quest of joy. [means
Our aim is happiness: 'tis yours, 'tis mine,
He said, 'tis the pursuit of all that live;
Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attain'd.
But they the widest wander from the mark,
Who through the flow'ry paths of saunt'ring joy
Seek this coy goddess; that from stage to stage
Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue.
For, not to name the pains that pleasure brings
To counterpoise itself, relentless Fate
Forbids that we through gay voluptuous wilds
Should ever roam; and were the Fates more
kind,

Our narrow luxuries would soon be stale. [sick,
Were these exhaustless, Nature would grow
And, cloy'd with pleasure, squeamishly complain
That all was vanity, and life a dream.
Let nature rest: be busy for yourself,
And for your friend; be busy even in vain,
Rather than tease her sated appetites.
Who never fasts, no banquet e'er enjoys;
Who never toils or watches, never sleeps.
Let nature rest: and when the taste of joy
Grows keen, indulge; but shun satiety.

'Tis not for mortals always to be blest,
But him the least the dull or painful hours

Of life oppress, whom sober Sense conducts,
And Virtue, through this labyrinth we tread.
Virtue and Sense I mean not to disjoin;
Virtue and Sense are one: and, trust me, he
Who has not virtue, is not truly wise.
Virtue (for mere good-nature is a fool)
Is sense and spirit, with humanity:
'Tis sometimes angry, and its frown confounds;
'Tis e'en vindictive, but in vengeance just.
Knaves fain would laugh at it; some great ones
dare;

But at his heart the most undaunted son
Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.
To noblest uses this determines wealth;
This is the solid pomp of prosperous days,
The peace and shelter of adversity;
And if you pant for glory, build your fame
On this foundation, which the secret shock
Defies of Envy and all-sapping Time.
The gaudy gloss of Fortune only strikes
The vulgar eye: the suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,
Is the best gift of Heaven: a happiness
That even above the smiles and frowns of fate
Exalts great Nature's favorites: a wealth
That ne'er encumbers, nor to baser hands
Can be transferr'd: it is the only good
Man justly boasts of, or can call his own.
Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earn'd;
Or dealt by chance to shield a lucky knave,
Or throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
But for one end, one much neglected use,
Are riches worth your care (for nature's wants
Are few, and without opulence supplied)
This noble end is, to produce the soul,
To show the virtues in their fairest light;
To make humanity the minister
Of bounteous Providence; and teach the breast
That generous luxury the gods enjoy.—
Thus, in his graver vein, the friendly Sage
Sometimes declaim'd. Of right and wrong he
taught

Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard;
And (strange to tell!) he practis'd what he
preach'd.

§ 147. *Hymn to Cheerfulness.—The Author
being sick.*—Dr. Akenside.

How thick the shades of evening close!
How pale the sky with weight of snows!
Haste, light the tapers, urge the fire,
And bid the joyless day retire!
—Alas, in vain I try within
To raise the dull, dejected scene;
While rous'd by grief, these fiery pains
Tear the frail texture of my veins;
While winter's voice, that storms around,
And yon deep death-bell's groaning sound
Renew my mind's oppressive gloom,
Till starting horror shakes the room.

Is there in Nature no kind power
To sooth affliction's lonely hour?

To blunt the edge of dire disease,
And teach these wintry shades to please?
Come, **CHEERFULNESS**, triumphant fair,
Shine through the painful cloud of care:
O sweet of language, mild of mien,
O Virtue's friend and Pleasure's queen!
Assuage the flames that burn my breast,
Attune my jarring thoughts to rest;
And while thy gracious gifts I feel,
My song shall all thy praise reveal.

As once ('twas in Astrea's reign)
The vernal pow'rs renew'd their train,
It happen'd that immortal Love
Was ranging through the spheres above,
And downward hither cast his eye,
The year's returning pomp to spy:
He saw the radiant God of day
Lead round the globe the rosy May;
The fragrant Airs and genial Hours
Were shedding round him dews and flowers;
Before his wheels Aurora pass'd,
And Hesper's golden lamp was last.
But, fairest of the blooming throng,
When Health majestic mov'd along,
All gay with smiles, to see below
The joys which from her presence flow,
While earth enliven'd hears her voice,
And fields, and flocks, and swains rejoice;
Then mighty Love her charms confess'd,
And soon his vows inclin'd her breast,
And, known from that auspicious morn,
The pleasing Cheerfulness was born.

Thou, Cheerfulness, by Heav'n design'd
To rule the pulse that moves the mind,
Whatever fretful passion springs,
Whatever chance or nature brings
To strain the tuneful poise within,
And disarrange the sweet machine;
Thou, Goddess, with a master-hand
Dost each attempter'd key command,
Refine the soft and swell the strong,
Till all is concord, all is song.

Fair guardian of domestic life,
Best banisher of home-bred strife,
Nor sullen lip, nor taunting eye,
Deform the scene where thou art by:
No sickening husband damns the hour
That bound his joys to female pow'r:
No pining mother weeps the cares
That parents waste on hopeless heirs:
Th' officious daughters pleas'd attend;
The brother rises to the friend:
By thee their board with flowers is crown'd,
By thee with songs their walks resound,
By thee their sprightly mornings shine,
And evening hours in peace decline.

Behold the youth, whose trembling heart
Beats high with Love's unpitied smart;
Though now he strays by rills and bowers,
And weeping wears the lonely hours;
Or, if the nymph her audience deign,
Shames the soft story of his pain,

With slavish looks, discolored eyes,
And accents faltering into sighs;
Yet thou, auspicious power, with ease
Canst yield him happier arts to please,
Exalt his mien to manlier charms,
Instruct his tongue with nobler arms,
With more commanding passion move,
And teach the dignity of love.

Friend to the Muse and all her train,
For thee I court the Muse again;
And may the votive lay disclose
How much to thy fair aid she owes!
See, when thy touch reveals her mine,
How pure the stores of fancy shine;
Hark! when thy breath her song impels,
How full the tuneful current swells.
Let Melancholy's plaintive tongue
Instruct the nightly strains of Y—;
But thine was Homer's ancient might,
And thine victorious Pindar's flight:
Thy myrtles crown'd the Lesbian* meads:
Thy voice awak'd Sicilian † reeds;
Thy breath perfumes the Teian ‡ rose,
And Tiber's vine spontaneous flows;
While Horace wantons in thy quire;
The gods and heroes of the lyre.

See where the pale, the sick'ning sage,
(A prey perhaps to fortune's rage,
Perhaps by tender griefs oppress,
Or glooms congenial to his breast)
Retires in desert scenes to dwell,
And bids the joyless world farewell.
Alone he treads th' autumnal shade,
Alone beneath the mountain laid,
He sees the nightly damps arise,
And gathering storms involve the skies;
He hears the neighb'ring surges roll,
And raging thunders shake the pole;
Then, struck by every object round,
And stunn'd by every horrid sound,
He pants to traverse nature's ways:
His evils haunt him through the maze:
He views ten thousand demons rise,
To wield the empire of the skies,
And Chance and Fate assume the rod,
And Malice blots the throne of God.
—O Thou, whose pleasing power I sing!
Thy lenient influence hither bring;
Compose the storm, dispel the gloom
Till Nature wears her wonted bloom,
Till fields and shades their sweets exhale,
And music swell each opening gale:
Then o'er his breast thy softness pour,
And let him learn the timely hour
To trace the world's benignant laws,
And judge of that presiding cause
Who founds in discord beauty's reign,
Converts to pleasure every pain,
Subdues the hostile forms to rest,
And bids the universe be blest.

O Thou, whose pleasing power I sing!
If right I touch the votive string,

* Alcaeus and Sappho.

† Theocritus.

‡ Anacreon.

If equal praise I yield thy name,
 Still govern thou thy poet's flame;
 Still with the Muse my bosom share,
 And sooth to peace corroding care.
 But most exert thy genial power
 On friendship's consecrated hour:
 And while my Agis leads the road
 To fearless wisdom's high abode;
 Or, warm in freedom's sacred cause,
 Pursues the light of Grecian laws;
 Attend, and grace our gen'rous toils
 With all thy garlands, all thy smiles.
 But if, by fortune's stubborn sway,
 From him and friendship torn away,
 I court the Muses' healing spell
 For griefs that still with absence dwell,
 Do thou conduct my fancy's dreams
 To such indulgent, tender themes
 As just the struggling breast may cheer,
 And just suspend the starting tear;
 Yet leave that charming sense of woe,
 Which none but friends and lovers know.

§ 148. *The Pain arising from virtuous Emotions attended with Pleasure.* Akenside.

—BEHOLD the ways
 Of Heaven's eternal destiny to man,
 For ever just, benevolent, and wise:
 That Virtue's awful steps, how'er pursued
 By vexing Fortune and intrusive Pain,
 Should never be divided from her chaste,
 Her fair attendant, Pleasure. Need I urge
 Thy tardy thought through all the various round
 Of this existence, that thy soft'ning soul
 At length may learn what energy the hand
 Of virtue mingles in the bitter tide
 Of passion swelling with distress and pain,
 To mitigate the sharp with gracious drops
 Of cordial Pleasure? Ask the faithful youth,
 Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd
 So often fills his arms; so often draws
 His lonely footsteps, at the silent hour,
 To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
 O! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds
 Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
 That sacred hour, when, stealing from the noise
 Of care and envy, sweet remembrance soothes
 With virtue's kindest looks his aching breast,
 And turns his tears to rapture.—Ask the crowd
 Which flies impatient from the village-walk
 To climb the neighb'ring cliffs, when far below
 The cruel winds have hurl'd upon the coast
 Some hapless bark; while sacred pity melts
 The gen'ral eye, or terror's icy hand
 Smites their distorted limbs and horrent hair;
 While every mother closer to her breast [waves
 Catches her child, and, pointing where the
 Foam through the shatter'd vessel, shrieks aloud,
 As one poor wretch, that spreads his piteous
 arms
 For succour, swallow'd by the roaring surge,
 As now another, dash'd against the rock,
 Drops lifeless down. O deemest thou indeed
 No kind endearment here by nature given

To mutual terror and compassion's tears?
 No sweetly-melting softness which attracts,
 O'er all that edge of pain, the social pow'rs,
 To this their proper action and their end?—
 Ask thy own heart; when at the midnight
 hour, [eye,
 Slow through that studious gloom thy pausing
 Led by the glimm'ring taper, moves around
 The sacred volumes of the dead, the songs
 Of Grecian bards, and records writ by Fame
 For Grecian heroes, where the present pow'r
 Of heaven and earth surveys th' immortal page,
 E'en as a father's blessing, while he reads
 The praises of his son; if then thy soul,
 Spurning the yoke of these inglorious days,
 Mix in their deeds and kindle with their flame:
 Say, when the prospect blackens on thy view;
 When rooted from the base, heroic states
 Mourn in the dust, and tremble at the frown
 Of curs'd Ambition;—when the pious band
 Of youths that fought for freedom and their
 sires,
 Lie side by side in gore;—when ruffian pride
 Usurps the throne of justice, turns the pomp
 Of public pow'r, the majesty of rule,
 The sword, the laurel, and the purple robe,
 To slavish empty pageants, to adorn
 A tyrant's walk, and glitter in the eyes
 Of such as bow the knee;—when honor'd urns
 Of patriots and of chiefs, the awful bust
 And storied arch, to glut the coward race
 Of regal envy, strew the public way
 With hallow'd ruins! when the Muse's haunt,
 The marble porch where wisdom wont to talk
 With Socrates or Tully, hears no more,
 Save the hoarse jargon of contentious monks,
 Or female superstition's midnight pray'r;—
 When ruthless rapine from the hand of Time
 Tears the destroying scythe, with surer blow,
 To sweep the works of glory from their base,
 Till desolation o'er the grass-grown street
 Expands his raven wings, and up the wall,
 Where senates once the pride of monarchs
 doom'd,
 Hisses the gliding snake through hoary weeds
 That clasp the mould'ring column;—thus de-
 fac'd,
 Thus widely mournful, when the prospect thrills
 Thy beating bosom, when the patriot's tear
 Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm
 In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove
 To fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow,
 Or dash Octavius from the trophied car;—
 Say, does thy secret soul repine to taste
 The big distress? Or wouldst thou then exchange
 Those heart-ennobling sorrows, for the lot
 Of him who sits amid the gaudy herd
 Of mute barbarians bending to his nod,
 And bears aloft his gold-invested front,
 And says within himself, "I am a king, [woe
 "And wherefore should the clam'rous voice of
 "Intrude upon mine ear?" The baleful dregs
 Of these late ages, this inglorious draught
 Of servitude and folly, have not yet

Bless'd be th' Eternal Ruler of the world!
 Defil'd to such a depth of sordid shame
 The native honors of the human soul,
 Nor so effac'd the image of its sire.

§ 149. *Reflection on a Future State, from a Review of Winter.* Thomson.

'Tis done! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,

And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
 How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
 How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
 His desolate domain. Behold, fond man!
 See here thy pictur'd life: pass some few years,
 Thy flow'ring Spring, thy Summer's ardent
 The sober Autumn fading into age, [strength,
 And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
 And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled
 Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
 Of happiness? those longings after fame?
 Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
 Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering
 thoughts

Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?
 All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives,
 Immortal never-failing friend of man,
 His guide to happiness on high. And see!
 'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth
 Of heav'n and earth! awak'ning nature hears
 The new-creating word, and starts to life,
 In ev'ry heighten'd form, from pain and death
 For ever free. The great eternal scheme,
 Involving all, and in a perfect whole
 Uniting as the prospect wider spreads,
 To reason's eye refin'd, clears up apace.
 Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,
 Confounded in the dust, adore that Pow'r
 And Wisdom oft arraign'd; see now the cause
 Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd,
 And died neglected: why the good man's share
 In life was gall and bitterness of soul:
 Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
 In starving solitude; while luxury,
 In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
 To form unreal wants: why heav'n-born truth,
 And moderation fair, wore the red marks
 Of superstition's scourge: why licens'd pain,
 That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
 Imbitter'd all our bliss. 'Ye good distress'd!
 Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
 Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,
 And what your bounded view, which only saw
 A little part, deem'd evil, is no more;
 The storms of Wintry Time will quickly pass,
 And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

§ 150. *A Prayer in the Prospect of Death.* Burns.

O thou unknown Almighty Cause
 Of all my hope and fear!

In whose dread presence, ere an hour
 Perhaps, I must appear!

If I have wander'd in those paths
 Of life I ought to shun,

As something loudly in my breast
 Remonstrates I have done;

Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me
 With passions wild and strong;
 And list'ning to their 'witching voice
 Has often led me wrong.

Where human weakness has come short,
 Or frailty stepp'd aside,
 Do Thou, All-Good! for such Thou art,
 In shades of darkness hide.

Where with intention I have err'd,
 No other plea I have,
 But Thou art good; and goodness still
 Delighteth to forgive.

§ 151. *Death.* Emily.

The festive roar of laughter, the warm glow
 Of brisk-eyed joy, and friendship's genial
 bowl,

Wit's season'd converse, and the liberal flow
 Of unsuspicious youth, profuse of soul,
 Delight not ever; from the boisterous scene
 Of riot far, and Comus' wild uproar,
 From folly's crowd, whose vacant brow serene
 Was never knit to wisdom's frowning lore,
 Permit me, ye time-hallow'd domes, ye piles
 Of rude magnificence, your solemn rest,
 Amid your fretted vaults and length'ning aisles,
 Lonely to wander; no unholy guest
 That means to break, with sacrilegious tread,
 The marble slumbers of your monumented
 dead.

Permit me, with sad musings, that inspire
 Unlabor'd numbers apt, your silence deare
 Blameless to wake, and with the Orphean lyre,
 Fitly attemper'd, sooth the merciless ear
 Of Hades, and stern Death, whose iron sway
 Great nature owns through all her wide do-
 main:

All that with oary fin cleave their smooth way
 Through the green bosom of the spawny
 main;

And those that to the streaming æther spread,
 In many a wheeling glide, their feathery sail;
 And those that creep, and those that statelier
 tread,

That roam o'er forest, hill, or browsy dale;
 The victims each of ruthless fate must fall;
 E'en God's own image, man, high paramount
 of all.

And ye, the young, the giddy, and the gay,
 That startle from the sleepful lid of light
 The curtain'd rest, and with the dissonant bray
 Of Bacchus, and loud jollity, affright
 Yon radiant goddess, that now shoots among
 These many-window'd aisles her glimmering
 beam;

Know, that or ere its starr'd career along [team,
 Thrice shall have roll'd her silver-wheeled
 Some parent breast may heave the answering sigh
 To the slow pauses of the funeral knell;
 E'en now black Atropos with scowling eye
 Roars in the laugh, and revels o'er the bowl;

E'en now in rosy-crowned pleasure's wreath
Entwines in adder folds all unsuspected Death.

Know, on the stealing wing of time shall flee
Some few, some short-liv'd years, and all is
A future bard these awful domes may see, [past;
Muse o'er the present age, as I the last;
Who mouldering in the grave, yet once like you
The various maze of life were seen to tread,
Each bent their own peculiar to pursue,
As custom urg'd, or wilful nature led:
Mix'd with the various crowd's inglorious clay,
The nobler virtues undistinguish'd lie;
No more to melt with beauty's heaven-born ray,
No more to wet compassion's tearful eye,
Catch from the poet raptures not their own,
And feel the thrilling melody of sweet renown.

Where is the master-hand, whose semblant art
Chisel'd the marble into life, or taught
From the well-pencil'd portraiture to start
The nerve that beat with soul, the brow that
thought?

Cold are the fingers that, in stone-fixt trance
The mute attention riveting, to the lyre
Struck language; dimm'd the poet's quick-eyed
glance,

All in wild raptures flashing heaven's own fire;
Shrunk is the sinew'd energy, that strung
The warrior arm. Where sleeps the patriot
breast [tongue

Whilom that heav'd impassion'd? where the
That lanc'd its lightning on the tow'ring crest
Of sceptred insolence, and overthrew
Giant Oppression, leagued with all her earth-
born crew?

These now are past; long, long, ye fleeting years,
Pursue, with glory wing'd, your fated way,
Ere from the womb of time unwelcome peers

The dawn of that inevitable day, [friend
When, wrapt in shrouded clay, their warmest

The widow'd virtues shall again deplore,
When o'er his urn in pious grief shall bend
His Britain, and bewail one patriot more;

For soon must thou, too soon! who spread'st
Thy beaming emanations unconfin'd, [abroad
Doom'd like some better angel sent of God

To scatter blessings o'er human kind,
Thou too must fall, O Pitt! to shine no more,
And tread these dreadful paths a Faulkland trod
before.

Fast to the driving winds the marshall'd clouds
Sweep discontinuous o'er th' ethereal plain!
Another still upon another crowds,

All hastening downward to their native main.
Thus passes o'er, through varied life's career,
Man's fleeting age; the seasons, as they fly,
Snatch from us in their course, year after year,
Some sweet connexion, some endearing tie.

The parent, ever honor'd, ever dear,
Claims from the filial breast the pious sigh;
A brother's urn demands the kindred tear,
And gentle sorrows gush from friendship's eye.

To-day we frolic in the rosy bloom [tomb.
Of jocund youth—the morrow knells us to the

Who knows how soon in this sepulchral spot
Shall heav'n to me the drear abode assign?
How soon the past irrevocable lot

Of these that rest beneath me shall be mine?
Haply when Zephyr to thy native bourn [wave,
Shall waft thee o'er the storm'd Hibernian
Thy gentle breast, my Tavistock, shall mourn
To find me sleeping in the senseless grave.

No more the social leisure to divide,
In the sweet intercourse of soul and soul,
Blithe, or of graver brow: no more to chide
The ling'ring years impatient as they roll,
Till all thy cultur'd virtues shall display, [day.
Full-blossom'd, their bright honors to the gazing

Ah, dearest youth! these vows, perhaps unheard,
The rude wind scatters o'er the billowy main:
These prayers at friendship's holy shrine pre-
ferr'd,

May rise to grasp their father's knees in vain.
Soon, soon may nod the sad funeral plume
With solemn horror o'er thy timeless hearse,
And I survive to grave upon thy tomb

The mournful tribute of memorial verse.
That leave to heaven's decision—be it thine,
Higher than yet a parent's wishes flew,
To soar in bright pre-eminence, and shine

With self-earn'd honors, eager to pursue
Where glory, with her clear unsullied rays,
The well-born spirit lights to deeds of mightiest
praise.

'Twas she thy godlike Russel's bosom steel'd
With confidence untam'd, in his last breath
Stern-smiling. She, with calm composure, held

The patriot axe of Sidney, edg'd with death.
Smit with the warmth of her impulsive flame,
Wolfe's gallant virtue flies to worlds afar,
Emulous to pluck fresh wreaths of well-earn'd
fame

From the grim-frowning brow of laurell'd war.
'Twas she that, on the morn of direful birth,
Bar'd thy young bosom to the fatal blow,
Lamented Armytage!—the bleeding youth!

O bathe him in the pearly caves below,
Ye Nereids! and ye Nymphs of Canus hoar,
Weep—for ye oft have seen him on your
haunted shore.

Better to die with glory, than recline
On the soft lap of ignominious peace;
Than yawn out the dull droning life supine
In monkish apathy and gowned ease.

Better employ'd in honor's bright career
The least division on the dial's round,
Than thrice to compass Saturn's live-long year,
Grown old in sloth, the burden of the ground;

Than tug with sweating toil the slavish oar
Of unredeem'd affliction, and sustain
The feverous rage of fierce diseases sore
Unnumber'd, that in sympathetic chain

Hang ever through the thick circumfluous air,
All from the drizzly verge of yonder star-girt
sphere.

Thick in the many-beaten road of life

A thousand maladies are posted round,
With wretched man to wage eternal strife
Unseen, like ambush'd Indians, till they
wound :

There the swoln hydrop stands, the wat'ry rheum,
The northern scurvy, blotch with leprous scale;
And moping ever in the cloister'd gloom
Of learned sloth, and bookish asthma pale;
And the shunn'd hag unsightly, that (ordain'd
On Europe's sons to wreak the faithless sword
Of Cortez, with the blood of millions stain'd)

O'er dog-eyed lust the tort'ring scourge ab-
horr'd [her flight
Shakes threat'ning, since the while she wing'd
From Amazon's broad wave, and Andes' snow-
clad height.

Where the wan daughter of the yellow year,
The chatt'ring ague chill; the writhing stone;
And he of ghastly feature, on whose ear
Unheeded croaks the death-bird's warning
moan,

Marasmus; knotty gout; and the dead life
Of nerveless palsy; there, on purpose fell
Dark brooding, whets his interdicted knife
Grim Suicide, the damned fiend of hell.

There too is the stunn'd apoplexy pight,* [foul;
The bloated child of gorg'd intemperance
Self-wasting melancholy, black as night [howl,
Low'ring; and foaming fierce with hideous
The dog hydrophoby; and near allied,
Scar'd madness, with her moon-struck eyeballs
staring wide.

There, stretch'd one huge, beneath the rocky
mine; †

With boiling sulphur fraught, and mouldering
He, the dread delegate of wrath divine, [fires :
Ere while that stood o'er Taio's hundred spires
Vindictive; thrice he wav'd th' earth-shaking
wand,

Powerful as that the son of Amram bore,
And thrice he rais'd, and thrice he check'd his
hand. [roar,

He struck—the rocky ground, with thunderous
Yawn'd! Here from street to street hurries, and
there [again,

Now runs, now stops, then shrieks, and scours
Staring distraction: many a palace fair
With millions sinks ingulf'd, and pillar'd
fane.

Old ocean's farthest waves confess the shock;
E'en Albion trembled conscious on his stedfast
rock.

The meagre famine there, and, drunk with
blood, [yore

Stern war; and the loath'd monster, whom of
The slimy Naiad of the Memphian flood
Engend'ring, to the bright-hair'd Phœbus bore,

Foul pestilence; that on the wide-stretch'd wings
Of commerce speeds from Cairo's swarthy bay
His westerling flight; and through the sick air
flings

Spotted contagion; at his heels dismay
And desolation urge their fire-wheel'd yoke
Terrible; as long of old, when from the height
Of Paran came unwreath'd the mightiest, shook
Earth's firm-fixt base tott'ring; through the
black night [abroad
Glanc'd the flash'd lightnings: heaven's rent roof
Thunder'd; and universal nature felt its God.

Who on that scene of terror, on that hour
Of roused indignation, shall withstand
Th' Almighty, when he meditates to show'r
The bursting vengeance o'er a guilty land?
Canst thou, secure in reason's vaunted pride,
Tongue-doubty miscreant, who but now didst
gore

With more than Hebrew rage th' innocent side
Of agonizing mercy, bleeding sore—
Canst thou confront, with stedfast eye unaw'd,
The sworded judgment stalking far and near?
Well mayst thou tremble, when an injur'd God
Disclaims thee—guilt is ever quick of fear—
Loud whirlwinds howl in Zephyr's softest breath,
And every glancing meteor glares imagin'd
death.

The good alone are fearless; they alone,
Firm and collected in their virtue, brave
The wreck of worlds, and look unshrinking down
On the dread yawnings of the rav'nous grave :
Thrice happy who, the blameless road along
Of honest praise, hath reach'd the vale of
death!

Around him, like ministrant cherubs, throng
His better actions, to the parting breath
Singing their best requiems; he the while
Gently reposing on some friendly breast,
Breathes out his benisons; then with a smile
Of soft complacence lays him down to rest,
Calm as the slumb'ring infant; from the goal
Free and unbounded flies the disembodied soul.

Whether some delegated charge below, [claim;
Some much-lov'd friend its hovering care may
Whether it heavenward soars again to know
That long-forgotten country, whence it came;
Conjecture ever, the mis-featur'd child
Of letter'd arrogance, delights to run
Through speculation's puzzling mazes wild,
And all to end at last where it begun.

Fain would we trace with reason's erring clue,
The darksome paths of destiny aright :
In vain; the task were easier to pursue
The trackless wheelings of the swallow's flight.
From mortal ken himself the Almighty shrouds,
Pavilion'd in thick night and circumambient
clouds.

* Placed.

† Alluding to the Earthquake at Lisbon, November 1, 1755.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

POETICAL.

BOOK THE SECOND.

DIDACTIC, DESCRIPTIVE, NARRATIVE, AND PATHETIC.

- § 1. *The Traveller ; or, a Prospect of Society.*
Inscribed to the Rev. H. Goldsmith.
Goldsmith.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wand'ring Po ;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door :
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies
A weary waste expanding to the skies :
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee ;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags, at each remove, a length'ning chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend :
Bless'd be that spot where cheerful guests retire,
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire ;
Bless'd that abode where want and pain repair,
And ev'ry stranger finds a ready chair :
Bless'd be those feasts with simple plenty
crown'd,

Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jest or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale ;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good !

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wand'ring spent, and care ;
Impell'd, with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good that mocks me with the
view ;

That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet as I follow flies ;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend ;

And plac'd on high, above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms
appear ;

Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler
pride. [bine,

When thus Creation's charms around com-
Amidst the store should thankless pride repine ?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom
vain ?

Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man ;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glitt'ring towns, with wealth and splendor
crown'd ; [round ;

Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale ;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry vale ;
For me your tributary stores combine :
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine !

As some lone miser visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er ;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still :
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleas'd with each good that Heaven to man sup-
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall, [plies :
To see the hoard of human bliss so small ;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wand'ring hope at
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest. [rest,

But where to find that happy spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know ?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own ;

Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
 And his long nights of revelry and ease :
 The naked negro, panting at the line,
 Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine;
 Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
 And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
 Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam :
 His first, best country, ever is at home.
 And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
 And estimate the blessings which they share,
 Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
 An equal portion dealt to all mankind ;
 As different good, by art or nature given
 To different nations, makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
 Still grants her bliss at labor's earnest call ;
 With food as well the peasant is supplied
 On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side ;
 And though the rocky-crested summits frown,
 These rocks by custom turn to beds of down.
 From art more various are the blessings sent ;
 Wealth, commerce, honor, liberty, content.
 Yet these each other's pow'r so strong contest,
 That either seems destructive of the rest. [fails ;
 Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment
 And honor sinks where commerce long prevails.
 Hence ev'ry state, to one lov'd blessing prone,
 Conforms and models life to that alone.
 Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,
 And spurns the plan that aims at other ends ;
 Till, carried to excess in each domain,
 This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
 And trace them through the prospect as it lies :
 Here for a while, my proper cares resign'd,
 Here let me sit, in sorrow for mankind ;
 Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
 That shades the steep, and sighs at ev'ry blast.

Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,
 Bright as the summer, Italy extends ;
 Its uplands sloping deck the mountain side,
 Woods over woods in gay theatric pride ;
 While oft some temple's mould'ring tops be-
 tween

With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
 The sons of Italy were surely blest.
 Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
 That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground ;
 Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
 Whose bright succession decks the varied year ;
 Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
 With vernal lives, that blossom but to die ;—
 These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
 Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil ;
 While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand,
 To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
 And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
 In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
 Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
 Contrasted faults through all his manners reign :
 Though poor, luxurious ; though submissive,
 vain ;

Though grave, yet trifling ; zealous, yet untrue ;
 And e'en in penance planning sins anew.
 All evils here contaminate the mind,
 That opulence departed leaves behind ;
 For wealth was theirs ; not far remov'd the date,
 When commerce proudly flourish'd through the
 state ;

At her command the palace learn'd to rise,
 Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies :
 The canvas glow'd beyond e'en Nature warm :
 The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form ;
 Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
 Commerce on other shores display'd her sail ;
 While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
 But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave :
 And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
 Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied
 By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride ;
 From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
 An easy compensation seem to find.
 Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
 The pasteboard triumph, and the cavalcade ;
 Processions form'd for piety and love,

A mistress or a saint in ev'ry grove.
 By sports like these are all their cares beguill'd,
 The sports of children satisfy the child :
 Each nobler aim, repress'd by long control,
 Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul ;
 While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
 In happier meanness occupy the mind :
 As in those domes where Cæsars once boresway,
 Defac'd by time, and tott'ring in decay,
 There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
 The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed ;
 And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
 Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them—turn we to survey
 Where rougher climes a nobler race display ;
 Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion
 tread,

And force a churlish soil for scanty bread :
 No product here the barren hills afford
 But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
 No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
 But winter ling'ring chills the lap of May ;
 No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
 But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still e'en here Content can spread a charm,
 Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
 Though poor the peasant's hut, his feast though
 He sees his little lot the lot of all ; [small,
 Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
 To shame the meanness of his humble shed ;
 No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
 To make him loathe his vegetable meal ;
 But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
 Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
 Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
 Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes ;
 With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
 Or drives his ven'trous ploughshare to the steep ;
 Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the
 And drags the struggling savage into day. [way,

At night returning, ev'ry labor sped,
He sits him down, the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board:
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus ev'ry good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And e'en those hills that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast;
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd:
Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd.
Yet let them only share the praises due;
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few:
For ev'ry want that stimulates the breast,
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.
Whence from such lands each pleasing science
flies,

That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those pow'rs that raise the soul to
flame,

Catch ev'ry nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a mould'ring fire,
Unquench'd by want, unann'd by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures; or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a-year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till buried in debauch the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow;
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low:
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son,
Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run;
And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
Falls blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit like falcons cowering on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm
the way;

These, far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn,—and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself whom all the world can
please,

How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmur'ing Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave, the zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch falt'ring
still,

But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's
skill,

Yet would the village praise my wondrous pow'r,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour!
Alike all ages; dames of ancient days [maze;
Have led their children through the mirthful
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honor forms the social temper here.
Honor, that praise which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land:
From courts to camps, to cottages, it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise:
They please, are pleas'd; they give to get esteem;
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast;
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart:
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frize with copper-lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a-year;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion
draws,

Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land;
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the wat'ry roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore;
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescued from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth
imparts

Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts:
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear:
E'en liberty itself is barter'd here!
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies;
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonorable graves

And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the sound, my Genius spreads her wing,

And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride;
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspes glide:
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on ev'ry spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd;
Extremes are only in the master's mind!

Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great:

Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by;

Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from nature's hand;

Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
True to imagin'd right above control:

While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man. [here,

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd
Thine are those charms, that dazzle and endear;

Too blest indeed were such without alloy,
But foster'd e'en by Freedom, ills annoy.

That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;

The self-dependent lordlings stand alone;
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;

Here, by the bonds of Nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd:

Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Repress'd ambition struggles round her shore;

Till, overwrought, the general system feels
Its motion stop, or phrensy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honor fail to sway,

Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.

Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talents sink, and merit weeps unknown;

Till time may come, when, stripp'd of all her charms,

The land of scholars and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,

Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for
One sink of level avarice shall lie, [fame,

And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonor'd die.
Yet think not thus, when Freedom's ills I state,

I mean to flatter kings, or court the great:
Ye pow'rs of truth that bid my soul aspire,

Far from my bosom drive the low desire!
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel

The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flow'r, alike undone

By proud Contempt, or Favor's fust'ring sun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,

I only would repress them to secure:
For just experience tells, in ev'ry soil, [toil;

That those who think must govern those who

And all that Freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.

Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

O, then, how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!

Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast-approaching danger warms:

But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal pow'r to stretch their own;

When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free;

Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;

The wealth of climes, where savage nations
room,

Pillag'd from slaves, to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,

Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
Till, half a patriot, half a coward grown,

I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.
Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour;

When first ambition struck at regal pow'r,
And thus, polluting honor in its source,

Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,

Her useful sons exchange'd for useless ore;
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,

Like flaring tapers, bright'ning as they waste;
Seen Opulence, her grandeur to maintain,

Lead stern Depopulation in her train,
And over fields, where scatter'd hamlets rose,

In barren, solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen at Pleasure's lordly call,

The smiling, long-frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,

The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,

To traverse climes beyond the western main:
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,

And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?
E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays

Through tangled forests, and through dangerous
ways;

Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous

There, while above the giddy tempest flies, [aim;
And all around distressful yells arise,

The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,

Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, v'ry vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind!

Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?

In ev'ry government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,

How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!

Still to ourselves in ev'ry place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:

With secretcourse, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.

The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
 Luke's iron crown, and Damiens' bed of steel,
 To men remote from pow'r but rarely known,
 Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

§ 2. *The Deserted Village.* Goldsmith.

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
 Where health and plenty cheer'd the laboring
 swain;

Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
 And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd!
 Dear lovely bow'rs of innocence and ease,
 Seats of my youth when ev'ry sport could please,
 How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
 Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
 How often have I paus'd on ev'ry charm,
 The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
 The never-failing brook, the busy mill, [hill,
 The decent church that topp'd the neighb'ring
 The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the
 shade,

For talking age and whisk'ring lovers made!
 How often have I blest the coming day,
 When toil remitting lent its turn to play;
 And all the village train, from labor free,
 Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
 While many a pastime circled in the shade,
 The young contending as the old survey'd:
 And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
 And sleights of art and feats of strength went
 round.

And still, as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd;
 The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
 By holding out to tire each other down;
 The swain, mistrustless of his smutt'd face,
 While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
 The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
 The matron's glance that would those looks re-
 prove— [these,

These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like
 With sweet succession taught e'en toil to please;
 These round thy bow'rs their cheerful influence
 shed, [are fled.

These were thy charms—but all these charms
 Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms with-
 drawn;

Amidst thy bow'rs the tyrant's hand is seen,
 And desolation saddens all thy green:
 One only master grasps the whole domain,
 And half a tillage tints thy smiling plain;
 No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
 But, chok'd with sedges, works its weedy way;
 Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
 The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
 Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
 And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
 Sunk are thy bow'rs in shapeless ruin all,
 And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall;
 And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
 Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.

Princes and lords may flourish or may fade;
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
 When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
 When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
 For him light labor spread her wholesome store;
 Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more:
 His best companions, innocence and health;
 And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd: trade's unfeeling train
 Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
 Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
 Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose;
 And ev'ry want to luxury allied,
 And ev'ry pang that folly pays to pride.
 Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
 Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
 Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful
 scene,

Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green:
 These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
 And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
 Thy glades forlorn confess'd the tyrant's pow'r.
 Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
 Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds;
 And, many a year elaps'd, return to view [grew;
 Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn
 Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
 Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
 In all my grief, (and God has given my share,)
 I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
 Amidst these humble bow'rs to lay me down;
 To husband out life's taper at the close,
 And keep the flame from wasting by repose:
 I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
 Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill;
 Around my fire, an evening group to draw,
 And tell of all I felt, and all I saw:
 And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
 Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
 I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
 Here to return, and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
 Retreat from care, that never must be mine!
 How blest is he, who crowns, in shades like these,
 A youth of labor with an age of ease;
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
 And since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
 For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
 Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;
 No surly porter stands in guilty state,
 To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,
 Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
 Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
 While resignation gently slopes the way;
 And, all his prospects bright'ning to the last,
 His heaven commences ere the world be past!
 Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's
 close,

Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;

There as I pass'd, with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring
wind,

And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled:
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron! forc'd in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses
spread,

To pick her wint'ry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left, of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden
smil'd,

And still where many a garden flow'r grows
There, where a few torn shrubs the place
disclose,

The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a-year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change, his
place;

Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for pow'r,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings, but reliev'd their
pain.

The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims
allow'd:

The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields
were won.

Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to Virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at ev'ry call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt her new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed, where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The rev'rend champion stood: At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to
raise,

And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal each honest rustic ran;
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown to share the good man's
smile;

His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their care
distress'd; [given,
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the
storm,

Though round its breast the rolling clouds are
Eternal sunshine settles on its head. [spread,

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay, [way,
There in his noisy mansion skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view:
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face:
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd.
Yet he was kind; or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declar'd how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides
presage,

And e'en the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing too the parson own'd his skill,
For, e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue
still;

While words of learned length, and thund'ring
sound,

Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around;
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame, the very spot
Where many a time he triumph'd is forgot.

Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing
eye,

Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts
inspir'd,

Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retir'd,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks pro-
found,

And news much older than their ale went
[round.

Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendors of that festive place ;
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door ;

The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of draw'rs by day ;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose ;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flow'rs, and fennel gay.
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendor ! could not all
Reprive the tott'ring mansion from its fall !
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart ;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care ;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail ;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear ;
The host himself no longer shall be found,
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round ;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes ! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train :—
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art :
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway ;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfin'd :
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain :
And e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy ?

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey,
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting folly hails them from her shore ;
Hoards, e'en beyond the miser's wish, abound ;
And rich men flock from all the world around :
Yet count our gains : this wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful product still the same.
Not so the loss : the man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied ;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds ;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
Has robb'd the neighb'ring fields of half their growth ;

His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green ;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies :
While thus the land adorn'd for pleasure all,
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights ev'ry borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes :
But when those charms are past (for charms are frail),

When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd ;
But, verging to decline, its splendors rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise, [land,
While, scourg'd by famine from the smiling
The mournful peasant leads his humble band ;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave !

Where then, ah where, shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride ?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And e'en the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped—what waits him there ?
To see profusion that he must not share ;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind ;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade ;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomp display,

There the black gibbet glooms beside the way
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train ;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy !
Sure these denote one universal joy ! [eyes
Are these thy serious thoughts ? Ah, turn thine
Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies.
She, once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distress ;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn ;
Now lost to all ; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head ;
And pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the show'r,

With heavy heart deploras that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel, and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain ? [train,
E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread !

Ah no, to distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far diff'rent there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore ;

Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling:
Those pois'nous fields, with rank luxuriance
crown'd,

Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men, more murderous still than
they;

While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
Far diff'rent these from ev'ry former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that
parting day,

That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, ev'ry pleasure past,
Hung round the bow'rs, and fondly look'd their
last,

And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep!

The good old sire the first prepar'd to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.

His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his hapless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms.

With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And bless'd the cot where every pleasure rose;
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a
tear,

And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury, thou curst by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!

Kingdoms, by thee to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigor not their own.

At ev'ry draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unweildy woe;
Till sapp'd their strength, and ev'ry part un-
sound,

Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin
[round.

Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the bus'ness of destruction done;
E'en now, methinks, as pond'ring here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.

Down where yon anch'ring vessel spreads the
That idly waiting flaps with every gale, [sail,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.

Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there;

And piety with wishes plac'd above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit in these degen'rate times of shame
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride!
Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel;
Thou source of ev'ry virtue, fare thee well!

Farewell! and, oh! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side;
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow;
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigors of th' inclement climate;
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain,
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him that states, of native strength
possest,

Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labor'd mole away;
While self-dependent pow'r can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

§ 3. *Edwin and Angelina. A Ballad.*
Goldsmith.

"TURN, gentle Hermit of the dale,
" And guide my lonely way
" To where yon taper cheers the vale
" With hospitable ray.

" For here forlorn and lost I tread,
" With fainting steps and slow;
" Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
" Seem length'n'ing as I go."

" Forbear, my son," the Hermit cries,
" To tempt the dang'rous gloom;
" For yonder phantom only flies
" To lure thee to thy doom.

" Here to the houseless child of want
" My door is open still;
" And, though my portion is but scant,
" I give it with good-will.

" Then turn to-night, and freely share
" Whate'er my cell bestows;
" My rushy couch and frugal fare,
" My blessing and repose.

" No flocks that range the valley free
" To slaughter I condemn;
" Taught by that power that pities me,
" I learn to pity them:

" But from the mountain's grassy side
" A guiltless feast I bring;
" A scrip with herbs and fruit supplied,
" And water from the spring.

" Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
" All earth-born cares are wrong:

"Man wants but little here below,
 "Nor wants that little long."
 Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
 His gentle accents fell:
 The modest stranger lowly bends,
 And follows to the cell.
 Far in a wilderness obscure
 The lonely mansion lay;
 A refuge to the neighb'ring poor,
 And strangers led astray.
 No stores beneath its humble thatch
 Requir'd a master's care;
 The wicket, op'ning with a latch,
 Receiv'd the harmless pair.
 And now, when busy crowds retire
 To take their ev'ning rest,
 The Hermit trimm'd his little fire,
 And cheer'd his pensive guest;
 And spread his vegetable store,
 And gaily press'd and smil'd;
 And, skill'd in legendary lore,
 The ling'ring hours beguil'd.
 Around in sympathetic mirth
 Its tricks the kitten tries;
 The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
 The crackling faggot flies.
 But nothing could a charm impart
 To sooth the stranger's woe;
 For grief was heavy at his heart,
 And tears began to flow.
 His rising cares the Hermit spied,
 With ans'ring care oppress'd:
 "And whence, unhappy youth," he cried,
 "The sorrows of thy breast?"
 "From better habitations spurn'd,
 "Reluctant dost thou rove?"
 "Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
 "Or unregarded love?"
 "Alas! the joys that fortune brings
 "Are trifling, and decay;
 "And those who prize the paltry things
 "More trifling still than they."
 "And what is friendship but a name,
 "A charm that lulls to sleep;
 "A shade that follows wealth or fame,
 "And leaves the wretch to weep?"
 "And love is still an emptier sound,
 "The modern fair-one's jest;
 "On earth unseen, or only found
 "To warm the turtle's nest."
 "For shame! fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
 "And spurn the sex!" he said:
 But while he spoke, a rising blush
 His love-lorn guest betray'd.
 Surpris'd he sees new beauties rise,
 Swift mantling to the view,
 Like colors o'er the morning skies,
 As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
 Alternate spread alarms;
 The lovely stranger stands confest
 A maid in all her charms.
 And, "Ah! forgive a stranger rude,
 "A wretch forlorn," she cried,
 "Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
 "Where Heaven and you reside!"
 "But let a maid thy pity share,
 "Whom love has taught to stray;
 "Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
 "Companion of her way."
 "My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
 "A wealthy lord was he;
 "And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
 "He had but only me."
 "To win me from his tender arms
 "Unnumber'd suitors came;
 "Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
 "And felt, or feign'd a flame."
 "Each hour a mercenary crowd
 "With richest proffers strove;
 "Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
 "But never talk'd of love."
 "In humble, simplest habit clad,
 "No wealth or power had he;
 "Wisdom and worth were all he had,
 "But these were all to me."
 "The blossom op'ning to the day,
 "The dews of heaven refin'd,
 "Could nought of purity display
 "To emulate his mind."
 "The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
 "With charms inconstant shine;
 "Their charms were his, but, woe to me!
 "Their constancy was mine."
 "For still I tried each fickle art,
 "Importunate and vain:
 "And while his passion touch'd my heart,
 "I triumph'd in his pain:"
 "Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
 "He left me to my pride;
 "And sought a solitude forlorn
 "In secret, where he died."
 "But mine the sorrow, mine the fault!
 "And well my life shall pay;
 "I'll seek the solitude he sought,
 "And stretch me where he lay!"
 "And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
 "I'll lay me down and die;
 "'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
 "And so for him will I!"
 "Forbid it, Heaven!" the Hermit cried,
 And clasp'd her to his breast:
 The wond'ring fair-one turn'd to chide—
 'Twas Edwin's self that press'd.
 "Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
 "My charmer, turn to see

"Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
"Restor'd to love and thee!

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
"And ev'ry care resign:

"And shall we never, never part,
"My life—my all that's mine?

"No, never from this hour to part;

"We'll live and love so true,

"The sigh that rends thy constant heart
"Shall break thy Edwin's too!"

§ 4. *A Pastoral. In Four Parts. Pope.*

PASTORAL I. SPRING.

To Sir William Trumbal.

FIRST in these fields I try the sylvan strains,
Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful plains:
Fair Thames, flow gently from thy sacred
spring,

While on thy banks Sicilian Muses sing;
Let vernal airs through trembling osiers play,
And Albion's cliffs resound the rural lay.

You that, too wise for pride, too good for
Enjoy the glory to be great no more, [pow'r,
And, carrying with you all the world can boast,
To all the world illustriously are lost!

O let my Muse her slender reed inspire,
Till in your native shades you tune the lyre:
So when the nightingale to rest removes,
The thrush may chant to the forsaken groves;
But, charm'd to silence, listens while she sings,
And all the aerial audience clap their wings.

Soon as the flocks shook off the nightly dews,
Two Swains, whom love kept wakeful, and the
Muse,

Pour'd o'er the whitening vale their fleecy care,
Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair:
The dawn now blushing on the mountain's side,
Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus replied:

DAPHNIS.

Hear how the birds, on every bloomy spray,
With joyous music wake the dawning day!
Why sit we mute, when early linnets sing,
When warbling Philomel salutes the spring?
Why sit we sad when Phosphor shines so clear,
And lavish Nature paints the purple year?

STREPHON.

Sing then, and Damon shall attend the strain,
While yon slow oxen turn the furrow'd plain.
Here the bright crocus and blue violet glow;
Here western winds on breathing roses blow.
I'll stake yon lamb that near the fountain plays,
And from the brink his dancing shade surveys.

DAPHNIS.

And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines,
And swelling clusters bend the curling vines:
Four figures rising from the work appear,
The various seasons of the rolling year;
And what is that, which binds the radiant sky,
Where twelve fair signs in beauteous order lie?

DAMON.

Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses sing,
Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring,
Now leaves the trees, and flow'rs adorn the
ground;

Begin, the vales shall ev'ry note rebound.

STREPHON.

Inspire me, Phœbus, in my Delia's praise,
With Waller's strains, or Granville's moving
lays!

A milk-white bull shall at your altars stand,
That threatens a fight, and spurns the rising sand.

DAPHNIS.

O Love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
And make my tongue victorious as her eyes:
No lambs or sheep for victims I'll impart;
Thy victim, Love, shall be the shepherd's heart.

STREPHON.

Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain;
Then hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
But feigns a laugh, to see me search around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

DAPHNIS.

The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green;
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies—
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!

STREPHON.

O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,
And trees weep amber on the banks of Po;
Blest Thames's shores the brightest beauties
yield;

Feed here, my lambs, I'll seek no distant field.

DAPHNIS.

Celestial Venus haunts Idalia's groves;
Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves;
If Windsor shades delight the matchless maid,
Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windsor shade.

STREPHON.

All nature mourns, the skies relent in show'rs,
Hush'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping
flow'rs;
If Delia smile, the flow'rs begin to spring,
The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

DAPHNIS.

All nature laughs, the groves are fresh and fair,
The sun's mild lustre warms the vital air;
If Sylvia smile, new glories gild the shore,
And vanquish'd nature seems to charm no more.

STREPHON.

In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
But Delia always; absent from her sight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

DAPHNIS.

Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day;
E'en spring displeases, when she shines not here;
But, blest with her, 'tis spring throughout the
year.

PASTORAL III. AUTUMN.

Addressed to Mr. Wycherley.

BENEATH the shade a spreading beech displays
 Hylas and Ægon sung their rural lays:
 This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent love;
 And Delia's name and Doris' fill'd the grove.
 Ye Mantuan nymphs, your sacred succours bring,
 Hylas and Ægon's rural lays I sing.

Thou, whom the Nine with Plautus' wit inspire,
 The art of Terence, and Menander's fire;
 Whose sense instructs us, and whose humour charms,
 Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit Oh, skill'd in nature! see the hearts of swains,
 Their artless passions, and their tender pains.

Now setting Phœbus shone serenely bright,
 And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light;

When tuneful Hylas, with melodious moan,
 Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
 To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.
 As some sad turtle his lost love deplores,
 And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores;

Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn,
 Alike unheard, unpitied, and forlorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
 For her, the feather'd choirs neglect their song;
 For her, the limes their pleasing shades deny;
 For her, the lilies hang their heads and die.
 Ye flow'rs that droop, forsaken by the spring;
 Ye birds that, left by summer, cease to sing;
 Ye trees that fade when autumn heats remove,
 Say, is not absence death to those who love?

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
 Curs'd be the fields that caus'd my Delia's stay;
 Fade ev'ry blossom, wither ev'ry tree,
 Die ev'ry flow'r, and perish all, but she!
 What have I said? where'er my Delia flies,
 Let spring attend, and sudden flow'rs arise;
 Let op'ning roses knotted oaks adorn,
 And liquid amber drop from ev'ry thorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
 The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning song,
 The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,

And streams to murmur ere I cease to love.
 Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
 Not balmy sleep to lab'ers faint with pain,
 Not show'rs to larks, or sunshine to the bee,
 Are half so charming as thy sight to me.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
 Come, Delia, come; ah, why this long delay?
 Through rocks and caves the name of Delia sounds:

Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds.
 Ye pow'rs, what pleasing phrensy soothes my mind!

Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind?

She comes, my Delia comes! Now cease, my lay;

And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away!
 Next Ægon sung, while Windsor groves admir'd;

Reharse, ye Muses, what yourselves inspir'd.
 Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful
 Of perjur'd Doris, dying I complain: [strain!
 Here, where the mountains, less'ning as they rise,
 Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies;
 While lab'ring oxen, spent with toil and heat,
 In their loose traces from the field retreat;
 While curling smokes from village tops are seen,
 And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
 Beneath yon poplar oft we pass'd the day:
 Oft on the rind I carv'd her am'rous vows,
 While she with garlands hung the bending boughs.

The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;
 So dies her love, and so my hopes decay.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!

Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain;
 Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
 And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine;
 Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove;
 Just gods! shall all things yield returns but love?

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
 The shepherds cry, "Thy flocks are left a prey."
 Ah! what avails it me the flocks to keep,
 Who lost my heart while I preserv'd my sheep?
 Pan came, and ask'd what magic caus'd my smart,

Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart.
 What eyes but hers, alas! have pow'r to move?
 And is there magic but what dwells in love?

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains! [plains,

I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flow'ry
 From shepherds, flocks, and plains I may remove,

Forsake mankind, and all the world—but Love!
 I know thee, Love! on foreign mountains bred,
 Wolves gave thee suck, and savage tigers fed;
 Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn,
 Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
 Farewell, ye woods! adieu, the light of day!
 One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains:
 No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains!

Thus sang the shepherds till th' approach of night,

The skies yet blushing with departing light;
 When falling dews with spangles deck'd the glade,

And the low sun had lengthen'd ev'ry shade.

PASTORAL IV. WINTER.

To the Memory of Mrs. Tempest.

LYCIDAS.

THYRSIS, the music of the murm'ring spring
 Is not so mournful as the strains you sing;

Nor rivers winding through the vales below,
So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.
Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces lie,
The moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky;
While silent birds forget their tuneful lays;
Oh sing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praise!

THYRSIS.

Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,
Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost.
Here shall I try the sweet Alexis' strain,
That call'd the list'ning Dryads to the plain?
Thames heard the numbers, as he flow'd along,
And bade his willows learn the moving song.

LYCIDAS.

So may kind rains their vital moisture yield,
And swell the future harvest of the field.
Begin; this charge the dying Daphne gave,
And said, 'Ye shepherds, sing around my grave!'
Sing, while beside the shaded tomb I mourn,
And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn.

THYRSIS.

Ye gentle Muses, leave your crystal spring,
Let Nymphs and Sylvans cypress garlands bring;
Ye weeping Loves, the stream with myrtles hide,
And break your bows as when Adonis died;
And with your golden darts, now useless grown,
Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone:

"Let nature change, let heaven and earth de-
[more!]"

"Fair Daphne's dead, and love is now no
'Tis done, and nature's various charms decay:
See gloomy clouds obscure the cheerful day!
Now hung with pearls the drooping trees ap-
pear,

Their faded honors scatter'd on her bier,
See where on earth the flow'ry glories lie;
With her they flourish'd, and with her they die.
Ah, what avail the beauties nature wore?

Fair Daphne's dead, and beauty is no more!
For her the flocks refuse their verdant food,
The thirsty heifers shun the gliding flood;
The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan,
In notes more sad than when they sing their
In hollow caves sweet echo silent lies, [own;
Silent, or only to her name replies: [shore;
Her name with pleasure once she taught the
Now Daphne's dead, and pleasure is no more!

No grateful dews descend from ev'ning skies,
Nor morning odors from the flow'rs arise;
No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,
Nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield.
The balmy Zephyrs, silent since her death,
Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath;
Th' industrious bees neglect their golden store;
Fair Daphne's dead, and sweetness is no more!

No more the mounting larks, while Daphne
sings,
Shall, list'ning in mid air, suspend their wings;
No more the birds shall imitate her lays,
Or, hush'd with wonder, hearken from the
sprays;

No more the streams their murmurs shall for-
A sweeter music than their own to hear; [bear,
But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,
Fair Daphne's dead, and music is no more!

Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,
And told in sighs to all the trembling trees;
The trembling trees, in ev'ry plain and wood,
Her fate re-murmur to the silver flood;
The silver flood, so lately calm, appears
Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with
tears.

[plore,
The winds, and trees, and floods, her death de-
Daphne, our grief, our glory now no more!

But see! where Daphne wond'ring mounts on
Above the clouds, above the starry sky! [high,
Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green!
There, while you rest in amaranthine bowers,
Or from those meads select unfading flowers,
Behold us kindly, who your name implore,
Daphne, our goddess, and our grief no more!

LYCIDAS.

How all things listen while thy Muse com-
plains!

Such silence waits on Philomela's strains,
In some still ev'ning, when the whispering
breeze

Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees.
To thee, bright goddess, oft a lamb shall bleed,
If teeming ewes increase my fleecy breed:
While plants their shade, or flow'rs their odors
give,

Thy name, thy honor, and thy praise shall live!

THYRSIS.

But see, Orion sheds unwholesome dews;
Arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse;
Sharp Boreas blows, and nature feels decay;
Time conquers all, and we must Time obey.
Adieu, ye vales, ye mountains, streams, and
groves;

Adieu, ye shepherds' rural lays and loves;
Adieu, my flocks; farewell, ye sylvan crew;
Daphne, farewell; and all the world, adieu!

§ 5. Windsor Forest. Pope.

To the Rt. Hon. George Lord Lansdown.

Thy forest, Windsor! and thy green retreats,
At once the Monarch's and the Muses' seats,
Invite my lays. Be present, sylvan maids!
Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.
Granville commands; your aid, O Muses, bring!
What Muse for Granville can refuse to sing?

The groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song:
These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, should be like in fame.
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain
Here earth and water seem to strive again!
Not, chaos-like, together crush'd and bruis'd,
But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd;
Where order in variety we see,
And where, though all things differ, all agree.]

Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
 And part admit, and part exclude the day;
 As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
 Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress.
 There interspers'd in lawns and op'ning glades,
 Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades:
 Here, in full light the russet plains extend;
 There, wrapt in clouds, the bluish hills ascend.
 E'en the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
 And 'midst the desert, fruitful fields arise,
 That, crown'd with tufted trees and springing
 Like verdant isles, the sable waste adorn. [corn,
 Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
 The weeping amber, or the balmy tree,
 While by our oaks the precious loads are borne,
 And realms commanded which those trees
 adorn.

Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,
 Though gods assembled grace his tow'ring
 height,

Than what more humble mountains offer here,
 Where, in their blessings, all those gods appear.
 See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona
 crown'd;

Here blushing Flora paints th' enamell'd ground,
 Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
 And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand;
 Rich industry sits smiling on the plains,
 And peace and plenty tell, a Stuart reigns.

Not thus the land appear'd in ages past,
 A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste;
 To savage beasts and savage laws a prey,
 And kings more furious and severe than they;
 Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,
 The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods:
 Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves
 (For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves).
 What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,
 And e'en the elements a tyrant sway'd?
 In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain,
 Soft show'rs distill'd, and suns grew warm in
 vain;

The swain with tears his frustrate labor yields,
 And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields.
 What wonder then, a beast or subject slain
 Were equal crimes in a despotic reign?
 Both doom'd alike, for sportive tyrants bled;
 But while the subject starv'd, the beast was fed.
 Proud Nimrod first the bloody chase began;
 A mighty hunter, and his prey was man:
 Our haughty Norman boasts that barb'rous
 name,

And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.
 The fields are ravish'd from th' industrious
 swains,

From men their cities, and from gods their fanes.
 The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er;
 The hollow winds through naked temples roar;
 Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd;
 O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind;
 The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires;
 And savage howlings fill the sacred quires.
 Aw'd by his nobles, by his commons curst,
 Th' oppressor rul'd tyrannic where he durst;

Stretch'd o'er the poor and church his iron rod,
 And serv'd alike his vassals and his God.
 Whom e'en the Saxon spar'd, and bloody Dane,
 The wanton victims of his sport remain.
 But see the man, who spacious regions gave
 A waste for beasts, himself denied a grave!
 Stretch'd on the lawn his second hope survey,
 At once the chaser, and at once the prey:
 Lo! Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
 Bleeds in the forest like a wounded hart.
 Succeeding monarchs heard the subject's cries,
 Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise.
 Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains
 fed,

O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread;
 The forests wonder'd at th' unusual grain,
 And secret transports touch'd the conscious
 swain.

Fair Liberty, Britannia's Goddess, rears
 Her cheerful head, and leads the golden years.

Ye vig'rous swains! while youth ferments
 your blood,

And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,
 Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset,
 Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
 When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
 And in the new-shorn field the partridge feeds;
 Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,
 Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd
 grounds;

But when the tainted gales the game betray,
 Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey:
 Secure they trust th' unfaithful field beset,
 Till hov'ring o'er them sweeps the swelling net.
 Thus (if small things we may with great compare)
 When Albion sends her eager sons to war, [blest,
 Some thoughtless town, with ease and plenty
 Near, and more near, the closing lines invest;
 Sudden they seize th' amaz'd, defenceless prize,
 And high in air Britannia's standard flies.

See! from the brake the whirring pheasant
 springs,

And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
 Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
 Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
 Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dyes,
 His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,
 The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
 His painted wings, and breast that flames with
 gold!

Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
 The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny.
 To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
 And trace the mazes of the circling hare:

(Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow beasts pursue,
 And learn of man each other to undo:)
 With slaught'ring guns th' unwearied fowler
 roves,

When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves;
 Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'er-
 shade,

And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade.
 He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
 Straight a short thunder breaks the frozen sky:

Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
The clam'rous lapwings feel the leaden death;
Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade,
Where cooling vapors breathe along the mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand:
With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed.
Our plenteous streams a various race supply:
The bright-ey'd perch, with fins of Tyrian dye;
The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd;
The yellow carp, in scales bedropt with gold;
Swift trouts, diversified with crimson stains;
And pikes, the tyrants of the wat'ry plains.

Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car;
The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,
Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,
Rouse the fleet hart, and cheer the opening hound.

Th' impatient courser pants in every vein,
And pawing, seems to beat the distant plain:
Hills, vales, and floods, appear already cross'd,
And, ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost.
See the bold youth strain up the threat'ning steep,

Rush through the thickets, down the valley
Hang o'er their coursers' heads with eager speed,
And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.
Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,
Th' immortal huntress, and her virgin train;
Nor envy, Windsor! since thy shades have seen
As bright a Goddess, and as chaste a Queen;
Whose care, like hers, protects the sylvan reign,

The earth's fair light, and empress of the main.

Here too, 'tis sung, of old, Diana stray'd;
And Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor shade;
Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove,
Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless grove;

Here, arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,
Her buskin'd virgins trac'd the dewy lawn.

Above the rest a rural nymph was fam'd,
Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona nam'd
(Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast, [last]):
The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall
Scarce could the goddess from her nymph be known,

But by the crescent, and the golden zone.
She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care;
A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair;
A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,
And with her dart the flying deer she wounds.
It chanc'd, as, eager of the chase, the maid
Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd,
Pan saw and lov'd; and, burning with desire,
Pursu'd her flight; her flight increas'd his fire.
Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly,
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;
Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
When through the clouds he drives the trembling doves;

As from the god she flew with furious pace,
Or as the god, more furious, urg'd the chase.
Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears;
Now close behind, his sounding steps she hears;
And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,
His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun;
And now his shorter breath, with sultry air,
Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
In vain on father Thames she calls for aid,
Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.

Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain—
[train,
“ Ah, Cynthia! ah—though banish'd from thy
“ Let me, O let me, to the shades repair,
“ My native shades—there weep, and murmur
She said, and melting as in tears she lay, [there.”
In a soft silver stream dissolv'd away.
The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps,
For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;
Still bears the name the hapless virgin bore,
And bathes the forest where she rang'd before.
In her chaste current oft the goddess laves,
And with celestial tears augments the waves.
Oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies
The headlong mountains and the downward skies,

The wat'ry landscape of the pendent woods,
And aspen trees that tremble in the floods;
In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen,
And floating forests paint the waves with green;
Through the fair scene roll slow the ling'ring streams,

[Thames.
Then foaming pour along, and rush into the

Thou, too, great father of the British floods!
With joyful pride survey'st the lofty woods;
Where tow'ring oaks their growing honors rear,
And future navies on thy shores appear.
Not Neptune's self from all her streams receives
A wealthier tribute than to thine he gives.
No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear,
No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear;
Nor Po so swells the fabled poet's lays,
While led along the skies his current strays,
As thine, which visits Windsor's fam'd abodes,
To grace the mansion of our earthly gods:
Nor all his stars above a lustre show,
Like the bright beauties on the banks below;
Where Jove, subdued by mortal passion, still,
Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.

Happy the man whom this bright court approves,

His sov'reign favors, and his country loves:
Happy next him, who to these shades retires,
Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires;

Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,
Successive study, exercise, and ease.
He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,
And of their fragrant physic spoils the fields;
With chemic art exalts the min'ral pow'rs,
And draws the aromatic souls of flow'rs:
Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high;

O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye;

Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,
 Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er:
 Or, wand'ring thoughtful in the silent wood,
 Attends the duties of the wise and good,
 T' observe a mean, be to himself a friend,
 To follow nature, and regard his end;
 Or looks on heaven with more than mortal eyes,
 Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,
 Amid her kindred stars familiar roam,
 Survey the region, and confess her home!
 Such was the life great Scipio once admir'd;
 Thus Atticus, and Trumbal thus, retir'd.

Ye sacred Nine! that all my soul possess,
 Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions
 bless,

Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd scenes,
 The bow'ry mazes, and surrounding greens;
 To Thames's banks, which fragrant breezes fill,
 Or where ye, Muses, sport on Cooper's Hill:
 (On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths shall grow,
 While lasts the mountain, or while Thames
 shall flow:)

I seem through consecrated walks to rove,
 I hear soft music die along the grove:
 Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
 By godlike poets venerable made:

Here his first lays majestic Denham sung;
 There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's
 O early lost! what tears the river shed, [tongue.
 When the sad pomp along his banks was led!
 His drooping swans on ev'ry note expire,
 And on his willows hung each Muse's lyre.

Since fate relentless stopp'd their heavenly
 voice,

No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice;
 Who now shall charm the shades, where Cow-
 ley strung

His living harp, and lofty Denham sung?
 But hark! the groves rejoice, the forest rings!
 Are these reviv'd? or is it Granville sings?
 'Tis yours, my lord, to bless our soft retreats,
 And call the Muses to their ancients seats;
 To paint anew the flow'ry sylvan scenes,
 To crown the forests with immortal greens;
 Make Windsor hills in lofty numbers rise,
 And lift her turrets nearer to the skies;
 To sing those honors you deserve to wear,
 And add new lustre to her silver star.

Here noble Surrey felt the sacred rage,
 Surrey, the Granville of a former age:
 Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
 Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance.
 In the same shades the Cupids tun'd his lyre,
 To the same notes of love, and soft desire:
 Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
 Then fill'd the groves, as heavenly Mira now.

Oh wouldst thou sing what heroes Windsor
 bore, [shore;
 What kings first breath'd upon her winding
 Or raise old warriors, whose ador'd remains
 In weeping vaults her ballow'd earth contains;
 With Edward's acts adorn the shining page,
 Stretch his long triumphs down through every
 age;

Draw monarchs chain'd, and Cressi's glorious
 The lilies blazing on the regal shield: [field,
 Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colors fall,
 And leave inanimate the naked wall, [pear,
 Still in thy song should vanquish'd France ap-
 And bleed for ever under Britain's spear.

Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn,
 And palms eternal flourish round his urn.
 Here o'er the Martyr King the marble weeps,
 And, fast beside him, once-fear'd Edward sleeps:
 Whom not th' extended Albion could contain,
 From old Belerium to the northern main,
 The grave unites; where e'en the great find rest,
 And blended lie th' oppressor and th' oppressed.

Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known
 (Obscure the place, and uninscrib'd the stone):
 Oh fact accurs'd! what tears has Albion shed!
 Heavens, what new wounds! and how her old
 have bled!

She saw her sons with purple deaths expire,
 Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,
 A dreadful series of intestine wars,
 Inglorious triumphs, and dishonest scars.
 At length, great Anna said—"Let discord
 cease!"

She said, the world obey'd, and all was peace!

In that blest moment, from his oozy bed
 Old father Thames advanc'd his rev'rend head;
 His tresses dropp'd with dew, and o'er the stream
 His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam:
 Grav'd on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides
 His swelling waters and alternate tides;
 The figur'd streams in waves of silver roll'd,
 And on their banks Augusta rose in gold;
 Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood,
 Who swell with tributary urns his flood:
 First, the fam'd authors of his ancient name,
 The winding Isis, and the fruitful Thame;
 The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd;
 The Loddon slow, with verdant alders crown'd;
 Cole, whose clear streams his flow'ry islands lave;
 And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave:
 The blue, transparent Vandalis appears;
 The gulfy Lee his sedgy tresses rears;
 And sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood;
 And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish blood.

High in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd,
 (His sea-green mantle waving with the wind,)
 The god appear'd: he turn'd his azure eyes
 Where Windsor domes and pompous turrets
 rise!

Then bow'd, and spoke; the winds forgot to roar,
 And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore.

Hail, sacred Peace! hail, long-expected days,
 That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise!
 Tho' Tyber's streams immortal Rome behold,
 Though foaming Hermus swells with tides of
 gold,

From heav'n itself though sevenfold Nilus flows,
 And harvest on a hundred realms bestows;
 These now no more shall be the Muses' themes,
 Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams.
 Let Volga's banks with iron squadrons shine,
 And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine;

Let barb'rous Ganges arm a servile train;
 Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign!
 No more my sons shall dye with British blood
 Red Iber's sands, or Ister's foaming flood:
 Safe on my shore each unmolested swain
 Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain;
 The shady empire shall retain no trace
 Of war or blood, but in the sylvan chase;
 The trumpet sleep, while cheerful horns are
 blown,

And arms employ'd on birds and beasts alone.
 Behold! th' ascending villas on my side
 Project long shadows o'er the crystal tide.
 Behold! Augusta's glitt'ring spires increase,
 And temples rise, the beauteous works of peace.
 I see, I see, where two fair cities bend
 Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend!
 There mighty nations shall inquire their doom,
 The world's great oracle in times to come;
 There kings shall sue, and suppliant states be seen
 Once more to bend before a British queen.

Thy trees, fair Windsor! now shall leave their
 woods,

And half thy forests rush into the floods.
 Bear Britain's thunder, and her cross display,
 To the bright regions of the rising day:
 Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
 Where, clearer flames glow round the frozen
 pole;

Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
 Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales:
 For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
 The coral redden, and the ruby glow;
 The pearly shell its lucid globe unfold,
 And Phoebus warm the rip'ning ore to gold.
 The time shall come, when, free as seas or wind,
 Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind;
 Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
 And seas but join the regions they divide;
 Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
 And the new world lanch forth to seek the old.
 Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide,
 And feather'd people crowd my wealthy side;
 And naked youths and painted chiefs admire
 Our speech, our color, and our strange attire!
 Oh stretch thy reign, fair Peace! from shore to
 shore,

Till Conquest cease, and Slavery be no more;
 Till the freed Indians in their native groves
 Reap their own fruits, and woo their sable loves;
 Peru once more a race of kings behold,
 And other Mexicos be roof'd with gold.
 Exil'd by thee from earth to deepest hell,
 In brazen bonds shall barb'rous Discord dwell;
 Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care,
 And mad Ambition, shall attend her there;
 There purple Vengeance bath'd in gore, retires,
 Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires;
 There hateful Envy her own snakes shall feel,
 And Persecution mourn her broken wheel;
 There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
 And grasping Furies thirst for blood in vain.

Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd
 lays

Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days:
 The thoughts of gods let Granville's verse recite,
 And bring the scenes of op'ning fate to light:
 My humble Muse, in unambitious strains,
 Paints the green forests and the flow'ry plains,
 Where Peace descending bids her olives spring,
 And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing.
 E'en I more sweetly pass my careless days,
 Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise;
 Enough for me, that to the list'ning swains
 First in these fields I sang the sylvan strains.

§ 6. *Ode on Solitude.** Pope.

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound;
 Content to breathe his native air,
 In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
 Whose flocks supply him with attire;
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
 Hours, days, and years, slide soft away,
 In health of body, peace of mind,
 Quiet by day:

Sound sleep by night; study and ease
 Together mix'd; sweet recreation,
 And innocence which most does please,
 With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
 Thus unlamented let me die;
 Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lie.

§ 7. *The Dying Christian to his Soul.* Pope.

ODE.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
 Quit, oh quit, this mortal frame!
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
 Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
 Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
 Sister spirit, come away!
 What is this absorbs me quite,
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be Death?

The world recedes, it disappears!
 Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring!
 Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
 O Grave! where is thy victory?
 O Death! where is thy sting?

§ 8. *An Essay on Criticism.* Pope.

'Tis hard to say if greater want of skill
 Appear in writing, or in judging ill;

* This was a very early production of our Author, written at about twelve years old.

But, of the two, less dang'rous is th' offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this;
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss.
A fool might once himself alone expose;
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.

'Tis with our judgments, as our watches;
Go just alike, yet each believes his own. [none
In Poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the Critic's share;
Both must alike from Heav'n derive their light,
These born to judge, as well as those to write.
Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well:
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true;
But are not Critics to their judgment too?

Yet, if we look more closely, we shall find
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind:
Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light; [right.
The lines, though touch'd but faintly, are drawn
But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac'd,
Is by ill coloring but the more disgrac'd,
So by false learning is good sense defac'd.
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs Nature meant but
fools.

In search of wit these lose their common sense,
And then turn Critics in their own defence:
Each burns alike, who can or cannot write,
Or with a Rival's or an Eunuch's spite.
All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side.
If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,
There are who judge still worse than he can
write.

Some have at first for Wits, then Poets pass'd;
Turn'd Critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last.
Some neither can for Wits nor Critics pass;
As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass. [isle,
Those half-learn'd wittings, num'rous in our
As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile;
Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation's so equivocal:
To tell 'em would a hundred tongues require;
Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire.

But you, who seek to give and merit fame,
And justly bear a Critic's noble name,
Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taste, and learning go;
Lanch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,
And mark that point where sense and dulness
meet.

Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit:
As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains;
Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
The solid pow'r of understanding fails;
Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's soft figures melt away.
One science only will one genius fit;
So vast is art, so narrow human wit:
Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft in those confin'd to single parts.

Like kings, we lose the conquests gain'd before,
By vain ambition still to make them more:
Each might his several province well command,
Would all but stoop to what they understand.

First follow Nature, and your judgment
frame

By her just standard, which is still the same:
Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd, and universal light;
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of Art.
Art from that fund each just supply provides;
Works without show, and without pomp pre-
sides:

In some fair body thus th' informing soul
With spirits feeds, with vigor fills the whole,
Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve sustains;
Itself unseen, but in th' effects remains.
Some, to whom Heaven in wit has been profuse,
Want as much more to turn it to its use;
For wit and judgment often are at strife,
Though meant each other's aid, like man and
wife.

'Tis more to guide, than spur the Muse's steed;
Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed:
The winged courser, like a gen'rous horse,
Shows most true mettle when you check his
course.

Those rules of old discover'd, not devis'd,
Are Nature still, but Nature methodis'd.
Nature, like liberty, is but restrain'd
By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.

Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules
indites,

When to repress, and when indulge our flights:
High on Parnassus' top her sons she show'd,
And pointed out those arduous paths they trod:
Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise.
Just precepts thus from great examples given,
She drew from them what they deriv'd from
heaven.

The gen'rous Critic fann'd the Poet's fire,
And taught the world with reason to admire.
Then Criticism the Muse's handmaid prov'd,
To dress her charms, and make her more be-
lov'd:

But following wits from that intention stray'd;
Who could not win the mistress, woo'd the
maid;

Against the Poets their own arms they turn'd,
Sure to hate most the men from whom they
learn'd:

So modern 'Pothecaries taught the art
By Doctors' bills to play the Doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.
Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
Nor time nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as
they:

Some drily plain, without invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poems may be made.
These leave the sense, their learning to display;
And those explain the meaning quite away.

You, then, whose judgment the right course
would steer,

Know well each Ancient's proper character :

His fable, subject, scope in ev'ry page ;

Religion, country, genius of his age ;

Without all these at once before your eyes,

Cavil you may, but never criticise.

Be Homer's works your study and delight ;

Read them by day, and meditate by night :

Thence form your judgment, thence your
maxims bring,

And trace the Muses upward to their spring.

Still with itself compar'd, his text peruse ;

And let your comment be the Mantuan Muse.

When first young Maro, in his boundless mind,

A work t' outlast immortal Rome design'd,

Perhaps he seem'd above the Critic's law,

And but from Nature's fountains scorn'd to

But when t' examine ev'ry part he came, [draw :

Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.

Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold design ;

And rules as strict his labor'd work confine,

As if the Stagyrite o'erlook'd each line.

Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem ;

To copy nature is to copy them.

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare ;

For there's a happiness as well as care :

Music resembles Poetry ; in each

Are nameless graces which no methods teach,

And which a master-hand alone can reach,

If, where the rules not far enough extend,

(Since rules were made but to promote their

Some lucky licence answer to the full [end,)

Th' intent propos'd, that licence is a rule.

Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take,

May boldly deviate from the common track ;

From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,

And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
Which, without passing through the judgment,
gains

The heart, and all its end at once attains.

In prospects thus, some objects please our eyes

Which out of nature's common order rise,

The shapeless rock or hanging precipice.

Great Wits sometimes may gloriously offend,

And rise to faults true Critics dare not mend.

But though the Ancients thus their rules invade,

As kings dispense with laws themselves have
made,

Moderns, beware ! or, if you must offend

Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end ;

Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need ;

And have at least, their precedent to plead.

The Critic else proceeds without remorse,

Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know there are, to whose presumptuous
thoughts

Those freer beauties, e'en in them, seem faults :

Some figures monstrous and mis-shap'd appear,

Consider'd singly, or beheld too near ;

Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place,

Due distance reconciles to form and grace.

A prudent chief not always must display

His pow'rs in equal ranks, and fair array ;

But with th' occasion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay, seem sometimes to fly.

Those oft are stratagems which errors seem ;

Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.

Still green with bays each ancient altar stands,

Above the reach of sacrilegious hands ;

Secure from flames, from Envy's fiercer rage,

Destructive War, and all-involving Age.

See from each clime the learn'd their incense
bring !

Hear, in all tongues consenting Pæans ring !

In praise so just let ev'ry voice be join'd,

And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind.

Hail, Bards triumphant ! born in happier days ;

Immortal heirs of universal praise !

Whose honors with increase of ages grow,

As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow ;

Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,

And worlds applaud that must not yet be
found !

O may some spark of your celestial fire,

The last, the meanest, of your sons inspire,

(That on weak wings, from far, pursues your
flights ;

Glow while he reads, but trembles as he writes),

To teach vain Wits a science little known ;

T' admire superior sense, and doubt their own !

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the
mind,

What the weak head with strongest bias rules,

Is Pride, the never-failing vice of fools.

Whatever Nature has in worth denied,

She gives in large recruits of needful Pride ;

For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find

What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with
wind :

Pride, where Wit fails, steps in to our defence,

And fills up all the mighty void of sense.

If once right reason drives that cloud away,

Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.

Trust not yourself ; but, your defects to know,

Make use of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe.

A little learning is a dang'rous thing ;

Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring :

There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,

And drinking largely sobers us again.

Fir'd at first sight with what the Muse imparts,

In fearless youth we tempt the heights of Arts,

While from the bounded level of our mind

Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind ;

But, more advanc'd, behold with strange sur-
prise,

New distant scenes of endless science rise !

So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps we try,

Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky,

Th' eternal snows appear already past, [last :

And the first clouds and mountains seem the

But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey

The growing labors of the lengthen'd way ;

Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes,

Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise !

A perfect judge will read each work of Wit

With the same spirit that its author writ ;

Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find,
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the
mind;

Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
The gen'rous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.
But, in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low;
That, shunning faults, one quiet tenor keep;
We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.
In Wit, as Nature, what affects our hearts
Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;
'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.
Thus when we view some well-proportion'd
dome,

The world's just wonder, and e'en thine, O
No single parts unequally surprise; [Rome!
All comes united to th' admiring eyes:
No monstrous height, or breadth, or length
appear;

The whole at once is bold and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In ev'ry word regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend;
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
T' avoid great errors, must the less commit;
Neglect the rules each verbal Critic lays,
For not to know some trifles is a praise.
Most Critics, fond of some subservient art,
Still make the whole depend upon a part:
They talk of principles, but notions prize;
And all to one lov'd folly sacrifice. [say,

Once on a time, La Mancha's Knight, they
A certain Bard encount'ring on the way,
Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage,
As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian stage;
Concluding all were desp'rate sots and fools,
Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
Our Author, happy in a judge so nice,
Produc'd his play, and begg'd the Knight's ad-
vice;

Made him observe the subject and the plot,
The manners, passions, unities—what not?
All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
Were but a Combat in the lists left out.
"What! leave the Combat out?" exclaims the
Knight;

"Yes, or we must renounce the Stagyrite."
"Not so, by heaven!" he answers in a rage;
"Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on
"the stage."

"So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain."
"Then build a new, or act it on a plain."

Thus Critics, of less judgment than caprice,
Curious, not knowing; not exact, but nice;
Form short ideas; and offend in arts
(As most in manners) by a love to parts.

Some to Conceit alone their taste confine,
And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at ev'ry line;
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit;
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.

Poets, like painters, thus, unskill'd to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True wit is Nature to advantage dress'd;
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well ex-
press'd; [find,
Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit:
For works may have more wit than does 'em
good,

As bodies perish through excess of blood.

Others for language all their care express,
And value books, as women men, for dress:
Their praise is still—The Style is excellent!
The Sense, they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves; and, where they most
abound,

Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colors spreads on ev'ry place;
The face of Nature we no more survey;
All glares alike, without distinction gay:
But true expression, like th' unchanging Sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon;
It gilds all objects, but it altars none.
Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent as more suitable:
A vile conceit, in pompous words exprest,
Is like a clown in regal purple drest:
For diff'rent styles with diff'rent subjects sort,
As sev'ral garbs, with country, town, and court.
Some, by old words, to fame have made pre-
tence;

Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense:
Such labor'd nothings in so strange a style,
Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned
smile.

Unlucky as Fungoso in the play,
These sparks, with awkward vanity, display
What the fine gentleman wore yesterday!
And so but mimic ancient wits at best,
As apes our grandsires, in their doubtlets drest.
In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
Alike fantastic, if too new or old.
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

But most by numbers judge a poet's song;
And smooth or rough, with them, is right or
wrong: [conspire,

In the bright Muse though thousand charms
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:
While they ring round the same unvaried
chimes,

With sure returns of still expected rhymes:

Where'er you find "the cooling western
"breeze," [trees:]

In the next line, "it whispers through the
If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs
"creep," ["sleep."

The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with
Then, at the last and only couplet, fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song, [along.
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length
Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and
know

What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow;
And praise the easy vigor of a line
Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweet-
ness join.

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense:
Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers
flows;

But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent
roar.

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to
throw,

The line too labors, and the words move slow:
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along
the main.

Hear how Timotheus' varied lays surprise,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise!

While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor stood subdu'd by sound!
The pow'r of music all our hearts allow;
And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.

Avoid extremes, and shun the fault of such
Who still are pleas'd too little or too much.

At every trifle scorn to take offence;
That always shows great pride, or little sense:
Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move;
For fools admire, but men of sense approve:
As things seem large which we through mists
Dulness is ever apt to magnify. [descri,

Some foreign writers, some our own despise;
The ancients only, or the moderns prize.
Thus wit, like faith, by each man is applied
To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.
Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
And force that sun but on a part to shine,
Which not alone the southern wit sublimed,
But ripens spirits in cold northern climes;
Which from the first has shone on ages past,
Enlightens the present, and shall warm the last;
Though each may feel increases and decays,
And see now clearer and now darker days.

Regard not then if wit be old or new,
But blame the false, and value still the true.

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their
own,

But catch the spreading notion of the town;
They reason and conclude by precedent,
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er in-
vent. [then

Some judge of authors' names, not works; and
Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
That in proud dulness joins with quality:
A constant critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonsense for my lord:
What woeful stuff this madrigal would be,
In some starv'd hackney'd sonneteer, or me!
But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the style refines!
Before his sacred name flies ev'ry fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with thought!

The vulgar thus through imitation err;
As oft the learn'd by being singular!
So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purposely go wrong:
So schismatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damn'd for having too much wit.
Some praise at morning what they blame at
night,

But always think the last opinion right.
A Muse by these is like a mistress us'd;
This hour she's idoliz'd, the next abus'd;
While their weak heads, like towns unfortified,
'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their
side.

Ask them the cause; they're wiser still, they say;
And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day.
We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.
Once school-divines this zealous isle o'erspread;
Who knew most sentences was deepest read:
Faith, Gospel, all seem'd made to be disputed,
And none had sense enough to be confuted:
Scotists and Thomists now in peace remain
Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane.
If Faith itself has diff'rent dresses worn,
What wonder modes in wit should take their
turn!

Of, leaving what is natural and fit,
The current folly proves the ready wit;
And authors think their reputation safe,
Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.

Some, valuing those of their own side or mind,
Still make themselves the measure of mankind;
Fondly we think we honor merit then,
When we but praise ourselves in other men.
Parties in wit attend on those of state,
And public faction doubles private hate.
Pride, malice, folly, against Dryden rose,
In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaux:
But sense surviv'd, when merry jests were past;
For rising merit will buoy up at last.
Might he return, and bless once more our eyes,
New Blackmores and new Milbourns must
arise:

Nay, should great Homer lift his awful head,
 Zoilus again would start up from the dead.
 Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;
 But, like a shadow, proves the substance true:
 For envied wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
 Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own.
 When first that sun too pow'rful beams displays,
 It draws up vapors which obscure its rays;
 But e'en those clouds at last adorn its way,
 Reflect new glories, and augment the day.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend;
 His praise is lost who stays till all commend.
 Short is the date, alas! of modern rhymes,
 And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.
 No longer now that golden age appears,
 When patriarch wits surviv'd a thousand years;
 Now length of fame (our second life) is lost,
 And bare threescore is all e'en that can boast;
 Our sons their fathers' failing language see,
 And such as Chaucer is shall Dryden be.
 So when the faithful pencil has design'd
 Some bright idea of the master's mind,
 Where a new world leaps out at his command,
 And ready Nature waits upon his hand;
 When the ripe colors soften and unite,
 And sweetly melt into just shade and light;
 When mellowing years their full perfection give,
 And each bold figure just begins to live,
 The treach'rous colors the fair art betray,
 And all the bright creation fades away.

Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
 Atones not for that envy which it brings.
 In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
 But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost;
 Like some fair flow'r the early spring supplies,
 That gaily blooms, but e'en in blooming dies.
 What is this wit, which must our cares employ?
 The owner's wife, that other men enjoy:
 Then most our trouble still when most admir'd,
 And still the more we give, the more requir'd:
 Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with
 Sure some to vex, but never all to please: [ease,
 'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun;
 By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!

If wit so much from ign'rance undergo,
 Ah let not learning too commence its foe!
 Of old, those met rewards who could excel,
 And such were prais'd who but endeavor'd well:
 Though triumphs were to generals only due,
 Crowns were reserv'd to grace the soldiers too.
 Now, they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown,
 Employ their pains to spurn some others down;
 And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
 Contending wits become the sport of fools:
 But still the worst with most regret commend,
 For each ill author is as bad a friend.
 To what base ends, and by what abject ways,
 Are mortals urg'd through sacred lust of praise!
 Ah! ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
 Nor in the critic let the man be lost.
 Good nature and good sense must ever join:
 To err, is human; to forgive, divine.

But if in noble minds some dregs remain,
 Not yet purg'd off, of spleen and sour disdain,

Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
 Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.
 No pardon vile obscenity should find,
 Though wit and art conspire to move your mind;
 But dulness with obscenity, must prove,
 As shameful sure as impotence in love.
 In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,
 Sprang the rank weed, and thriv'd with large
 increase:

When love was all an easy monarch's care;
 Seldom at council, never in a war:
 Jilts rul'd the state, and statesmen farces writ;
 Nay, wits had pensions, and young lords had wit:
 The fair sat panting at a courtier's play,
 And not a mask went unimprov'd away;
 The modest fan was lifted up no more;
 And virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before.
 The following licence of a foreign reign
 Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain;
 Then unbelieving priests reform'd the nation,
 And taught more pleasant methods of salvation;
 Where Heaven's free subjects might their rights
 dispute,

Lest God himself should seem too absolute:
 Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare,
 And vice admir'd to find a flatt'rer there!
 Encourag'd thus, wit's Titans brav'd the skies,
 And the press groan'd with licens'd blasphemies.
 These monsters, critics! with your darts engage,
 Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage!
 Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,
 Will needs mistake an author into vice;
 All seems infected that th' infected spy,
 As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

Learn then what morals critics ought to show,
 For 'tis but half a judge's task to know.
 'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning, join;
 In all you speak, let truth and candor shine;
 That not alone what to your sense is due
 All may allow, but seek your friendship too.

Be silent always, when you doubt your sense;
 And speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence:
 Some positive, persisting fops we know,
 Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so;
 But you, with pleasure, own your errors past,
 And make each day a critique on the last.

'Tis not enough your counsel still be true;
 Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do;

Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
 And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.
 Without good-breeding, truth is disapprov'd;
 That only makes superior sense below'd.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence;
 For the worst avarice is that of sense.
 With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust,
 Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.
 Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;
 Those best can bear reproof who merit praise.

'Twere well might critics still this freedom
 take;

But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
 And stares tremendous, with a threat'ning eye,
 Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.

Fear most to tax an honorable fool,
 Whose right it is, uncensur'd to be dull;
 Such, without wit, are poets when they please,
 As without learning they can take degrees.
 Leave dang'rous truths to unsuccessful satires,
 And flattery to fulsome dedicators, [more
 Whom, when they praise, the world believes no
 Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.
 'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
 And charitably let the dull be vain:
 Your silence there is better than your spite;
 For who can rail so long as they can write?
 Still humming on, their drowsy course they keep,
 And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd asleep.
 False steps but help them to renew the race,
 As, after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.
 What crowds of these, impenitently bold,
 In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,
 Still run on poets, in a raging vein,
 E'en to the dregs and squeezings of the brain;
 Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
 And rhyme with all the rage of impotence!
 Such shameless bards we have; and yet 'tis
 true,

There are as mad, abandon'd critics too.
 The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
 With loads of learned lumber in his head,
 With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
 And always list'ning to himself appears.
 All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
 From Dryden's Fables down to Durfey's Tales:
 With him, most authors steal their works, or buy;
 Garth did not write his own Dispensary.
 Name a new play, and he's the poet's friend,
 Nay, show'd his faults; but when would poets
 mend?

No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,
 Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's
 church-yard:

Nay, fly to altars; there they'll talk you dead;
 For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
 Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
 It still looks home, and short excursions makes;
 But rattling nonsense in full volleys breaks,
 And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
 Bursts out, resistless, with a thund'ring tide.

But where's the man who counsel can be-
 stow,
 Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?
 Unbiass'd, or by favor or by spite;
 Not dully prepossess'd, nor blindly right;
 Though learn'd, well-bred; and though well-
 bred, sincere;

Modestly bold, and humanly severe;
 Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
 And gladly praise the merit of a foe?
 Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd;
 A knowledge both of books and human kind;
 Gen'rous converse; a soul exempt from pride;
 And love to praise, with reason on his side?

Such once were critics; such the happy few
 Athens and Rome in better ages knew.
 The mighty Stagyrte first left the shore,
 Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore:

He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
 Led by the light of the Mæonian Star.
 Poets, a race long unconfin'd and free,
 Still fond and proud of savage liberty,
 Receiv'd his laws, and stood convinc'd 'twas fit,
 Who conquer'd Nature, should preside o'er Wit.

Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
 And without method talks us into sense;
 Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
 The truest notions in the easiest way.
 He who, supreme in judgment as in wit,
 Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ;
 Yet judg'd with coolness, though he sung with
 fire:

His precepts teach but what his works inspire.
 Our critics take a contrary extreme; [phlegm;
 They judge with fury, but they write with
 Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations
 By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.

See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine,
 And call new beauties forth from ev'ry line!

Fancy and art in gay Petronius please;
 The scholar's learning, with the courtier's ease.

In grave Quintilian's copious work we find
 The justest rules and clearest method join'd:
 Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
 All rang'd in order, and dispos'd with grace;
 But less to please the eye, than arm the hand;
 Still fit for use, and ready at command.

Thee, bold Longinus, all the Nine inspire,
 And bless their critic with a poet's fire:
 An ardent judge, who, zealous in his trust,
 With warmth gives sentence, yet is always
 just;

Whose own example strengthens all his laws;
 And is himself that great sublime he draws.

Thus long succeeding critics justly reign'd,
 Licence repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd:
 Learning and Rome alike in empire grew,
 And arts still follow'd where her eagles flew;
 From the same foes, at last, both felt their
 doom;

And the same age saw learning fall and Rome.
 With tyranny then superstition join'd;
 As that the body, this enslav'd the mind:
 Much was believ'd, but little understood;
 And to be dull was construed to be good;
 A second deluge learning thus o'er-ran;
 And the monks finish'd what the Goths began.

At length Erasmus, that great injur'd name,
 (The glory of the priesthood, and the shame!)
 Stemm'd the wild torrent of a barb'rous age,
 And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.

But see! each muse, in Leo's golden days,
 Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd
 bays;

Rome's ancient genius, o'er its ruins spread,
 Shakes off the dust, and rears its rev'rend head.
 Then sculpture and her sister-arts revive;
 Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live:
 With sweeter notes each rising temple rung;
 A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung.
 Immortal Vida! on whose honor'd brow
 The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow:

Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!

But soon, by impious arms from Latium chas'd,
Their ancient bounds the banish'd muses pass'd;
Thence arts all o'er the northern world advance,
But critic-learning flourish'd most in France;
The rules a nation born to serve obeys,
And Boileau still in right of Horace sways.
But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despis'd,
And kept unconquer'd and uncivilis'd;
Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We still defied the Romans, as of old.

Yet some there were, among the sounder few
Of those who less presum'd, and better knew,
Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
And here restor'd wit's fundamental laws.
Such was the muse whose rules and practice tell,
"Nature's chief master-piece is writing well."
Such was Roscommon, not more learn'd than
good,

With manners gen'rous as his noble blood;
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And ev'ry author's merit but his own.
Such late was Walsh, the muse's judge and friend,
Who justly knew to blame or to commend;
To failings mild, but zealous for desert;
The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.
This humble praise, lamented shade! receive;
This praise at least a grateful muse may give:
The muse, whose early voice you taught to sing,
Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender
wing,

(Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
But in low numbers short excursions tries;
Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may
view;

The learn'd reflect on what before they knew:
Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame:
Averse alike to flatter, or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

§ 9. *The Rape of the Lock.* Pope.

Nolueram, Belinda, tuas violare capillos;
Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis.

MART.

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from am'rous causes
springs,

What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing—This verse to CARYL, Muse! is due;
This e'en Belinda may vouchsafe to view:
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If she inspire, and he approve my lays. [pel

Say what strange motive, goddess! could com-
A well-bred lord t' assault a gentle belle?
O say, what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?
In tasks so bold can little men engage?
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?

Sol through white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,
And op'd those eyes that must eclipse the day;

Now lapdogs give themselves the rousing shake,
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the
ground,

And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.
Belinda still her downy pillow press'd,
Her guardian Sylph prolong'd the balmy rest—
'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed
The morning dream that hover'd o'er her head—
A youth more glitt'ring than a birth-night beau,
That e'en in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow,
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say:

Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
Of thousand bright inhabitants of air!
If e'er one vision touch'd thy infant thought,
Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught;
Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,
The silver token, and the circled green;
Or virgins visited by angel-pow'rs,
With golden crowns, and wreaths of heav'nly
flow'rs;

Hear and believe! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow view to things below.
Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
To maids alone and children are reveal'd:
What though no credit doubting wits may give,
The fair and innocent shall still believe.
Know then, unnumber'd spirits round thee fly,
The light militia of the lower sky:

These, though unseen, are ever on the wing;
Hang o'er the box, or hover round the ring.
Think what an equipage thou hast in air,
And view with scorn two pages and a chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once enclos'd in woman's beauteous mould;
Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
From earthly vehicles to these of air.
Think not, when woman's transient breath is
That all her vanities at once are dead; [fled,
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And, though she plays no more, o'erlooks the
cards.

Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
And love of ombre, after death survive;
For when the fair in all their pride expire,
To their first elements their souls retire:
The sprites of fiery termagants in flame
Mount up, and take a salamander's name:
Soft yielding maids to water glide away,
And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea:
The graver prude sinks downward to a gnome,
In search of mischief still on earth to roam:
The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of air.

Know further yet—whoever fair and chaste
Rejects mankind, is by some sylph embrac'd:
For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.
What guards the purity of melting maids
In courtly balls and midnight masquerades,
Safe from the treach'rous friend, the daring
spark,

The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,

When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
When music softens, and when dancing fires ?
'Tis but their sylph, the wise celestials know,
Though honour is the word with men below.

Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their
face,

For life predestin'd to the gnome's embrace.
These swell their prospects, and exalt their
pride,

When offers are disdain'd, and love denied :
Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain, [train,
While peers, and dukes, and all their sweeping
And garters, stars, and coronets, appear,
And in soft sounds, " your grace " salutes their
'Tis these that early taint the female soul, [ear.
Instruct the eye of young coquettes to roll,
Teach infant cheeks a bidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a beau.

Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
The sylphs through mystic mazes guide their
way;

Through all the giddy circle they pursue,
And old impertinence expel by new.
What tender maid but must a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball ?
When Florio speaks, what virgin could with-
stand,

If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand ?
With varying vanities, from ev'ry part,
They shift the moving toy-shop of their heart ;
Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-
knots strive,

Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
This erring mortals levity may call ;
Oh blind to truth ! the sylphs contrive it all.

Of these am I, who thy protection claim ;
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,
In the clear mirror of thy ruling star,
I saw, alas ! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning sun descend ;
But Heaven reveals not what, or how, or where ;
Warn'd by thy Sylph, oh pious maid, beware !
This to disclose is all thy guardian can :
Beware of all, but most beware of man !

He said : when Shock, who thought she slept
too long,

Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first open'd on a billet-doux ; [read,
Wounds, charms, and ardors were no sooner
But all the vision vanish'd from thy head.

And now, unveil'd, the toilet stands display'd ;
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, rob'd in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic pow'rs :
A heavenly image in the glass appears ;
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears ;
Th' inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling, begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various off'rings of the world appear ;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.

This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box :
The tortoise here and elephant unite, [white :
Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms ;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face ;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy Sylphs surround their darling care ;
These set the head, and those divide the hair ;
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown ;
And Betty's prais'd for labors not her own.

CANTO II.

Nor with more glories, in th' ethereal plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Lanch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair nymphs, and well-drest youths, around her
But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone. [shone ;
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfixt as those :
Favors to none, to all she smiles extends ;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide their faults, if belles had faults to
If to her share some female errors fall, [hide :
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.
'This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung be-
hind

In equal curls, and well-conspir'd to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray ;
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey ;
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' advent'rous Baron the bright locks ad-
mir'd ;

He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd.
Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray ;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd
Propitious Heaven, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd :
But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built
Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves ;
And all the trophies of his former loves ;
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three am'rous sighs to raise the fire ;
Then prostrate falls, and begs, with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize,

The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r;
The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sunbeams trembling on the floating tides;
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And soften'd sounds along the water die;
Smooth flow the waves, the Zephyrs gently play;
Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay.
All but the Sylph—with careful thoughts oppress'd,
Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summon'd straight his denizens of air,
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair:
Soft o'er the shrouds aerial whispers breathe,
That seem'd but Zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;
Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half-dissolv'd in light.
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,
Dipp'd in the richest tincture of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes;
Where ev'ry beam new transient colors flings,
Colors that change whene'er they wave their
Amid the circle on the gilded mast, [wings.
Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd;
His purple pinions op'ning to the sun,
He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun:

Ye sylphs and sylphids, to your chief give ear;
Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and dæmons, hear!
Ye know the spheres and various tasks assign'd,
By laws eternal, to th' aerial kind.
Some in the fields of purest æther play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day;
Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs on
high,

Or roll the planets through the boundless sky;
Some, less refin'd, beneath the moon's palelight,
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
Or o'er the glebe distill the kindly rain:
Others on earth o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of these the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British throne.

Our humble province is to tend the fair,
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale;
To draw fresh colors from the vernal flow'rs;
To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in show'rs,
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a founce, or add a furbelow.

This day black omens threat the brightest fair
That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care;
Some dire disaster, or by force, or slight;
But what or where, the fates have wrapp'd in
night.

Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
Or some frail China jar receive a flaw;

Or stain her honor, or her new brocade;
Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade;
Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball;
Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that Shock
must fall.

Haste then, ye spirits! to your charge repair:
The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Dó thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite lock;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

To fifty chosen sylphs, of special note,
We trust the important charge, the Petticoat:
Oft have we known that sevenfold fence to fail,
Though stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of
whale:

Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.

Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his
sins,

Be stopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogg'd he beats his silken wings in vain:
Or alum styptics, with contracting pow'r,
Shrink his thin essence like a shrivell'd flow'r:
Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling wheel;
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below.

He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear;
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of fate.

CANTO III.

CLOSE by those meads, for ever crown'd
with flow'rs, [tow'rs,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes
its name.

Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home:
Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms
obey, [tea.

Dost sometimes counsel take, and sometimes
Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court;
In various talk the instructive hours they pass'd,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of a British queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At ev'ry word a reputation dies.

Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat;
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.
Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;

The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang, that jurymen may dine;
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in
And the long labors of the toilet cease. [peace,
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two advent'rous knights,
At ombre singly to decide their doom;
And swells her breast with conquests yet to
come.

Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine.
Soon as she spreads her hand, the aërial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:
First Ariel perch'd upon a matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore;
For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.

Behold, four kings in majesty rever'd,
With hoary whiskers and a forked beard;
And four fair queens, whose hands sustain a
flow'r,

Th' expressive emblem of their softer pow'r;
Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their
hands;

And party-color'd troops, a shining train,
Drawn forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful nymph reviews her force with
care,

Let Spades be trumps! she said, and trumps
they were.

Now move to war her sable matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillo first, unconquerable lord!

Led off two captive trumps, and swept the
board.

As many more Manillo forc'd to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
Him Basto follow'd; but his fate, more hard,
Gain'd but one trump, and one plebeian card.
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary majesty of Spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd,
The rest his many-color'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
E'en mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'er-
threw,

And mow'd down armies in the fights of Loo,
Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade!

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the Baron fate inclines the field:
His warlike Amazon her host invades,
Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
The Club's black tyrant first her victim died,
Spite of his haughty mein, and barb'rous pride.
What boots the regal circle on his head;
His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?

The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace;
Th' embroider'd king, who shows but half his
face,

And his refulgent queen, with pow'rs combin'd,
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strow the level
green.

Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion diff'rent nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye;
The pierc'd battalions disunited fall
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them
all.

The knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh shameful chance!) the queen of
Hearts.

At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook;
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.

And now (as oft in some distemper'd state)
On one nice trick depends the gen'ral fate,
An ace of Hearts steps forth: the king un-
seen,

Lurk'd in her hand, and mow'd his captive
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate ace.
The Nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate,
Sudden these honors shall be snatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

For, lo! the board with cups and spoons is
crown'd,

The berries crackle, and the mill turns round:
On shining altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide:
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the Fair her airy band:
Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd;
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shu-
eyes)

Sent up in vapors to the Baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain.
Ah, cease, rash youth! desist, ere 'tis too late,
Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd hair!
But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
Just then Clarissa drew, with tempting grace,
A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case:
So ladies in romance, assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.

Like citron-waters matrons' cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game;
If e'er with hairy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caus'd suspicion when no soul was rude,
Or discompos'd the head-dress of a prude,
Or e'er to costive lapdogs gave disease,
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could
ease;

Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin:
That single act gives half the world the spleen.

The goddess, with a discontented air,
Seems to reject him, though she grants his
pray'r.

A wondrous bag with both her hands she
binds,

Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;
There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of
tongues;

A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to
day.

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the Nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound:
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
And all the Furies issued at the vent.

Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
O wretched maid! she spread her hands and
cried, [plied]

(While Hampton's echoes, Wretched maid! re-
Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?

For this your Locks in paper durance bound,
For this with tort'ring irons wretch'd around?
For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the fops envy, and the ladies stare?
Honor forbid! at whose unrivall'd shrine
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.

Methinks already I your tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say;
Already see you a degraded toast,
And all your honor in a whisper lost!
How shall I, then, your hapless fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
Expos'd through crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
Sooner shall grass in Hyde-park Circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow;
Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall;
Men, monkeys, lapdogs, parrots, perish all!

She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids her beau demand the precious hairs;
(Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane.)
With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,

And thus broke out—"My Lord, why, what
"the devil!

"Z—ds! damn the Lock! 'fore Gad, you
"must be civil!

"Plague on't! 'tis past a jest—nay, prithee,
pox!

"Give her the hair!"—he spoke, and rapp'd
[his box.]

It grieves me much (replied the Peer again)
Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain;
But by this Lock, this sacred Lock, I swear,
(Which never more shall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honors shall renew,
Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it
grew.)

That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.
He spoke, and speaking in proud triumph
spread

The long-contended honors of her head. [so;
But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not
He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.

Then, see! the nymph in beauteous grief
appears, [tears:]

Her eyes half languishing, half drown'd in
On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head,
Which with a sigh she rais'd, and thus she

For ever curs'd be this detested day, [said;
Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite curl away!
Happy, ah ten times happy, had I been,

If Hampton-Court these eyes had never seen!'
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid
By love of courts to num'rous ills betray'd.
Oh, had I rather unadmir'd remain'd

In some lone isle, or distant northern land;
Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste
bohea;

There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal
Like roses that in deserts bloom and die. [eye,
What mov'd my mind with youthful lords to
room?

O had I stay'd, and said my pray'rs at home!
'Twas this the morning omens seem'd to tell:
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box
The tott'ring China shook without a wind; [feli;
Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most un-
kind!

A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of fate
In mystic visions, now believ'd too late!
See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
My hand shall rend what e'en thy rapine
spares:

These, in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;
The sister lock now sits uncouth alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal shears demands,
And tempts once more thy sacrilegious hands.
Oh hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!

CANTO V.

SHE said: the pitying audience melt in tears:
But Fate and Jove had stopp'd the Baron's ears.

In vain Thalestris with reproach assails;
 For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
 Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,
 While Anna begg'd, and Dido rag'd in vain.
 Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan;
 Silence ensu'd, and thus the nymph began:

Say, why are beauties prais'd and honor'd
 most, [toast?

The wise man's passion, and the vain man's
 Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford,
 Why angels call'd, and angel-like ador'd?
 Why round our coaches crowd the white-glov'd
 beaux,

Why bows the side box from its inmost rows?
 How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
 Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains:
 That men may say, when we the front box
 Behold the first in virtue as in face! [grace,
 Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
 Charm'd the small pox, or chas'd old age away,
 Who would not scorn what housewife's cares
 produce,

Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
 To patch, nay ogle, might become a saint;
 Nor could it, sure, be such a sin to paint.
 But since, alas! frail beauty must decay;
 Curl'd or uncurl'd, since locks will turn to grey;
 Since painted, not not painted, all shall fade;
 And she who scorns a man must die a maid;
 What then remains, but we'll our pow'r to use,
 And keep good humor still, whate'er we lose?
 And trust me, dear! good humor can prevail,
 When airs, and flights, and screams, and scold-
 ing fail.

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
 Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the
 soul.

So spoke the dame, but no applause ensued;
 Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her prude.
 To arms, to arms! the fierce virago cries,
 And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
 All side in parties, and begin th' attack:
 Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones
 crack;

Heroes' and heroines' shouts confus'dly rise,
 And base and treble voices strike the skies.
 No common weapons in their hands are found;
 Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal
 wound.

So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,
 And heavenly breasts with human passions
 rage,

'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes, arms;
 And all Olympus rings with loud alarms;
 Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around,
 Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps
 resound; [gives way,

Earth shakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground
 And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day.

Triumphant Umbriel on a sconce's height
 Clapp'd his glad wings, and sat to view the
 fight:

Propt on their bodkin spears, the sprites survey
 The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While through the press enrag'd Thalestris
 flies,

And scatters death around from both her eyes,
 A beau and witting perish'd in the throng;
 One died in metaphor, and one in song.

"Oh cruel nymph! a living death I bear,"
 Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.

A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast;
 "Those eyes are made so killing!" was his
 Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies [last.
 Th' expiring swan, and as he sings he dies,

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa
 down,

Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
 She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain;
 But, at her smile, the beau reviv'd again.

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
 Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair;
 The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
 At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
 With more than usual lightning in her eyes:
 Nor fear'd the chief th' unequal fight to try,
 Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
 But this bold lord, with manly strength endued,
 She with one finger and a thumb subdued:
 Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
 A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
 The Gnomes direct, to ev'ry atom just,
 The pungent grains of titillating dust:
 Sudden with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
 And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cried,
 And drew a deadly bodkin from her side—
 (The same, his ancient personage to deck,
 Her great-great-grand sire wore about his neck,
 In three seal rings; which, after melted down,
 Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
 Her infant grand-dame's whistle next it grew,
 The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
 Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
 Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)

Boast not my fall, he cried, insulting foe!
 Thou by some other shalt be laid as low:
 Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind;
 All that I dread is leaving you behind!
 Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
 And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive.

Restore the Lock! she cries; and all around
 Restore the Lock! the vaulted roofs rebound.
 Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
 Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
 But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
 And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
 The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with
 pain,

In ev'ry place is sought, but sought in vain:
 With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
 So heaven decrees! with heaven who can
 contest?

Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,
 Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there.
 There heroes' wits are kept in pond'rous vases,
 And beaux' in snuff-boxes and tweezer cases.

There broken vows and death-bed alms are found,

And lovers' hearts with ends of riband bound ;
The courtier's promises, and sick man's pray'rs,
The smiles for harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
Though mark'd by none but quick poetic eyes :
So Rome's great founder to the heavens with-
To Proculus alone confest in view. [drew,
A sudden star, it shot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's Locks first rose so bright,
The heavens bespangling with dishevell'd light.
The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd pursue its progress through the skies.

This the beau-monde shall from the Mall sur-
And hail with music its propitious ray ; [vey,
This the blest lover shall for Venus take,
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.
This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks through Gallileo's eyes ;
And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis and the fall of Rome.

Then cease, bright nymph ! to mourn thy ra-
vish'd hair,

Which adds new glory to the shining sphere !
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost.
For, after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die ;
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust ;
This Lock the Muse shall consecrate to fame ;
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

§ 10. *Elegy to the Memory of an unfortunate Lady.* Pope.

WHAT beck'ning ghost, along the moonlight shade,

Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade ?
'Tis she !—but why that bleeding bosom gor'd !
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword ?
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly ! tell,
Is it in heaven a crime to love too well ?
To bear too tender or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part ?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky
For those who greatly think, or bravely die ?

Why bade ye else, ye pow'rs ! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire ?
Ambition first sprung from your best abodes,
The glorious fault of angels and of gods !
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull, sullen pris'ners in the body's cage ;
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres ;
Like eastern kings, a lazy state they keep,
And close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.

From these perhaps (ere nature bid her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.

As into air the purer spirits flow,
And separate from their kindred dregs below ;
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou mean deserter of thy brother's blood !
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks, now fading at the blast of death ;
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world
before,

And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives and thus your children
fall :

On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates :
There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
(While the long fun'rals blacken all the way),
Lo ! these were they, whose souls the Furies
steel'd,

And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield ;
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day !
So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' woe.

What can atone, oh ever-injur'd shade !
Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid ?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful
bier :

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honor'd and by strangers mourn'd !
What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances and the public show ;
What though no weeping loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face ;
What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb ;
Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be dress'd,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast :
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow ;
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground, now sacred by thy reliques made.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How lov'd, how honor'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot ;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be !

Poets themselves must fail, like those they
sung,
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
E'en he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays ;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart ;
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
The muse forgot, and thou below'd no more !

§ 11. *The Temple of Fame.* Pope.

In that soft season, when descending show'rs
Call forth the greens, and wake the rising
flow'rs;

When op'ning buds salute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray;
As balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest,
And love itself was banish'd from my breast,
(What time the morn mysterious visions brings,
While purer slumbers spread their golden wings,)
A train of phantoms in wild order rose,
And, join'd, this intellectual scene compose.

I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas, and
skies;

The whole creation open to my eyes;
In air self-balan'd hung the globe below,
Where mountains rise, and circling oceans flow:
Here naked rocks, and empty wastes were seen;
There tow'ry cities, and the forests green:
Here sailing ships delight the wand'ring eyes;
There trees and intermingled temples rise:
Now a clear sun the shining scene displays;
The transient landscape now in clouds decays.

O'er the wide prospect as I gaz'd around,
Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,
Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
Or billows murmur'ing on the hollow shore:
Then, gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,
Whose tow'ring summit ambient clouds con-
High on a rock of ice the structure lay, [ceal'd.
Steep its ascent, and slipp'ry was the way;
The wondrous rock like Parian marble shone,
And seem'd to distant sight of solid stone.
Inscriptions here of various names I view'd,
The greater part by hostile time subdued;
Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,
And poets once had promis'd they should last.
Some, fresh engrav'd, appear'd of wits renown'd;
I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
Critics I saw, that other names deface,
And fix their own, with labor, in their place:
Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
Or disappear'd, and left the first behind.

Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,
But felt th' approaches of too warm a sun;
For fame, impatient of extremes, decays,
Not more by envy, than excess of praise.
Yet part no injuries of heaven could feel,
Like crystal faithful to the graving steel:
The rock's high summit, in the temple's shade,
Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade.
There names inscrib'd, unnumber'd ages past,
From time's first birth, with time itself shall last:
These ever new, nor subject to decays, [days.
Spread, and grow brighter, with the length of

So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of frost,)
Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;
Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,
And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play;
Eternal snows the growing mass supply, [sky;
Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent
As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears
The gather'd winter of a thousand years.

On this foundation Fame's high temple stands;
Stupendous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.
Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.
Four faces had the dome, and ev'ry face
Of various structure, but of equal grace:
Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
Salute the diff'rent quarters of the sky.
Here fabled chiefs, in darker ages born,
Or worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous race,
The walls in venerable order grace:
Heroes in animated marble frown,
And legislators seem to think in stone.

Westward a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd,
On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
Crown'd with an architrave of antique mould,
And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.
In shaggy spoils here Theseus was beheld,
And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield:
There great Alcides, stooping with his toil,
Rests on his club, and holds th' Hesperian
spoil:

Here Orpheus sings; trees moving to the sound,
Start from their roots, and form a shade around;
Amphion there the loud creating lyre
Strikes, and behold a sudden Thebes aspire!
Cythæron's echoes answer to his call,
And half the mountain rolls into a wall:
There might you see the length'ning spires
ascend,

The domes swell up, the widening arches bend,
The growing tow'rs like exhalations rise,
And the huge columns heave into the skies.

The Eastern front was glorious to behold,
With diamond flaming, and Barbaric gold.
There Ninus shone, who spread th' Assyrian fame,
And the great founder of the Persian name!
There, in long robes, the royal Magi stand;
Grave Zoroaster waves the circling wand:
The sage Chaldeans rob'd in white appear'd,
And Brachmans, deep in desert woods rever'd.
These stopp'd the moon, and call'd th' unbodied
shades

To midnight banquets in the glimm'ring glades;
Made visionary fabrics round them rise,
And airy spectres skim before their eyes;
Of talismans and sigils knew the pow'r,
And careful watch'd the planetary hour.
Superior, and alone, Confucius stood,
Who taught that useful science—to be good.

But, on the South, a long majestic race
Of Egypt's priests the gilded niches grace,
Who measur'd earth, describ'd the starry
spheres,

And trac'd the long records of lunar years.
High on his car Sesostris struck my view,
Whom sceptred slaves in golden harness drew:
His hands a bow and pointed jav'lin hold,
His giant limbs are arm'd in scales of gold.
Between the statues obelisks were plac'd,
And the learn'd walls with hieroglyphics grac'd.

Of Gothic structure was the Northern side,
O'erwrought with ornaments of bar'rous pride

There huge Colosses rose, with trophies crown'd;
And Runic characters were grav'd around.
There sat Zamolxis with erected eyes,
And Odin here in mimic trances dies.
There on rude iron columns, smear'd with blood,
The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood:
Druids and bards (their once loud harps un-

strung),
And youths that died to be by poets sung.
These, and a thousand more of doubtful fame,
To whom old fables give a lasting name,
In ranks adorn'd the Temple's outward face:
The wall, in lustre and effect like glass,
Which, o'er each object casting various dyes,
Enlarges some, and others multiplies:
Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall,
For thus romantic fame increases all.

The Temple shakes, the sounding gates unfold,
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold,
Rais'd on a thousand pillars, wreath'd around
With laurel foliage, and with eagles crown'd;
Of bright transparent beryl were the walls,
The friezes gold, and gold the capitals.
As heaven with stars, the roof with jewels glows,
And ever-living lamps depend in rows.
Full in the passage of each spacious gate,
The sage historians in white garments wait;
Grav'd o'er their seats the form of Time was
found,

His scythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.
Within stood heroes, who, through loud alarms,
In bloody fields pursu'd renown in arms.
High on a throne, with trophies charg'd, I view'd
The youth that all things but himself subdu'd;
His feet on sceptres and tiaras trod,
And his horn'd head belied the Libyan god.
There Cæsar, grac'd with both Minervas, shone;
Cæsar, the world's great master, and his own;
Unmov'd, superior still, in ev'ry state,
And scarce detested in his country's fate.
But chief were those, who not for empire fought,
But with their toils their people's safety bought.
High o'er the rest Epaminondas stood;
Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;
Bold Scipio, saviour of the Roman state,
Great in his triumphs, in retirement great;
And wise Aurelius, in whose well-taught mind
With boundless pow'r unbounded virtue join'd,
His own strict judge, and patron of mankind.

Much-suff'ring heroes next their honors
Those of less noisy and less guilty fame, [claim,
Fair Virtue's silent train: supreme of these,
Here ever shines the godlike Socrates;
He whom ungrateful Athens could expel,
At all times just, but when he sign'd the shell;
Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,
With Agis, not the last of Spartan names;
Unconquer'd Cato shows the wound he tore;
And Brutus his ill genius meets no more.

But in the centre of the hallow'd choir,
Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire;
Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand,
Hold the chief honors, and the fame com-

mand.

High on the first the mighty Homer shone,
Eternal adamant compos'd his throne;
Father of verse! in holy filets drest,
His silver beard wav'd gently o'er his breast;
Though blind, a boldness in his looks appears;
In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.
The wars of Troy were round the pillars seen:
Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian queen;
Here Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall,
Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall.
Motion and life did ev'ry part inspire,
Bold was the work, and prov'd the master's fire;
A strong expression most he seem'd t' affect,
And here and there disclos'd a brave neglect.

A golden column next in rank appear'd,
On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd;
Finish'd the whole, and labor'd ev'ry part,
With patient touches of unwearied art:
The Mantuan there in sober triumph sate,
Compos'd his posture, and his look sedate;
On Homer still he fix'd a rev'rent eye,
Great without pride, in modest majesty.
In living sculpture on the sides were spread,
The Latian wars, and haughty Turnus dead;
Eliza stretch'd upon the fun'ral pyre;
Æneas bending with his aged sire;
Troy flam'd in burning gold; and o'er the throne
Arms and the Man in golden ciphers shone.

Four swans sustain a car of silver bright,
With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for
flight:

Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
And seem'd to labor with th' inspiring god.
Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
And boldly sinks into the sounding strings.
The figur'd games of Greece the column grace;
Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race.
The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run,
The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone:
The champions in distorted postures threat;
And all appear'd irregularly great.

Here happy Horace tun'd th' Ausonian lyre
To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire:
Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage t' infuse
The softer spirit of the Sapphic muse.
The polish'd pillar diff'rent sculptures grace;
A work outlasting monumental brass.
Here smiling Loves and Bacchanals appear;
The Julian star, and great Augustus here.
The doves, that round the infant poet spread
Myrtles and bays, hang hov'ring o'er his head.

Here, in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,
Sat fix'd in thought the mighty Stagyrite;
His sacred head a radiant zodiac crown'd,
And various animals his sides surround;
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
Superior worlds, and look all nature through.

With equal rays immortal Tully shone;
The Roman rostra deck'd the consul's throne:
Gath'ring his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand
In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his
hand.

Behind, Rome's genius waits with civic crowns
And the great father of his country owns.

These massy columns in a circle rise,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies :
Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aching sight,
So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height.
Full in the midst, proud Fame's imperial seat
With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great :
The vivid em'ralsd there revive the eye,
The flaming rubies show their sanguine dye,
Bright azure rays from lively sapphires stream,
And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.

With various-color'd light the pavement shone,
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne ;
The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.

When on the goddess first I cast my sight,
Scarce seem'd her stature of a cubit's height ;
But swell'd to larger size, the more I gaz'd,
Till to the roof her tow'ring head she rais'd.
With her, the temple ev'ry moment grew,
And ampler vistas open'd to my view :
Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
And arches widen, and long aisles extend.
Such was her form, as ancient bards have told,
Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet enfold ;
A thousand busy tongues the goddess bears,
A thousand open eyes, and thousand list'ning ears.

Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful Nine
(Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine ;
With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing :
For Fame they raise their voice, and tune the string :

With time's first birth began the heavenly lays,
And last, eternal, through the length of days.

Around these wonders as I cast a look,
The trumpet sounded, and the temple shook ;
And all the nations, summon'd at the call,
From diff'rent quarters fill the crowded hall :
Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard ;

In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd ;
Thick as the bees, that with the spring renew
Their flow'ry toils, and sip the fragrant dew,
When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,
O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly,
Or settling, seize the sweets the blossoms yield,
And a low murmur runs along the field.

Millions of suppliant crowds the shrine attend,
And all degrees before the goddess bend ;
The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage,
And boasting youth, and narrative old age.
Their pleas were diff'rent, their request the same ;
For good and bad alike are fond of Fame.
Some she disgrac'd, and some with honors
Unlike successes equal merits found. [crown'd ;
Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune, reigns ;
And, undiscerning, scatters crowns and chains.

First at the shrine the learned world appear,
And to the goddess thus prefer their pray'r :
Long have we sought t' instruct and please
mankind,

With studies pale, with midnight vigils blind ;
But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
We here appeal to thy superior throne :

On wit and learning the just prize bestow ;
For Fame is all we must expect below.

The goddess heard, and bade the Muses raise
The golden trumpet of eternal praise :
From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound,
That fills the circuit of the world around ;
Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud :
The notes at first were rather sweet than loud ;
By just degrees they ev'ry moment rise,
Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the skies.
At ev'ry breath were balmy odors shed,
Which still grew sweeter as they wider spread :
Less fragrant scents th' unfolding rose exhales,
Or spices breathing in Arabian gales.

Next these the good and just, an awful train,
Thus on their knees address the sacred fane :
Since living virtue is with envy curs'd,
And the best men are treated like the worst,
Do thou, just goddess, call our merits forth,
And give each deed th' exact intrinsic worth.
Not with bare justice shall your act be crown'd
(Said Fame), but high above desert renown'd :
Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labor in your praise.

This band dismiss'd, behold another crowd
Preferr'd the same request, and lowly bow'd ;
The constant tenor of whose well-spent days
No less deserv'd a just return of praise.
But straight the direful trump of slander sounds ;
Through the big dome the doubling thunder
bounds ;

Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,
The dire report through ev'ry region flies ;
In ev'ry ear incessant rumors rung,
And gath'ring scandals grew on ev'ry tongue.
From the black trumpet's rusty concave broke
Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling smoke :
The pois'nous vapor blots the purple skies,
And withers all before it as it flies. [wore,

A troop came next, who crowns and armor
And proud defiance in their looks they bore :
For thee (they cried) amidst alarms and strife,
We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life ;
For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and
blood,

And swam to empire through the purple flood.
Those ills we dar'd thy inspiration own ;
What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone.
Ambitious fools ! (the queen replied, and
frown'd)

Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd :
There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
Your statues moulder'd, and your names un-
known !

A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my
sight,

And each majestic phantom sunk in night.

Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen ;
Plain was their dress, and modest was their
mien.

Great idol of mankind ! we neither claim
The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame ;
But, safe in deserts from th' applause of men,
Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen.

'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
Those acts of goodness which themselves re-
O let us still the secret joy partake, [quite.
To follow virtue e'en for virtue's sake.

And live there men who slight immortal fame?
Who then with incense shall adore our name?
But, mortals! know, 'tis still our greatest pride
To blaze those virtues which the good would hide.
Rise! Muses, rise! add all your tuneful breath;
These must not sleep in darkness and in death.
She said; in air the trembling music floats,
And on the winds triumphant swell the notes;
So soft, though high, so loud, and yet so clear,
E'en list'ning angels lean from heaven to hear:
To farthest shores th' ambrosial spirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

Next these, a youthful train their vows express'd, [dress'd:

With feathers crown'd, with gay embroid'ry
Hither, they cried, direct your eyes, and see
The men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry;
Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays;
Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;
Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care
To pay due visits, and address the fair:
In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,
But still in fancy vanquish'd ev'ry maid;
Of unknown duchesses lewd tales we tell;
Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.
The joy let others have, and we the name;
And what we want in pleasure, grant in fame.
The queen assents, the trumpet rends the skies,
And at each blast a lady's honor dies. [press'd

Pleas'd with the strange success, vast numbers
Around the shrine, and made the same request.
What! you (she cried) unlearn'd in arts to please,
Slaves to yourselves, and e'en fatigu'd with ease,
Who lose a length of undeserving days—
Would you usurp the lover's dear-bought praise?
To just contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall;
The people's fable, and the scorn of all!
Straight the black clarion sends a horrid sound,
Loud laughs burst out, and bitter scoffs fly round;
Whispers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
And scornful hisses run through all the crowd.

Last, those who boast of mighty mischiefs done,

Enslave their country, or usurp a throne;
Or who their glory's dire foundation laid
On sov'reigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd:
Calm thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,
Of crooked counsels and dark politics;
Of these a gloomy tribe surround the throne,
And beg to make th' immortal treasons known.
The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
With sparks that seem'd to set the world on fire.
At the dread sound, pale mortals stood aghast,
And startled nature trembled with the blast.

This having heard and seen, some pow'r unknown

Straight chang'd the scene, and snatch'd me from the throne.

Before my view appear'd a structure fair,
Its site uncertain, if in earth or air;

With rapid motion turn'd the mansion round;
With ceaseless noise the ringing walls resound;
Not less in numbers were the spacious doors,
Than leaves on trees, or sands upon the shores;
Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day,
Pervious to winds, and open ev'ry way.
As flames by nature to the skies ascend,
As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
As to the sea returning rivers roll,
And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole;
Hither, as to their proper place, arise
All various sounds from earth, and seas, and
Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear; [skies,
Nor ever silence, rest, or peace is here.

As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes
The sinking stone at first a circle makes;
The trembling surface, by the motion stir'd,
Spreads in a second circle, then a third;
Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,

Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin dance:
Thus ev'ry voice and sound, when first they break,

On neighb'ring air a soft impression make;
Another ambient circle then they move;
That, in its turn, impels the next above;
Through undulating air the sounds are sent,
And spread o'er all the fluid element.

There various news I heard of love and strife,
Of peace and war, health, sickness, death, and
Of loss and gain, of famine and of store; [life;
Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore;
Of prodigies, and portents seen in air;
Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair;
Of turns of fortune, changes in the state,
The falls of favorites, projects of the great;
Of old mismanagements, taxations new;
All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.

Above, below, without, within, around,
Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away;
Hosts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day:
Astrologers, that future fates foreshow;
Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few;
And priests, and party-zealots, numerous bands,
With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands;

Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place,
And wild impatience star'd in ev'ry face.
The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told;
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargements too;
In ev'ry ear it spread, on ev'ry tongue it grew.
Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
News travell'd with increase from mouth to mouth:

So from a spark, that kindled first by chance,
With gath'ring force the quick'ning flames advance;

Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,
And tow'rs and temples sink in floods of fire.
When thus ripe lies are to perfection sprung,
Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,

Through thousand vents, impatient, forth they
 flow,
 And rush in millions on the world below;
 Fame sits aloft, and points them out their course;
 Their date determines, and prescribes their force;
 Some to remain, and some to perish soon;
 Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.
 Around, a thousand winged wonders fly,
 Borne by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd
 through the sky.

There, at one passage, oft you may survey
 A lie and truth contending for the way;
 And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,
 Which first should issue through the narrow
 At last agreed, together out they fly, [vent:
 Inseparable now the truth and lie;
 The strict companions are for ever join'd,
 And this or that unmix'd, no mortal e'er shall
 find.

While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,
 One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear:
 What could thus high thy rash ambition raise?
 Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise?

'Tis true, said I, not void of hopes I came;
 For who so fond as youthful bards of Fame?
 But few, alas! the casual blessing boast,
 So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.
 How vain that second life in others' breath,
 Th' estate which wits inherit after death!
 Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign;
 (Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine!)
 The great man's curse, without the gains, endure;
 Be envied, wretched—and be flatter'd, poor;
 All luckless wits their enemies profess,
 And all successful, jealous friends at best.
 Nor fame I slight, nor for her favors call;
 She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.
 But if the purchase cost so dear a price
 As soothing folly, or exalting vice;
 Oh! if the muse must flatter lawless sway,
 And follow still where fortune leads the way;
 Or if no basis bear my rising name
 But the fall'n ruins of another's fame—
 Then teach me, Heaven! to scorn the guilty bays,
 Drive from my breast that wretched lust of
 praise,

Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown;
 Oh grant an honest fame, or grant me none!

§ 12. *The happy Life of a Country Parson.* Pope.

In Imitation of Dr. Swift.

PARSON, these things in thy possessing
 Are better than the bishop's blessing—
 A wife that makes conserves; a steed
 That carries double when there's need;
 October's store, and best Virginia;
 Tithe-pig, and mortuary guinea;
 Gazettes sent gratis down, and frank'd,
 For which thy patron's weekly thank'd;
 A large Concordance, bound long since;
 Sermons to Charles the First, when prince;
 A Chronicle of ancient standing;
 A Chrysostom to smooth thy band in;

The Polyglott—three parts—my text,
 Howbeit—likewise—now to my next:
 Lo! here the Septuagint—and Paul,
 To sum the whole—the close of all.

He that has these, may pass his life,
 Drink with the squire, and kiss his wife;
 On Sundays preach, and eat his fill;
 And fast on Fridays—if he will:
 Toast church and queen, explain the news,
 Talk with churchwardens about pews;
 Pray heartily for some new gift,
 And shake his head at Dr. S——t.

§ 13. *An Essay on Man. In four Epistles.* Pope.

To H. St. John, Lord Bolingbroke.

EPISTLE I.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to the Universe.

Of Man in the abstract.—That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relations of systems and things.—That Man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a Being suited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general Order of things, and conformable to Ends and Relations to him unknown.—That it is partly upon his ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of a future state, that all his happiness in the present depends.—The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cause of Man's error and misery. The impiety of putting himself in the place of God, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice, of his dispensations.—The absurdity of conceiving himself the final cause of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world which is not in the natural.—The unreasonableness of his complaints against Providence, while on the one hand he demands the perfections of the Angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of the Brutes; though to possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree would render him miserable.—That throughout the whole visible world an universal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a subordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to Man. The gradations of sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason; that Reason alone countervails all the other faculties.—How much further this order and subordination of living creatures may extend above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation must be destroyed.—The extravagance, madness, and pride of such a desire.—The consequence of all, the absolute submission due to Providence, both as to our present and future state.

AWAKE, my Saint John! leave all meaner things

To low ambition, and the pride of Kings.

Let us (since life can little more supply

Than just to look about us, and to die)

Expatiate free o'er all this scene of Man;

A mighty maze! but not without a plan:

A Wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiscuous shoot;

Or Garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.

Together let us beat this ample field,

Try what the open, what the covert yield;

The latent tracts, the giddy heights explore,

Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;

Eye Nature's walks, shoot Folly as it flies,

And catch the manners living as they rise;

Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,

But vindicate the ways of God to Man.

Say first, of God above, or Man below,

What can we reason, but from what we know?

Of Man, what see we but his station here,

From which to reason, or to which refer?

Through worlds unnumber'd though the God be known,

'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.

He who through vast immensity can pierce,

See worlds on worlds compose one universe,

Observe how system into system runs,

What other planets circle other suns,

What varied Being peoples ev'ry star,

May tell why Heaven has made us as we are.

But of this frame the bearings and the ties,

The strong connexions, nice dependencies,

Gradations just, has thy pervading soul

Look'd through? or can a part contain the whole?

Is the great chain that draws all to agree,

And drawn supports, upheld by God or thee?

Presumptuous Man! the reason wouldst thou find,

Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?

First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,

Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?

Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made

Taller and stronger than the weeds they shade?

Or ask of yonder argent fields above,

Why Jove's Satellites are less than Jove?

Of systems possible, if 'tis confest,

That Wisdom infinite must form the best,

Where all must full or not coherent be,

And all that rises, rise in due degree;

Then, in the scale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,

There must be somewhere such a rank as Man:

And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)

Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong?

Respecting Man, whatever wrong we call,

May, must be right, as relative to all.

In human works, though labor'd on with pain,

A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;

In God's, one single can its end produce,

Yet serves to second too some other use;

So Man, who here seems principal alone,

Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,

Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.

When the proud Steed shall know why man restrains

His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;

When the dull Ox, why now he breaks the clod,

Is now a victim, and now Egypt's God;

Then shall Man's pride and dulness comprehend

His actions', passions', being's, use and end;

Why, doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd, and

This hour a slave, the next a deity. [why

Then say not Man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault;

Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought:

His knowledge measur'd to his state and place;

His time a moment, and a point his space.

If to be perfect in a certain sphere,

What matter, soon or late, or here, or there?

The blest to-day is as completely so,

As who began a thousand years ago. [Fate,

Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of

All but the page prescrib'd, their present state:

From brutes what men, from men what spirits know;

Or who could suffer Being here below?

The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,

Had he thy Reason, would he skip and play?

Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,

And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.

Oh blindness to the future! kindly given,

That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heaven;

Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,

A hero perish, or a sparrow fall;

Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd;

And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;

Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore.

What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,

But gives that Hope to be thy blessing now.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast:

Man never is, but always to be blest:

The soul, uneasy, and confin'd from home,

Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind

Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;

His soul proud Science never taught to stray

Far as the solar walk, or milky way;

Yet simple Nature to his hope has given,

Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heaven;

Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,

Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,

Where slaves once more their native land behold,

No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.

To Be, contents his natural desire,

He asks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire;

But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,

His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense

Weigh thy Opinion against Providence;

Call imperfection what thou fanciest such;

Say, here he gives too little, there too much:

Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
 Yet say, if Man's unhappy, God's unjust;
 If Man alone engross not Heaven's high care,
 Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
 Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
 Re-judge his justice, be the God of God.
 In Pride, in reas'ning Pride, our error lies;
 All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
 Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes;
 Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.
 Aspiring to be Gods, if Angels fell,
 Aspiring to be Angels, Men rebel:
 And who but wishes to invert the laws
 Of Order, sins against th' Eternal Cause.

Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,
 Earth for whose use? Pride answers, " 'Tis for
 mine:

" For me kind Nature wakes her genial pow'r,
 " Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry
 " flow'r;

" Annual for me, the grape, the rose, renew
 " The juice nectarious, and the balmy dew;
 " For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;
 " For me, health gushes from a thousand
 " springs;

" Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
 " My footstool earth, my canopy the skies."
 But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
 From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
 When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests
 sweep

Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?

" No ('tis replied); the first Almighty Cause
 " Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;
 " Th' exceptions few; some change since all
 " began: Man?

" And what created perfect?"—Why, then,
 If the great end be human happiness,
 Then Nature deviates, and can Man do less?
 As much that end a constant course requires
 Of show'rs and sunshine, as of Man's desires;
 As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
 As men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wise.
 If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's
 Why then a Borgia or a Catiline? [design,
 Who knows, but he whose hand the lightning
 forms, [storms,

Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the
 Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar's mind,
 Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge man-
 kind? [springs;

From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning
 Account for moral as for nat'ral things;
 Why charge we Heaven in those, in these
 acquit?

In both, to reason right, is to submit.

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
 Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
 That never air or ocean felt the wind;
 That never passion discompos'd the mind.
 But all subsists by elemental strife;
 And passions are the elements of Life.
 The gen'ral Order, since the Whole began,
 Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.

What would this man? Now upward will
 he soar,

And, little less than Angel, would be more:
 Now, looking downwards, just as griev'd, appears
 To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
 Made for his use all creatures if he call,
 Say what their use, had he the pow'rs of all?
 Nature to these, without profusion kind,
 The proper organs, proper pow'rs assign'd;
 Each seeming want compensated of course,
 Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;
 All in exact proportion to the state;
 Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
 Each beast, each insect, happy in its own:
 Is Heaven unkind to Man, and Man alone?
 Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
 Be pleas'd with nothing, if not blest with all?

The bliss of man (could Pride that blessing
 Is not to act or think beyond mankind; [find)
 No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,
 But what his nature and his state can bear.
 Why has not man a microscopic eye?
 For this plain reason, Man is not a fly.
 Say, what the use, were finer optics given,
 T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven?
 Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
 To smart and agonize at every pore?
 Or, quick effluvia darting through the brain,
 Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
 If Nature thunder'd in his opening ears,
 And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
 How would he wish that Heaven had left him
 still

The whispering Zephyr, and the purling rill!
 Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
 Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

Far as Creation's ample range extends,
 The scale of sensual, mental pow'rs ascends:
 Mark how it mounts to Man's imperial race,
 From the green myriads in the peopled grass:
 What modes of sight betwixt each wide
 extreme,

The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam!
 Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
 And hound sagacious on the tainted green!
 Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
 To that which warbles through the vernal
 wood!

The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
 Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
 In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true,
 From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew!
 How instinct varies in the grov'ling swine,
 Compar'd, half-reasoning elephant, with thine!
 'Twixt that and Reason what a nice barrier!
 For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near?
 Remembrance and Reflection how allied,
 What thin partitions Sense from Thought divide!
 And middle natures, how they long to join,
 Yet never pass th' insuperable line!
 Without this just gradation, could they be
 Subjected, these to those, or all to thee?
 The powers of all, subdued by thee alone,
 Is not thy Reason all these pow'rs in one?

See through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
 All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
 Above, how high progressive life may go!
 Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
 Vast chain of being! which from God began;
 Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
 Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
 No glass can reach; from Infinite to thee,
 From thee to Nothing.—On superior pow'rs
 Were we to press, inferior might on ours;
 Or in the full creation leave a void,
 Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroyed:

From Nature's chain, whatever link you strike,
 Tenth, or ten-thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each system in gradation roll
 Alike essential to the amazing Whole,
 The least confusion but in one, not all
 That system only, but the whole must fall.
 Let Earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
 Planets and Suns run lawless through the sky;
 Let ruling Angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
 Being on Being wreck'd, and world on world;
 Heaven's whole foundations to their centre n'd,
 And Nature tremble to the throne of God.
 All this dread order break—for whom? for thee?
 Vile worm!—oh madness, pride, impiety!

What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
 Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head?
 What if the head, the eye, or ear, repin'd
 To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
 Just as absurd, for any part to claim
 To be another in this general frame:
 Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains
 The great directing Mind of all ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
 Whose body Nature is, and God the Soul;
 That, chang'd through all, and yet in all the same,

Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame;
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
 Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
 Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
 As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
 As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
 As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns:
 To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
 He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

Cease then, nor Order Imperfection name:
 Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
 Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree [thee.]

Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
 Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,
 Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
 Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,
 Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.

All Nature is but art unknown to thee;
 All Chance, Direction which thou canst not see;

All Discord, Harmony not understood;
 All partial Evil, universal Good:
 And spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
 One truth is clear, *Whatever is, is right.*

EPISTLE II.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Nature and State of Man, with respect to Himself, as an Individual.

The Business of Man not to pry into God, but to study Himself. His Middle Nature; his Powers and Frailties.—The Limits of his Capacity.—The two Principles of Man, Self-love and Reason, both necessary.—Self-love the stronger, and why.—Their end the same.—The Passions, and their use.—The Predominant Passion, and its force.—Its necessity in directing Men to different Purposes.—Its providential Use, in fixing our Principle, and ascertaining our Virtue.—Virtue and Vice joined in our mixed Nature; the limits near, yet the things separate and evident: What is the Office of Reason.—How odious Vice in itself, and how we deceive ourselves into it.—That, however, the Ends of Providence and general Good are answered in our Passions and Imperfections.—How usefully these are distributed to all Orders of Men.—How useful they are to Society, and to Individuals, in every state and every age of life.

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
 The proper study of mankind is man Man.
 Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
 A being darkly wise, and rudely great;
 With too much knowledge for the Sceptic side,
 With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
 He hangs between; in doubt to act or rest,
 In doubt to deem himself a God, or Beast,
 In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
 Born but to die, and reasoning but to err;
 Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
 Whether he thinks too little or too much:
 Chaos of Thought and Passion, all confus'd,
 Still by himself abus'd or disabus'd;
 Created half to rise, and half to fall;
 Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
 Sole judge of Truth, in endless Error hurl'd:
 The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!

Go, wondrous creature! mount where Science guides, [tides;
 Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;
 Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
 Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun:
 Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,
 To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
 Or tread the mazy round his followers trod,
 And quitting sense call imitating God;
 As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,
 And turn their heads to imitate the Sun.
 Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule;
 Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!

Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal Man unfold all Nature's law,
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And show'd a Newton as we show an Ape.

Could he, whose rules the rapid comet bind,
Describe or fix one movement of his Mind?
Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
Explain his own beginning or his end?

Alas, what wonder! Man's superior part
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art;
But when his own great work is but begun,
What Reason weaves, by Passion is undone.

Trace Science then, with Modesty thy guide;
First strip off all her equipage of Pride;
Deduct what is but Vanity or Dress,
Or Learning's luxury or idleness;
Or tricks to show the stretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;
Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts
Of all our Vices have created Arts;
Then see how little the remaining sum,
Which serv'd the past, and must the time to
come!

Two Principles in human nature reign;
Self-love to urge, and Reason to restrain:
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call;
Each works its end, to move or govern all:
And to their proper operation still
Ascribe all Good; to their improper, Ill.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole:
Man, but for that, no action could attend;
And, but for this, were active to no end;
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless through the void,
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.
Most strength the moving principle requires;
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, deliberate, and advise.
Self-love, still stronger, as its objects nigh;
Reason's at distance and in prospect lie:
That sees immediate good by present sense;
Reason, the future and the consequence.
Thicker than arguments temptations throng;
At best more watchful this, but that more
strong.

The action of the stronger to suspend
Reason still use, to Reason still attend.
Attention, habit and experience gains;
Each strengthens Reason, and Self-love restrains.
Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to
More studious to divide than to unite; [fight,
And Grace and Virtue, Sense and Reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of wit.
Wits, just like Fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.
Self-love and Reason to one end aspire;
Pain their aversion, Pleasure their desire:
But greedy that, its object would devour,
This taste the honey, and not wound the flow'r:
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

Modes of self-love the passions we may call;
'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all:
But since not ev'ry good we can divide,
And Reason bids us for our own provide;
Passions, though selfish, if their means be fair,
List under Reason, and deserve her care;
Those that imparted court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some Virtue's name.

In lazy Apathy let Stoics boast
Their Virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a frost;
Contracted all, retiring to the breast:
But strength of mind is exercise, not rest.
The rising tempest puts in act the soul;
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale:
Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storm and walks upon the wind.

Passions, like elements, though born to fight,
Yet mix'd and soften'd in his work unite:
These 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what composes Man, can Man destroy?
Suffice that Reason keep to Nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleasure's smiling
train;
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain;
These mix'd with art, and to due bounds con-
fin'd,

Make and maintain the balance of the mind;
The lights and shades, whose well-accorded
strife

Gives all the strength and color of our life.
Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes;
And, when in act they cease, in prospect rise:
Present to grasp, and future still to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On diff'rent senses diff'rent objects strike:
Hence diff'rent Passions more or less inflame,
As strong or weak the organs of the frame;
And hence one master Passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young disease, that must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with
his strength;

So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's disease, its ruling passion came:
Each vital humor which should feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul:
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens and its functions spread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part

Nature its mother, habit is its nurse;
Wit, spirit, faculties, but make it worse;
Reason itself but gives it edge and pow'r;
As heaven's blest beam turns vinegar more sour.

We, wretched subjects, though to lawful sway,
In this weak queen some fav'rite still obey:
Ah! if she lend not arms as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we are fools?

Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend;
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!
Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade
The choice we make, or justify it made;
Proud of an easy conquest all along,
She but removes weak passions for the strong:
So, when small humors gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driven them out.

Yes, nature's road must ever be preferr'd;
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard:
'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend than foe;
A mightier Pow'r the strong direction sends,
And sev'ral men impels to sev'ral ends:
Like varying winds, by other passions tost,
This drives them constant to a certain coast.
Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory please,
Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease,
Through life 'tis follow'd, e'en at life's expense;
The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride;
All, all alike, find reason on their side.

Th' Eternal Art, educing good from ill,
Grafts on this Passion our best principle:
'Tis thus the mercury of Man is fix'd,
Strong grows the Virtue with his nature mix'd;
The dross cements what else were too refin'd,
And in one int'rest body acts with mind.

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stocks inserted learn to bear;
The surest Virtues thus from Passions shoot,
Wild Nature's vigor working at the root.
What crops of wit and honesty appear
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger, zeal and fortitude supply;
E'en av'rice, prudence; sloth, philosophy;
Lust, through some certain strainers well re-
fin'd,

Is gentle love, and charms all womankind;
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;
Nor Virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on Pride, or grow on Shame.

Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue nearest to our vice allied:
Reason the bias turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus if he will.
The fiery soul abhor'd in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:
The same ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.

This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,
What shall divide? The God within the mind.

Extremes in Nature equal ends produce;
In man they join to some mysterious use:
Though each by turns the other's bounds invade,
As in some well-wrought picture, light and
shade,

And oft so mix, the diff'rence is too nice
Where ends the Virtue, or begins the Vice.

Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That Vice or Virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, soften, and unite
A thousand ways, is there no black or white?

Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain;
'Tis to mistake them costs the time and pain.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet, seen too oft, familiar with her face;
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where th' extreme of Vice, was ne'er
agreed: [Tweed;

Ask where's the North? at York, 'tis on the
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows
where.

No creature owns it in the first degree,
But thinks his neighbour farther gone than he:
E'en those who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own:
What happier natures shrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious ev'ry man must be;
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree:
The rogue and fool, by fits, is fair and wise;
And e'en the best, by fits, what they despise.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
For, Vice or Virtue, Self directs it still:
Each individual seeks a several goal;
But Heaven's great view is One, and that the
Whole:

That counterworks each folly and caprice;
That disappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice;
That happy frailties to all ranks applied—
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
To kings presumption, and to crowds belief:
That Virtue's ends from vanity can raise,
Which seeks no int'rest, no reward but praise;
And builds on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of Mankind.

Heaven, forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one Man's weakness grows the strength of
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally [all.
The common int'rest, or endear the tie.
To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those int'rests to resign;
Taught half by Reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away.

Whate'er the Passion, knowledge, fame, or
pelf,

Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty given,
The poor contents him with the care of Heaven:
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
The starving chemist in his golden views
Supremely blest; the poet in his Muse.
See some strange comfort ev'ry state attend,
And pride, bestow'd on all, a common friend:
See some fit passion ev'ry age supply;
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw;
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite;
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age:
Pleased with this bauble still, as that before;
Till tir'd he sleeps, and Life's poor play is o'er.

Meanwhile Opinion gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happiness by Hope supplied,
And each vacuity of sense by Pride:
These build as fast as knowledge can destroy;
In folly's cup still laughs the bubble, Joy:
One prospect lost, another still we gain;
And not a vanity is given in vain.
E'en mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,
The scale to measure others' wants by thine.
See! and confess, one comfort still must rise;
'Tis this—though Man's a fool, yet God is wise.

EPISTLE III.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to Society.

The whole Universe one System of Society.—Nothing made wholly for itself, nor yet wholly for another.—The happiness of Animals mutual.—Reason or Instinct operate alike to the good of each Individual.—Reason or Instinct operates also to Society in all animals.—How far Society is carried by Instinct.—How much farther by Reason.—Of that which is called the State of Nature.—Reason instructed by Instinct in the Invention of Arts, and in the Forms of Society.—Origin of Political Societies.—Origin of Monarchy.—Patriarchal Government.—Origin of True Religion and Government, from the same principle of Love.—Origin of Superstition and Tyranny, from the same principle of Fear.—The influence of Self-love operating to the social and public Good.—Restoration of true Religion and Government on their first Principle.—Mixed Government.—Various Forms of each, and the true End of all.

HERE then we rest: "The Universal Cause
"Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."
In all the madness of superfluous health,
The train of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be present night and day;
But most be present, if we preach or pray.

Look round our World; behold the chain of
Combining all below and all above. [Love
See plastic Nature working to this end;
The single atoms each to other tend:
Attract, attracted to the next in place,
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
See Matter next, with various life endued,
Press to one centre still, the gen'ral Good.
See dying vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving vegetate again;

All forms that perish other forms supply
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die);
Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.
Nothing is foreign; Parts relate to Whole;
One all-extending, all-preserving Soul
Connects each being, greatest with the least;
Made Beast in aid of Man, and Man of Beast;
All serv'd, all serving: nothing stands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends unknown.

Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy
good,
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spreads the flow'ry lawn.
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
The bounding steed you pompously bestride
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?
The birds of heaven shall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer.
The hog that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labors of this lord of all.

Know, Nature's children all divide her care,
The fur that warms a monarch warm'd a bear.
While Man exclaims, "See all things for my
use!"

"See man for mine!"—replies a pamper'd goose:
And just as short of reason he must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the pow'rful still the weak control,
Be man the Wit and Tyrant of the whole:
Nature that Tyrant checks; he only knows,
And helps another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?
Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods:
For some his int'rest prompts him to provide,
For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride:
All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
Th' extensive blessing of his luxury.
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He saves from famine, from the savage saves;
Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
And till he ends the being, makes it blest;
Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
Than favor'd Man by touch ethereal slain.
The creature had his feast of life before;
Thou too must perish when thy feast is o'er!
To each unthinking being, Heav'n, a friend,
Gives not the useless knowledge of its end:
To man imparts it; but with such a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
Great standing miracle! that Heaven assign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

Whether with Reason or with Instinct blest,
Know, all enjoy that pow'r which suits them
best ;

To bliss alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full Instinct is th' unerring guide,
What Pope or Council can they need beside ?
Reason, however able, cool at best,
Cares not for service, or but serves when prest,
Stays till we call, and then not often near ;
But honest Instinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit ;
While still too wide or short is human Wit ;
Sure by quick Nature happiness to gain,
Which heavier Reason labors at in vain.
This too serves always, Reason never long ;
One must go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing pow'rs
One in their nature, which are two in ours ;
And Reason raise o'er Instinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To shun their poison, and to choose their food ?
Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand ?
Who made the spider parallels design,
Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line ?
Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore
Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown
before ?

Who calls the council, states the certain day ?
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the
way ?

God, in the nature of each being founds
Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds :
But as he fram'd the Whole the Whole to bless,
On mutual Wants built mutual Happiness ;
So, from the first, eternal order ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
Whate'er of life all quick'ning æther keeps,
Or breathes through air, or shoots beneath the
deeps,

Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.
Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood,
Each loves itself, but not itself alone ;
Each sex desires alike, till two are one.
Nor ends the pleasures with the fierce embrace ;
They love themselves, a third time, in their race.
Thus beast and bird their common charge attend,
The mothers nurse it, and the sires defend ;
The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,
There stops the Instinct, and there ends the care ;
The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace ;
Another love succeeds, another race.

A longer care Man's helpless kind demands ;
That longer care contracts more lasting bands :
Reflection, Reason, still the ties improve,
At once extend the int'rest and the love :
With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn ;
Each Virtue in each Passion takes its turn ;
And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
That graft benevolence on charities.

Still as one brood, and as another rose,
These nat'ral love maintain, habitual those :
The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect man,
Saw helpless him from whom their life began :
Mem'ry and forecast just returns engage ;
That pointed back to youth, this on to age ;
While pleasure, gratitude, and hope combin'd,
Still spread the int'rest, and preserve the kind.

Nor think, in Nature's state they blindly trod ;
The state of Nature was the reign of God :
Self-love and Social at her birth began ;
Union the bond of all things, and of Man.
Pride then was not ; nor Arts, that Pride to aid ;
Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the
shade ;

The same his table, and the same his bed ;
No murder cloth'd him, and no murder fed.
In the same temple, the resounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God :
The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold un-
drest ;

Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest :
Heaven's attribute was Universal Care ;
And man's prerogative, to rule, but spare.
Ah ! how unlike the man of times to come !
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb ;
Who, foe to Nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
Murders their species, and betrays his own.
But just disease to luxury succeeds,
And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds ;
The fury passions from that blood began,
And turn'd on Man a fiercer savage, Man.

See him from Nature rising slow to Art !
To copy Instinct then was Reason's part ;
Thus then to Man the voice of Nature spake—
“ Go, from the Creatures thy instructions take :
“ Learn from the birds what food the thickest
yield ;

“ Learn from the beasts the physic of the field ;
“ Thy arts of building from the bee receive ;
“ Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to
“ Learn of the little Nautilus to sail, [weave ;
“ Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving
“ Here too all forms of social union find, [gale.
“ And hence let Reason, late, instruct man-
kind :

“ Here subterranean works and cities see ;
“ There towns aerial on the waving tree.
“ Learn each small People's genius, policies,
“ The Ant's republic and the realm of Bees ;
“ How those in common all their wealth
bestow,

“ And Anarchy without confusion know ;
“ And these for ever, though a Monarch reign,
“ Their sep'rate cells and properties maintain.
“ Mark what unvaried laws preserve each state,
“ Laws wise as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate.
“ In vain thy Reason finer webs shall draw,
“ Entangle Justice in her net of Law :
“ And right, too rigid, harden into wrong,
“ Still for the strong too weak, the weak too
strong.

“ Yet go ! and thus o'er all the creatures sway,
“ Thus let the wiser make the rest obey :

"And for those arts mere Instinct could afford,
"Be crown'd as Monarchs, or as Gods ador'd."

Great Nature spoke; observant Man obey'd;
Cities were built, Societies were made:

Here rose one little state; another near [fear.
Grew by like means, and join'd through love or
Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
And there the streams in purer rills descend!
What War could ravish, Commerce could be-
stow,

And he return'd a friend who came a foe.
Converse and Love mankind might strongly
draw,

When Love was Liberty, and Nature Law.
Thus states were form'd; the name of king un-
known,

Till common int'rest plac'd the sway in one.

'Twas Virtue only (or in arts or arms,
Diffusing blessings, or averting harms):

The same which in a Sire the Sons obey'd,
A Prince the Father of a people made.

Till then, by Nature crown'd, each Patriarch
sate

King, Priest, and Parent of his growing state;
On him, their second Providence, they hung;
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.

He from the wand'ring furrow call'd the food,
Taught to command the fire, control the flood,
Draw forth the monsters of th' abyss profound,
Or fetch th' aerial eagle to the ground.

Till drooping, sick'ning, dying, they began,
Whom they rever'd as God, to mourn as Man:

Then, looking up from sire to sire, explor'd
One great First Father, and that First ador'd.

Or plain tradition that this All begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from sire to son;

The worker from the work distinct was known,
And simple reason never sought but one:

Ere wit oblique had broke that steady light,
Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right;

To virtue in the paths of pleasure trod,
And own'd a Father when he own'd a God.

Love all the faith and all the allegiance then;
For Nature knew no right divine in Men,

No ill could fear in God; and understood
A Sov'reign Being but a sov'reign good.

True faith, true policy, united ran;
That was but love of God, and this of Man.

Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms
undone,

Th' enormous faith of many made for one;
That proud exception to all Nature's laws,

T' invert the world, and counterwork its Cause?
Force first made Conquest, and that Conquest
Law,

Till Superstition taught the Tyrant awe,
Then shar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,

And Gods of Conqu'rors, Slaves of Subjects
made:

She, 'midst the lightning's blaze, and thunder's
sound, [the ground,

When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,

To Pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they:

She from the rending earth, and bursting skies,
Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise:

Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes:
Fear made her Devils, and weak Hope her
Gods;

Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were Rage, Revenge, or Lust;

Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.

Zeal then, not charity, became the guide;
And hell was built on spite, and heaven on pride:

Then sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no more;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:

Then first the Flamen tasted living food,
Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood;

With heaven's own thunders shook the world
And play'd the god an engine on his foe. [below,

So drives Self-love, through just and through
unjust,

To one man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, lust:
The same Self-love in all, becomes the cause

Of what restrains him, Government and Laws.
For, what one likes, if others like as well,

What serves one will, when many wills rebel?
How shall he keep, what, sleeping or awake,

A weaker may surprise, a stronger take?
His safety must his liberty restrain:

All join to guard what each desires to gain.
Forc'd into Virtue thus by Self-defence,

E'en Kings learn'd justice and benevolence:
Self-love forsook the path it first pursued,

And found the private in the public good.
'Twas then the studious head or gen'rous mind,

Follower of God, or friend of human kind,
Poet or Patriot, rose but to restore

The faith and moral Nature gave before;
Relum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;

If not God's image, yet his shadow drew:
Taught power's due use to People and to Kings,

Taught not to slack nor strain its tender strings,
The less or greater set so justly true,

That touching one must strike the other too;
Till jarring int'rests of themselves create

Th' according music of a well-mix'd state.
Such is the world's great harmony, that springs

From Order, Union, full consent of things:
Where small and great, where weak and mighty,

made
To serve, not suffer; strengthen, not invade;

More pow'rful each as needful to the rest,
And, in proportion as it blesses, blest;

Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beast, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King.

For Forms of Government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best:

For Modes of Faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right:

In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
But all Mankind's concern is Charity:

All must be false that thwarts this one great end:
And all of God, that bless Mankind, or mend.

Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported lives:
The strength he gains is from th' embrace he

gives.

On their own axis as the Planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the Sun;
So two consistent motions act the Soul,
And one regards Itself, and one the Whole.

Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
And bade Self-love and Social be the same.

EPISTLE IV.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Nature and State of Man, with respect to Happiness.

False Notions of Happiness, Philosophical and Popular.—It is the End of all Men, and attainable by all.—God intends Happiness to be equal; and to be so, it must be social, since all particular Happiness depends on general, and since he governs by general not particular Laws.—As it is necessary for Order, and the peace and welfare of Society, that external goods should be unequal, Happiness is not made to consist in these.—But, notwithstanding that inequality, the balance of Happiness among mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two Passions of Hope and Fear.—What the Happiness of Individuals is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world; and that the Good Man has here the advantage.—The error of imputing to Virtue what are only the calamities of Nature or of Fortune.—The folly of expecting that God should alter his general laws in favour of particulars.—That we are not judges who are good; but that, whoever they are, they must be happiest.—That external goods are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of, Virtue.—That even these can make no Man happy without Virtue: instanced in Riches—Honors—Nobility—Greatness—Fame—Superior Talents:—With pictures of human infelicity in Men possessed of them all.—That Virtue only constitutes a Happiness whose object is universal, and whose prospect eternal.—That the perfection of Virtue and Happiness consists in a conformity to the Order of Providence here, and a Resignation to it here and hereafter.

O HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim!

Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content, whate'er thy name;

That something still which prompts th' eternal
For which we bear to live, or dare to die; [sigh,
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies;
O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and wise:
Plant of celestial seed! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
Fair op'ning to some Court's propitious shine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field? [toil,
Where grows?—where grows it not? if vain our
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil.

Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
'Tis nowhere to be found, or ev'ry where:
'Tis never to be bought, but always free, [thee.
And fled from monarchs, St. John, dwells with
Ask of the Learn'd the way: the Learn'd are
blind:

This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind;
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease;
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these;
Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain;
Some, swell'd to gods, confess e'en virtue vain;
Or indolent to each extreme they fall,
To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this, that happiness is happiness?

Take Nature's path, and mad opinions leave;
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning
well;

And, mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is common sense and common ease.

Remember, Man, "the Universal Cause
"Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;"
And makes what Happiness we justly call,
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a blessing individuals find,
But some way leans and hearkens to the kind.
No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd hermit rests self-satisfied:
Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink:
Each has his share; and who would more obtain,
Shall find the pleasure pays not half the pain.
Order is Heaven's first law; and this confest,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise; but who infers from
hence

That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
Heaven to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their happiness;
But mutual wants this happiness increase;
All nature's diff'rence keeps all nature's peace.
Condition, circumstance, is not the thing;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
Heaven breathes through ev'ry member of the
whole

One common blessing, as one common soul.
But Fortune's gifts, if each alike possess'd,
And each were equal, must not all content?
If then to all men Happiness was meant,
God in External could not place content.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;
But Heaven's just balance equal will appear,
While those are placed in hope, and these in fear:
Not present good or ill, the joy or curse;
But future views of better, or of worse.

Oh, sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,
By mountain spiled on mountains, to the skies?

Heaven still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Compe-
tence.

But Health consists with Temperance alone;
And Peace, oh, Virtue! Peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain;
But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,
Who risk the most, that take wrong means or
right?

Of Vice or Virtue, whether blest or curst, [first?
Which meets Contempt or which Compassion
Count all th' advantage prosp'rous Vice attains,
'Tis but what Virtue flies from, and disdains:
And grant the bad what happiness they wou'd,
One they must want, which is, to pass for good.

Oh, blind to truth, and God's whole scheme
below,

Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe!
Whosees and follows that great scheme the best,
Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.
But fools the good alone unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just!
See godlike Turenne prostrate on the dust!
See Sydney bleeds amid the martial strife!
Was this their virtue, or contempt of life?
Say, was it virtue, more though Heaven ne'er gave,
Lamented Digby! sunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if virtue made the son expire,
Why, full of days and honor, lives the sire?
Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,
When Nature sicken'd, and each gale was death?
Or why so long (in life if long can be)
Lent Heaven a parent to the poor and me?

What makes all physical or moral ill?
There deviates Nature, and here wanders will.
God sends not ill, if rightly understood;
Or partial ill is universal good,
Or change admits, or Nature lets it fall,
Short, and but rare, till man improv'd it all.
We just as wisely might of Heaven complain,
That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,
As that the virtuous son is ill at ease
When his lewd father gave the dire disease.
Think we, like some weak prince, th' Eternal
Cause

Prone for his fav'rites to reverse his laws?

Shall burning Ætna, if a sage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?
On air or sea new motions be imprest,
Oh blameless Bethel! to relieve thy breast?
When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?
Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall?

But still this world (so fitted for the knave)
Contents us not. A better shall we have?
A kingdom of the just then let it be:
But first consider how those just agree.

The good must merit God's peculiar care;
But who, but God, can tell us who they are?
One thinks, on Calvin Heaven's own Spirit fell;
Another deems him instrument of Hell.
If Calvin feel Heaven's blessing, or its rod,
This cries there is, and that, there is no God.
What shocks one part will edify the rest,
Nor with one system can they all be blest.
The very best will variously incline,
And what rewards your virtue, punish mine.
Whatever is, is right.—This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too;
And which more blest? who chain'd his coun-
try, say,

Or he whose virtue sigh'd to lose a day?

"But sometimes virtue starves while vice is
"fed."

What then? is the reward of virtue bread?
That vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil;
The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,
Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent:
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?
"No—shall the good want health, the good
"want pow'r?"

Add health and pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing,
"Why bounded pow'r? why private? why no
Nay, why external for internal giv'n? [king?"
Why is not man a God, and earth a heaven?
Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
God gives enough, while he has more to give;
Immense the pow'r, immense were the de-
mand;

Say, at what part of nature will they stand?
What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is virtue's prize: a better would you fix?
Then give humility a coach and six,
Justice a conqueror's sword, or truth a gown,
Or public spirit its great cure, a crown.
Weak, foolish man! will heaven reward us there
With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
The boy and man an individual makes,
Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife;
As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
As toys and empires, for a godlike mind.
Rewards, that either would to virtue bring
No joy, or be destructive of the thing;
How oft by these at sixty are undone
The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!
To whom can riches give repute, or trust,
Content or pleasure, but the good and just?
Judges and senates have been bought for gold;
Esteem and love were never to be sold.
Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human kind, [clear,
Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience
Because he wants a thousand pounds a-year.

Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.

Fortune in men has some small diff'rence made;
 One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
 The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
 The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
 "What differ more (you cry) than crown and
 "cowl?"

I'll tell you, friend; a wise man and a fool.
 You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
 Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
 Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow:
 The rest is all but leather or prunella.

Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with
 strings, [kings;
 That thou mayst be by kings, or whores of
 Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
 In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
 But by your fathers' worth, if yours you rate,
 Count me those only who were good and great.
 Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
 Has crept thro' scoundrels ever since the flood,
 Go! and pretend your family is young;
 Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
 What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
 Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

Look next on greatness; say where greatness
 lies?

"Where, but among the heroes and the wise?"
 Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
 From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
 The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find,
 Or make, an enemy of all mankind!
 Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
 Yet ne'er looks forward farther than his nose.
 No less alike the politic and wise;
 All sly, slow things, with circumspective eyes:
 Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
 Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
 But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat;
 'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great:
 Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
 Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
 Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
 Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
 Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
 Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.

What's fame? a fancy'd life in others' breath;
 A thing beyond us, e'en before our death,
 Just what you hear you have, and what's un-
 known,

The same (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own.
 All that we feel of it begins and ends
 In the small circle of our foes or friends;
 To all beside as much an empty shade;
 An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead;
 Alike or when, or where, they shone, or shine,
 Or on the Rubicon or on the Rhine.
 A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
 An honest man's the noblest work of God.
 Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
 As justice tears his body from the grave;
 When what t' oblivion better were resign'd,
 Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
 All fame is foreign, but of true desert;
 Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:

One self-approving hour whole years outweigh
 Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
 And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
 Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

In parts superior what advantage lies?
 Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?
 'Tis but to know how little can be known,
 To see all others' faults, and feel our own;
 Condemn'd in business or in arts to drudge,
 Without a second, or without a judge.
 Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?
 All fear, none aid you, and few understand:
 Painful pre-eminence! yourself to view
 Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

Bring then these blessings to a strict account;
 Make fair deductions; see to what they mount;
 How much of other each is sure to cost;
 How each for other oft is wholly lost;
 How inconsistent greater goods with these;
 How sometimes life is risk'd, and always ease:
 Think, and if still these things thy envy call,
 Say, wouldst thou be the man to whom they fall?
 To sigh for ribands if thou art so silly,
 Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy!
 Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?

Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife!
 If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
 The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind!
 Or ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
 See Cromwell damn'd to everlasting fame!
 If all, united, thy ambition call,
 From ancient story learn to scorn them all.
 There, in the rich, the honor'd, fam'd, and
 great,

See the false scale of happiness complete!
 In hearts of kings, or arms of queens who lay,
 How happy those to ruin, these betray.
 Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
 From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose;
 In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
 And all that rais'd the hero sunk the man:
 Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
 But stain'd with blood, or ill exchang'd for
 gold;

Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
 Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
 Oh wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
 E'er taught to shine, or sanctified from shame!
 What greater bliss attends their close of life?
 Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
 The trophied arches, storied halls invade,
 And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
 Alas! not dazzled with their noontide ray,
 Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day;
 The whole amount of that enormous fame,
 A tale that blends their glory with their shame!

Know then this truth—(enough for man to
 "Virtue alone is happiness below:" [know]
 The only point where human bliss stands still,
 And tastes the good without the fall to ill;
 Where only merit constant pay receives,
 Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives:
 The joy unequall'd, if its end it gain;
 And if it lose, attended with no pain:

Without satiety, though e'er so blest,
And but more relish'd as the more distress;
The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears:
Good, from each object, from each place ac-
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd; [quir'd,
Never elated, while one man's oppress;
Never dejected, while another's blest;
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.

See the sole bliss Heaven could on all bestow;
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can
know!

Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss, the good untaught will find;
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature, up to nature's God;
Pursues that chain which links the immense
design,

Joins heaven and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees that no being any bliss can know,
But touches some above, and some below;
Learns, from this union of the rising whole,
The first, last purpose of the human soul;
And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end, in love of God and love of man.

For him alone, hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still, and opens on his soul;
Till lengthen'd on to faith, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
He sees why nature plants in man alone
Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown:
(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find.)
Wise is her present; she connects in this
His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss;
At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love, thus push'd to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing
Is this too little for the boundless heart? [thine.
Extend it, let thy enemies have part;
Grasp the whole world of reason, life, and sense,
In one close system of benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of bliss but height of charity.

God loves from whole to parts: but human
Must rise from individual to the whole. [soul
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
His country next, and next all human race;
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind;
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And Heaven beholds its image on his breast.

Come then, my friend! my genius! come
Oh master of the poet, and the song! [along,
And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends,
To man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise;

Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer,
From grave to gay, from lively to severe;
Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please.
Oh! while along the stream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verse to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend?
That urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art,
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For wit's false mirror held up nature's light;
Show'd erring pride, *whatever is, is right*;
That reason, passion, answer one great aim;
That true self-love and social are the same;
That virtue only makes our bliss below;
And all our knowledge is, ourselves to know.

§ 14. *Moral Essays. In Four Epistles. Pope.*

EPISTLE I.

To Sir Richard Temple, L. Cobham.

Yes, you despise the man to books confin'd,
Who from his study rails at human kind;
Though what he learns he speaks, and may ad-
vance

Some gen'ral maxims, or be right by chance.
The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave,
That from his cage, calls Cuckold, Whore, and
Knave,

Though many a passenger he rightly call,
You hold him no philosopher at all.

And yet the fate of all extremes is such,
Men may be read, as well as books, too much.
To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for th' observer's sake;
To written wisdom, as another's, less; [guess.
Maxims are drawn from notions, these from
There's some peculiar in each leaf and grain,
Some unmark'd fibre, or some varying vein:
Shall only man be taken in the gross?
Grant but as many sorts of mind as moss.

That each from other differs, first confess;
Next, that he varies from himself no less:
Add nature's, custom's, reason's, passion's strife,
And all opinion's colors cast on life.

Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows finds,
Quick whirls, and shifting eddies, of our minds?
On human actions reason though you can,
It may be reason, but it is not man;
His principle of action once explore,
That instant 'tis his principle no more.
Like following life, through creatures you dissect,
You lose it in the moment you detect.

Yet more; the difference is as great between
The optics seeing, as the objects seen.
All manners take a tincture from our own;
Or some discolor'd through our passions shown.
Or fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.

Nor will life's stream for observation stay;
It hurries all too fast to mark their way:
In vain sedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not
Of, in the passions' wild rotation tost, [take.
Our spring of action to ourselves is lost:
Tir'd, not determin'd, to the last we yield;
And what comes then is master of the field.
As the last image of that troubled heap,
When sense subsides, and fancy sports in sleep,
(Though past the recollection of the thought,) Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought:

Something as dim to our internal view,
Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do.
True, some are open, and to all men known;
Others so very close, they're hid from none,
(So darkness strikes the sense no less than light;) Thus gracious Chandos is belov'd at sight;
And ev'ry child hates Shylock, though his soul Still sits as squat, and peeps not from its hole.
At all Mankind when gen'rous Manly raves,
All know 'tis virtue, for he thinks them knaves.
When universal homage Umbra pays,
All see 'tis vice, and itch of vulgar praise.
When flatt'ry glares, all hate it in a queen;
While one there is who charms us with his spleen.

But these plain characters we rarely find:
Though strong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind;
Or puzzling contraries confound the whole;
Or affectations quite reverse the soul.
The dull, flat falsehood serves for policy;
And in the cunning, truth itself's a lie:
Unthought-of frailties cheat us in the wise;
The fool lies hid in inconsistencies.

See the same man, in vigor, in the gout;
Alone, in company; in place, or out;
Early at business, and at hazard late;
Mad at a fox-chase, wise at a debate?
Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball;
Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall.

Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks, who endures a knave is next a knave,
Save just at dinner—then prefers, no doubt,
A rogue with venison to a saint without.

Who would not praise Patricio's high desert,
His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehensive head; all int'rests weigh'd,
All Europe sav'd, yet Britain not betray'd?
He thanks you not, his pride is in piquet,
Newmarket fame, and judgment at a bet.

What made (say, Montagne, or more sage Charron!)

Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon?
A perjured prince a leaden saint severe,
A godless regent tremble at a star?
The throne a bigot keep, a genius quit,
Faithless through piety, and dup'd through wit?
Europe a woman, child, or dotard rule,
And just her wisest monarch made a fool?

Know, God and Nature only are the same:
In man, the judgment shoots at flying game;

A bird of passage! gone as soon as found;
Now in the moon perhaps, now under ground.

In vain the sage, with retrospective eye,
Would from the apparent What conclude the

Why;
Infer the Motive from the Deed, and show
That what we chanc'd was what we meant to do.
Behold! if Fortune or a Mistress frowns,
Some plunge in business, others shave their crowns:

To ease the soul of one oppressive weight,
This quits an empire, that embroils a state:
The same adust complexion has impell'd
Charles to the convent, Philip to the field.

Not always actions show the man; we find
Who does a kindness, is not therefore kind:
Perhaps prosperity becalm'd his breast,
Perhaps the wind just shifted from the east,
Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat;
Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great.

Who combats bravely is not therefore brave;
He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave.
Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise;
His pride in reas'ning, not in acting, lies.

But grant that actions best discover man;
Take the most strong, and sort them as you can.
The few that glare, each character must mark;
You balance not the many in the dark.

What will you do with such as disagree?
Suppress them, or miscall them policy?
Must then at once (the character to save)
The plain rough hero turn a crafty knave?
Alas! in truth the man but chang'd his mind;
Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not din'd.
Ask why from Britain Cæsar would retreat?
Cæsar himself might whisper, he was beat.
Why risk the world's great empire for a punk?
Cæsar perhaps might answer, he was drunk.
But, sage historians! 'tis your task to prove,
One action, conduct; one, heroic love.

'Tis from high life high characters are drawn;
A saint in crape, is twice a saint in lawn;
A judge is just, a chancellor juster still;
A gownman, learn'd; a bishop, what you will;
Wise, if a minister; but if a king, [thing.
More wise, more learn'd, more just, more ev'ry
Court virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate,
Born where Heaven's influence scarce can pene-
In life's low vale, the soil the virtues like, [trate;
They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.
Though the same sun, with all-diffusive rays,
Blush in the rose, and in the diamond blaze;
We prize the stronger effort of his pow'r,
And justly set the gem above the flow'r.
'Tis education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.
Boastful and rough, your first son is a 'squire;
The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar;
Tom struts a soldier, open, bold, and brave;
Will sneaks a scriv'ner, an exceeding knave:
Is he a churchman? then he's fond of pow'r;
A Quaker? sly; a Presbyterian? sour;
A smart Free-thinker? all things in an hour.

Ask men's opinions : Scoto now shall tell
How trade increases, and the world goes well ;
Strike off his pension, by the setting sun,
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.

That gay Free-thinker, a fine talker once,
What turns him now a stupid silent dunce ?
Some god, or spirit, he has lately found ;
Or chanc'd to meet a minister that frown'd.

Judge we by nature ? habit can efface,
Int'rest o'ercome, or policy take place :
By actions ? those uncertainty divides ;
By passions ? these dissimulation hides ;
Opinions ? they still take a wider range :
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.

Manners with fortunes, humors turn with
climes,

Tenets with books, and principles with times.

Search then the ruling passion : there, alone,
The wild are constant, and the cunning known ;
The fool consistent, and the false sincere ;
Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.
This clew once found, unravels all the rest ;
The prospect clears, and Wharton stands con-
fest.

Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise ;
Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
Women and fools must like him, or he dies :
Though wond'ring senates hung on all he
spoke,

The club must hail him master of the joke.
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new ?
He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too :
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the same spirit that he drinks and whores ;
Enough if all around him but admire,
And now the punk applaud, and now the friar.
Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart ;
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt,
And most contemptible to shun contempt ;
His passion still, to covet gen'ral praise ;
His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways ;
A constant bounty, which no friend has made ;
An angel tongue, which no man can persuade ;
A fool, with more of wit than half mankind ;
Too rash for thought, for action too refin'd ;
A tyrant to the wife his heart approves ;
A rebel to the very king he loves ;
He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
And, harder still ! flagitious, yet not great.
Ask you why Wharton broke through ev'ry rule ?
'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him
fool.

Nature well known, no prodigies remain ;
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.

Yet, in this search, the wisest may mistake,
If second qualities for first they take.

When Catiline by rapine swell'd his store ;
When Cæsar made a noble dame a whore ;
In this the lust, in that the avarice,
Were means, not ends ; ambition was the vice.
That very Cæsar, born in Scipio's days,
Had aim'd, like him, by chastity at praise.

Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
Had roasted turnips in the Sabine farm.
In vain th' observer eyes the builder's toil ;
But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.

In this one passion man can strength enjoy,
As fits give vigor just when they destroy.
Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
Yet tames not this ; it sticks to our last sand.
Consistent in our follies and our sins,
Here honest Nature ends as she begins.

Old politicians chew on wisdom past,
And totter on in business to the last :
As weak, as earnest, and as gravely out,
As sober Lanesb'row dancing in the gout.

Behold a rev'rend sire, whom want of grace
Has made the father of a nameless race,
Shov'd from the wall perhaps, or rudely prest
By his own son, that passes by unblest :
Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
And envies ev'ry sparrow that he sees.

A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate :
The doctor call'd declares all help too late.

" Mercy ! " cries Helluo, " mercy on my soul !
" Is there no hope ?—Alas !—then bring the jowl."

The frugal crone, whom praying priests attend,
Still strives to save the hallow'd taper's end,
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
For one puff more, and in that puff expires.

" Odious ! in woollen ! 'twould a saint pro-
" voke,"

(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke ;)

" No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
" Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless
" face : " [" dead—

" One would not, sure, be frightful when one's
" And—Betty—give this cheek a little red."

The courtier smooth, who forty years had
shin'd

An humble servant to all human kind,
Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue
could stir,

" If—where I'm going—I could serve you, sir ?"

" I give and I devise" (old Euclio said,
And sigh'd) " my lands and tenements to Ned."
Your money, sir ?—" My money, sir, what all ?
" Why—if I must—(then wept) I give it Paul."
The manor, sir ?—" The manor ! hold," he
cried, [died.

" Not that—I cannot part with that,"—and
And you, brave Cobham, to your latest breath,
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death :
Such in those moments, as in all the past,
" Oh, save my country, Heaven !" shall be your
last.

EPISTLE II.

To a Lady.

Of the Characters of Women.

Nothing so true as what you once let fall,
" Most women have no characters at all :"
Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.

How many pictures of one nymph we view,
 All how unlike each other, all how true!
 Arcadia's countess, here, in ermin'd pride,
 Is there Pastora by a fountain side.
 Here Fannia, leering on her own good man;
 And there a naked Leda with a swan.
 Let then the fair one beautifully cry,
 In Magdalene's loose hair and lifted eye;
 Or drest in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine,
 With simp'ring angels, palms, and harps divine;
 Whether the charmer sinner it, or saint it,
 If folly grow romantic, I must paint it.

Come then, the colors, and the ground pre-
 pare!

Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air;
 Choose a firm cloud, before it fall, and in it
 Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this
 minute.

Rufa, whose eye, quick glancing o'er the Park,
 Attracts each light gay meteor of a spark,
 Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,
 As Sappho's diamonds with her dirty smock;
 Or Sappho at her toilet's greasy task,
 With Sappho fragrant at an evening mask:
 So morning insects, that in muck begun,
 Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the setting sun.

How soft is Silia! fearful to offend;
 The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend!
 To her, Calista prov'd her conduct nice;
 And good Simplicius asks of her advice.
 Sudden, she storms! she raves! You tip the
 wink;

But spare your censure, Silia does not drink.
 All eyes may see from what the change arose;
 All eyes may see—a pimple on her nose.

Papilia, wedded to her am'rous spark,
 Sighs for the shades—"How charming is a
 park!"

A park is purchas'd; but the fair he sees
 All bath'd in tears—"Oh odious, odious trees!"

Ladies, like variegated tulips, show,
 'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe;
 Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
 Their happy spots the nice admirer take.
 'Twas thus Calypso once each heart alarm'd,
 Aw'd without virtue, without beauty charm'd;
 Her tongue bewitch'd as oddly as her eyes;
 Less wit than mimic, more a wit than wise;
 Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had,
 Was just not ugly, and was just not mad;
 Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
 As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.

Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
 To make a wash, would hardly stew a child;
 Has e'en been prov'd to grant a lover's pray'r,
 And paid a tradesman once, to make him stare;
 Gave alms at Easter, in a Christian trim,
 And made a widow happy, for a whim.
 Why then declare good-nature is her scorn,
 When 'tis by that alone she can be borne?
 Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
 A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame:
 Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
 Now drinking citron with his grace and Chartres.

Now conscience chills her, and now passion
 burns;

And atheism and religion take their turns;
 A very Heathen in the carnal part,
 Yet still a sad good Christian at her heart.

See sin in state, majestically drunk,
 Proud as a peeress, prouder as a punk;
 Chaste to her husband, frank to all beside,
 A teeming mistress, but a barren bride.
 What then? let blood and body bear the fault,
 Her head's untouch'd, that noble seat of
 thought:

Such this day's doctrine—in another fit
 She sins with poets through pure love of wit.
 What has not fir'd her bosom or her brain?
 Cæsar and Tall-boy, Charles and Charlemagne.
 As Helluo, late dictator of the feast,
 The nose of haut-gout, and the tip of taste,
 Critiqu'd your wine, and analyz'd your meat,
 Yet on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat:
 So Philomede, lect'ring all mankind,
 On the soft passion, and the taste refin'd,
 Th' address, the delicacy—stoops at once,
 And makes her hearty meal upon a dunce.

Flavia's a wit, has too much sense to pray;
 To toast our wants and wishes, is her way;
 Nor asks of God, but of her stars to give
 The mighty blessing, "while we live, to live."
 Then all for death, that opiate of the soul!
 Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl.

Say, what can cause such impotence of mind?
 A spark too fickle, or a spouse too kind.
 Wise wretch! with pleasures too refin'd to
 please;

With too much spirit to be e'er at ease;
 With too much quickness, ever to be taught;
 With too much thinking, to have common
 thought;

You purchase pain with all that joy can give,
 And die of nothing but a rage to live.

Turn then from wits, and look on Simo's
 No ass so meek, no ass so obstinate: [mate;
 Or her that owns her faults, but never mends,
 Because she's honest, and the best of friends:
 Or her, whose life the church and scandal share,
 For ever in a passion or a pray'r:
 Or her who laughs at hell, but (like her grace)
 Cries, "Ah! how charming, if there's no such
 Or who in sweet vicissitude appears [place!"
 Of mirth and opium, ratafia and tears,
 The daily anodyne, and nightly draught,
 To kill those foes to fair ones, time and thought!
 Woman and fool are two hard things to hit;
 For true no-meaning puzzles more than wit.

But what are these to great Atossa's mind?
 Scarce once herself, by turns all womankind!
 Who, with herself, or others, from her birth
 Finds all her life one warfare upon earth:
 Shines in exposing knaves, and painting fools,
 Yet is whate'er she hates and ridicules.
 No thought advances, but her eddy brain
 Whisks it about, and down it goes again.
 Full sixty years the world has been her trade,
 The wisest fool much time has ever made.

From loveless youth to unrespected age,
 No passion gratified, except her rage:
 So much the fury still outran the wit,
 The pleasure miss'd her, and the scandal hit.
 Who breaks with her, provokes revenge from
 But he's a bolder man who dares be well. [hell;
 Her ev'ry turn with violence pursu'd,
 Nor more a storm her hate than gratitude:
 To that each passion turns or soon or late;
 Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate;

Superiors? death! and equals? what a curse!
 But an inferior not dependent! worse.
 Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;
 Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live:
 But die, and she'll adore you—then the bust
 And temple rise—then fall again to dust.
 Last night, her lord was all that's good and great;

A knave this morning, and his will a cheat.
 Strange! by the means defeated of the ends,
 By spirit robb'd of pow'r, by warmth of friends,
 By wealth of followers! without one distress,
 Sick of herself, through very selfishness!
 Atossa, curs'd with ev'ry granted pray'r,
 Childless, with all her children, wants an heir.
 To heirs unknown descends th' unguarded store,
 Or wanders, Heaven-directed, to the poor.

Pictures like these, dear madam, to design,
 Asks no firm hand, and no unerring line;
 Some wand'ring touches, some reflected light,
 Some flying stroke alone can hit them right:
 For how should equal colors do the knack?
 Chameleons who can paint in white and black?

"Yet Chloe sure was form'd without a spot."
 Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.
 "With ev'ry pleasing, ev'ry prudent part,
 "Say, what can Chloe want?"—She wants a heart.

She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought;
 But never, never reach'd one gen'rous thought.
 Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour;
 Content to dwell in decencies for ever.
 So very reasonable, so unmov'd,
 As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.
 She, while her lover pants upon her breast,
 Can mark the figures on an Indian chest;
 And, when she sees her friend in deep despair,
 Observes how much a chintz exceeds mohair.
 Forbid it, Heav'n! a favor or a debt
 She e'er should cancel—but she may forget.
 Safe is your secret still in Chloe's ear;
 But none of Chloe's shall you ever hear.
 Of all her dears she never slander'd one,
 But cares not if a thousand are undone.
 Would Chloe know if you're alive or dead?
 She bids her footman put it in her head.
 Chloe is prudent—would you too be wise?
 Then never break your heart when Chloe dies.

One certain portrait may, I grant, be seen,
 Which Heaven has varnish'd out, and made a queen:

The same for ever! and describ'd by all [ball.
 With truth and goodness, as with crown and

Poets heap virtues, painters gems at will,
 And show their zeal, and hide their want of skill.
 'Tis well—but, artists! who can paint or write,
 To draw the naked is your true delight.
 That robe of quality so struts and swells,
 None see what parts of nature it conceals:
 Th' exactest traits of body or of mind,
 We owe to models of an humble kind.
 If Queensberry to strip there's no compelling,
 'Tis from a handmaid we must take a Helen.
 From peer or bishop, 'tis no easy thing
 To draw the man who loves his God or king:
 Alas! I copy (or my draught would fail)
 From honest Mah'met, or plain Parson Hale.
 But grant, in public men sometimes are shown,

A woman's seen in private life alone:
 Our bolder talents in full light display'd;
 Your virtues open fairest in the shade.
 Bred to disguise, in public 'tis you hide;
 There none distinguish 'twixt your shame or
 Weakness or delicacy; all so nice, [pride,
 That each may seem a virtue or a vice.

In men we various ruling passions find;
 In women, two almost divide the kind;
 Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,
 The love of pleasure and the love of sway.

That nature gives; and where the lesson taught

Is but to please, can pleasure seem a fault?
 Experience, this; by man's oppression curst,
 They seek the second not to lose the first.

Men, some to bus'ness, some to pleasure take,
 But ev'ry woman is at heart a rake:
 Men, some to quiet, some to public strife;
 But ev'ry lady would be queen for life.
 Yet mark the fate of a whole sex of queens!
 Pow'r all their end, but beauty all the means:
 In youth they conquer with so wild a rage,
 As leaves them scarce a subject in their age:
 For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;
 No thought of peace or happiness at home.
 But wisdom's triumph is well-tim'd retreat,
 As hard a science to the fair as great;
 Beauties, like tyrants, old and friendless grown,
 Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone;
 Worn out in public, weary ev'ry eye,
 Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die.

Pleasures the sex, as children birds, pursue;
 Still out of reach, yet never out of view;
 Sure, if they catch, to spoil the toy at most,
 To covet flying, and regret when lost:
 At last, to follies youth could scarce defend,
 It grows their age's prudence to pretend;
 Asham'd to own they gave delight before,
 Reduc'd to feign it when they give no more:
 As hags hold sabbaths less for joy than spite,
 So these their merry, miserable night;
 Still round and round the ghosts of beauty glide,
 And haunt the places where their honor died.

See how the world its veterans rewards!
 A youth of frolics, an old age of cards;
 Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,
 Young without lovers, old without a friend;

A fop their passion, but their prize a sot,
Alive ridiculous, and dead forgot!

Ah, friend! to dazzle let the vain design;
To raise the thought and touch the heart be
thine! [ring,

That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the
Flaunts and goes down an unregarded thing;
So when the sun's broad beam has tir'd the sight,
All mild ascends the moon's more sober light;
Serene in virgin modesty she shines,
And unobserv'd the glaring orb declines.

Oh! blest with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day;
She who can love a sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;
She who ne'er answers till a husband cools;
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules:
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humor most when she obeys;
Let fops or fortune fly which way they will,
Disdains all loss of tickets, or codille;
Spleen, vapors, or small-pox, above them all,
And mistress of herself though china fall.

And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a contradiction still.
Heaven, when it strives to polish all it can
Its last best work, but forms a softer man;
Picks from each sex, to make the fav'rite blest,
Your love of pleasure, our desire of rest:
Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules,
Your taste of follies with our scorn of fools;
Reserve with frankness, art with truth allied,
Courage with softness, modesty with pride;
Fix'd principles, with fancy ever new;
Shakes all together, and produces—you.

Be this a woman's fame; with this unblest,
Toasts live a scorn, and queens may die a jest.
This Phœbus promis'd (I forget the year)
When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere;
Ascendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care,
Averted half your parents' simple pray'r;
And gave you beauty, but denied the pelf
That buys your sex a tyrant o'er itself.
The gen'rous god, who wit and gold refines,
And ripens spirits, as he ripens mines,
Kept dress for duchesses, the world shall know it,
To you gave sense, good humor, and a poet.

EPISTLE III.

To Allen, Lord Bathurst.

P. Who shall decide, when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?
You hold the world, from Jove to Momus given,
That man was made the standing jest of heaven;
And gold but sent to keep the fools in play,
For some to heap, and some to throw away.

But I, who think more highly of our kind
(And surely Heaven and I are of a mind),
Opine, that nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the shining mischief under ground;
But when by man's audacious labor won,
Flam'd forth this rival to its sire the sun,
Then careful Heaven supplied two sorts of men;
To squander these, and those to hide again.

Like doctors thus, when much dispute has
We find our tenets just the same at last. [pass'd,
Both fairly owning, riches, in effect,
No grace of Heaven, or token of th' elect;
Giv'n to the fool, the mad, the vain, the evil,
To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the devil.

B. What nature wants, commodious gold be-
'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows. [stows;

P. But how unequal it bestows, observe:
'Tis thus we riot, while who sow it starve:
What nature wants (a phrase I must distrust)
Extends to luxury, extends to lust:
Useful, I grant, it serves what life requires;
But, dreadful too, the dark assassin hires.

B. Trade it may help, society extend:

P. But lures the pirate, and corrupts the
friend.

B. It raises armies in a nation's aid: [tray'd.

P. But bribes a senate, and the land's be-
In vain may heroes fight, and patriots rave,
If secret gold sap on from knave to knave.
Once, we confess, beneath the patriot's cloak,
From the crack'd bag the dropping guinea spoke,
And, jingling down the back-stairs, told the
"Old Cato is as great a rogue as you." [crew,
Blest paper-credit! last and best supply!
That lends corruption lighter wings to fly!
Gold, imp'd by thee, can compass hardest
things;

Can pocket states, can fetch or carry kings;
A single leaf shall waft an army o'er,
Or ship off senates to some distant shore;
A leaf, like Sibyl's, scatter to and fro
Our fates and fortunes, as the wind shall blow:
Pregnant with thousands flits the scrap unseen,
And silent sells a king, or buys a queen.

Oh! that such bulky bribes as all might see,
Still, as of old, encumber'd villany!
Could France or Rome divert our brave designs
With all their brandies, or with all their wines?
What could they more than knights and 'squires
confound,

Or water all the quorum ten miles round?

A statesman's slumbers how this speech would
spoil!

"Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil;
"Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door;
"A hundred oxen at your levee roar."

Poor avarice one torment more would find;
Nor could profusion squander all in kind.

Astride his cheese Sir Morgan might we meet;
And Worldly crying coals from street to street;
Whom, with a wig so wild, and mien so maz'd,
Pity mistakes for some poor tradesman craz'd.
Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hogs and
hogs,

Could he himself have sent it to the dogs?
His grace will game; to White's a bull be led,
With spurning heels and with a butting head:
To White's be carried, as to ancient games,
Fair coursers, vases, and alluring games,
Shall then Uxorio, if the stakes he sweep,
Bear home six whores, and make his lady
weep?

Or soft Adonis, so perfum'd and fine,
Drive to St. James's a whole herd of swine?
O filthy check on all industrious skill,
To spoil the nation's last great trade, quadrille!
Since then, my lord, on such a world we fall,
What say you? B. Say? why take it, gold and all.

P. What riches give us, let us then inquire:
Meat, fire, and clothes. B. What more? P.
Meat, clothes, and fire.

Is this too little? would you more than live?
Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.
Alas! 'tis more than (all his visions past)
Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last?
What can they give? to dying Hopkins, heirs;
To Chartres, vigor; Japhet, nose and ears?
Can they in gems bid pallid Hippia glow?
In Fulvia's buckle ease the throbs below?
Or heal, old Narses, thy obscener ail,
With all th' embroidery plaster'd at thy tail?
They might (were Harpax not too wise to
spend)

Give Harpax self the blessing of a friend;
Or find some doctor that would save the life
Of wretched Shylock, spite of Shylock's wife;
But thousands die, without or this or that;
Die, and endow a college, or a cat.
To some, indeed, Heaven grants the happier fate,
T' enrich a bastard, or a son they hate.

Perhaps you think the poor might have their
part.

[heart:
Bond damns the poor, and hates them from his
The grave sir Gilbert holds it for a rule,
That ev'ry man in want is knave or fool:
"God cannot love (says Blunt, with tearless eyes)
"The wretch he starves"—and piously denies:
But the good bishop, with a meeker air,
Admits, and leaves them Providence's care.

Yet, to be just to these poor men of pelf,
Each does but hate his neighbour as himself:
Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides
The slave that digs it, and the slave that hides.

B. Who suffer thus, mere charity should own,
Must act on motives powerful, though unknown.

P. Some war, some plague, or famine they
Some revelation hid from you and me. [foresee,
Why Shylock wants a meal, the cause is found;
He thinks a loaf will rise to fifty pound.
What made directors cheat in South-sea year?
To live on ven'son when it sold so dear.
Ask you why Phryne the whole auction buys?
Phryne foresees a general excise.
Why she and Sappho raise that monstrous sum?
Alas! they fear a man will cost a plum.

Wise Peter sees the world's respect for gold,
And therefore hopes this nation may be sold:
Glorious ambition! Peter, swell thy store,
And be what Rome's great Didius was before.

The crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
To just three millions stinted modest Gage.
But nobler scenes Maria's dreams unfold,
Hereditary realms, and worlds of gold.
Congenial souls! whose life one av'rice joins,
And one fate buries in th' Asturian mines.

Much-injur'd Blunt! why bears he Britain's
hate?

A wizard told him in these words our fate;
"At length corruption, like a gen'ral flood
"(So long by watchful ministers withstood),
"Shall deluge all; and av'rice, creeping on,
"Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the sun;
"Statesman and patriot ply alike the stocks,
"Peeress and butler share alike the box,
"And judges job, and bishops bite the town,
"And mighty dukes pack cards for half a
crown:

"See Britain sunk in lucre's sordid charms,
"And France reveng'd of Anne's and Edward's
arms!" [brain,

'Twas no court badge, great scriv'ner! fir'd thy
Nor lordly luxury, nor city gain:
No, 'twas thy righteous end, asham'd to see
Senates degen'rate, patriots disagree;
And nobly wishing party rage to cease,
To buy both sides, and give thy country peace.

"All this is madness, cries a sober sage:
"But who, my friend, has reason in his rage?
"The ruling passion, be it what it will,
"The ruling passion conquers reason still."
Less mad the wildest whimsey we can frame,
Than even that passion, if it has no aim;
For though such motives folly you may call,
The folly's greater to have none at all.

Hear then the truth—" 'Tis Heaven each
passion sends,

"And diff'rent men directs to diff'rent ends.
"Extremes in nature equal good produce;
"Extremes in man concur to gen'ral use."
Ask we what makes one keep, and one be-
stow?

That Pow'r who bids the ocean ebb and flow;
Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain,
Through reconcil'd extremes of drought and
rain;

Builds life on death, on change duration founds,
And gives th' eternal wheels to know their rounds.

Riches, like insects, when conceal'd they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their season fly.
Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,
Sees but a backward steward for the poor:
This year a reservoir, to keep and spare;
The next, a fountain, spouting through his heir,
In lavish streams to quench a country's thirst,
And men and dogs shall drink him till they
burst.

Old Cotta sham'd his fortune and his birth,
Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth:
What though (the use of barb'rous spits forgot)
His kitchen vied in coolness with his grot;
His court with nettles, moats with cresses stor'd,
With soups unbought and salads blest his board;
If Cotta liv'd on pulse, it was no more
Than Brahmins, saints, and sages did before:
To cram the rich was prodigal expense;
And who would take the poor from Providence?
Like some lone Chartreux stands the good old
hall,
Silence without, and fasts within the wall:

No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor sound,
No noontide bell invites the country round :
Tenants with sighs the smokeless tow'rs survey,
And turn th' unwilling steeds another way :
Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,
Curst the sav'd candle, and unop'ning door ;
While the gaunt mastiff, growing at the gate,
Affrights the beggar, whom he longs to eat.

Not so his son ; he mark'd this oversight,
And then mistook reverse of wrong for right ;
(For what to shun, will no great knowledge need ;
But what to follow is a task indeed :)
Yet sure, of qualities deserving praise,
More go to ruin fortunes than to raise.

Whatslaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,
Fill the capacious 'squire, and deep divine !
Yet no mean motive this profusion draws,
His oxen perish in his country's cause ;
'Tis George and Liberty that crowns the cup,
And zeal for that great house which eats him up.

The woods recede around the naked seat,
The sylvans groan—no matter—for the fleet :
Next goes his wool—to clothe our valiant bands :
Last, for his country's love, he sells his lands.
To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,
And heads the bold train-bands, and burns a
pope.

And shall not Britain now reward his toils,
Britain, that pays her patriots with her spoils ?
In vain at court the bankrupt pleads his cause ;
His thankless country leaves him to her laws.

The sense to value riches, with the art
T' enjoy them, and the virtue to impart,
Not meanly, nor ambitiously pursued,
Not sunk by sloth, nor rais'd by servitude ;
To balance fortune by a just expense,
Join with economy, magnificence ;
With splendor, charity ; with plenty, health !
O teach us, Bathurst ! yet unspoil'd by wealth !
That secret rare, between the extremes to move,
Of mad good-nature, and of mean self-love.

B. To worth or want well weigh'd be bounty
And ease or emulate the care of Heaven, [given,
(Whose measure full o'erflows on human race ;)
Mend fortune's fault, and justify her grace.
Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffus'd ;
As poison heals, in just proportion us'd :
In heaps, like ambergris, a stink it lies ;
But well dispers'd is incense to the skies.

P. Who starves by nobles, or with nobles eats ?
The wretch that trusts them, and the rogue that
cheats.

Is there a lord, who knows a cheerful noon
Without a fiddler, flatt'rer, or buffoon ?
Whose table wit or modest merit share,
Unelbow'd by a gamester, pimp, or play'r ?
Who copies yours, or Oxford's better part,
To ease th' oppress'd, and raise the sinking heart ?
Where'er he shines, O fortune, gild the scene,
And angels guard him in the golden mean !
There English bounty yet awhile may stand,
And honor linger ere it leaves the land.

But all our praises why should lords engross ?
Rise, honest Muse ! and sing the Man of Ross :

Pleas'd Vaga echoes through her winding
bounds,

And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry
brow ?

From the dry rock who bade the waters flow ?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows ?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose ?
Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise ?
" The Man of Ross," each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread !
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread :
He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate :
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans
bless'd,

The young who labor, and the old who rest.
Is any sick ? the Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes and
Is there a variance ? enter but his door, [gives.
Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now a useless race.

B. Thrice happy man ! enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the pow'r to do !
Oh say, what sums that gen'rous hand supply ?
What mines to swell that boundless charity ?

P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children,
clear,

This man possess'd five hundred pounds a-year.
Blush, grandeur, blush ! proud courts, withdraw
your blaze !

Ye little stars ! hide your diminish'd rays.

B. And what ? no monument, inscription,
stone ?

His race, his form, his name almost unknown ?

P. Who builds a church to God, and not to
fame,

Will never mark the marble with his name :
Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history ;
Enough, that virtue fill'd the space between ;
Prov'd by the ends of being, to have been.
When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
The wretch who living sav'd a candle's end ;
Should'ring God's altar a vile image stands,
Belies his features, nay extends his hands ;
That live-long wig, which Gorgon's self might
Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone. [own,
Behold what blessings wealth to life can lend !
And see what comfort it affords our end.

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half
hung,

The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung.
On once a flock bed, but repair'd with straw,
With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies—alas ! how chang'd from him,
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim !

Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bow'r of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
Or just as gay at council, in a ring
Of mimic statesmen, and their merry king;
No wit to flatter left of all his store,
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more:
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame—this lord of useless thousands ends!

His grace's fate sage Cutler could foresee,
And well (he thought) advis'd him, "Live like
"me."

As well his grace replied, "Like you, Sir John?
"That I can do, when all I have is gone."
Resolve me, Reason, which of these is worse,
Want with a full, or with an empty purse?
Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was confess'd;
Arise, and tell me, was thy death more bless'd?
Cutler saw tenants break, and houses fall;
For very want he could not build a wall.
His only daughter in a stranger's pow'r;
For very want he could not pay a dow'r.
A few gray hairs his rev'rend temples crown'd;
'Twas very want that sold them for two pound.
What even denied a cordial at his end,
Banish'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend?
What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
Yet numbers feel—the want of what he had!
Cutler and Brutus, dying, both exclaim,
"Virtue! and wealth! what are ye but a name!"

Say, for such worth are other worlds prepar'd!
Or are they both in this their own reward?
A knotty point! to which we now proceed.

But you are tir'd—I'll tell a tale.—*B. Agreed.*

P. Where London's column, pointing at the
skies,

Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies;
There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;
Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth;
His word would pass for more than he was worth.
One solid dish his week-day meal affords,
An added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's:
Constant at church and 'change; his gains were
sure,

His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.

The devil was piqu'd such saintship to behold,
And long'd to tempt him, like good Job of old:
But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.

Rous'd by the prince of air, the whirlwinds
sweep

The surge, and plunge his father in the deep;
Then full against his Cornish lands they roar,
And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.

Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks;
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes;
"Live like yourself," was soon my lady's word;
And lo! two puddings smok'd upon the board.

Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honest factor stole a gem away:
He pledg'd it to the knight: the knight had wit,
So kept the diamond, and the rogue was bit.
Some scruple rose, but thus he eas'd his thought:
"I'll now give sixpence where I gave a groat;

"Where once I went to church, I'll now go
"twice—

"And am so clear too of all other vice."

The tempter saw his time; the work he plied;
Stocks and subscriptions pour on ev'ry side,
'Till all the dæmon makes his full descent
In one abundant show'r of cent. per cent.;
Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,
Then dubs director, and secures his soul.

Behold Sir Balaam, now a man of spirit,
Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit;
What late he call'd a blessing, now was wit,
And God's good providence, a lucky hit.
Things change their titles, as our manners turn:
His counting-house employ'd the Sunday morn:
Seldom at church ('twas such a busy life),
But duly sent his family and wife.
There (so the devil ordain'd) one Christmas-tide,
My good old lady catch'd a cold, and died.

A nymph of quality admires our knight;
He marries, bows at court, and grows polite;
Leaves the dull cits, and joins (to please the fair)
The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air;
First, for his son a gay commission buys,
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies.
His daughter flaunts a viscount's tawdry wife;
She bears a coronet and p—x for life.
In Britain's senate he a seat obtains,
And one more pensioner St. Stephen gains.
My lady falls to play: so bad her chance,
He must repair it; takes a bribe from France;
The House impeach him, Coningsby harangues;
The Court forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs;
Wife, son, and daughter, Satan! are thy own,
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the crown;
The devil and the king divide the prize,
And sad Sir Balaam curses God and dies.

EPISTLE IV.

To Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington.

'Tis strange, the miser should his cares employ
To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy:
Is it less strange the prodigal should waste
His wealth, to purchase what he ne'er can taste?
Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats;
Artists must choose his pictures, music, meats:
He buys for Topham drawings and designs;
For Pembroke statues, dirty gods, and coins;
Rare monkish manuscripts for Hearne alone;
And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane.
Think we all these are for himself? No more
Than his fine wife, alas! or finer whore.

For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?
Only to show how many tastes he wanted.
What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste?
Some dæmon whisper'd, "Visto! have a taste."
Heav'n visits with a taste the wealthy fool,
And needs no rod but Ripley with a rule.
See! sportive fate, to punish awkward pride,
Bids Bubo build, and sends him such a guide:
A standing sermon, at each year's expense,
That never coxcomb reach'd magnificence!

You show us, Rome was glorious, not profuse,
And pompous buildings once were things of use;

Yet shall (my Lord) your just, your noble rules
 Fill half the land with imitating fools; [take,
 Who random drawings from your sheets shall
 And of one beauty many blunders make;
 Load some vain church with old theatric state,
 Turn arcs of triumph to a garden-gate;
 Reverse your ornaments, and hang them all
 On some patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall;
 Then clap four slices of pilaster on't,
 That, lac'd with bits of rustic, makes a front:
 Shall call the winds through long arcades to roar,
 Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door;
 Conscious they act a true Palladian part,
 And if they starve, they starve by rules of art.

Oft have you hinted to your brother peer,
 A certain truth, which many buy too dear:
 Something there is more needful than expense,
 And something previous e'en to taste—'tis sense;
 Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,
 And though no science, fairly worth the seven:
 A light, which in yourself you must perceive;
 Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
 To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
 To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot—
 In all, let Nature never be forgot;
 But treat the goddess like a modest fair,
 Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare;
 Let not each beauty ev'ry where be spied,
 Where half the skill is decently to hide.
 He gains all points, who decently confounds,
 Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds.

Consult the genius of the place in all;
 That tells the waters or to rise or fall;
 Or help th' ambitious hill the heavens to scale,
 Or scoops in circling theatres the vale;
 Calls in the country, catches op'ning glades,
 Joins willing woods, and varies shades from
 shades;

Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending lines,
 Paints as you plant, and, as you work, designs.

Still follow sense, of ev'ry art the soul,
 Parts answering parts shall slide into a whole,
 Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
 Start e'en from difficulty, strike from chance:
 Nature shall join you; time shall make it grow
 A work to wonder at—perhaps a Stow.

Without it, proud Versailles! thy glory falls;
 And Nero's terraces desert their walls:
 The vast parterres a thousand hands shall make,
 Lo! Cobham comes, and floats them with a lake;
 Or cut wide views through mountains to the
 plain,

You'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again.
 E'en in an ornament its place remark,
 Nor in an hermitage set Dr. Clarke.

Behold Villario's ten years' toil complete,
 His quincunx darkens, his espaliers meet;
 The wood supports the plain, the parts unite,
 And strength of shade contends with strength of
 A waving glow the bloomy beds display, [light;
 Blushing in bright diversities of day,
 With silver-quiv'ring rills meander'd o'er—
 Enjoy them, you! Villario can no more;

Tir'd of the scene, parterres and fountains yield,
 He finds at last he better likes a field.

Thro' his young woods how pleas'd Sabinus
 Or sat delighted in the thick'ning shade, [stray'd,
 With annual joy the redd'ning shoots to greet,
 Or see the stretching branches long to meet!
 His son's fine taste an op'ner vista loves,
 Foe to the dryads of his father's groves;
 One boundless green, or flourish'd carpet views,
 With all the mournful family of yews;
 The thriving plants, ignoble broomsticks made,
 Now sweep those alleys they were born to shade.

At Timon's villa let us pass a day, [away!]
 Where all cry out, "What sums are thrown
 So proud, so grand; of that stupendous air,
 Soft and agreeable come never there.
 Greatness, with Timon, dwells in such a drought
 As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.
 To compass this, his building is a town,
 His pond an ocean, his parterre a down:
 Who but must laugh, the master when he sees,
 A puny insect, shiv'ring at a breeze!
 Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around!
 The whole a labor'd quarry above ground.
 Two Cupids squirt before; a lake behind
 Improves the keenness of the northern wind.

His gardens next your admiration call;
 On every side you look, behold the wall!
 No pleasing intricacies intervene,
 No artful wildness to perplex the scene;
 Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
 And half the platform just reflects the other.
 The suff'ring eye inverted nature sees,
 Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees;
 With here a fountain never to be play'd;
 And there a summer-house that knows no shade;
 Here Amphitrite sails through myrtle bow'rs;
 There gladiators fight, or die in flow'rs;
 Unwater'd see the drooping sea-horse mourn,
 And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty urn.

My lord advances with majestic mien,
 Smit with the mighty pleasure to be seen:
 But soft—by regular approach—not yet—
 First through the length of yon hot terrace sweat;
 And when up ten steep slopes you've dragg'd your
 Just at his study door he'll bless your eyes, [thighs,

His study! with what authors is it stor'd?
 In books, not authors, curious is my lord;
 To all their dated backs he turns you round,
 These Aldus printed, those Du Sueil has bound.
 Lo, some are vellum; and the rest as good,
 For all his lordship knows, but they are wood.
 For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look,
 These shelves admit not any modern book.

And now the chapel's silver bell you hear,
 That summons you to all the pride of pray'r:
 Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,
 Make the soul dance upon a jig to heaven.
 On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,
 Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre,
 Or gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
 And bring all Paradise before your eye.
 To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,
 Who never mentions hell to years polite.

But hark! the chiming clocks to dinner call;
 A hundred footsteps scrape the marble hall;
 The rich buffet well-color'd serpents grace,
 And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.
 Is this a dinner? this a genial room?
 No, 'tis a temple, and a hecatomb!
 A solemn sacrifice perform'd in state;
 You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.
 So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear
 Saicho's dread doctor and his wand were there.
 Between each act the trembling salvers ring,
 From soup to sweet wine, and God bless the king.
 In plenty starving, tantaliz'd in state,
 And complaisantly help'd to all I hate;
 Treated, caress'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,
 Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve;
 I curse such lavish cost, and little skill,
 And swear no day was ever pass'd so ill!

Yet hence the poor are cloth'd, the hungry fed;
 Health to himself, and to his infants bread,
 The lab'rer bears: what his hard heart denies,
 His charitable vanity supplies.

Another age shall see the golden ear
 Imbrown the slope, and nod on the parterre,
 Deep harvest bury all his pride has plann'd,
 And laughing Ceres re-assume the land.

Who then shall grace, or who improve the soil?
 Who plants like Bathurst, or who builds like
 'Tis use alone that sanctifies expense, [Boyle.
 And splendor borrows all her rays from sense.

His father's acres who enjoys in peace,
 Or makes his neighbours glad, if he increase;
 Whose cheerful tenants bless their yearly toil,
 Yet to their lord owe more than to the soil;
 Whose ample lawns are not asham'd to feed
 The milky heifer and deserving steed;
 Whose rising forests, not for pride or show,
 But future buildings, future navies, grow;
 Let his plantations stretch from down to down,
 First shade a country, and then raise a town.

You too proceed! make falling arts your care,
 Erect new wonders, and the old repair;
 Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,
 And be whate'er Vitruvius was before:
 Till kings call forth th' ideas of your mind
 (Proud to accomplish what such hands design'd),
 Bid harbours open, public ways extend;
 Bid temples, worthier of the God, ascend;
 Bid the broad arch the dang'rous flood contain,
 The mole projected break the roaring main;
 Back to his bounds their subject sea command,
 And roll obedient rivers through the land;
 These honors peace to happy Britain brings;
 These are imperial works, and worthy kings.

§ 15. *Epistle to Mr. Addison, occasioned by his
 Dialogues on Medals.* Pope.

SEE the wild waste of all-devouring years!
 How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears!
 With nodding arches, broken temples spread!
 The very tombs now vanish'd like their dead!
 Imperial wonders rais'd on nations spoil'd,
 Where, mix'd with slaves, the groaning martyr
 toil'd:

Huge theatres, that now unpeopled woods,
 Now drain'd a distant country of her floods:
 Fanes, which admiring gods with pride survey;
 Statues of men scarce less alive than they!
 Some felt the silent stroke of mould'ring age,
 Some hostile fury, some religious rage:
 Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
 And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.
 Perhaps, by its own ruins sav'd from flame,
 Some buried marble half preserves a name;
 That name the learn'd with fierce disputes
 pursue,

And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.

Ambition sigh'd: she found it vain to trust
 The faithless column and the crumbling bust:
 Huge moles, whose shadow stretch'd from shore
 to shore,

Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more!
 Convinc'd, she now contracts her vast design,
 And all her triumphs shrink into a coin.
 A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps,
 Beneath her palm here sad Judea weeps.
 Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,
 And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine;
 A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd,
 And little eagles wave their wings in gold.

The medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
 Through climes and ages bears each form and
 name;

In one short view, subjected to our eye,
 Gods, emp'rors, heroes, sages, beauties, lie.
 With sharpen'd sight pale antiquaries pore,
 Th' inscription value, but the rust adore.
 This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
 The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years!
 To gain Pescennius one employs his schemes;
 One grasps a Cecrops in ecstasie dreams.
 Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,
 Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scour'd;
 And Curio, restless by the fair one's side,
 Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.

Theirs is the vanity, the learning thine:
 Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories
 shine;

Her gods and godlike heroes rise to view,
 And all her faded garments bloom anew.
 Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage;
 These pleas'd the fathers of poetic rage:
 The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
 And art reflected images to art.

Oh, when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
 Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
 In living medals see her wars enroll'd,
 And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold?
 Here, rising bold, the patriot's honest face;
 There, warriors frowning in historic brass:
 Then future ages with delight shall see
 How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree;
 Or in fair series laurell'd bards be shown,
 A Virgil there, and here an Addison.
 Then shall thy Craggs (and let me call him mine)
 On the cast ore, another Pollio, shine;
 With aspect open shall erect his head,
 And round the orb in lasting notes be read,—

"Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
 "In action faithful, and in honor clear;
 "Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
 "Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
 "Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
 "And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the Muse he lov'd."

§ 16. *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, being the Prologue to the Satires.* Pope.

P. "SHUT, shut the door, good John," fatigu'd, I said,

"Tie up the knocker; say I'm sick, I'm dead."
 The Dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt,
 All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:

Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
 They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

What walls can guard me, or what shades
 can hide? [glide;

They pierce my thickets, through my grove they
 By land, by water, they renew the charge;
 They stop the chariot, and they board the barge:
 No place is sacred, not the Church is free,
 E'en Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me;

Then from the Mint walks forth the man of
 Happy! to catch me, just at dinner-time. [rhyme,

Is there a Parson, much bemus'd in beer,
 A maudlin Poetess, a rhyming Peer,
 A Clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
 Who pens a Stanza when he should engross?

Is there who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
 With desp'rate charcoal round his darken'd walls?
 All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain
 Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.

Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
 Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause:
 Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope;
 And curses Wit, and Poetry, and Pope.

Friend to my Life! (which did not you prolong,
 The world had wanted many an idle song.)

What *Drop or Nostrum* can this plague remove?
 Or which must end me, a Fool's wrath or love?
 A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped;

If foes, they write; if friends, they read me dead.
 Seiz'd and tied down to judge, how wretched I!
 Who can't be silent, and who will not lie:

To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace;
 And to be grave, exceeds all pow'r of face.

I sit with sad civility; I read
 With honest anguish, and an aching head;

And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
 This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine

"years."

Nine years! I cries he, who high in Drury-lane,
 Lull'd by soft Zephyrs through the broken pane,
 Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before *Term*
 Oblig'd by hunger and request of friends: [ends,
 "The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it;
 "I'm all submission, what you'd have it make it."

Three things another's modest wishes bound,
 My Friendship, and a Prologue, and Ten Pound.

Pitholeon sends to me: "You know his Grace:
 "I want a Patron; ask him for a Place."

Pitholeon libell'd me—"but here's a letter [ter.
 "Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no bet-

"Dare you refuse him? Curll invites to dine;
 "He'll write a *Journal*, or he'll turn *Divine*."

Bless me! a packet.—"Tis a stranger sues,
 "A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muse."

If I dislike it, "Furies, death, and rage!"
 If I approve, "Commend it to the stage." [ends,

There (thank my stars!) my whole commission
 The players and I are, luckily, no friends.

Fir'd that the house reject him, "'Sdeath I'll
 "print it, [Lintot."

"And shame the fools—Your int'rest, Sir, with
 Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too

"Not, Sir, if you revise it, and retouch." [much:
 All my demurs but double his attacks;

At last he whispers, "Do; and we go snacks."
 Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door;

Sir, let me see your works and you no more.
 'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to spring

(Midas, a sacred person and a king),
 His very minister, who spied them first

(Some say his Queen), was forc'd to speak, or
 And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case, [burst.

When ev'ry coxcomb perks them in my face?
 A, Good friend, forbear! you deal in dang'rous

things,

I'd never name Queens, Ministers, or Kings;
 Keep close to Ears, and those let Asses prick;

'Tis nothing—P. Nothing, if they bite and kick?
 Out with it, Dunciad! let the secret pass,

That secret to each fool, that he's an Ass: [lie?)
 The truth once told (and wherefore should we

The Queen of Midas slept, and so may I.
 You think this cruel: take it for a rule,

No creature smarts so little as a fool.
 Let peals of laughter, Codrus, round thee break;

Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack:
 Pit, box, and gall'ry, in convulsions hurl'd,

Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.
 Who shames a Scribbler? break one cobweb

through,
 He spins the slight self-pleasing thread anew:

Destroy his fib or sophistry, in vain,
 The creature's at his dirty work again,

Thron'd on the centre of his thin designs,
 Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines!

Whom have I hurt? has Poet yet, or Peer,
 Lost the arch'd eyebrow, or Parnassian sneer?

And has not Colley still his lord and whore?
 His Butchers Henley, his free-masons Moore?

Does not one table Bavius still admit?
 Still to one bishop Philips seem a Wit?

Still Sappho—A. Hold, for God's sake—you'll
 offend:

No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:
 I too could write, and I am twice as tall; [all.

But foes like these—P. One flatt'rer's worse than
 Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,

It is the slaver kills, and not the bite.
 A fool quite angry is quite innocent:

Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they *repent*.
 One dedicates in high heroic prose,

And ridicules beyond a hundred foes:
 One from all Grub-street will my name defend,

And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.

This prints my *Letters*, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe."

There are who to my person pay their court:
I cough like *Horace*, and though lean, am short.
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high;
Such *Ovid's* nose; and, "Sir! you have an
Eye"—

Go on, obliging creatures, make me see
All that disgrac'd my betters met in me.
Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
"Just so immortal *Muro* held his head;"

And when I die, be sure you let me know
Great *Homer* died three thousand years ago.

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown
Dipp'd me in ink—my parents', or my own!
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.

I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobey'd: [Wife;
The Muse but serv'd to ease some Friend, not
To help me through this long disease, my Life;
To second, *Arbuthnot*! thy Art and Care,
And teach the being you preserv'd to bear.

But why then publish? *Granville* the polite,
And knowing *Walsh*, would tell me I could
write;

Well-natur'd *Garth* inflam'd with early praise,
And *Congreve* lov'd, and *Swift* endur'd my lays;
The courtly *Talbot*, *Somers*, *Sheffield* read;
E'en mitred *Rochester* would nod the head;
And *St. John's* self (great *Dryden's* friend be-
With open arms receiv'd one Poet more. [fore)
Happy my studies, when by these approv'd!
Happier their Author when by these below'd!
From these the world will judge of men and
books,

Not from the *Burnets*, *Oldmixon's*, and *Cooks*.

Soft were my numbers, who could take offence
While pure Description held the place of Sense?
Like gentle *Fanny's* was my flow'ry theme,
A painted mistress, or a purling stream.
Yet then did *Gildon* draw his venal quill;
I wish'd the man a dinner, and sat still.
Yet then did *Dennis* rave in furious fret;
I never answer'd, I was not in debt.
If want provok'd, or madness made them print,
I wag'd no war with *Bedlam* or the *Mint*.

Did some more sober Critic come abroad;
If wrong, I smil'd; if right, I kiss'd the rod.
Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence;
And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense,
Commas and points they set exactly right;
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.
Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribalds,
From slashing *Bentley* down to piddling *Tibbalds*.
Each wight who reads not, and but scans and
spells,

Each Word-catcher, that lives on syllables,
E'en such small Critics some regard may claim,
Preserv'd in *Milton's* or *Shakspeare's* name.
Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things we know are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.

Were others angry: I excus'd them too;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each man's secret standard in his mind,
That casting weight pride adds to emptiness,
This who can gratify? for who can guess?
The Bard whom pilfer'd Pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown,
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains from hard-bound brains, eight lines
a year;

He who, still wanting, though he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left;
And He who, now to sense now nonsense lean-
ing,

Means not, but blunders round about a meaning;
And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad:

All these my modest Satire bade *translate*,
And own'd that nine such Poets made a *Tute*.
How did they fume, and stamp, and roar and
And swear, not Addison himself was safe. [chafe!

Peace to all such! but were there one whose
fires

True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inspires;
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne;
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserv'd to blame or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading e'en Fools, by Flatterers besieg'd,
And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd;
Like *Cato*, gives his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While Wits and Templars ev'ry sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?

What though my name stood rubric on the
walls,

Or plaster'd posts, with claps, in capitals;
Or smoking forth, a hundred hawkers' load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad—
I sought no homage from the race that write;
I kept, like *Asian* monarchs, from their sight:
Poems I heeded (now be-rhym'd so long) [song.
No more than thou, great George! a birth-day
I ne'er with wits or wirlings pass'd my days,
To spread about the itch of verse and praise;
Nor, like a puppy, dangled through the town,
To fetch and carry sing-song up and down;
Nor at rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,
With handkerchief and orange at my side:
But, sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To *Bufo* left the whole *Castalian* state.

Proud, as *Apollo* on his forked hill,
Sat full-blown *Bufo*, puff'd by ev'ry quill;

Fed with soft dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand in hand in song.
 His library (where busts of poets dead
 And a true *Pindar* stood without a head)
 Receiv'd of wits an undistinguish'd race,
 Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place:
 Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his seat,
 And flatter'd ev'ry day, and some days eat:
 Till grown more frugal in his riper days, [praise;
 He paid some bards with port, and some with
 To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd;
 And others (harder still) he paid in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh;
Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye:
 But still the *great* have kindness in reserve;
 He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.

May some choice patron bless each gray goose
 May ev'ry *Bavius* have his *Bufo* still! [quill!
 So when a statesman wants a day's defence,
 Or envy holds a whole week's war with sense,
 Or simple pride for flattery makes demands,
 May Duncie by Duncie be whistled off my hands!
 Blest be the *great* for those they take away,
 And those they left me, for they left me Gay;
 Left me to see neglected Genius bloom,
 Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:
 Of all thy blameless life the sole return,
 My Verse and Queensb'ry weeping o'er thy urn.

O let me live my own, and die so too!
 (To live and die is all I have to do):
 Maintain a Poet's dignity and ease, [please:
 And see what friends, and read what books I
 Above a patron, though I condescend
 Sometimes to call a minister my friend,
 I was not born for courts or great affairs:
 I pay my debts, believe, and say my pray'rs;
 Can sleep without a poem in my head,
 Nor know if *Dennis* be alive or dead.

Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light?
 Heavens! was I born for nothing but to write?
 Has life no joys for me? or (to be grave)
 Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save? [doubt
 "I found him close with *Swift*"—"Indeed? no
 (Cries prating *Bulbus*) "something will come
 'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will; [out."
 "No, such a Genius never can be still:"
 And then for mine obligingly mistakes
 The first lampoon Sir *Will* or *Bubo* makes.
 Poor guiltless I! and can I choose but smile,
 When every coxcomb knows me by my *style*?
 Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
 That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
 Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
 Or from the soft-eyed virgin steal a tear!
 But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
 Insults fall'n worth, or beauty in distress;
 Who loves a lie, lame slander helps about,
 Who writes a libel, or who copies out;
 That fop whose pride affects a patron's name,
 Yet absent wounds an author's honest fame;
 Who can your merit *selfishly* approve,
 And show the *sense* of it without the *love*;
 Who has the vanity to call you friend,
 Yet wants the honor, injur'd, to defend;

Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
 And, if he lie not, must at least betray;
 Who to the *dean* and *silver bell* can swear,
 And sees at *Cannons* what was never there;
 Who reads but with a lust to misapply,
 Make satire a lampoon, and fiction lie—
 A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
 But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

Let *Sporus* tremble.—*A.* What! that thing
 of silk?

Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk?

Satire or sense, alas! can *Sporus* feel?—

Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
 This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;
 Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
 Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
 So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
 In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
 Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
 As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
 Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
 And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet
 squeaks;

Or at the ear of *Eve*, familiar toad,
 Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
 In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
 Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies;
 His wit all see-saw, between *that* and *this*;
 Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
 And he himself one vile antithesis.
 Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
 The trifling head, or the corrupted heart;
 Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
 Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
Eve's temper thus the rabbins have express'd:
 A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest;
 Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will
 trust, [dust.

Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the
 Not fortune's worshipper, nor fashion's fool,
 Not lucre's madman, nor ambition's tool,
 Not proud, nor servile; be one Poet's praise,
 That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by many ways:
 That flatter'd e'en to kings he held a shame,
 And thought a lie in verse or prose the same:
 That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,
 But stoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his song:
 That not for fame, but virtue's better end,
 He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
 The damning critic, half-approving wit,
 The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;
 Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,
 The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
 The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
 The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;
 The tale reviv'd, the lie so oft o'erthrown,
 Th' imputed trash and dulness not his own;
 The morals blacken'd when the writings 'scape,
 The libell'd person, and the pictur'd shape;
 Abuse on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread;
 A friend in exile, or a father dead;
 The whisper that, to greatness still too near,
 Perhaps yet vibrates on his Sov'reign's ear—

Welcome for thee, fair *Virtue*! all the past;
For thee, fair *Virtue*! welcome e'en the *last*!

A. But why insult the poor, affront the great?

P. A knave's a knave to me in ev'ry state.

Alike my scorn if he succeed or fail,
Sporus at Court, or *Japhet* in a jail;
A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,
Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire;
If on a pillory, or near a throne,
He gain his Prince's ear, or lose his own.

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit:
This dreaded Sat'rist *Dennis* will confess
Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress;
So humble, he has knock'd at *Tibbald's* door,
Has drunk with *Cibber*, nay has rhym'd for
Moore.

Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply?
Three thousand suns went down on *Welsted's* lie.
To please a Mistress, one aspers'd his life;
He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife:
Let *Bugdell* charge low *Grub-street* on his quill,
And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his Will;
Let the two *Curlls* of Town and Court abuse
His father, mother, body, soul, and muse.
Yet why? that Father held it for a rule,
It was a sin to call our neighbour fool:
That harmless Mother thought no wife a whore:
Hear this, and spare his family, *James Moore*!
Unspotted names, and memorable long!
If there be force in *Virtue* or in Song.

Of gentle blood (part shed in Honor's cause,
While yet in *Britain* honor had applause)
Each parent sprung.—*A.* What fortune, pray?—

P. Their own;

And better got than *Bestia's* from the throne.
Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,
Nor marrying discord in a noble wife;
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walk'd innoxious through his age:
No Courts he saw, nor suits would ever try,
Nor dar'd an oath, nor hazarded a lie.
Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
No language but the language of the heart.
By nature honest, by experience wise,
Healthy by temp'rance and by exercise;
His life, though long, to sickness pass'd unknown,
His death was instant, and without a groan.
O grant me thus to live, and thus to die!
Who sprung from kings shall know less joy than I.

O Friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!
Be no unpleasing melancholy mine:
Me let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of reposing age;
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death;

Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky!
On cares like these if length of days attend,
May Heaven, to bless those days, preserve my friend!

Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,
And just as rich as when he serv'd a queen.

A. Whether that blessing be denied or given,
Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heaven.

§ 17. *Satires and Epistles of Horace imitated.*
Pope.

SATIRE I.

To Mr. Fortescue.

P. THERE are (I scarce can think it, but am told)
There are to whom my satire seems too bold;
Scarce to wise Peter complaisant enough,
And something said of Chartres much too rough.
The lines are weak, another 's pleas'd to say;
Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.
Tim'rous by nature, of the rich in awe,
I come to counsel learned in the law:
You'll give me, like a friend both sage and free,
Advice; and (as you use) without a fee.

F. I'd write no more.

P. Not write? but then I think:
And for my soul I cannot sleep a wink.
I nod in company, I wake at night;
Fools rush into my head, and so I write.

F. You could not do a worse thing for your life.
Why, if the nights seem tedious, take a wife:
Or rather truly, if your point be rest,
Lettuce and cowslip wine—*probatum est*.
But talk with Celsus; Celsus will advise
Hartshorn, or something that shall close your eyes. [praise;

Or, if you needs must write, write Cæsar's
You'll gain at least a *knighthood*, or the *bays*.

P. What! like Sir Richard, rumbling, rough,
and fierce, [the verse,
With Arms, and George, and Brunswick crowd
Rend with tremendous sound your ears asunder,
With gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and
thunder?

Or nobly wild, with Budgell's fire and force,
Paint angels trembling round his falling horse?

F. Then all your Muse's softer art display,
Let Carolina smooth the tuneful lay,
Lull with Amelia's liquid name the Nine,
And sweetly flow through all the royal line.

P. Alas! few verses touch their nicer ear;
They scarce can bear their *Laureate* twice
a year:

And justly Cæsar scorns the poet's lays;
It is to *history* he trusts for praise.

F. Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it still,
Than ridicule all taste, blaspheme quadrille,
Abuse the city's best good men in metre,
And laugh at peers that put their trust in Peter.
E'en those you touch not, hate you.

P. What should ail them?

F. A hundred smart in Timon and in Balaam.
The fewer still you name, you wound the more;
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a score.

P. Each mortal has his pleasure: none deny
Scarsdale his bottle, Darty his ham pie;
Ridotta sips and dances, till she see
The doubling lustrous dance as fast as she;

F— loves the senate, Hockley-hole his brother,
 Like in all else as one egg to another.
 I love to pour out all myself, as plain
 As downright Shippen, or as old Montagne :
 In them, as certain to be lov'd as seen,
 The soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within :
 In me what spots (for spots I have) appear,
 Will prove at least the medium must be clear.
 In this impartial glass my Muse intends
 Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends ;
 Publish the present age ; but where my text
 Is vice too high, reserve it for the next :
 My foes shall wish my life a longer date,
 And ev'ry friend the less lament my fate.
 My head and heart thus flowing through my
 quill, [will,

Verseman or proseman, term me which you
 Papist or Protestant, or both between,
 Like good Erasmus, in an honest mean,
 In moderation placing all my glory,
 While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.

Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
 To run a-muck, and tilt at all I meet ;
 I only wear it in a land of hectors,
 Thieves, supercargoes, sharpers, and directors.
 Save but our *army* ! and let Jove incrust
 Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust !
 Peace is my dear delight—not Fleury's more :
 But touch me, and no minister so sore.
 Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
 Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,
 Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
 And the sad burthen of some merry song.

Slander or poison dread from Delia's rage ;
 Hard words or hanging, if your judge be Page.
 From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,
 P-x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.
 Its proper pow'r to hurt, each creature feels ;
 Bulls aim their horns, and asses lift their heels ;
 'Tis a bear's talent not to kick, but hug ;
 And no man wonders he's not stung by pug.
 So drink with Waters, or with Chartres eat ;
 They'll never poison you, they'll only cheat.

Then, learned Sir ! (to cut the matter short)
 Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at Court ;
 Whether old age, with faint but cheerful ray,
 Attends to guild the ev'ning of my day ;
 Or death's black wing already be display'd,
 To wrap me in the universal shade ;
 Whether the darken'd room to muse invite,
 Or whiten'd wall provoke the skewer to write ;
 In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
 Like Lee or Budgell, I will rhyme and print.

F. Alas, young man ! your days can ne'er be
 In flow'r of age you perish for a song ! [long ;
 Plums and directors, Shylock and his wife,
 Will club their testers now to take your life !

P. What ? arm'd for Virtue when I point the
 pen,
 Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men ;
 Dash the proud gamester in his gilded car ;
 Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a *star* ;
 Can there be wanting, to defend her cause,
 Lights of the church, or guardians of the laws ?

Could pension'd Boileau lash in honest strain
 Flatt'ers and bigots even in Louis' reign ?
 Could Laureate Dryden pimp and friar engage,
 Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage ?
 And I not strip the gilding off a knave,
 Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's heir or slave ?
 I will, or perish in the gen'rous cause :
 Hear this, and tremble ! ye who 'scape the laws.
 Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
 Shall walk the world in credit to his grave.
 To virtue only and her friends a friend,
 The world beside may murmur or commend.
 Know, all the distant din that world can keep,
 Rolls o'er my grotto, and but soothes my sleep.
 There, my retreat the best companions grace,
 Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place.
 There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
 The feast of reason and the flow of soul :
 And he, whose lightning pierc'd th' Iberian
 lines,

Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my
 vines ;

Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain,
 Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.

Envy must own, I live among the great,
 No pimp of pleasure, and no spy of state ;
 With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er
 repeats,

Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats ;
 To help who want, to forward who excel ;
 This all who know me know, who love me
 tell ;

And who unknown defame me, let them be
 Scribblers or peers, alike are mob to me.
 This is my plea, on this I rest my cause—
 What saith my counsel, learned in the laws ?

F. Your plea is good ; but still I say, beware !
 Laws are explain'd by men—so have a care.
 It stands on record, that in Richard's times
 A man was hang'd for very honest rhymes !
 Consult the statute, *quart*. I think it is,
Edwardi sext. or prim. et quint. Eliz.
 See *Libels, Satires*—here you have it—read.

P. *Libels and Satires* ! lawless things in-
 deed !

But grave *Epistles*, bringing vice to light,
 Such as a king might read, a bishop write,
 Such as Sir Robert would approve—

F. Indeed ?

The case is alter'd—you may then proceed ;
 In such a case the plaintiff will be hiss'd,
 My lords the judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd.

SATIRE II.

To Mr. Bethel.

WHAT, and how great, the virtue and the art,
 To live on little with a cheerful heart
 (A doctrine sage, but truly none of mine),
 Let's talk, my friends, but talk before we dine :
 Not when a gilt buffet's reflected pride
 Turns you from sound philosophy aside ;
 Not when from plate to plate your eyeballs roll,
 And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.

Hear Bethel's Sermon, one not vers'd in schools,

But strong in sense, and wise without the rules.

"Go work, hunt, exercise (he thus began),
Then scorn a homely dinner if you can.

Your wine lock'd up, your butler stroll'd abroad,

Or fish denied (the river yet unthaw'd),

If then plain bread and milk will do the feat,

The pleasure lies in you, and not the meat.

Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men

Will choose a pheasant still before a hen;

Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,

Except you eat the feathers green and gold.

Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,

(Though cut in pieces ere my Lord can eat),

Yet for small turbots such esteem profess?

Because God made these large, the other less.

Oldfield, with more than harpy throat endued,

Cries, 'Send me, gods! a whole hog barbecued!'

O blast it, south winds, till a stench exhale

Rank as the ripeness of a rabbit's tail!

By what criterion do you eat, d'y'e think,

If this is priz'd for sweetness, that for stink?

When the tir'd glutton labors through a treat,

He finds no relish in the sweetest meat;

He calls for something bitter, something sour,

And the rich feast concludes extremely poor:

Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives still we see;

Thus much is left of old simplicity!

The Robin-red-breast till of late had rest,

And children sacred held a Martin's nest.

Till Becca-ficos sold so dev'lish dear

To one that was, or would have been, a Peer.

Let me extol a Cat on oysters fed,

I'll have a party at the Bedford-head;

Or e'en to crack live Crawfish recommend,

I'd never doubt at Court to make a friend.

'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother

About one vice, and fall into the other:

Between Excess and Famine lies a mean;

Plain, but not sordid; though not splendid,

clean.

Avidien, or his Wife, (no matter which,

For him you call'd a dog, and her a bitch),

Sell their presented partridges and fruits,

And humbly live on rabbits and on roots:

One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,

And is at once their vinegar and wine.

But on some lucky day (as when they found

A lost bank bill, or heard their son was

drown'd)

At such a feast, old vinegar to spare,

Is what two souls so gen'rous cannot bear:

Oil, though it stink, they drop by drop impart;

But souse the cabbage with a bounteous heart.

He knows to live who keeps the middle state,

And neither leans on this side nor on that;

Nor stops for one bad cork his butler's pay;

Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away;

Nor lets, like Nævius, ev'ry error pass;

The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass.

Now hear what blessings Temperance can

bring:

(Thus said our friend, and what he said I sing)

First Health: the stomach (cramm'd from ev'ry dish,

A tomb of boil'd and roast, and flesh and fish,

Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,

And all the man is one intestine war,)

Remembers oft the school-boy's simple fare,

The temp'rate sleeps, and spirits light as air.

How pale each worshipful and rev'rend guest

Rise from a Clergy or a City feast!

What life in all that ample body, say?

What heavenly particle inspires the clay?

The soul subsides, and wickedly inclines

To seem but mortal, e'en in sound Divines.

On morning wings how active springs the

mind

That leaves the load of yesterday behind!

How easy ev'ry labor it pursues!

How coming to the Poet ev'ry Muse!

Not but we may exceed, some holy time,

Or tir'd in search of Truth, or search of Rhyme;

Ill health some just indulgence may engage,

And more, the sickness of long life, Old Age;

For fainting Age what cordial drop remains,

If our intemperate Youth the vessel drains?

Our fathers prais'd rank Ven'son. You sup-

pose,

Perhaps, young men! our fathers had no nose.

Not so: a Buck was then a week's repast,

And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last;

More pleas'd to keep it till their friends could

come,

Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home.

Why had not I in those good times my birth,

Ere coxcomb-pies or coxcombs were on earth?

Unworthy he the voice of Fame to hear,

That sweetest music to an honest ear,

(For, faith, Lord Fanny! you are in the wrong!

The world's good word is better than a song;)

Who has not learn'd, fresh sturgeon and ham

Are no rewards for want and infamy? [pie

When luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf,

Curs'd be thy neighbours, thy trustees, thyself;

To friends, to fortune, to mankind a shame,

Think how posterity will treat thy name:

And buy a rope, that future times may tell

Thou hast at least bestow'd one penny well.

'Right,' cries his Lordship, 'for a rogue in

'need

'To have a taste, is insolence indeed:

'In me, 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,

'My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great.'

Then, like the Sun, let Bounty spread her ray,

And shine that superfluity away.

O Impudence of wealth! with all thy store,

How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor?

Shall half the new-built churches round thee

fall?

Make Quays, build Bridges, or repair White-

hall:

Or to thy Country let that heap be lent,

As M—o's was, but not at five per cent.

Who thinks that fortune cannot change her

mind,

Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.

And who stands safest? tell me, is it he
That spreads and swells in puff'd prosperity;
Or blest with little, whose preventing care
In peace provides fit arms against a war?"

Thus Bethel spoke, who always speaks his
thought,

And always thinks the very thing he ought:
His equal mind I copy what I can,
And as I love, would imitate, the man.
In South-sea days not happier, when surmis'd
The lord of thousands, than if now *exercis'd*;
In forest planted by a father's hand,
Than in five acres now of rented land.
Content with little, I can piddle here
On brocoli and mutton round the year;
But ancient friends (though poor, or out of play)
That touch my bell, I cannot turn away.
'Tis true, no turbot's dignify my boards;
But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames af-
fords.

To Hounslow-heath I point, and Banstead-
Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks
my own:

From you old walnut-tree a show'r shall fall;
And grapes, long-ling'ring on my only wall;
And figs from standard and espalier join;
The devil is in you, if you cannot dine:
Then cheerful healths (your mistress shall have
place);

And, what's more rare, a poet shall say grace.

Fortune not much of humbling me can boast:
Though double tax'd, how little have I lost!
My life's amusements have been just the same,
Before and after standing armies came.
My lands are sold, my father's house is gone:
I'll hire another's; is not that my own,
And yours, my friends? through whose free-
op'ning gate

None comes too early, none departs too late;
For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.

"Pray Heaven it last! (cries Swift) as you
go on:

"I wish to God this house had been your own.

"Pity! to build, without a son or wife;

"Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life."

Well, if the use be mine, can it concern one,
Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?
What's *property*? dear Swift! you see it alter
From you to me, from me to Peter Walter;
Or, in a mortgage, prove a lawyer's share;
Or, in a jointure, vanish from the heir;
Or in pure equity (the case not clear)
The Chancery takes your rents for twenty year;
At best, it falls to some ungracious son,
Who cries, "My father's damn'd, and all's my
own."

Shades, that to Bacon could retreat afford,
Become the portion of a booby lord;
And Hemsley, once proud Buckingham's de-
light,

Slides to a scriv'ner, or a city knight.
Let lands and houses have what lords they will,
Let us be fix'd, and our own masters still.

EPISTLE I. BOOK I.

To Lord Bolingbroke.

St. JOHN, whose love indulg'd my labors
past,
Matures my present, and shall bound my last!
Why will you break the Sabbath of my days?
Now sick alike of envy and of praise.
Public too long, ah let me hide my age!
See, modest Cibber now has left the stage;
Our gen'als, now, retir'd to their estates,
Hang their old trophies o'er the garden gates;
In life's cool ev'ning, satiate of applause,
Nor fond of bleeding, e'en in Brunswick's
cause.

A voice there is, that whispers in my ear,
(Tis Reason's voice, which sometimes one can
hear.)

"Friend Pope! be prudent, let your Muse
"take breath,

"And never gallop Pegasus to death;
"Lest stiff and stately, void of fire or force,
"You limp, like Blackmore on a Lord Mayor's
"horse."

Farewell, then, Verse, and Love, and ev'ry toy,
The rhymes and rattles of the man or boy;
What right, what true, what fit we justly call,
Let this be all my care—for this is All:
To lay this harvest up, and hoard with haste,
What ev'ry day will want, and most, the last.

But ask not to what Doctors I apply;
Sworn to no master, of no sect am I:
As drives the storm, at any door I knock;
And house with Montagne now, or now with
Locke.

Sometimes a Patriot, active in debate,
Mix with the World, and battle for the State;
Free as young Lyttleton, her cause pursue,
Still true to Virtue, and as warm as true:
Sometimes with Aristippus, or St. Paul,
Indulge my candor, and grow all to all;
Back to my native moderation slide,
And win my way by yielding to the tide.

Long as to him who works for debt, the
day,

Long as the night to her whose Love's away;
Long as the year's dull circle seems to run,
When the brisk Minor pants for twenty-one;
So slow th' unprofitable moments roll,
That lock up all the functions of my soul;
That keep me from myself, and still delay
Life's instant business to a future day:
That task, which as we follow or despise,
The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise:
Which done, the poorest can no wants endure;
And which not done, the richest must be poor.

Late as it is, I put myself to school,
And feel some comfort not to be a fool.
Weak though I am of limb, and short of sight,
Far from a Lynx, and not a Giant quite;
I'll do what Mead and Cheselden advise,
To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes.

Not to go back, is somewhat to advance;
And men must walk at least before they dance.

Say, does thy blood rebel, thy bosom move
With wretched Av'rice, or as wretched Love?
Know, there are words and spells which can
control,

Between the Fits, this Fever of the soul;
Know, there are rhymes, which, fresh and
fresh applied,

Will cure the arrant'st puppy of his pride.
Be furious, envious, slothful, mad, or drunk,
Slave to a wife, or vassal to a punk,
A Switz, a High Dutch, or a Low Dutch bear;
All that we ask is but a patient ear.

'Tis the first Virtue, Vices to abhor;
And the first Wisdom, to be Fool no more.
But to the world no bugbear is so great,
As want of figure, and a small estate.

To either India see the merchant fly,
Scar'd at the spectre of pale Poverty!

See him, with pains of body, pangs of soul,
Burn through the Tropic, freeze beneath the
Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end, [Pole!
Nothing, to make Philosophy thy friend?

To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires,
And ease thy heart of all that it admires?
Here Wisdom calls: "Seek Virtue first, be
"bold!

"As Gold to Silver, Virtue is to Gold."

There, London's voice: "Get money, money
"still!

"And then let Virtue follow, if she will."

This, this the saving doctrine preach'd to all,
From low St. James's up to high St. Paul!
From him whose quills stand quiver'd at his ear,
To him who notches sticks at Westminster.

Barnard in spirit, sense, and truth abounds;
"Pray then, what wants he?" Fourscore thou-
sand pounds;

A pension, or such harness for a slave
As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.
Barnard, thou art a Cit, with all thy worth;
But Bug and D*1, their Honors, and so forth.

Yet ev'ry child another song will sing:
"Virtue, brave boys! 'tis Virtue makes a King."

True, conscious Honor is to feel no sin;
He's arm'd without that's innocent within:
Be this thy screen, and this thy wall of brass—
Compar'd to this, a Minister's an Ass.

And say, to which shall our applause belong,
This new Court-jargon, or the good old song?
The modern language of corrupted peers,
Or what was spoke at Cressy or Poitiers?
Who counsels best? who whispers, "Be but
"great,

"With praise or infamy, leave that to fate;
"Get Place and Wealth, if possible, with grace;
"If not, by any means get Wealth and Place:"
For what? to have a box where Eunuchs sing,
And foremost in the circle eye a King:—
Or he, who bids thee face with steady view
Proud Fortune, and look shallow Greatness
through;

And, while he bids thee, sets th' Example too?

If such a doctrine in St. James's air
Should chance to make the well-drest rabble
stare;

If honest S*z take scandal at a'spark
That less admires the Palace than the Park,
Faith I shall give the answer Reynard gave:
"I cannot like, dread Sire, your Royal Cave;
"Because I see, by all the tracks about,
"Full many a beast goes in, but none come
"out."

Adieu to Virtue, if you're once a Slave;
Send her to Court, you send her to her grave.

Well if a King's a Lion, at the least
The people are a many-headed beast:
Can they direct what measures to pursue,
Who know themselves so little what to do?
Alike in nothing but one lust of gold,
Just half the land would buy, and half be sold;
Their country's wealth our mightier Misers
drain,

Or cross, to plunder provinces, the main;
The rest, some farm the poor-box, some the
pews; [stews;

Some keep assemblies, and would keep the
Some with fat bucks on childish dotards fawn;
Some win rich widows by their chine and
brawn:

While with the silent growth of ten per cent.,
In dirt and darkness, hundreds stink content.

Of all these ways, if each pursues his own,
Satire, be kind, and let the wretch alone:
But show me one who has it in his pow'r
To act consistent with himself an hour.
Sir Job sail'd forth, the evening bright and still,
"No place on earth (he cried) like Greenwich
"hill!"

Up starts a palace, lo! th' obedient base
Slopes at its foot, the woods its sides embrace,
The silver Thames reflects its marble face.
Now let some whimsey, or that devil within
Which guides all those who know not what
they mean,

But give the Knight (or give his Lady) spleen,
"Away, away! take all your scaffolds down,
"For snug's the word: my dear! we'll live in
"town."

At am'rous Flavio is the stocking thrown;
That very night he longs to lie alone.
The fool whose wife elopes some thrice a
For matrimonial solace dies a martyr. [quarter,
Did ever Proteus, Merlin, any witch,
Transform themselves so strangely as the rich?
Well, but the poor—the poor have the same
itch;

They change their weekly barber, weekly news,
Prefer a new japanner to their shoes, [run
Discharge their garrets, move their beds, and
(They know not whither) in a chaise and one;
They hire their sculler, and when once aboard,
Grow sick, and damn the climate like a lord.

You laugh, half beau half sloven if I stand,
My wig all powder, and all snuff my band;
You laugh, if coat and breeches strangely vary,
White gloves, and linen worthy lady Mary!

But when no prelate's lawn with hair-shirt lin'd
Is half so incoherent as my mind,
When (each opinion with the next at strife,
One ebb and flow of follies all my life)
I plant, root up; I build, and then confound;
Turn round to square, and square again to
round,

You never change one muscle of your face,
You think this madness but a common case,
Nor once to Chanc'r'y nor to Hale apply;
Yet hang your lip, to see a seam awry!
Careless how ill I with myself agree,
Kind to my dress, my figure, not to me.
Is this my guide, philosopher, and friend?
This he who loves me, and who ought to
mend? [none]

Who ought to make me (what he can, or
That man divine whom wisdom calls her own;
Great without title, without fortune blest;
Rich e'en when plunder'd, honor'd while op-
prest; [pow'r;
Lov'd without youth, and follow'd without
At home, though exil'd; free, though in the
Tow'r:

In short, that reas'ning, high, immortal thing,
Just less than Jove, and much above a king;
Nay, half in heaven—except what's mighty
odd)

A fit of vapors clouds this demi-god!

EPISTLE VI.

To Mr. Murray.

“Nor to admire, is all the art I know
“To make men happy, and to keep them so.”
(Plain truth, dear Murray! needs no flow'rs of
speech;

So take it in the very words of Creech.)

This vault of air, this congregated ball,
Self-centred sun, and stars that rise and fall,
There are, my friend! whose philosophic eyes
Look through and trust the Ruler with his
skies;

To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
And view this dreadful all without a fear.

Admire we then what earth's low entrails
hold,

Arabian shores, or Indian seas infold;
All the mad trade of fools and slaves for gold?
Or popularity, or stars and strings?

The mob's applauses, or the gifts of kings?
Say with what eyes we ought at courts to gaze,
And pay the great our homage of amaze?

If weak the pleasure that from these can
spring,

The fear to want them is as weak a thing.
Whether we dread, or whether we desire,
In either case, believe me, we admire;
Whether we joy or grieve, the same the curse,
Surpris'd at better, or surpris'd at worse.
Thus, good or bad to one extreme betray
Th' unbalanc'd mind, and snatch the man away:
For virtue's self may too much zeal be nad;
The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.

Go then, and if you can, admire the state
Of beaming diamonds, and reflected plate:
Procure a taste to double the surprise,
And gaze on Parian charms with learned eyes:
Be struck with bright brocade, or Tyrian dye,
Our birth-day nobles' splendid livery.
If not so pleased, at council board rejoice,
To see their judgments hang upon thy voice;
From morn to night, at senate, rolls, and hall,
Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.
But wherefore all this labor, all this strife?
For fame, for riches, for a noble wife?
Shall one whom nature, learning, birth con-
spir'd

To form, not to admire, but be admir'd,
Sigh while his Chloe, blind to wit and worth,
Weds the rich duiness of some son of earth?
Yet time ennobles or degrades each line;
It brighten'd Craggs's, and may darken thine.
And what is fame? the meanest have their day;
The greatest can but blaze, and pass away.
Grac'd as thou art, with all the pow'r of words;
So known, so honor'd, at the House of Lords:
Conspicuous scene! another yet as nigh,
(More silent far) where kings and poets lie:
Where Murray (long enough his country's
pride)

Shall be no more than Tully, or than Hyde!

Rack'd with sciatics, martyr'd with the stone,
Will any mortal let himself alone?
See Ward by batter'd beaux invited over,
And desp'rate misery lays hold on Dover.
The case is easier in the mind's disease;
There all men may be cur'd whene'er they
please.

Would ye be blest? despise low joys, low gains;
Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains;
Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.

But art thou one whom new opinions sway,
One who believes as Tindal leads the way;
Who virtue and a church alike disowns;
Thinks that but words, and this but brick and
stones?

Fly then on all the wings of wild desire,
Admire whate'er the maddest can admire.
Is wealth thy passion? Hence! from pole to
pole,

Where winds can carry, or where waves can
For Indian spices, for Peruvian gold, [roll;
Prevent the greedy, or outbid the bold:
Advance thy golden mountain to the skies;
On the broad base of fifty thousand rise,
Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair)
Add fifty more, and bring it to a square.
For, mark th' advantage; just so many score
Will gain a wife with half as many more;
Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaste;
And then such friends—as cannot fail to last.
A man of wealth is dubb'd a man of worth;
Venus shall give him form, and Anstis birth.
(Believe me, many a German prince is worse,
Who, proud of pedigree, is poor of purse.)
His wealth brave Timon gloriously confounds;
Ask'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds;

Or if three ladies like a luckless play,
Take the whole house upon the poet's day.

Now in such exigencies not to need,
Upon my word, you must be rich indeed;
A noble superfluity it craves,
Not for yourself, but for your fools and knaves;
Something, which for your honor they may
cheat,

And which it much becomes you to forget.
If wealth alone then make and keep us blest,
Still, still be getting; never, never rest.

But if to pow'r and place your passion lie,
If in the pomp of life consists the joy,
Then hire a slave; or (if you will) a lord,
To do the honors, and to give the word:
Tell at your levee, as the crowds approach,
To whom to nod, whom take into your coach,
Whom honor with your hand: to make re-
marks,

Who rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks:
"This may be troublesome, is near the chair;
"That makes three members, this can choose
"a mayor."

Instructed thus, you bow, embrace, protest,
Adopt him son, or cousin at the least,
Then turn about, and laugh at your own jest.

Or if your life be one continued treat,
If to live well means nothing but to eat,
Up, up! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day;
Go, drive the deer, and drag the finny prey,
With hounds and horns go hunt an appetite—
So Russel did, but could not eat at night;
Call'd "happy dog" the beggar at his door;
And envied thirst and hunger to the poor.

Or shall we ev'ry decency confound;
Through taverns, stews, and bagnios, take our
round;

Go dine with Chartres, in each vice outdo
K—I's lewd cargo, or Ty—y's crew;
From Latian Syrens, French Circean feasts,
Return well-travell'd, and transform'd to
beasts:

Or for a tiled punk, or foreign flame,
Renounce our country and degrade our name?

If, after all, we must with Wilmot own,
The cordial drop of life is love alone,
And Swift cry wisely, "Vive la Bagatelle!"
The man that loves and laughs may sure do
well.

Adieu—if this advice appear the worst,
E'en take the counsel which I gave you first;
Or, better precepts if you can impart,
Why do; I'll follow them with all my heart.

EPISTLE I. BOOK II.

To Augustus.

WHILE you, great patron of mankind! sustain
The balanc'd world, and open all the main;
Your country, chief in arms, abroad defend,
At home with morals, arts, and laws amend;
How shall the Muse from such a monarch steal
An hour, and not defraud the public weal?

Edward and Henry, now the boast of fame,
And virtuous Alfred, a more sacred name,
After a life of gen'rous toils endur'd,
The Gaul subdued, or property secur'd,
Ambition humbled, mighty cities storm'd,
Or laws establish'd, and the world reform'd;
Clos'd their long glories with a sigh, to find
Th' unwilling gratitude of base mankind!
All human virtue, to its latest breath,
Finds envy never conquer'd but by death.
The great Alcides, ev'ry labor past,
Had still this monster to subdue at last.
Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray
Each star of meaner merit fades away!
Oppress we feel the beam directly beat:
Those suns of glory please not till they set.

To thee the world its present homage pays,
The harvest early, but mature the praise:
Great friend of liberty! in kings a name
Above all Greek, above all Roman fame:
Whose word is truth, as sacred and rever'd
As Heaven's own oracles from altars heard.
Wonder of kings! like whom, to mortal eyes
None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise.

Just in one instance, be it yet confest,
Your people, Sir, are partial in the rest:
Foes to all living worth except your own,
And advocates for folly dead and gone.
Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old,
It is the rust we value, not the gold.
Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
And beastly Skelton heads of houses quote;
One likes no language but the Fairy Queen;
A Scot will fight for Christ's kirk o' the Green:
And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,
He swears the Muses met him at the Devil.

Though justly Greece her eldest sons admires,
Why should not we be wiser than our sires?
In ev'ry public virtue we excel;
We build, we paint, we sing, we dance as well:
And learned Athens to our art must stoop,
Could she behold us trembling through a hoop.

If time improve our wits as well as wine,
Say at what age a poet grows divine?
Shall we, or shall we not, account him so,
Who died, perhaps, an hundred years ago?
End all dispute, and fix the year precise
When British bards begin t' immortalize?

"Who lasts a century can have no flaw?
"I hold that wit a classic, good in law."

Suppose he wants a year, will you compound?
And shall we deem him ancient, right, and
Or damn to all eternity at once, [sound?
At ninety-nine, a modern and a dunce?

"We shall not quarrel for a year or two;
"By courtesy of England he may do." [bare,
Then, by the rule that made the horse-tail
I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,
And melt down ancients like a heap of snow,
While you, to measure merits, look in Stowe;
And, estimating authors by the year,
Bestow a garland only on a bier. [bill

Shakspeare (whom you and ev'ry playhouse
Style the divine, the matchless, what you will)

For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own despite.
Ben, old and poor, as little seem'd to heed
The life to come, in ev'ry poet's creed.
Who now reads Cowley? if he pleases yet,
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit;
Forgot his epic, nay Pindaric art!
But still I love the language of his heart.

"Yet surely, surely, these were famous men!

"What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben?

"In all debates where critics bear a part,

"Not one but nods, and talks of Jonson's art,

"Of Shakspeare's nature, and of Cowley's wit;

"How Beaumont's judgment check'd what

"Fletcher writ;

"How Shadwell hasty, Wycherley was slow;

"But, for the passions, Southern sure and

Rowe.

"These, only these, support the crowded stage,

"From eldest Heywood down to Cibber's age."

All this may be; the people's voice is odd;

It is, and it is not, the voice of God.

To Gammer Gurton if it gave the bays,

And yet deny the Careless Husband praise,

Or say, our fathers never broke a rule;

Why then, I say, the public is a fool.

But let them own that greater faults than we

They had, and greater virtues, I'll agree.

Spenser himself affects the obsolete,

And Sydney's verse halts ill on Roman feet:

Milton's strong pinion now not heaven can

bound, [ground;

Now, serpent-like, in prose he sweeps the

In quibbles, angel and archangel join,

And God the Father turns a school-divine.

Not that I'd lop the beauties from his book,

Like slashing Bentley, with his desprate hook;

Or damn all Shakspeare, like th' affected fool

At court, who hates whate'er he read at school.

But for the wits of either Charles's days,

The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease;

Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more

(Like twinkling stars the miscellanies o'er),

One simile that solitary shines

In the dry desert of a thousand lines,

Or lengthen'd thought that gleams through

many a page,

Has sanctified whole poems for an age.

I lose my patience, and I own it too,

When works are censur'd not as bad, but new;

While, if our elders break all reason's laws,

These fools demand not pardon, but applause.

On Avon's bank, where flow'rs eternal blow,

If I but ask if any weed can grow;

One tragic sentence if I dare deride,

Which Betterton's grave action dignified,

Or well-mouth'd Booth, with emphasis pro-

claims,

(Though but, perhaps, a muster-roll of names,)

How will our fathers rise up in a rage,

And swear all shame is lost in George's age!

You'd think no fools disgrac'd the former

reign,

Did not some grave examples yet remain,

Who scorn a lad should teach his father skill,
And, having once been wrong, will be so still.
He who, to seem more wise than you or I,
Extols old bards, or Merlin's prophecy,
Mistake him not; he envies, not admires;
And to debase the sons, exalts the sires.
Had ancient times conspir'd to disallow
What then was new, what had been ancient
now?

Or what remain'd, so worthy to be read
By learned critics, of the mighty dead?

In days of ease, when now the weary sword

Was sheath'd, and luxury with Charles restor'd;

In ev'ry taste of foreign courts improv'd,

"All, by the king's example, liv'd and lov'd."

Then peers grew proud in horsemanship t' excel;

Newmarket's glory rose as Britain's fell;

The soldier breath'd the gallantries of France,

And ev'ry flow'ry courtier writ romance.

Then marble, soften'd into life, grew warm;

And yielding metal flow'd to human form:

Lely on animated canvas stole

The sleepy eye that spoke the melting soul.

No wonder then, when all was love and sport,

The willing Muses were debauch'd at court:

On each enervate string they taught the note

To pant, or tremble through an eunuch's throat.

But Britain, changeful as a child at play,

Now calls in princes, and now turns away.

Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate;

Now all for pleasure, now for church and state;

Now for prerogative, and now for laws;

Effects unhappy! from a noble cause.

Time was, a sober Englishman would knock

His servants up, and rise by five o'clock;

Instruct his family in ev'ry rule,

And send his wife to church, his son to school.

To worship like his fathers was his care;

To teach their frugal virtues to his heir;

To prove that luxury could never hold;

And place, on good security, his gold.

Now times are chang'd, and one poetic itch

Has seiz'd the court and city, poor and rich:

Sons, sires, and grandsires, all will wear the bays,

Our wives read Milton, and our daughters plays;

To theatres and to rehearsals throng;

And all our grace at table is a song;

I, who so oft renounce the Muses, lie;

Not —'s self e'er tells more fibs than I:

When, sick of muse, our follies we deplore,

And promise our best friends to rhyme no more,

We wake next morning in a raging fit,

And call for pen and ink to show our wit.

He serv'd a 'prenticeship, who sets up shop;

Ward tried on puppies, and the poor, his drop;

Even Radcliffe's doctors travel first to France,

Nor dare to practise till they've learn'd to dance.

Who builds a bridge that never drove a pile?

(Should Ripley venture, all the world would

smile.)

But those who cannot write, and those who can,

All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.

Yet, Sir, reflect, the mischief is not great;

These madmen never hurt the church or state:

Sometimes the folly benefits mankind ;
 And rarely av'rice taints the tuneful mind.
 Allow him but his plaything of a pen,
 He ne'er rebels, nor plots, like other men :
 Flight of cashiers, or mobs, he'll never mind ;
 And knows no losses while the muse is kind.
 To cheat a friend, or ward, he leaves to Peter,
 The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre ;
 Enjoys his garden and his book in quiet ;
 And then—a perfect hermit in his diet.

Of little use the man you may suppose,
 Who says in verse what others say in prose :
 Yet let me show a poet's of some weight,
 And (though no soldier) useful to the state.
 What will a child learn sooner than a song ?
 What better teach a foreigner the tongue ?
 What's long or short, each accent where to place,
 And speak in public with some sort of grace ?
 I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,
 Unless he praise some monster of a king ;
 Or virtue or religion turn to sport,
 To please a lewd or unbelieving court.
 Unhappy Dryden ! in all Charles's days,
 Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays ;
 And in our own (excuse some courtly stains),
 No whiter page than Addison remains.
 He from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
 And sets the passions on the side of truth ;
 Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
 And pours each human virtue in the heart.
 Let Ireland tell, how wit upheld her cause,
 Her trade supported, and supplied her laws :
 And leave on Swift this grateful verse engrav'd :
 " The rights a court attack'd, a poet sav'd."
 Behold the hand that wrought a nation's cure,
 Stretch'd to relieve the idiot and the poor,
 Proud vice to brand, or injur'd worth adorn,
 And stretch the ray to ages yet unborn,
 Not but there are who merit other palms ;
 Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with
 psalms :

The boys and girls whom charity maintains,
 Implore your help in these pathetic strains :
 How could devotion touch the country pews,
 Unless the gods bestow'd a proper muse ?
 Versecheers their leisure, verse assists their work,
 Verse prays for peace, or sings down Pope and
 Turk.

The silenc'd preacher yields to potent strain,
 And feels that grace his pray'r besought in vain ;
 The blessing thrills thro' all the lab'ring throng,
 And heaven is won by violence of song.

Our rural ancestors, with little blest,
 Patient of labor when the end was rest,
 Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain
 With feasts and off'rings, and a thankful strain ;
 The joy their wives, their sons, and servants share,
 Ease of their toil, and partners of their care :
 The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
 Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and open'd ev'ry soul :
 With growing years the pleasing licence grew,
 And taunts alternate innocently flew.
 But times corrupt, and nature ill-inclin'd,
 Produc'd the point that left a sting behind ;

Till friend with friend, and families at strife,
 Triumphant malice rag'd through private life.
 Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm,
 Appeal'd to law, and justice lent her arm.
 At length, by wholesome dread of statutes bound,
 The poets learn'd to please, and not to wound :
 Most warp'd to flattery's side ; but some, more
 Preserv'd the freedom, and forbore the vice. [nice,
 Hence Satire rose, that just the medium hit,
 And heals with morals what it hurts with wit.

We conquer'd France, but felt our captive's
 charms ;

Her arts victorious triumph'd o'er our arms :
 Britain to soft refinement less a foe,
 Wit grew polite, and numbers learn'd to flow.
 Waller was smooth ; but Dryden taught to join
 The varying verse, the full resounding line,
 The long majestic march, and energy divine.
 Though still some traces of our rustic vein
 And playfoot verse remain'd, and will remain ;
 Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
 When the tir'd nation breath'd from civil war.
 Exact Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
 Show'd us that France had something to admire !
 Not but the tragic spirit was our own,
 And full in Shakspeare, fair in Otway shone :
 But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,
 And fluent Shakspeare scarce effac'd a line.
 E'en copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
 The last and greatest art, the art to blot.

Some doubt if equal pains or equal fire
 The humbler muse of comedy require.
 But, in known images of life, I guess
 The labor greater, as th' indulgence less.
 Observe how seldom even the best succeed :
 Tell me if Congreve's Fools are fools indeed ?
 What pert low dialogue has Farquhar writ !
 How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit !
 The stage how loosely does Astræa tread,
 Who fairly puts all characters to bed !
 And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
 To make poor Pinkey eat with vast applause !
 But fill their purse, our poets' work is done ;
 Alike to them, by pathos or by pun.

O you ! whom vanity's light bark conveys
 On fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise,
 With what a shifting gale your course you ply,
 For ever sunk too low, or borne too high !
 Who pants for glory finds but short repose ;
 A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.
 Farewell the stage ! if, just as thrives the play,
 The silly bard grows fat, or falls away.

There still remains, to mortify a wit,
 The many-headed monster of the Pit ;
 A senseless, worthless, and unhonour'd crowd,
 Who, to disturb their betters mighty proud,
 Clatt'ring their sticks before ten lines are spoke,
 Call for the Farce, the Bear, or the Black Joke.
 What dear delight to Britons farce affords !
 Ever the taste of mobs, but now of lords !
 (Taste, that eternal wanderer ! which flies
 From head to ears, and now from ears to eyes.)
 The play stands still ! damn action and discourse,
 Back fly the scenes, and enter foot and horse ;

Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
Peers, heralds, bishops, ermine, gold, and lawn;
The champion too! and, to complete the jest,
Old Edward's armor, beams on Cibber's breast.
With laughter sure Democritus had died,
Had he beheld an audience gape so wide.
Let bear or elephant be e'er so white,
The people, sure the people, are the sight!
Ah, luckless poet! stretch thy lungs and roar,
That bear or elephant shall heed thee more;
While all its throats the gallery extends,
And all the thunder of the pit ascends!
Loud as the wolves, on Orcas' stormy steep,
Howl to the roarings of the northern deep,
Such is the shout, the long-applauding note,
At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's petticoat:
Or when from Court a birth-day suit bestow'd,
Sinks the lost actor in the tawdry load.
Booth enters—hark! the universal peal!
“But has he spoken?” Not a syllable. [stare?”
“What shook the stage, and made the people
Cato's long wig, flower'd gown, and lacquer'd
chair.

Yet, lest you think I rally more than teach,
Or praise malignly arts I cannot reach;
Let me for once presume t' instruct the times,
To know the poet from the man of rhymes:
'Tis he who gives my breast a thousand pains,
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns;
Enrage, compose, with more than magic art,
With pity and with terror tear my heart;
And snatch me, o'er the earth, or through the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

But not this part of the poetic state
Alone deserves the favor of the great:
Think of those authors, sir, who would rely
More on a reader's sense than gazer's eye.
Or who shall wander where the Muses sing?
Who climb their mountain, or who taste their
spring?

How shall we fill a library with wit,
When Merlin's cave is half unfurnish'd yet?
My liege! why writers little claim your thought
I guess; and, with their leave, will tell the fault:
We poets are (upon a poet's word)
Of all mankind the creatures most absurd:
The season when to come and when to go,
To sing or cease to sing, we never know;
And, if we will recite nine hours in ten,
You lose your patience just like other men.
Then, too, we hurt ourselves, when, to defend
A single verse, we quarrel with a friend;
Repeat unask'd; lament the wit's too fine
For vulgar eyes, and point out ev'ry line.
But most when, straining with too weak a wing,
We needs will write epistles to the king;
And, from the moment we oblige the town,
Expect a place or pension from the crown;
Or dubb'd historians by express command,
T' enroll your triumphs o'er the seas and land;
Be call'd to court to plan some work divine,
As once, for Louis, Boileau and Racine.
Yet think, great sir! (so many virtues shown)
Ah think what poet best may make them known!

Or choose at least some minister of grace,
Fit to bestow the Laureat's weighty place.

Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair,
Assign'd his figure to Bernini's care;
And great Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed
To fix him graceful on the bounding steed;
So well in paint and stone they judg'd of merit:
But kings in wit may want discerning spirit.
The hero William, and the martyr Charles,
One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd
Quarles;

Which made old Ben and surly Dennis swear,
“No Lord's anointed, but a Russian bear.”

Not with such majesty, such bold relief,
The forms august of king or conqu'ring chief
E'er swell'd in marble, as in verse have shin'd
(In polish'd verse) the manners and the mind.
Oh! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
Your arms, your actions, your repose to sing!
What seas you travers'd, and what fields you
fought! [bought!

Your country's peace how oft, how dearly
How barb'rous rage subsided at your word,
And nations wondered while they dropp'd the
sword!

How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep
Peace stole her wing, and wrapp'd the world in
sleep;

Till earth's extremes your meditation own,
And Asia's tyrants tremble at your throne.
But verse, alas! your majesty disdains;
And I'm not used to panegyric strains:
The zeal of fools offends at any time,
But, most of all, the zeal of fools in rhyme.
Besides, a fate attends on all I write;
That, when I aim at praise, they say I bite.
A vile encomium doubly ridicules:
There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
If true, a woful likeness; and, if lies,
“Praise undeserv'd is satire in disguise.”
Well may he blush who gives it or receives;
And, when I flatter, let my dirty leaves
(Like journals, odes, and such forgotten things
As Eusden, Philips, Settle, writ of kings)
Clothe the spice, line trunks, or flutt'ring in a row
Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

EPISTLE II. BOOK II.

DEAR Col'nel, Cobham's and your country's
You love a verse, takes such as I can send. [friend!

A Frenchman comes, presents you with his
boy,

Bows and begins—“This lad, sir, is of Blois:
“Observe his shape how clean, his locks how
curl'd!

“My only son, I'd have him see the world:
“His French is pure; his voice too—you shall
hear.

“Sir, he's your slave for twenty pounds a year.
“Mere wax as yet, you fashion him with ease,

“Your barber, cook, upholst'rer, what you please:
“A perfect genius at an opera song—

“To say too much might do my honor wrong.

"Take him with all his virtues, on my word ;
 "His whole ambition was to serve a lord :
 "But, Sir, to you, with what would I not part ?
 "Though, faith, I fear 'twill break his mother's heart.

"Once (and but once) I caught him in a lie,
 "And then, unwhipp'd he had the grace to cry.
 "The fault he has I fairly shall reveal ;
 "(Could you o'erlook but that) it is—to steal."

If, after this, you took the graceless lad,
 Could you complain, my friend, he prov'd so bad ?
 'Faith, in such case, if you should prosecute,
 I think Sir Godfrey should decide the suit,
 Who sent the thief that stole the cash away,
 And punish'd him that put it in his way.

Consider then, and judge me in this light ;
 I told you, when I went, I could not write ;
 You said the same ; and are you discontent
 With laws to which you gave your own assent ?
 Nay worse, to ask for verse at such a time !
 D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme ?

In Anna's wars, a soldier poor and old
 Had dearly earn'd a little purse of gold :
 Tir'd with a tedious march, one luckless night
 He slept, poor dog ! and lost it to a doit.

This put the man in such a desperate mind,
 Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd,
 Against the foe, himself, and all mankind ;
 He leap'd the trenches, scal'd a castle wall,
 Tore down a standard, took the fort and all.

"Prodigious well !" his great commander cried ;
 Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.
 Next pleas'd his excellence a town to batter ;
 (Its name I know not, and 'tis no great matter :)

"Go on, my friend (he cried), see yonder walls !

"Advance and conquer ! go where glory calls !

"More honors, more rewards, attend the brave."

Don't you remember what reply he gave ?

"D'ye think me, noble general, such a sot ?

"Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat."

Bred up at home, full early I begun
 To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son.
 Besides, my father taught me, from a lad,
 The better art to know the good from bad :

(And little sure imported to remove,

To hunt for truth in Maudlin's learned grove.)

But knottier points, we knew not half so well,

Depriv'd us soon of our paternal cell ;

And certain laws, by suff'ers thought unjust,

Denied all posts of profit or of trust :

Hopes after hopes of pious Papists fail'd,

While mighty William's thund'ring arm pre-

For Right Hereditary tax'd and fin'd, [vail'd.

He stuck to poverty with peace of mind ;

And me the Muses help'd to undergo it ;

Convict a Papist he, and I a poet.

But (thanks to Homer!) since I live and thrive,

Indebted to no prince or peer alive,

Sure I should want the care of ten Monroes,

If I would scribble rather than repose.

Years following years steal something ev'ry day,

At last they steal us from ourselves away ;

In one our frolics, one amusements end,

In one a mistress drops, in one a friend :

This subtle thief of life; this paltry Time,
 What will it leave me, if it snatch my rhyme ?
 If ev'ry wheel of that unwearied mill,
 That turn'd ten thousand verses, now stand still?

But, after all, what would you have me do,
 When out of twenty I can please not two ?
 When this heroics only deigns to praise,
 Sharp satire that, and that Pindaric lays ?
 One likes the pheasant's wing, and one the leg ;
 The vulgar boil, the learned roast, an egg :
 Hard task ! to hit the palate of such guests,
 When Oldfield loves what Dartineuf detests.

But grant I may relapse, for want of grace,
 Again to rhyme : can London be the place ?
 Who there his muse, or self, or soul attends,
 In crowds and courts, law, business, feasts, and friends ?

My counsel sends to execute a deed :
 A poet begs me I will hear him read :
 In Palace-yard, at nine, you'll find me there—
 Att en, for certain, Sir, in Bloomsbury-square—
 Before the lords at twelve my cause comes on—
 There's a rehearsal, sir, exact at one.

"Oh ! but a wit can study in the streets,
 "And raise his mind above the mob he meets."

Not quite so well, however, as one ought ;
 A hackney-coach may chance to spoil a thought ;
 And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,
 God knows, may hurt the very ablest head.

Have you not seen, at Guildhall's narrow pass,
 Two aldermen dispute it with an ass ?

And peers give way, exalted as they are,
 E'en to their own s-r-v-nce in a car ?

Go, lofty poet ! and in such a crowd
 Sing thy sonorous verse—but not aloud.

Alas ! to grottoes and to groves we run ;
 To ease and silence ev'ry Muse's son :

Blackmore himself, for any grand effort,
 Would drink and doze at Tooting or Earl's-court.

How shall I rhyme in this eternal roar ? [before?
 How match the bards whom none e'er match'd

The man who, stretch'd in Isis' calm retreat,
 To books and study gives seven years complete,

See ! strew'd with learned dust, his nightcap on,
 He walks, an object new beneath the sun !

The boys flock round him, and the people stare ;
 So stiff, so mute ! some statue, you would swear,

Stept from its pedestal to take the air !

And here, while town, and court, and city roars,

With mobs, and duns, and soldiers at their doors,

Shall I in London act this idle part,

Composing songs for fools to get by heart ?

The temple late two brother serjeants saw,

Who deem'd each other oracles of law ;

With equal talents, these congenial souls,

One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one stunn'd the

Rolls ;

Each had a gravity would make you split,

And shook his head at Murray as a wit.

"Twas, "Sir, your law,"—and "Sir, your elo-

quence ;" [Talbot's sense."

"Yours, Cowper's manners ;" and "Yours,

Thus we dispose of all poetic merit ;

Yours Milton's genius, and mine Homer's spirit.

Call Tibbald Shakspeare, and he'll swear the
Nine,

Dear Cibber! never match'd one ode of thine.
Lord! how we strut thro' Merlin's Cave to see
No poets there but Stephen, you, and me.
Walk with respect behind, while we at ease
Weave laurel crowns, and take what names we
"My dear Tibullus!" if that will not do, [please.
"Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you:
"Or, I'm content; allow me Dryden's strains,
"And you shall rise up Otway for your pains."
Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace [race;
This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhyming
And much must flatter, if the whim should bite
To court applause, by printing what I write:
But, let the fit pass o'er, I'm wise enough
To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.

In vain bad rhymers all mankind reject, [spect:
They treat themselves with most profound re-
'Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue;
Each, prais'd within, is happy all day long:
But how severely with themselves proceed
The men who write such verse as we can read!
Their own strict judges, not a word they spare
That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care.
How'er unwillingly, it quits its place,
Nay, tho' at court (perhaps), it may find grace:
Such they'll degrade; and sometimes, in its stead,
In downright charity revive the dead;
Mark where a bold expressive phrase appears,
Bright thro' the rubbish of some hundred years;
Command old words that long have slept t' awake,
Words that wise Bacon or brave Raleigh spake;
Or bid the new be English ages hence,
(For use will father what's begot by sense)
Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,
Rich with the treasures of each foreign tongue;
Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
But show no mercy to an empty line:
Then polish all with so much life and ease,
You think 'tis nature, and a knack to please:
"But ease in printing flows from art, not chance;
"As those move easiest who have learn'd to
"dance."

If such the plague and pains to write by rule,
Better (say I) be pleas'd, and play the fool:
Call, if you will, bad rhyming a disease;
It gives men happiness, or leaves them ease.
There liv'd *in primo Georgii* (they record)
A worthy member, no small fool, a lord;
Who, though the House was up, delighted sate
Heard, noted, answer'd, as in full debate:
In all but this, a man of sober life,
Fond of his friend, and civil to his wife;
Not quite a madman though a pasty fell,
And much too wise to walk into a well.
Him the damn'd doctors and his friends im-
mur'd, [they cur'd:
They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd; in short,
Whereat the gentleman began to stare—
My friends! he cried, p-x take you for your care!
That, from a patriot of distinguish'd note,
Have bled and purg'd me to a simple vote.

Well, on the whole, plain prose must be my
fate:

Wisdom (curse on it!) will come soon or late.
There is a time when poets will grow dull:
I'll e'en leave verses to the boys at school:
To rules of poetry no more confin'd,
I'll learn to smooth and harmonize my mind;
Teach ev'ry thought within its bounds to roll,
And keep the equal measure of the soul.

Soon as I enter at my country door,
My mind resumes the thread it dropp'd before:
Thoughts which at Hyde-park corner I forgot,
Meet and rejoin me in the pensive grot;
There, all alone, and compliments apart,
I ask these sober questions of my heart:

If, when the more you drink the more you
crave,

You tell the doctor; when the more you have
The more you want, why not with equal ease
Confess as well your folly, as disease?
The heart resolves this matter in a trice:

"Men only feel the smart, but not the vice."

When golden angels cease to cure the evil,
You give all royal witchcraft to the devil;
When servile chaplains cry that birth and place
Endue a peer with honour, truth, and grace;
Look in that breast, most dirty D—! be fair;
Say, can you find out one such lodger there?
Yet still, not heeding what your heart can
teach,

You go to church to hear these flatt'ers preach.

Indeed, could wealth bestow or wit or merit,
A grain of courage, or a spark of spirit,
The wisest man might blush, I must agree,
If D*** lov'd sixpence more than he.

If there be truth in law, and use can give
A property, that's yours on which you live.
Delightful Abs-court, if its fields afford
Their fruits to you, confesses you its lord;
All Worldly's hens, nay partridge, sold to town,
His ven'son, too, a guinea makes your own:
He bought at thousands, what with better wit
You purchase as you want, and bit by bit;
Now, or long since, what diff'rence will be found?
You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.

Heathcote himself, and such large-acred men,
Lords of fat E'sham, or of Lincoln fen,
Buy ev'ry stick of wood that lends them heat;
Buy ev'ry pullet they afford to eat.
Yet these are wights who fondly call their own
Half that the devil o'erlooks from Lincoln town.
The laws of God, as well as of the land,
Abhor a perpetuity should stand:
Estates have wings, and hang in fortune's pow'r,
Loose on the point of ev'ry waving hour,
Ready, by force, or of your own accord,
By sale, at least by death, to change their lord.
*Man? and for ever? wretch! what wouldst
thou have?*

Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave;
All vast possessions (just the same the case
Whether you call them Villa, Park, or Chase)
Alas, my Bathurst! what will they avail?
Join Cotswood hills to Saperton's fair dale;

Let rising granaries and temples here,
 There mingled farms and pyramids appear;
 Link towns to towns with avenues of oak;
 Enclose whole towns in walls—'tis all a joke!
 Inexorable Death shall level all,
 And trees, and stones, and farms, and farmer fall.
 Gold, Silver, Iv'ry, Vases sculptur'd high,
 Paint, Marble, Gems, and robes of Persian dye,
 There are who have not—and, thank Heaven!
 there are, [care.]

Who, if they have not, think not worth their
 Talk what you will of Taste, my friend, you'll
 Two of a face, as soon as of a mind. [find,
 Why, of two brothers, rich and restless one [sun;
 Ploughs, burns, manures, and toils from sun to
 The other slights, for women, sports, and wines,
 All Townshend's turnips, and all Grosvenor's
 mines; [tent,

Why one, like Bu—, with pay and scorn con-
 Bows, and votes on, in Court and Parliament;
 One, driven by strong Benevolence of soul,
 Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole;
 Is known alone to that directing Pow'r
 Who forms the Genius in the natal hour;
 That God of Nature, who, within us still,
 Inclines our action, not restrains our will:
 Various of temper, as of face or frame,
 Each individual; His great end the same.

Yes, Sir, how small soever be my heap,
 A part I will enjoy, as well as keep.
 My heir may sigh, and think it want of grace
 A man so poor would live without a place:
 But sure no statute in his favor says,
 How free or frugal I shall pass my days;
 I, who at some times spend, at others spare,
 Divided between carelessness and care.
 'Tis one thing madly to disperse my store;
 Another, not to heed to treasure more;
 Glad, like a boy, to snatch the first good day,
 And pleas'd if sordid want be far away.

What is 't to me, a passenger (God wot),
 Whether my vessel be first rate or not?
 The ship itself may make a better figure,
 But I that sail am neither less nor bigger;
 I neither strut with ev'ry fav'ring breath,
 Nor strive with all the tempest in my teeth:
 In pow'r, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, plac'd
 Behind the foremost, and before the last.

"But why all this of avarice? I have none."
 I wish you joy, Sir, of a tyrant gone!
 But does no other lord it at this hour,
 As wild and mad—the avarice of pow'r?
 Does neither rage inflame, nor fear appall?
 Not the black fear of death that saddens all?
 With terrors round, can reason hold her throne,
 Despise the known, nor tremble at th' unknown?
 Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,
 In spite of witches, devils, dreams, and fire?
 Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,
 And count each birth-day with a grateful mind?
 Has life no sourness, drawn so near its end?
 Canst thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?
 Has age but melted the rough parts away,
 As winter fruits grow mild ere they decay?

Or will you think, my friend, your business done,
 When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one?
 Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
 You've play'd, and lov'd, and eat, and drunk your
 Walk sober off, before a sprightlier age [fill:
 Come tit'ting on, and shove you from the stage:
 Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,
 Whom folly pleases, and whose follies please.

§ 18. *Epilogue to the Satires. In two Dialogues.*
 Pope.

DIALOGUE I.

Fr. Not twice a twelvemonth you appear in
 print;
 And when it comes, the Court see nothing in't.
 You grow correct, that once with rapture writ;
 And are, besides, too moral for a Wit.
 Decay of parts, alas! we all must feel—
 Why now, this moment, don't I see you steal?
 'Tis all from Horace; Horace, long before ye,
 Said, "Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a
 "Tory."

And taught his Romans in much better metre,
 "To laugh at fools who put their trust in Peter."
 But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice;
 Bubo observes, he lash'd no sort of Vice:
 Horace would say, Sir Billy serv'd the crown;
 Blunt could do business, Higgins knew the town;
 In Sappho touch the *Failings of the Sex*,
 In rev'rend Bishops note some small neglects;
 And own the Spaniard did a waggish thing,
 Who cropp'd our ears and sent them to the
 His sly, polite, insinuating style [King.
 Could please at Court, and make Augustus smile:
 An artful manager, that crept between
 His friend and shame, and was a kind of screen.
 But, 'faith, your very friends will soon be sore;
 Patriots there are who wish you'd jest no more—
 And where's the glory? 'twill be only thought
 The great man never offer'd you a groat.
 Go see Sir Robert—

P. See Sir Robert!—hum—
 And never laugh for all my life to come?
 Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
 Of Social Pleasure, ill-exchanged for Pow'r;
 Seen him, uncumber'd with a venal tribe,
 Smile without art, and win without a bribe.
 Would he oblige me? let me only find
 He does not think me what he thinks mankind.
 Come, come—at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt;
 The only diff'rence is—I dare laugh out.

F. Why yes, with *Scripture* still you may be
 A horse-laugh, if you please, at *Honesty*; [free;
 A joke on JERYL, or some odd *Old Whig*,
 Who never chang'd his principle, or wig;
 A patriot is a fool in ev'ry age,
 Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the stage;
 These nothing hurts; they keep their fashion-
 still,

And wear their strange old virtue, as they will.
 If any ask you, "Who's the man, so near
 "His prince, that writes in verse, and has his
 Why answer, Lyttelton; and I'll engage [ear?"
 The worthy youth shall ne'er be in a rage:

But were his verses vile, his whisper base,
You'd quickly find him in Lord Fanny's case.
Sejanus, Wolsey, hurt not honest Fleury;
But well may put some statesmen in a fury.

Laugh then at any but at fools or foes;
These you but anger, and you mend not those.
Laugh at your friends; and if your friends are sore,
So much the better, you may laugh the more.
To vice and folly to confine the jest,
Sets half the world, God knows, against the rest;
Did not the sneer of more impartial men
At sense and virtue, balance all again.
Judicious wits spread wide the ridicule,
And charitably comfort knave and fool.

P. Dear Sir, forgive the prejudice of youth;
Adieu, distinction, satire, warmth, and truth!
Come, harmless characters that no one hit;
Come, Henley's oratory, Osborne's wit!
The honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,
The flow'rs of Bubo, and the flow of Y—ng!
The gracious dew of pulpit eloquence,
And all the well-whipt cream of courtly sense,
The first was H—vy's, F—'s next, and then
The S—te's, and then H—vy's once again.
O come, that easy, Ciceronian style,
So Latin, yet so English all the while,
As, though the pride of Middleton and Bland,
All boys may read, and girls may understand!
Then might I sing, without the least offence,
And all I sung, should be the *Nation's Sense*;
Or teach the melancholy Muse to mourn,
Hang the sad verse on Carolina's urn,
And hail her passage to the Realms of Rest,
All parts perform'd, and *all* her children blest!
So Satire is no more—I feel it die—
No Gazetteer more innocent than I—
And let, a-God's name, ev'ry fool and knave
Be grac'd through life, and flatter'd in his grave.

F. Why so? if Satire knows his time and place,
You still may lash the greatest—in disgrace:
For merit will by turns forsake them all:
Would you know when? exactly when they fall.
But let all satire in all changes spare
Immortal S—k, and grave D—re.
Silent and soft as saints remov'd to Heaven,
All ties dissolv'd, and ev'ry sin forgiven,
These may some gentle ministerial wing
Receive, and place for ever near a King! [port,
There, where no passion, pride, or shame trans-
Lull'd with the sweet nepenthe of a Court;
There, where no father's, brother's, friend's, disgrace

Once break their rest, or stir them from their
But, past the sense of human miseries, [place;
All tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes;
No cheek is known to blush, no heart to throb,
Save when they lose a question, or a job.

P. Good Heaven forbid that I should blast
their glory,
Who know how like Whig Ministers to Tory,
And when three Sov'reigns died, could scarce
be vex'd,
Considering what a *gracious Prince* was next.

Have I, in silent wonder, seen such things
As pride in slaves, and avarice in kings;
And at a peer or peeress shall I fret,
Who starves a sister, or forswears a debt?
Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast:
But shall the dignity of *Vice* be lost?
Ye Gods! shall Cibber's son, without rebuke,
Swear like a Lord, or Rich outwhore a Duke?
A fav'rite's porter with his master vie,
Be brib'd as often, and as often lie?
Shall Ward draw contracts with a statesman's
skill?

Or Japhet pocket, like his Grace, a will?
Is it for Bond or Peter (paltry things!)
To pay their debts, or keep their faith, like kings?
If Blount dispatch'd himself, he play'd the man;
And so mayst thou, illustrious Passeran!
But shall a printer, weary of his life,
Learn from their books to hang himself and wife?
This, this, my friend, I cannot, must not bear;
Vice thus abus'd demands a nation's care:
This calls the church to deprecate our sin,
And hurls the thunder of the laws on *gin*.

Let modest Foster, if he will, excel
Ten Metropolitans in preaching well;
A simple Quaker, or a Quaker's wife,
Outdo Landaff in doctrine—yea in life:
Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.
Virtue may choose the high or low degree,
'Tis just alike to virtue, and to me;
Dwell in a Monk, or light upon a King,
She's still the same belov'd, contented thing.
Vice is undone if she forgets her birth,
And stoops from angels to the dregs of earth.
But 'tis the *Fall* degrades her to a whore:
Let *Greatness* own her, and she's mean no more.
Her birth, her beauty, crowds and courts con-
fess, [bless;

Chaste matrons praise her, and grave bishops
In golden chains the willing world she draws,
And hers the Gospel is, and hers the laws;
Mounts the tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,
And sees pale *Virtue* carted in her stead.
Lo! at the wheels of her triumphant car,
Old England's Genius, rough with many a scar,
Dragg'd in the dust! his arms hang idly round,
His flag inverted trains along the ground!
Our youth, all livery'd o'er with foreign gold,
Before her dance; behind her, crawl the old!
See thronging millions to the Pagod run,
And offer country, parent, wife, or son!
Hear her black trumpet thro' the land proclaim,
That *not to be corrupted is the shame*.
In soldier, churchman, patriot, in an in pow'r,
'Tis av'rice all, ambition is no more!
See all our nobles begging to be slaves!
See all our fools aspiring to be knaves!
The wit of cheats, the courage of a whore,
Are what ten thousand envy and adore:
All, all look up, with reverential awe,
At crimes that 'scape or triumph o'er the law;
While truth, worth, wisdom, daily they decry:
"Nothing is sacred now but villainy."

Yet may this verse (if such a verse remain)
Show there was one who held it in disdain.

DIALOGUE II.

Fr. 'Tis all a libel—Paxton, Sir, will say.

P. Not yet, my friend! to-morrow, 'faith, it
And for that very cause I print to-day. [may;
How should I fret to mangle ev'ry line,
In reverence to the sins of *Thirty-nine*!
Vice with such giant strides comes on amain,
Invention strives to be before in vain;
Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong,
Some rising genius sins up to my song.

P. Yet none but you by name the guilty lash,
Even Guthry saves half Newgate by a dash.
Spare then the person, and expose the vice.

P. How, Sir! not damn the sharper, but the
dice?

Come on then, satire! gen'ral, unconfin'd,
Spread thy broad wing, and souse on all the kind.
Ye statesmen, priests, of one religion all!
Ye tradesmen, vile, in army, court, or hall!
Ye rev'rend atheists—*F.* Scandal! name them;
who?

P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.
Who starv'd a sister, who foreswore a debt,
I never nam'd; the town's inquiring yet.
The pois'ning dame—*F.* You mean—*P.* I don't.
—*F.* You do.

P. See, now I keep the secret, and not you!
The bribing statesman.—*F.* Hold, too high you
go. [too low.

P. The brib'd elector.—*F.* There you stoop

P. I fain would please you, if I knew with
what;

Tell me which name is lawful game, which not.
Must great offenders, once escap'd the Crown,
Like royal harts, be never more run down?
Admit your law to spare the knight requires,
As beasts of nature may we hunt the 'squires?
Suppose I censure—you know what I mean—
To save a Bishop, may I name a Dean?

F. A Dean, Sir? no; his fortune is not made;
You hurt a man that's rising in the trade.

P. If not the tradesman who set up to-day,
Much less the 'prentice who to-morrow may.
Down, down, proud satire! though a realm be
spoil'd,

Arraign no mightier thief than wretched *Wild*;
Or, if a court or country's made a job,
Go drench a pickpocket, and join the mob.

But, Sir, I beg you (for the love of vice!)
The matter's weighty, pray consider twice:
Have you less pity for the needy cheat,
The poor and friendless villain, than the great?
Alas! the small discredit of a bribe
Scarce hurts the Lawyer, but undoes the Scribe.
Then better sure it Charity becomes
To tax Directors, who, thank God, have plums;
Still better Ministers; or, if the thing
May pinch even there—Why lay it on a King.

F. Stop! stop!

P. Must satire, then, nor rise nor fall?
Speak out, and bid me blame no rogues at all.

F. Yes, strike that *Wild*, I'll justify the blow.

P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years
ago;

Who now that obsolete example fears?

E'en Peter trembles only for his ears.

F. What, always Peter? Peter thinks you mad;
You make men desp'rate, if they once are bad:
Else might he take to virtue some years hence—

P. As S—k, if he lives, will love the Prince.

F. Strange spleen to S—k!

P. Do I wrong the man?

God knows, I praise a Courtier where I can.
When I confess, there is who feels for fame,
And melts to goodness, need I Scarb'row name?
Pleas'd let me own, in *Esher's* peaceful grove
(Where *Kent* and nature vie for *Pelham's* love),
The scene, the master, op'ning to my view,
I sit and dream I see my Craggs anew!

Even in a Bishop I can spy desert;
Secker is decent, *Rundel* has a heart:
Manners with candor are to *Benson* given;
To *Berkeley* ev'ry virtue under Heaven.

But does the Court a virtuous man remove?
That instant, I declare, he has my love;
I shun his zenith, court his mild decline;
Thus *Somers* once and *Halifax* were mine.
Of, in the clear still mirror of retreat,
I studied *Shrewsbury*, the wise and great;
Carleton's calm sense and *Stanhope's* noble
flame

Compar'd, and knew their gen'rous end the same.
How pleasing *Atterbury's* softer hour!
How shin'd the soul, unconquer'd in the Tow'r!
How can I *Pull'ney*, *Chesterfield* forget,
While Roman spirit charms, and Attic wit?
Argyle, the State's whole thunder horn to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field?
Or *Wyndham*, just to freedom and the throne,
The master of our passions, and his own?
Names which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain,
Rank'd with their friends, not number'd with
their train;

And if yet higher the proud list should end,
Still let me say, No follower, but a friend.

Yet think not, friendship only prompts my
lays;

I follow *Virtue*; where she shines, I praise;
Point she to Priest or Elder, Whig or Tory,
Or round a Quaker's beaver cast a glory.
I never (to my sorrow I declare)
Din'd with the Man of Ross, or my Lord May'r.
Some in their choice of friends (nay, look not
Have still a secret bias to a knave; [grave)
To find an honest man, I beat about,
And love him, court him, praise him, in or out.

F. Then why so few commended?

P. Not so fierce;

Find you the virtue, and I'll find the verse.
But random praise—the task can ne'er be done:
Each mother asks it for her booby son;
Each widow asks it for the best of men;
For him she weeps, for him she weds again.
Praise cannot stoop, like satire, to the ground:
The number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.

Enough for half the greatest of these days,
To 'scape my censure, not expect my praise.
Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?
Dare they to hope a poet for their friend—
What Richlieu wanted, Louis scarce could gain;
And what young Ammon wish'd, but wish'd in vain?

No pow'r the Muse's friendship can command;
No pow'r, when virtue claims it, can withstand:
To *Cato*, *Virgil* paid one honest line;

O let my country's friends illumine mine!
—What are you thinking? *F.* 'Faith, the thought's no sin;

I think your friends are out, and would be in.

P. If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,
The way they take is strangely round about.

F. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow.

P. I only call those knaves who are so now.
Is that too little? Come then, I'll comply—
Spirit of *Arnall*! aid me while I lie.

Cobham's a coward, Polwart is a slave;
And Lyttelton a dark, designing knave;
St. John has ever been a wealthy fool—
But let me add, Sir Robert's mighty dull;
Has never made a friend in private life,
And was, besides, a tyrant to his wife.

But pray, when others praise him, do I blame?
Call Verres, Wolsey, any odious name?

Why rail they then, if but a wreath of mine,
O all-accomplish'd St. John! deck thy shrine?

What, shall each spur-gall'd hackney of the day,

When Paxton gives him double pots and pay,
Or each new-pension'd sycophant, pretend
To break my windows if I treat a friend:
Then wisely plead, to me they meant no hurt,
But 'twas my guest at whom they threw the dirt?
Sure, if I spare the Minister, no rules
Of honor bind me not to maul his tools:
Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be said
His saws are toothless, and his hatchets lead.

It anger'd Turenne, once upon a day,
To see a footman kick'd that took his pay;
But when he heard th' affront the fellow gave,
Knew one a man of honor, one a knave;
The prudent gen'ral turn'd it to a jest,
And begg'd he'd take the pains to kick the rest:
Which not at present having time to do—[you?
F. Hold, sir, for God's sake, where's th' affront to
Against your worship when had S—k writ?
Or *P*—ge pour'd forth the torrent of his wit?
Or grant the Bard whose distich all commend
(*In pow'r a servant, out of pow'r a friend*)

To *W*—le guilty of some venial sin;
What's that to you, who ne'er was out nor in?

The Priest whose flattery bedropp'd the Crown,

How hurt he you? he only stain'd the gown.
And how did, pray, the florid youth offend,
Whose speech you took, and gave it to a friend?

P. 'Faith, it imports not much from whom
it came;

Whoever borrow'd could not be to blame,
Since the whole House did afterwards the same.

Let courtly wits to wits afford supply,
As hog to hog in huts of Westphaly:
If one through nature's bounty, or his lord's,
Has what the frugal dirty soil affords,
From him the next receives it, thick or thin,
As pure a mess almost as it came in;
The blessed benefit, not there confin'd,
Drops to the third, who nuzzles close behind:
From tail to mouth they feed and they carouse;
The last full fairly gives it to the *House*.

F. This filthy simile, this beastly line
Quite turns my stomach—

P. So does flattery mine;
And all your courtly Civet-cats can vent,
Perfume to you, to me is excrement.

But hear me farther—Japhet, 'tis agreed,
Writ not, and Chartres scarce could write or read,
In all the Courts of Pindus guiltless quite;
But pens can forge, my friend, that cannot
write;

And must no egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
Because the deed he forg'd was not my own?
Must never Patriot then declaim at gin,
Unless, good man! he has been fairly in?
No zealous pastor blame a failing spouse,
Without a staring reason on his brows?
And each blasphemer quite escape the rod,
Because the insult 's not on man, but God?
Ask you what provocation I have had?
The strong antipathy of good to bad.
When truth or virtue an affront endures,
Th' affront is mine, my friend, and should be
Mine, as a foe protest to false pretence, [yours:
Who think a Coxcomb's honor like his sense;
Mine, as a friend to ev'ry worthy mind;
And mine, as man, who feel for all mankind.

F. You're strangely proud.

P. So proud, I am no slave;
So impudent, I own myself no knave;
So odd, my country's ruin makes me grave.
Yes, I am proud, I must be proud, to see
Men not afraid of God afraid of me;
Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
Yet touch'd and sham'd by ridicule alone.
O sacred weapon! left for truth's defence;
Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence!
To all but Heaven-directed hands denied,
The Muse may give thee, but the gods must
guide;

Rev'rent I touch thee! but with honest zeal;
To rouse the watchmen of the public weal,
To virtue's work provoke the tardy hall,
And goad the Prelate slumb'ring in his stall.
Ye tinsel insects! whom a court maintains,
That counts your beauties only by your stains,
Spin all your cobwebs o'er the eye of day!
The Muse's wing shall brush you all away:
All his Grace preaches, all his Lordship sings,
All that makes saints of queens, and gods of
kings,

All, all but truth, drops dead-born from the press,
Like the last Gazette, or the last address.

When black ambition stains a public cause,
A monarch's sword when mad vain-glory draws,

Not Waller's wreath can hide the nation's scar,
Nor Boileau turn the feather to a star.

Not so, when diadem'd with rays divine,
Touch'd with the flame that breaks from *Vir-*
tue's shrine,

Her priestess Muse forbids the good to die,
And opes the temple of *Eternity*.
There, other trophies deck the truly brave,
Than such as Anstis casts into the grave;
Far other stars than * and ** wear,
And may descend to Mordington from Stair;
(Such as on Hough's unsullied mitre shine,
Or beam, good Digby, from a heart like thine;)
Let *Envy* howl, while heaven's whole chorus
sings,

And bark at honor not conferr'd by kings;
Let *Flatt'ry*, sick'ning, see the incense rise,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies:
Truth guards the Poet, sanctifies the line,
And makes immortal, verse as mean as mine.

Yes, the last pen for freedom let me draw,
When truth stands trembling on the edge of law;
Here, last of Britons! let your names be read:
Are none, none living? let me praise the dead;
And, for that cause which made your fathers
Fall by the votes of their degen'rate line. [shine,

F. Alas! alas! pray end what you began,
And write next winter more *Essays on Man*.

§ 19. IMITATIONS OF HORACE. Pope.

EPISTLE VII.

Imitated in the Manner of Dr. Swift.

'Tis true, my Lord, I gave my word
I would be with you, June the third;
Chang'd it to August; and, in short,
Have kept it—as you do at Court.
You humor me when I am sick,
Why not when I am splenetic?
In town what objects could I meet?
The shops shut up in ev'ry street,
And fun'ral black'ning all the doors,
And yet more melancholy whores:
And what a dust in ev'ry place!
And a thin Court that wants your face,
And fevers raging up and down,
And W * and H ** both in town!

“The dog-days are no more the case.”

'Tis true, but winter comes apace:
Then southward let your bard retire,
Hold out some months 'twixt sun and fire;
And you shall see, the first warm weather,
Me and the butterflies together.

My lord, your favors well I know;

'Tis with distinction you bestow;
And not to ev'ry one that comes,
Just as a Scotsman does his plums.
“Pray, take them, sir; enough 's a feast:
“Eat some, and pocket up the rest.”
What, rob your boys, those pretty rogues?
“No, sir, you'll leave them to the hogs.”
Thus fools with compliments besiege ye,
Contriving never to oblige ye.

Scatter your favors on a fop,
Ingratitude's the certain crop;
And 'tis but just; I'll tell you wherefore,
You give the things you never care for.
A wise man always is or should
Be mighty ready to do good;
But makes a diff'rence in his thought
Betwixt a guinea and a groat.

Now this I'll say; you'll find in me
A safe companion, and a free:
But if you'd have me always near—
A word, pray, in your Honor's ear:
I hope it is your resolution
To give me back my Constitution!
The sprightly wit, the lively eye,
Th' engaging smile, the gaiety,
That laugh'd down many a summer sun,
And kept you up so oft till one:
And all that voluntary vein,
As when Belinda rais'd my strain.

A weazel once made shift to slink
In at a corn-loft through a chink;
But, having amply stuff'd his skin,
Could not get out as he got in:
Which one belonging to the house
('Twas not a man, it was a mouse)
Observing, cried, “You 'scape not so;
“Lean as you came, sir, you must go.”

Sir, you may spare your application,
I'm no such beast, nor his relation;
Nor one that temperance advance,
Cramm'd to the throat with ortolans:
Extremely ready to resign
All that may make me none of mine.
South-sea subscriptions take who please,
Leave me but liberty and ease.
'Twas what I said to Craggs and Child,
Who prais'd my modesty, and smil'd.
“Give me,” I cried (enough for me),
“My bread, and independency!”
So bought an annual rent or two,
And liv'd—just as you see I do;
Near fifty, and without a wife,
I trust that sinking fund, my life.
Can I retrench? Yes, mighty well;
Shrink back to my paternal cell,
A little house, with trees a-row,
And, like its master, very low.
There died my father, no man's debtor—
And there I'll die, nor worse nor better.

To set this matter full before ye,
Our old friend Swift will tell his story:
“Harley, the nation's great support,”—
But you may read it, I stop short.

SATIRE VI.

The first part imitated in the year 1714 by Dr. Swift; the latter part added afterwards.

I've often wish'd that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,

A terrace walk, and half a rood
Of land set out to plant a wood.

Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to increase my store;
' But here a grievance seems to lie,
' All this is mine but till I die;
' I can't but think 't would sound more clever,
"To me, and to my heirs for ever."

' If I ne'er got or lost a groat
' By any trick or any fault;
' And if I pray by reason's rules,
' And not like forty other fools,
' As thus: "Vouchsafe, O gracious Maker!
"To grant me this and 't'other acre;
"Or if it be thy will and pleasure,
"Direct my plough to find a treasure;"
' But only what my station fits,
' And to be kept in my right wits:
' Preserve, Almighty Providence!
' Just what you gave me, competence:
' And let me in the shades compose
' Something in verse as true as prose;
' Remov'd from all th' ambitious scene,
' Nor puff'd by pride, nor sunk by spleen.'

In short, I'm perfectly content,
Let me but live on this side Trent;
Nor cross the Channel twice a year,
To spend six months with statesmen here.

I must by all means come to town,
'Tis for the service of the crown,
"Lewis, the Dean will be of use;
"Send for him up, take no excuse."
The toil, the danger of the seas,
Great ministers ne'er think of these;
Or let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found:
It is but so much more in debt,
And that they ne'er consider'd yet.

"Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,
"Let my Lord know you're come to town."

I hurry me in haste away,
Not thinking it is levee day;
And find his honor in a pound,
Hemm'd by a triple circle round,
Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green;
How should I thrust myself between?
Some wag observes me much perplex'd,
And smiling, whispers to the next,
"I thought the Dean had been too proud
"To jostle here among a crowd."

Another, in a surly fit,
Tells me I have more zeal than wit:
"So eager to express your love,
"You ne'er consider whom you shove,
"But rudely press before a Duke."
I own I'm pleas'd with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant to show
What I desire the world should know.

I get a whisper, and withdraw;
When twenty fools I never saw
Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
Desiring I would stand their friend.

This humbly offers me his case,
That begs my int'rest for a place:

A hundred other men's affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears.
"To-morrow my appeal comes on;
"Without your help the cause is gone—"
The Duke expects my Lord and you,
About some great affairs, at two—
"Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind,
"To get my warrant quickly sign'd:
"Consider, 'tis my first request."
Be satisfied, I'll do my best.

Then presently he falls to tease:
"You may for certain, if you please;
"I doubt not, if his Lordship knew—
"And, Mr. Dean, one word from you—"
'Tis (let me see) three years and more
(October next it will be four)
Since Harley bid me first attend,
And chose me for an humble friend;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And question me of this and that;
As, "What's o'clock?" and "How's the wind?"
"Whose chariot's that we left behind?"

Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country signs;
Or, "Have you nothing new to-day
"From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?"
Such tattle often entertains
My Lord and me as far as Stains;
As once a week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to town,
Where all that passes *inter nos*
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-Cross.

Yet some I know with envy swell,
Because they see me used so well:
"How think you of our friend the Dean?
"I wonder what some people mean;
"My Lord and he are grown so great,
"Always together *tête-à-tête*:
"What, they admire him for his jokes—
"See but the fortune of some folks!"
There flies about a strange report
Of some express arriv'd at Court:
I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechis'd in ev'ry street.

"You, Mr. Dean, frequent the Great;
"Inform us, will the Emp'r'r treat?
"Or do the prints and papers lie?"
Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.
"Ah, Doctor, how you love to jest!
"Tis now no secret"—I protest
'Tis one to me—"Then tell us, pray,
"When are the troops to have their pay?"
And, though I solemnly declare
I know no more than my Lord May'r,
They stand amaz'd, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known.

Thus, in a sea of folly tost,
My choicest hours of life are lost;
Yet always wishing to retreat:
Oh, could I see my country seat!
There, leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book;
And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the court and town.

Oh charming noons, and nights divine !
 Or when I sup, or when I dine,
 My friends above, my folks below,
 Chatting and laughing all a-row,
 The beans and bacon set before 'em,
 The grace-cup serv'd with all decorum ;
 Each willing to be pleas'd, and please,
 And even the very dogs at ease !
 Here no man prates of idle things,
 How this or that Italian sings,
 A neighbour's madness, or his spouse's,
 Or what's in either of the houses :
 But something much more our concern,
 And quite a scandal not to learn :
 Which is the happier or the wiser,
 A man of merit or a miser ?
 Whether we ought to choose our friends
 For their own worth, or our own ends ?
 What good or better we may call,
 And what the very best of all ?
 Our friend Dan Prior told (you know)
 A tale extremely *à propos* :
 Name a town life, and in a trice
 He had a story of two mice.
 Once on a time, so runs the fable,
 A country mouse, right hospitable,
 Receiv'd a town mouse at his board,
 Just as a farmer might a lord :
 A frugal mouse upon the whole,
 Yet lov'd his friend and had a soul ;
 Knew what was handsome, and would do 't,
 On just occasion, *coute qui coute*.
 He brought him bacon (nothing lean),
 Pudding that might have pleas'd a dean ;
 Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
 But wish'd it Stilton for his sake ;
 Yet, to his guest though no way sparing,
 He ate himself the rind and paring.
 Our courtier scarce would touch a bit,
 But show'd his breeding and his wit ;
 He did his best and seem'd to eat,
 And cried : " I vow you're mighty neat :
 " But, Lord ! my friend, the savage scene !
 " For God's sake, come and live with men ;
 " Consider, mice like men must die,
 " Both small and great, both you and I :
 " Then spend your life in joy and sport ;
 " This doctrine, friend, I learn'd at court."

The veriest hermit in the nation
 May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.
 Away they come, through thick and thin,
 To a tall house near Lincoln's-Inn :
 'Twas on the night of a debate,
 When all their lordships had sat late.

Behold the place where, if a poet
 Shin'd in description, he might show it ;
 Tell how the moonbeam trembling falls,
 And tips with silver all the walls ;
 Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
 Grottesco roofs, and stucco floors :
 But let it in a word be said,
 The moon was up, and men abed,
 The napkin white, the carpet red :

The guests withdrawn had left the treat,
 And down the mice sat, *tête-à-tête*.

Our courtier walks from dish to dish,
 Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish ;
 Tells all their names, lays down the law,
 " *Que ça est bon ! Ah, goutez ça !*
 " That jelly's rich, this malmsey healing ;
 " Pray dip your whiskers and your tail in."
 Was ever such a happy swain ?
 He stuffs and swills ; and stuffs again.
 " I'm quite asham'd—'tis mighty rude
 " To eat so much—but all's so good !
 " I have a thousand thanks to give—
 " My lord alone knows how to live."
 No sooner said, but from the hall
 Rush chaplain, butler, dogs and all :
 " A rat ! a rat ! clap to the door."—
 The cat comes bouncing on the floor !
 O for the heart of Homer's mice,
 Or gods, to save them in a trice !
 (It was by Providence, they think,
 For your damn'd stucco has no chink.)
 " An't please your Honor," quoth the peasant,
 " This same desert is not so pleasant :
 " Give me again my hollow tree,
 " A crust of bread and liberty !"

ODE I. BOOK IV.

To Venus.

AGAIN ? new tumults in my breast ?
 Ah spare me, Venus ! let me, let me rest !
 I am not now, alas ! the man
 As in the gentle reign of my queen Anne.
 Ah sound no more thy soft alarms,
 Nor circle sober fifty with thy charms !
 Mother too fierce of dear desires !
 Turn, turn, to willing hearts your wanton fires.
 To number five direct your doves, [loves ;
 There spread round Murray all your blooming
 Noble and young, who strikes the heart
 With ev'ry sprightly, ev'ry decent, part ;
 Equal, the injur'd to defend,
 To charm the mistress, or to fix the friend.
 He, with a hundred arts refin'd,
 Shall stretch thy conquests over half the kind :
 To him each rival shall submit,
 Make but his riches equal to his wit.
 Then shall thy form the marble grace
 (Thy Grecian form), and Chloe lend the face :
 His house embosom'd in the grove,
 Sacred to social life and social love,
 Shall glitter o'er the pendant green,
 Where Thames reflects the visionary scene :
 Thither the silver-sounding lyres
 Shall call the smiling loves and young desires ;
 There ev'ry Grace and Muse shall throng,
 Exalt the dance, or animate the song ;
 There youths and nymphs, in concert gay,
 Shall hail the rising, close the parting day.
 With me, alas ! those joys are o'er ;
 For me the vernal garlands bloom no more :

Adieu, fond hope of mutual fire !
 The still-believing, still-renew'd desire ;
 Adieu, the heart-expanding bowl !
 And all the kind deceivers of the soul !
 But why ? ah tell me, ah, too dear !
 Steals down my cheek th' involuntary tear ?
 Why words so flowing, thoughts so free,
 Stop, or turn nonsense, at one glance of thee ?
 Thee, dress'd in fancy's airy beam,
 Absent I follow through th' extended dream ;
 Now, now, I cease, I clasp thy charms,
 And now you hurst (ah cruel !) from my arms ;
 And swiftly shoot along the Mall,
 Or softly glide by the Canal ;
 Now shown by Cynthia's silver ray,
 And now on rolling waters snatch'd away.

Part of the Ninth Ode of the Fourth Book.

A FRAGMENT.

LEST you should think that verse shall die,
 Which sounds the silver Thames along,
 Taught on the wings of truth to fly,
 Above the reach of vulgar song ;
 Though daring Milton sits sublime,
 In Spenser native muses play ;
 Nor yet shall Waller yield to time,
 Nor pensive Cowley's moral lay.
 Sages and chiefs long since had birth,
 Ere Cæsar was, or Newton nam'd ;
 These rais'd new empires o'er the earth,
 And those new heavens and systems fram'd.
 Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride !
 They had no poet, and they died ;
 In vain they schem'd, in vain they bled !
 They had no poet, and are dead.

§ 20. *Cooper's Hill.* Denham.

SURE there are poets which did never dream
 Upon Parnassus, nor did take the stream
 Of Helicon ; we therefore may suppose
 Those made not poets, but the poets those.
 And as courts make not kings, but kings the
 court,
 So where the Muses and their train resort,
 Parnassus stands ; if I can be to thee
 A poet, thou Parnassus art to me.
 No wonder, if (advantag'd in my flight
 By taking wing from thy auspicious height)
 Through untrac'd ways and airy paths I fly,
 More boundless in my fancy than my eye ;
 My eye, which swift as thought contracts the
 space
 That lies between, and first salutes the place.
 Crown'd with that sacred pile, so vast, so high,
 That whether 'tis a part of earth or sky
 Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud
 Aspiring mountain, or descending cloud, [tight
 Paul's, the late theme of such a Muse,* whose
 Has bravely reach'd and soar'd above thy height:

Now shalt thou stand, though sword, or time,
 or fire,
 Or zeal more fierce than they, thy fall conspire ;
 Secure whilst thee the best of poets sings,
 Preserv'd from ruin by the best of kings.
 Under his proud survey the city lies,
 And, like a mist beneath a hill, doth rise ;
 Whose state and wealth, the business and the
 crowd,
 Seem at this distance but a darker cloud ;
 And is, to him who rightly things esteems,
 No other in effect than what it seems: [run,
 Where, with like haste, though sev'ral ways they
 Some to undo, and some to be undone ;
 While luxury and wealth, like war and peace,
 Are each the other's ruin and increase ;
 As rivers lost in seas some secret vein
 Thence reconveys, there to be lost again.
 Oh happiness of sweet retir'd content !
 To be at once secure and innocent. [dwells,
 Windsor the next (where Mars with Venus
 Beauty with strength) above the valley swells
 Into my eye, and doth itself present
 With such an easy and unforc'd ascent,
 That no stupendous precipice denies
 Access, no horror turns away our eyes ;
 But such a rise as doth at once invite
 A pleasure and a rev'rence from the sight.
 Thy mighty master's emblem, in whose face
 Sat meekness, heighten'd with majestic grace ;
 Such seems thy gentle height, made only proud
 To be the basis of that pompous load ;
 Than which a nobler weight no mountain bears,
 But Atlas only which supports the spheres.
 When nature's hand this ground did thus ad-
 vance,
 'Twas guided by a wiser Pow'r than Chance ;
 Mark'd out for such an use, as if 'twere meant
 T' invite the builder, and his choice prevent.
 Nor can we call it choice, when what we choose
 Folly or blindness only could refuse.
 A crown of such majestic tow'rs doth grace
 The god's great mother, when her heav'nly race
 Do homage to her ; yet she cannot boast,
 Among that num'rous and celestial host,
 More heroes than can Windsor ; nor doth Fame's
 Immortal book record more noble names.
 Not to look back so far, to whom this isle
 Owes the first glory of so brave a pile,
 Whether to Cæsar, Albanact, or Brute,
 The British Arthur, or the Danish Crute,
 (Though this of old no less contest did move,
 Than when for Homer's birth seven cities strove ;
 Like him in birth, thou shouldst be like in
 fame,
 As thine his fate, if mine had been his flame ;)
 But whosoe'er it was, Nature design'd
 First a brave place, and then as brave a mind.
 Not to recount those sev'ral kings, to whom
 It gave a cradle, or to whom a tomb ;
 But thee, great Edward, and thy greater son,†
 (The lilies which his father wore he won.)

* Mr. Waller.

† Edward III., and the Black Prince.

And thy Bellona,* who the consort came
Not only to thy bed, but to thy fame.
She to thy triumph led one captive king,†
And brought that son which did the second
bring.‡

Then didst thou found that order (whether love
Or victory thy royal thoughts did move,
Each was a noble cause, and nothing less
Than the design has been the great success),
Which foreign kings and emperors esteem
The second honor to their diadem.

Had thy great destiny but given thee skill
To know, as well as pow'r to act, her will;
That from those kings, who then thy captives
In after-times should spring a royal pair, [were,
Who should possess all that thy mighty pow'r,
Or thy desires more mighty, did devour;
To whom their better fate reserves whate'er
The victor hopes for, or the vanquish'd fear;
That blood which thou and thy great grandsire
And all that since these sister nations bled, [shed,
Had been unspilt, had happy Edward known
That all the blood he spilt had been his own.

When he that patron chose, in whom are join'd
Soldier and martyr, and his arms confin'd
Within the azure circle, he did seem
But to foretell and prophesy of him
Who to his realms that azure round hath join'd,
Which Nature for their bound at first design'd;
That bound to which the world's extremest ends,
Endless itself, its liquid arms extends.
Nor doth he need those emblems which we paint,
But is himself the soldier and the saint. [praise;
Here should my wonder dwell, and here my
But my fix'd thoughts my wand'ring eye betrays,
Viewing a neighb'ring hill, whose top of late
A chapel crown'd, till in the common fate
Th' adjoining abbey fell (may no such storm
Fall on our times, where ruin must reform!)
Tell me, my Muse, what monstrous dire offence,
What crime, could any Christian king incense
To such a rage? Was't luxury, or lust?
Was he so temperate, so chaste, so just?
Were these their crimes? They were his own
much more.

But wealth is crime enough to him that's poor;
Who, having spent the treasure of his crown,
Condemns their luxury to feed his own.
And yet this act, to varnish o'er the shame
Of sacrilege, must bear Devotion's name;
No crime so bold but would be understood
A real, or at least a seeming, good:
Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name,
And, free from conscience, is a slave to fame:
Thus he the church at once protects and spoils:
But princes' swords are sharper than their styles.
And thus to th' ages past he makes amends,
Their charity destroys, their faith defends.
Then did religion in a lazy cell,
In empty airy contemplations dwell;
And, like the block, unmoved lay; but ours,
As much too active, like the stork devours.

Is there no temperate region can be known
Betwixt their frigid and our torrid zone?
Could we not wake from that lethargic dream,
But to be restless in a worse extreme?
And for that lethargy was there no cure,
But to be cast into a calenture?
Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance
So far, to make us wish for ignorance;
And rather in the dark to grope our way,
Than led by a false guide to err by day?
Who sees these dismal heaps, but would demand
What barbarous invader sack'd the land?
But when he hears no Goth, no Turk did bring
This desolation, but a Christian king;
When nothing but the name of zeal appears
'Twixt our best actions and the worst of theirs;
What does he think our sacrilege would spare,
When such th' effects of our devotions are?
Parting from thence 'twixt anger, shame, and
fear, [near,
Those for what's past, and this for what's too
My eye, descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays:
Thames, the most lov'd of all the Ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs;
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity. [hold,
Though with those streams he no resemblance
Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold,
His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring;
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers who their infants overlay;
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, or mock the ploughman's
toil:
But godlike his unwearied bounty flows;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his blessings to his banks confin'd,
But free and common, as the sea or wind;
When he, to boast or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful shore,
Visits the world, and in his flying tow'rs
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours;
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it
wants;
Cities in deserts, woods in cities, plants.
So that to us, no thing, no place is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not
dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.
Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall boast,
Whose fame in thine, like lesser current, 's lost.
Thy nobler streams shall visit Jove's abodes,
To shine among the stars,† and bathe the gods.

* Queen Philippa.

† The Kings of France and Scotland.

‡ The Forest.

Here Nature, whether more intent to please
Us or herself, with strange varieties,
(For things of wonder give no less delight
To the wise Maker's than beholder's sight:
Though these delights from sev'ral causes move;
For so our children, thus our friends we love,) Wisely she knew, the harmony of things,
As well as that of sounds, from discord springs.
Such was the discord which did first disperse
Form, order, beauty, through the universe;
While dryness moisture, coldness heat resists,
All that we have, and that we are, subsists;
While the steep horrid roughness of the wood
Strives with the gentle calmness of the flood.
Such huge extremes when nature doth unite,
Wonder from thence results, from thence de-
light.

The stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,
That had the self-enamour'd youth gaz'd here,
So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,
While he the bottom, not his face, had seen.
But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides
A shady mantle clothes; his curled brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly
flows;

While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat,
The common fate of all that's high or great.
Low at his foot a spacious plain is plac'd,
Between the mountain and the stream embrac'd;
Which shade and shelter from the hill derives,
While the kind river health and beauty gives;
And in the mixture of all these appears
Variety, which all the rest endears.
This scene had some bold Greek or British bard
Beheld of old, what stories had we heard
Of fairies, satyrs, and the nymphs their dames,
Their feasts, their revels, and their am'rous
flames!

'Tis still the same, although their airy shape
All but a quick poetic sight escape.
There Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts,
And thither all the horned host resorts
To graze the ranker mead, that noble herd,
On whose sublime and shady fronts is rear'd
Nature's great master-piece; to show how soon
Great things are made, but sooner are undone.
Here have I seen the king, when great affairs
Gave leave to slacken and unbend his cares,
Attended to the chase by all the flow'r
Of youth, whose hopes a noble prey devour;
Pleasure with praise and danger they would buy,
And wish a foe that would not only fly.
The stag, now conscious of his fatal growth,
At once indulgent to his fear and sloth,
To some dark covert his retreat had made,
Where nor man's eyes nor heaven's should in-
vade

His soft repose; when th' unexpected sound
Of dogs, and men, his wakeful ear does wound:
Rous'd with the noise, he scarce believes his ear,
Willing to think th' illusions of his fear
Had given this false alarm, but straight his view
Confirms, that more than all his fears are true.

Betray'd in all his strengths, the wood beset;
All instruments, all arts of ruin met;
He calls to mind his strength, and then his speed,
His winged heels, and then his armed head:
With these t' avoid, with that his fate to
meet:

But fear prevails, and bids him trust his feet.
So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye
Has lost the chasers, and his ear the cry;
Exulting, till he finds their nobler sense
Their disproportion'd speed doth recompense;
Then curses his conspiring feet, whose scent
Betrays that safety which their swiftness lent.
Then tries his friends; among the baser herd,
Where he so lately was obey'd and fear'd,
His safety seeks; the herd, unkindly wise,
Or chases him from thence, or from him flies;
Like a declining statesman, left forlorn
To his friends' pity, and pursuers' scorn,
With shame remembers, while himself was one
Of the same herd, himself the same had done.
Thence to the coverts and the conscious groves,
The scene of his past triumphs and his loves;
Sadly surveying where he rang'd alone
Prince of the soil, and all the herd his own;
And, like a bold knight-errant, did proclaim
Combat to all, and bore away the dame;
And taught the woods to echo to the stream
His dreadful challenge and his clashing beam:
Yet faintly now declines the fatal strife,
So much his love was dearer than his life.
Now ev'ry leaf and ev'ry moving breath
Presents a foe, and ev'ry foe a death.
Wearied, forsaken, and pursued, at last
All safety in despair of safety plac'd,
Courage he thence resumes, resolv'd to bear
All their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.
And now, too late, he wishes for the fight
That strength he wasted in ignoble flight:
But when he sees the eager chase renew'd,
Himself by dogs, the dogs by men pursu'd,
He straight revokes his bold resolve, and more
Repents his courage than his fear before;
Finds that uncertain ways unsafest are,
And doubt a greater mischief than despair.
Then to the stream, when neither friends nor
force,

Nor speed, nor art avail, he shapes his course;
Thinks not their rage so desp'rate to essay
An element more merciless than they.
But fearless they pursue, nor can the flood
Quench their dire thirst; alas, they thirst for
blood!

So towards a ship the oar-finn'd galleys ply,
Which wanting sea to ride, or wind to fly,
Stands but to fall reveng'd on those that dare
Tempt the last fury of extreme despair.
So fares the stag among th' enraged hounds,
Repels their force, and wounds returns for
wounds;

And as a hero, whom his baser foes
In troops surround, now these assaults, now those
Though prodigal of life, disdains to die
By common hands; but if he can descry

Some nobler foe approach, to him he calls,
 And begs his fate, and then contented falls :
 So when the king a mortal shaft lets fly
 From his unerring hand, then glad to die,
 Proud of the wound, to it resigns his blood,
 And stains the crystal with a purple flood.
 This a more innocent and happy chase,
 Than when of old, but in the self-same place,*
 Fair Liberty pursued, and meant a prey
 To lawless pow'r, here turn'd, and stood at bay.
 When in that remedy all hope was plac'd
 Which was, or should have been at least, the last,
 Here was that charter seal'd, wherein the crown
 All marks of arbitrary pow'r lays down :
 Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear,
 The happier style of king and subject bear ;
 Happy, when both to the same centre move,
 When kings give liberty, and subjects love.
 Therefore not long in force this charter stood ;
 Wanting that seal, it must be seal'd in blood.
 The subjects arm'd, the more their princes gave,
 Th' advantage only took the more to crave ;
 Till kings by giving give themselves away,
 And e'en that pow'r that should deny betray.
 " Who gives constrain'd, but his own fear
 reviles ;

" Not thank'd, but scorn'd ; nor are they gifts,
 but spoils." [hold,

Thus kings, by grasping more than they could
 First made their subjects by oppression bold ;
 And pop'lar sway, by forcing kings to give
 More than was fit for subjects to receive,
 Ran to the same extremes : and one excess
 Made both, by striving to be greater, less.
 When a calm river, rais'd with sudden rains,
 Or snows dissolv'd, o'erflows th' adjoining plains,
 The husbandmen with high-raisd banks secure
 Their greedy hopes ; and this he can endure.
 But if with bays and dams they strive to force
 His channel to a new or narrow course,
 No longer then within his banks he dwells ;
 First to a torrent, then a deluge swells ;
 Stronger and fiercer by restraint he roars,
 And knows no bound, but makes his pow'r his
 shores.

§ 21. *Religio Laici.* Dryden.

AN EPISTLE.

DIM as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars
 To lonely weary wand'ring travellers,
 Is reason to the soul ; and, as on high
 Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
 Nor light us here ; so reason's glimm'ring ray
 Was lent not to assure our doubtful way,
 But guide us upward to a better day.
 And as those nightly tapers disappear,
 When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere ;
 So pale grows reason at religion's sight ;
 So dies, and so dissolves in supernat'ral light.
 Some few, whose lamp shone brighter, have
 been led

From cause to cause, to nature's secret head ;

* Runny-mead.

And found that one first principle must be :
 But what, or who, that universal He ;
 Whether some soul encompassing this ball,
 Unmade, unmov'd ; yet making, moving all ;
 Or various atoms, interfering dance,
 Leap'd into form, the noble work of chance ;
 Or this great all was from eternity ;
 Not e'en the Stagyrte himself could see,
 And Epicurus guess'd as well as he ;
 As blindly grop'd they for a future state ;
 As rashly judg'd of providence and fate :
 But least of all, could their endeavours find
 What most concern'd the good of human kind :
 For happiness was never to be found,
 But vanish'd from them like enchanted ground.
 One thought content the good to be enjoy'd :
 This ev'ry little accident destroy'd :
 The wiser madmen did for virtue toil ;
 A thorny, or at best a barren soil :
 In pleasure some their glutton souls would
 steep ; [deep ;
 But found their line too short, the well too
 And leaky vessels which no bliss could keep.
 Thus anxious thoughts in endless circles roll,
 Without a centre where to fix the soul :
 In this wild maze their vain endeavours end :
 How can the less the greater comprehend ?
 Or finite reason reach Infinity ?
 For what could fathom God were more than He.
 The Deist thinks he stands on firmer ground ;
 Cries εὐρηκα, the mighty secret's found :
 God is that spring of good ; supreme, and best ;
 We made to serve, and in that service blest.
 If so, some rules of worship must be giv'n,
 Distributed alike to all by Heav'n :
 Else God were partial, and to some denied
 The means his justice should for all provide.
 This gen'ral worship is to praise and pray ;
 One part to borrow blessings, one to pay :
 And when frail nature slides into offence,
 The sacrifice for crimes is penitence.
 Yet, since th' effects of Providence, we find,
 Are variously dispens'd to human kind ;
 That vice triumphs, and virtue suffers here,
 A brand that sov'reign justice cannot bear ;
 Our reason prompts us to a future state,
 The last appeal from fortune and from fate ;
 Where God's all-righteous ways will be de-
 clar'd ;
 The bad meet punishment, the good reward.
 Thus man by his own strength to Heav'n
 would soar ;
 And would not be oblig'd to God for more.
 Vain wretched creature ! how art thou misled,
 To think thy wit these godlike notions bred !
 These truths are not the product of thy mind,
 But dropt from Heav'n, and of a nobler kind.
 Reveal'd religion first inform'd thy sight,
 And reason saw not till faith sprung the light.
 Hence all thy nat'ral worship takes the source ;
 'Tis revelation, what thou think'st discourse.
 Else how com'st thou to see these truths so
 clear,
 Which so obscure to Heathens did appear ?

Not Plato these, nor Aristotle found ;
Nor he whose wisdom oracles renown'd.
Hast thou a wit so deep, or so sublime,
Or canst thou lower dive, or higher climb ?
Canst thou by reason more of godhead know
Than Plutarch, Seneca, or Cicero ?
Those giant wits in happier ages born,
When arms and arts did Greece and Rome

adorn,
Knew no such system ; no such piles could raise
Of nat'ral worship built on prayer and praise,
To one sole God.

Nor did remorse to expiate sin prescribe ;
But slew their fellow-creatures for a bribe :
The guiltless victim groan'd for their offence ;
And cruelty and blood were penitence.
If sheep and oxen could atone for men,
Ah ! at how cheap a rate the rich might sin !
And great oppressors might Heaven's wrath be-
guile,

By off'ring his own creatures for a spoil !
Dar'st thou, poor worm, offend Infinity ?
And must the terms of peace be giv'n by thee ?
Then thou art Justice in the last appeal ;
Thy easy God instructs thee to rebel ;
And, like a king, remote and weak, must take
What satisfaction thou art pleas'd to make.

But if there be a pow'r too just and strong
To wink at crimes, and bear unpunish'd
wrong,

Look humbly upward, see his will disclose
The forfeit first, and then the fine impose ;
A mulct thy poverty could never pay,
Had not Eternal Wisdom found the way,
And with celestial wealth supplied thy store ;
His justice makes the fine, his mercy quits the
score.

See God descending in thy human frame ;
Th' offended suff'ring in th' offender's name ;
All thy misdeeds to him imputed see,
And all his righteousness devolv'd on thee.

For, granting we have sinn'd, and that th'
offence

Of man is made against Omnipotence,
Some price that bears proportion must be paid ;
And infinite with infinite be weigh'd.
See then the Deist lost ; remorse for vice,
Not paid ; or, paid, inadequate in price :
What farther means can reason now direct,
Or what relief from human wit expect ?
That shows us sick ; and sadly are we sure
Still to be sick, till Heav'n reveal the cure :
If then Heaven's will must needs be under-
stood, [good,

Which must, if we want cure, and Heav'n be
Let all records of will reveal'd be shown ;
With scripture all in equal balance thrown,
And our one sacred book will be that one.

Proof needs not here : for whether we com-
That impious idle superstitious ware [pare
Of rites, lustrations, off'rings, which before,
In various ages, various countries bore,
With christian faith and virtues ; we shall find
None answ'ring the great ends of human kind,

But this one rule of life, that shows us best,
How God may be appeas'd, and mortals blest.
Whether from length of time its worth we
draw,

The word is scarce more ancient than the law ;
Heaven's early care prescrib'd for ev'ry age ;
First in the soul, and after in the page.
Or whether more abstractedly we look,
Or on the writers, or the written book,
Whence, but from Heav'n, could men unskill'd
in arts,

In sev'ral ages born, in sev'ral parts,
Weave such agreeing truths ? or how, or why,
Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie ?
Unask'd their pains, ungrateful their advice,
Starving their gain, and martyrdom their price.

If on the book itself we cast our view,
Concurrent heathens prove the story true ;
The doctrine, miracles ; which must convince,
For Heav'n in them appeals to human sense ;
And though they prove not, they confirm the
cause,

When what is taught agrees with nature's laws.
Then for the style, majestic and divine,
It speaks no less than God in ev'ry line ;
Commanding words ; whose force is still the
same

As the first fiat that produc'd our frame.
All faiths beside or did by arms ascend,
Or, since indulg'd, has made mankind their
friend ;

This only doctrine does our lusts oppose,
Unfed by nature's soil, in which it grows ;
Cross to our interests, curbing sense and sin,
Oppress'd without, and undermin'd within ;
It thrives through pain ; its own tormentors
tires ;

And with a stubborn patience still aspires.
To what can reason such effects assign
Transcending nature, but to laws divine,
Which in that sacred volume are contain'd ;
Sufficient, clear, and for that use ordain'd ?

But stay : the Deist here will urge anew :
No supernat'ral worship can be true ;
Because a gen'ral law is that alone
Which must to all, and ev'ry where be known :
A style so large as not this book can claim,
Nor ought that bears reveal'd religion's name.
'Tis said, the sound of a Messiah's birth
Is gone through all the habitable earth ;
But still that text must be confin'd alone
To what was then inhabited and known :
And what provisions could from thence accrue
To Indian souls, and worlds discover'd new ?
In other parts it helps, that ages past,
The scriptures there were known, and were
embrac'd,

Till sin spread once again the shades of night :
What's that to these, who never saw the light ?
Of all objections this indeed is chief
To startle reason, stagger frail belief :
We grant, 'tis true, that Heav'n from human
sense

Has hid the secret paths of Providence :

But boundless wisdom, boundless mercy, may
Find, e'en for those bewilder'd souls, a way ;
If from his nature foes may pity claim,
Much more may strangers who ne'er heard his
name :

And though no name be for salvation known,
But that of his eternal Son's alone ;
Who knows how far transcendent goodness can
Extend the merits of that Son to man ?
Who knows what reasons may his mercy lead ;
Or ignorance invincible may plead ?
Not only charity bids hope the best,
But more the great apostle has express'd :
" That if the Gentiles, whom no law inspir'd,
By nature did what was by law requir'd,
They, who the written rule had never known,
Were to themselves both rule and law alone :
To nature's plain indictment they shall plead ;
And by their conscience be condemn'd or
freed."

Most righteous doom ! because a rule reveal'd
Is none to those from whom it was conceal'd.
Then those who follow'd reason's dictates
right,

Liv'd up, and lifted high their nat'ral light ;
With Socrates may see their Maker's face,
While thousand rubric-martyrs want a place.
Nor does it balk my charity, to find
Th' Egyptian bishop of another mind ;
For though his creed eternal truth contains,
'Tis hard for man to doom to endless pains
All who believ'd not all his zeal requir'd ;
Unless he first could prove he was inspir'd.
Then let us either think he meant to say,
This faith where publish'd, was the only way ;
Or else conclude that, Arius to confute,
The good old man, too eager in dispute,
Flew high ; and as his christian fury rose,
Damn'd all for heretics who durst oppose.

Thus far my charity this path has tried ;
A much unskilful, but well-meaning guide :
Yet what they are, e'en these crude thoughts
were bred,

By reading that which better thou hast read.
Thy matchless author's work ; which thou, my
friend,

By well translating, better dost commend ;
Those youthful hours, which of thy equals, 'most
In toys have squander'd, or in vice have lost ;
Those hours hast thou to nobler use employ'd,
And the severe delights of truth enjoy'd.
Witness this weighty book, in which appears
The crabbed toil of many thoughtful years,
Spent by thy author, in the sifting care
Of rabbin's old sophisticated ware,
From gold divine ; which he who well can sort,
May afterwards make algebra a sport.
A treasure, which if country curates buy,
They Junius and Tremellius may defy ;
Save pains in various readings and translations ;
And without Hebrew, make most learn'd quo-
tations.

A work so full with various learning fraught,
So nicely ponder'd, yet so strongly wrought,

As nature's height and art's last hand requir'd,
As much as man could compass, uninspir'd ;
Where we may see, what errors have been made
Both in the copier's and translator's trade ;
How Jewish, Popish int'rests have prevail'd,
And where infallibility has fail'd.

For some, who have his secret meaning
guess'd,
Have found our author not too much a priest :
For fashion's sake, he seems to have recourse
To pope, and councils, and tradition's force :
But he that old traditions could subdue,
Could not but find the weakness of the new ;
If scripture, though deriv'd from heav'nly birth,
Has been but carelessly preserv'd on earth ;
If God's own people, who of God before
Knew what we know, and had been promis'd
more,

In fuller terms of Heaven's assisting care,
And who did neither time nor study spare,
To keep this book untainted, unperplex'd,
Let in gross errors to corrupt the text,
Omitted paragraphs, embroil'd the sense,
With vain traditions stopt the gaping fence,
Which ev'ry common hand pull'd up with ease ;
What safety from such brushwood-helps as
these ?

If written words from time are not secur'd,
How can we think have oral sounds endur'd ?
Which thus transmitted, if one mouth has fail'd,
Immortal lies on ages are entail'd :
And that some such have been, is prov'd too
plain,

If we consider int'rest, church, and gain.

O but, says one, tradition set aside,
Where can we hope for an unerring guide ?
For since th' original scripture has been lost,
All copies disagreeing, maim'd the most ;
Or christian faith can have no certain ground,
Or truth in church-tradition must be found.

Such an omniscient church we wish indeed ;
'Twere worth both Testaments ; cast in the
creed :

But if this mother be a guide so sure,
As can all doubts resolve, and truth secure ;
Then her infallibility, as well
Where copies are corrupt or lame, can tell ;
Restore lost canons with as little pains,
As truly explicate what still remains :
Which yet no council dare pretend to do,
Unless, like Esdras, they could write it new :
Strange confidence ! still to interpret true,
Yet not be sure that all they have explain'd
Is in the best original contain'd.
More safe, and much more modest, 'tis to say,
God would not leave mankind without a way :
And that the scriptures, though not ev'ry where
Free from corruption, or entire, or clear,
Are uncorrupt, sufficient, clear, entire ;
In all things which our needful faith require.
If others in the same glass better see,
'Tis for themselves they look, but not for me :
For my salvation must its doom receive,
Not from what others, but what I believe,

Must all tradition then be set aside?
This to affirm, were ignorance and pride.
Are there not many points, some needful sure
To saving faith, that scripture leaves obscure?
Which ev'ry sect will wrest a sev'ral way;
For what one sect interprets, all sects may:
We hold, and say we prove from scripture
plain,

That Christ is God; the bold Socinian
From the same scripture urges he's but man.
Now what appeal can end th' important suit?
Both parts talk loudly, but the rule is mute.

Shall I speak plain, and in a nation free
Assume an honest layman's liberty?
I think, according to my little skill,
To my own mother-church submitting still,
That many have been sav'd, and many may,
Who never heard this question brought in play.
Th' unletter'd Christian, who believes in gross,
Plods on to Heav'n, and ne'er is at a loss:
For the strait gate would be made straiter yet,
Were none admitted there but men of wit.
The few by nature form'd, with learning fraught,
Born to instruct, as others to be taught,
Must study well the sacred page; and see
Which doctrine, this or that, does best agree
With the whole tenor of the work divine,
And plainest points to Heaven's reveal'd de-
sign:

Which exposition flows from genuine sense,
And which is forc'd by wit and eloquence.
Not that tradition's parts are useless here;
When gen'ral, old, disint'rested, and clear:
That ancient fathers thus expound the page,
Gives truth the rev'rend majesty of age;
Confirms its force by 'biding ev'ry test;
For best authorities next rules are best,
And still the nearer to the spring we go,
More limpid, more unsoil'd, the waters flow.
Thus first traditions were a proof alone,
Could we be certain, such they were, so known;
But since some flaws in long descent may be,
They made not truth, but probability.
E'en Arius and Pelagius durst provoke
To what the centuries preceding spoke.
Such diff'rence is there in an oft told tale:
But truth by its own sinews will prevail.
Tradition written therefore more commends
Authority, than what from voice descends:
And this, as perfect as its kind can be,
Rolls down to us the sacred history;
Which, from the universal church receiv'd,
Is tried, and after for itself believ'd.

The partial Papists would infer from hence,
Their church, in last resort, should judge the
sense;

But first they would assume, with wondrous art,
Themselves to be the whole, who are but part
Of that vast frame, the church: yet grant they
were

The handers-down, can they from thence infer
A right t' interpret? or would they alone,
Who brought the present, claim it for their
own?

The book's a common largess to mankind;
Not more for them than ev'ry man design'd:
The welcome news is in the letter found;
The carrier's not commission'd to expound.
It speaks itself, and what it does contain,
In all things needful to be known, is plain.

In times o'ergrown with rust and ignorance,
A gainful trade their clergy did advance;
When want of learning kept the laymen low,
And none but priests were authoriz'd to know:
When what small knowledge was, in them did
dwell;

And he a god who could but read and spell;
The mother-church did mightily prevail;
She parcel'd out the Bible by retail:
But still expounded what she sold or gave,
To keep it in her pow'r to damn or save.
Scripture was scarce, and, as the market went,
Poor laymen took salvation on content;
As needy men take money good or bad:
God's word they had not, but the priest's they
had.

Yet, whate'er false conveyances they made,
The lawyer still was certain to be paid.
In those dark times, they learn'd their knack so
That by long use they grew infallible. [well,
At last, a knowing age began t' inquire
If they the book, or that did them inspire:
And, making narrower search, they found,
though late,

That what they thought the priest's, was their
estate:

Taught by the will produc'd, the written word,
How long they had been cheated on record.
Then ev'ry man who saw the title fair,
Claim'd a child's part, and put in for a share;
Consulted soberly his private good,
And sav'd himself as cheap as e'er he could.

'Tis true, my friend, and far be flatt'ry hence,
This good had full as bad a consequence:
The book thus put in ev'ry vulgar hand,
Which each presum'd he best could under-
stand,

The common rule was made the common prey,
And at the mercy of the rabble lay.
The tender page with horny fists was gall'd;
And he was gifted most that loudest bawl'd:
The spirit gave the doctoral degree:
And ev'ry member of a company
Was of his trade and of the Bible free.
Plain truths enough for needful use they found;
But men would still be itching to expound:
Each was ambitious of th' obscurest place,
No measure ta'en from knowledge, all from
grace.

Study and pains were now no more their care;
Texts were explain'd by fasting and by pray'r:
This was the fruit the private spirit brought,
Occasion'd by great zeal and little thought;
While crowds unlearn'd, with rude devotion
warm,

About the sacred viands buz and swarm.
The fly-blown text creates a crawling brood;
And turnst o maggots what was meant for food.

A thousand daily sects rise up and die ;
 A thousand more the perish'd race supply :
 So all we make of Heaven's discover'd will,
 Is not to have it, or to use it ill.
 The danger 's much the same ; on sev'ral shelves
 If others wreck us, or we wreck ourselves.

What then remains, but, waiving each extreme,
 The tides of ignorance and pride to stem ?
 Neither so rich a treasure to forego ;
 Nor proudly seek beyond our pow'r to know :
 Faith is not built on disquisitions vain ;
 The things we must believe are few and plain.
 But since men will believe more than they need,

And ev'ry man will make himself a creed,
 In doubtful questions, 'tis the safest way
 To learn what unsuspected ancients say ;
 For 'tis not likely we should higher soar
 In search of Heav'n than all the church before ;
 Nor can we be deceiv'd, unless we see
 The scripture and the fathers disagree.
 If after all, they stand suspected still,
 For no man's faith depends upon his will ;
 'Tis some relief, that points not clearly known,
 Without much hazard may be let alone ;
 And, after hearing what our church can say,
 If still our reason runs another way,
 That private reason 'tis more just to curb,
 Than by disputes the public peace disturb ;
 For points obscure are of small use to learn ;
 But common quiet is mankind's concern.

Thus have I made my own opinions clear ;
 Yet neither praise expect, nor censure fear ;
 And this unpolish'd, rugged verse I chose,
 As fittest for discourse, and nearest prose ;
 For, while from sacred truth I do not swerve,
 Tom Sternhold's or Tom Shadwell's rhymes
 will serve.

§ 22. *Mac Flecknoe.* Dryden.

ALL human things are subject to decay,
 And when Fate summons, monarchs must obey.
 This Flecknoe found, who like Augustus, young
 Was call'd to empire, and had govern'd long ;
 In prose and verse was own'd without dispute,
 Through all the realms of Nonsense absolute.
 This aged prince, now flourishing in peace,
 And bless'd with issue of a large increase ;
 Worn out with business, did at length debate
 To settle the succession of the state :
 And pond'ring which, of all his sons, was fit
 To reign, and wage immortal war with Wit ;
 Cried, 'Tis resolv'd ; for Nature pleads, that he
 Should only rule who most resembles me.
 Sh——, alone, my perfect image bears,
 Mature in dulness from his tender years ;
 Sh——, alone, of all my sons, is he,
 Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity.
 The rest to some faint meaning make pretence ;
 But Sh—— never deviates into sense.
 Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
 Strike through, and make a lucid interval ;

But Sh——'s genuine night admits no ray ;
 His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
 Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye,
 And seems design'd for thoughtless majesty ;
 Thoughtless as monarch oaks that shade the plain,

And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.
 Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,
 Thou last great prophet of Tautology.
 E'en I, a dunce of more renown than they,
 Was sent before but to prepare thy way ;
 And coarsely clad in Norwich druggut, came
 To teach the nations in thy greater name.
 My warbling lute, the lute I whilom strung,
 When to king John of Portugal I sung,
 Was but the prelude of that glorious day,
 When thou on silver Thames didst cut thy way,

With well-tim'd oars, before the royal barge,
 Swell'd with the pride of thy celestial charge ;
 And, big with hymn, commander of a host,
 The like was ne'er in Epsom blankets toss'd.
 Methinks I see the new Arion sail,
 The lute still trembling underneath thy nail.
 At thy well-shapen'd thumb, from shore to shore
 The trebles squeak for fear, the bases roar :
 Echoes from Pissing-Alley Sh—— call,
 And Sh—— they resound from Aston-Hall.
 About thy boaf the little fishes throng,
 As at the morning toast that floats along.
 Sometimes, as prince of thy harmonious band,
 Thou wield'st thy papers in thy threshing hand.
 St. Andre's feet ne'er kept more equal time,
 Not e'en the feet of thy own Psyche's rhyme :
 Though they in number as in sense excel ;
 So just, so like Tautology they fell,
 That, pale with envy, Singleton forswore
 The lute and sword which he in triumph bore,
 And vow'd he ne'er would act Villerius more.

Here stopt the good old sire, and wept for joy,
 In silent raptures of the hopeful boy.
 All arguments, but most his plays, persuade,
 That for anointed dulness he was made.
 Close to the walls which fair Augusta bind
 (The fair Augusta, much to fears inclin'd)
 An ancient fabric, rais'd t' inform the sight,
 There stood of yore, and Barbican it hight :
 A watch-tow'r once : but now, so fate ordains,
 Of all the pile an empty name remains :
 From its old ruins brothel-houses rise,
 Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys,
 Where their vast courts the mother-strumpets
 keep,
 And undisturb'd by watch, in silence sleep :
 Near these, a nursery erects its head,
 Where queens are form'd, and future heroes
 bred :

Where unfledg'd actors learn to laugh and cry,
 Where infant punks their tender voices try,
 And little Maximins the gods defy.
 Great Fletcher never treads the buskins here,
 Nor greater Jonson dares in socks appear ;
 But gentle Simpkin just reception finds,
 Amidst this monument of vanish'd minds :

Pure clinches the suburban Muse affords,
 And Panton waging harmless war with words.
 Here Flecknoe, as a place to fame well known,
 Ambitiously design'd his Sh——'s throne:
 For ancient Decker prophesied, long since,
 That in this pile should reign a mighty prince,
 Born for a scourge of wit and flail of sense:
 To whom true dulness should some Psyches
 owe,

But worlds of misers from his pen should flow;
 Humorists and hypocrites it should produce,
 Whole Raymond families, and tribes of Bruce.
 Now empress Fame had publish'd the renown
 Of Sh——'s coronation through the town.
 Rous'd by report of Fame, the nations meet,
 From near Bun-hill and distant Watling-street;
 No Persian carpets spread th' imperial way,
 But scatter'd limbs of mangled poets lay.
 From dusty shops neglected authors come,
 Martyrs of pies, and relics of the bum.
 Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby, there lay;
 But loads of Sh—— almost chok'd the way.
 Bilk'd stationers for yeomen stood prepar'd,
 And H——n was captain of the guard.
 The hoary prince in majesty appear'd,
 High on the throne of his own labors rear'd,
 At his right hand, our young Ascanius sat,
 Rome's other hope, and pillar of the state.
 His brows, thick fogs, instead of glories, grace,
 And lambent Dulness play'd around his face.
 As Hannibal did to the altars come,
 Sworn by his sire a mortal foe to Rome;
 So Sh—— swore, nor should his vow be vain,
 That he, 'till death, true dulness would maintain,
 And, in his father's right and realm's defence,
 Ne'er to have peace with wit, nor truce with
 sense.

The king himself the sacred unction made,
 As king by office, and as priest by trade;
 In his sinister hand, instead of ball,
 He plac'd a mighty mug of potent ale;
 Love's kingdom to his right he did convey,
 At once his sceptre and his rule of sway;
 Whose righteous lore the prince had practis'd
 young,

And from whose loins recorded Psyche sprung;
 His temples last with poppies were o'erspread,
 That, nodding, seem'd to consecrate his head.
 Just at the point of time, if fame not lie,
 On his right hand twelve rev'rend owls did fly.
 So Romulus, 'tis sung by Tiber's brook,
 Presage of sway from twice six vultures took,
 Th' admiring throng loud acclamations make,
 And omens of his future empire take.
 The sire then shook the honors of his head,
 And from his brows damps of oblivion shed
 Full on the filial dulness: long he stood,
 Repelling from his breast the raging god;
 At length burst out in this prophetic mood:

"Heav'n's bless my son, from Ireland let him
 reign

To far Barbadoes on the western main;
 Of his dominion may no end be known,
 And greater than his father's be his throne;

Beyond Love's kingdom let him stretch his pen."
 He paus'd, and all the people cried, Amen.
 Then thus continued he: "My son, advance
 Still in new impudence, new ignorance.
 Success let others teach; learn thou, from me,
 Pangs without birth, and fruitless industry.
 Let Virtuosos in five years be writ;
 Yet not one thought accuse thy toil of wit.
 Let gentle George in triumph tread the stage;
 Make Dorimant betray, and Loveit rage;
 Let Cully Cockwood, Fopling, charm the pit,
 And in their folly, show the writer's wit.
 Yet still thy fools shall stand in thy defence,
 And justify their author's want of sense.
 Let 'em be all by thy own model made
 Of dulness, and desire no foreign aid;
 That they to future ages may be known,
 Not copies drawn, but issue of my own.
 Nay, let thy men of wit too be the same,
 All full of thee, and diff'ring but in name.
 But let no alien S—dl—y interpose,
 To lard with wit thy hungry Epsom prose:
 And when false flowers of Rhetoric thou wouldst
 cull,

Trust Nature, do not labor to be dull:
 But write thy best, and top; and, in each line,
 Sir Formal's oratory will be thine:
 Sir Formal, though unsought, attends thy quill,
 And does thy Northern Dedications fill.
 Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to fame,
 By arrogating Jonson's hostile name.
 Let father Flecknoe fire thy mind with praise,
 And uncle Ogleby thy envy raise.
 Thou art my blood, where Jounson has no part;
 What share have we in nature or in art?
 Where did his wit on learning fix a brand,
 And rail at arts he did not understand?
 Where made he love in Prince Nicander's vein,
 Or swept the dust in Psyche's humble strain?
 Where sold he bargains, whip-stitch, kiss my
 arse;

Promis'd a play, and dwindled to a farce?
 When did his muse from Fletcher scenes purloin,
 As thou whole Eth'ridge dost transfuse to thine?
 But so transfus'd, as oil and water flow;
 His always floats above, thine sinks below.
 This is thy province, this thy wondrous way,
 New humors to invent for each new play;
 This is that boasted bias of thy mind,
 By which, one way, to dulness 'tis inclin'd;
 Which make thy writings lean on one side still,
 And in all changes, that way bends thy will.
 Nor let thy mountain-belly make pretence
 Of likeness; thine's a tympany of sense.
 A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ;
 But sure thou'rt but a kilderkin of wit.
 Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep;
 Thy tragic Muse gives smiles; thy comic, sleep.
 With what'er gall thou sett'st thyself to write,
 Thy inoffensive satires never bite.
 In thy felonious heart though venom lies,
 It does but touch thy Irish pen, and dies.
 Thy genius calls thee not to purchase fame
 In keen Iambics, but mild Anagram.

Leave writing plays, and choose for thy command
Some peaceful province in Acrostic land.
There thou mayst wings display, and altars raise,
And torture one poor word ten thousand ways;
Or, if thou wouldst thy diff'rent talents suit,
Set thy own songs, and sing them to thy lute."

He said; but his last words were scarcely heard;

For Bruce and Longvil had a trap prepar'd,
And down they sent the yet declaiming bard;
Sinking, he left his druggot robe behind,
Borne upwards by a subterranean wind.
The mantle fell to the young prophet's part,
With double portion of his father's art.

§ 23. *Cymon and Iphigenia.* Dryden.

Poeta loquitur.

OLD as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The pow'r of beauty I remember yet, [my wit.
Which once inflam'd my soul, and still inspires
If love be folly, the severe divine
Has felt that folly, though he censures mine;
Pollutes the pleasures of a chaste embrace,
Acts what I write, and propagates in grace,
With riotous excess, a priestly race.
Suppose him free, and that I forge th' offence,
He show'd the way, perverting first my sense;
In malice witty, and with venom fraught,
He makes me speak the things I never thought.
Compute the gains of his ungovern'd zeal;
Ill suits his cloth the praise of railing well.
The world will think that what we loosely write,
Though now arrang'd, he reads with some delight;

Because he seems to chew the cud again,
When his broad comment makes the text too plain;

And teaching more, in one explaining page,
Than all the double-meanings of the stage.

What needs he paraphrase on what we mean?

We were at most but wanton; he's obscene.
I not my fellows nor myself excuse:
But love's the subject of the comic Muse;
Nor can we write without it, nor would you
A tale of only dry instruction view.
Nor love is always of a vicious kind,
But oft to virtuous acts inflames the mind;
Awakes the sleepy vigor of the soul,
And, brushing o'er, adds motion to the pool.
Love, studious how to please, improves our parts
With polish'd manners, and adorns with arts.
Love first invented verse, and form'd the rhyme,
The motion measur'd, harmoniz'd the chime;
To lib'ral acts enlarg'd the narrow-soul'd,
Softens the fierce, and made the coward bold;
The world, when waste, he peopled with increase,
And warring nations reconcil'd in peace.
Ormond, the first, and all the fair may find,
In this one legend, to their fame design'd,
When beauty fires the blood, how love exalts
the mind. [court,

In that sweet isle where Venus keeps her
And ev'ry Grace, and all the Loves, resort;

Where either sex is form'd of softer earth,
And takes the bent of pleasure from their birth;
There liv'd a Cyprian lord, above the rest
Wise, wealthy, with a num'rous issue blest:
But, as no gift of fortune is sincere,
Was only wanting in a worthy heir.
His eldest born, a goodly youth to view,
Excell'd the rest in shape and outward show;
Fair, tall, his limbs with due proportion join'd,
But of a heavy, dull, degen'rate mind.
His soul belied the features of his face;
Beauty was there, but beauty in disgrace:
A clownish mien, a voice with rustic sound,
And stupid eyes that ever lov'd the ground.
He look'd like Nature's error; as the mind
And body were not of a piece design'd,
But made for two, and by mistake in one were
join'd.

The ruling rod, the father's forming care,
Were exercis'd in vain on wit's despair;
The more inform'd, the less he understood;
And deeper sunk by flound'ring in the mud.
Now scorn'd of all, and grown the public shame,
The people from Galesus chang'd his name,
And Cymon call'd, which signifies a brute;
So well his name did with his nature suit.

His father, when he found his labor lost,
And care employ'd that answer'd not the cost,
Chose an ungrateful object to remove,
And loath'd to see what nature made him love;
So to his country farm the fool confin'd:
Rude work well suited to a rustic mind.
Thus to the wilds the sturdy Cymon went,
A 'squire among the swains, and pleas'd with
banishment.

His corn and cattle were his only care,
And his supreme delight a country fair.

It happen'd on a summer's holiday,
That to the green-wood shade he took his way;
For Cymon shunn'd the church, and us'd not
much to pray.

His quarter-staff, which he could ne'er forsake,
Hung half before, and half behind his back.
He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of thought.

By chance conducted, or by thirst constrain'd,
The deep recesses of the grove he gain'd;
Where, in a plain defended by the wood,
Crept through the matted grass a crystal flood,
By which an alabaster fountain stood:
And on the margin of the fount was laid
(Attended by her slaves) a sleeping maid:
Like Dian and her nymphs, when tir'd with
sport,

To rest by cool Eurotas they resort.
The dame herself the goddess well express'd,
Not more distinguish'd by her purple vest,
Than by the charming features of her face,
And e'en in slumber a superior grace:
Her comely limbs compos'd with decent care,
Her body shaded with a slight cymar;
Her bosom to the view was only bare,
Where two beginning paps were scarcely spied,
For yet their places were but signified:

The fanning wind upon her bosom blows,
To meet the fanning wind the bosom rose :
The fanning wind and purling streams continue
her repose.

The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes,
And gaping mouth that testified surprise,
Fix'd on her face, nor could remove his sight,
New as he was to love, and novice to delight :
Long mute he stood, and, leaning on his staff,
His wonder witness'd with an idiot laugh ;
Then would have spoke, but by his glimm'ring
sense,

First found his want of words, and fear'd offence ;
Doubted for what he was he should be known,
By his clown accent, and his country tone.
Through the rude chaos thus the running light
Shot the first ray that pierc'd the native night :
Then day and darkness in the mass were mix'd,
Till gather'd in a globe the beams were fix'd :
Last shone the sun, who, radiant in his sphere,
Illumin'd heav'n and earth, and roll'd around the
So reason in this brutal soul began : [year.
Love made him first suspect he was a man ;
Love made him doubt his broad barbarian sound ;
By love his want of words and wit he found ;
That sense of want prepar'd the future way
To knowledge, and disclos'd the promise of a day.
What not his father's care, nor tutor's art,
Could plant with pains in his unpolish'd heart,
The best instructor, love, at once inspir'd,
As barren grounds to fruitfulness are fir'd :
Love taught him shame ; and shame, with love
Soon taught the sweet civilities of life ; [at strife,
His gross material soul at once could find
Somewhat in her excelling all her kind :
Exciting a desire till then unknown ;
Somewhat unfound, or found in her alone :
This made the first impression on his mind,
Above, but just above, the brutal kind.
For beasts can like, but not distinguish too ;
Nor their own liking by reflection know ;
Nor why they like or this or t'other face,
Or judge of this or that peculiar grace ;
But love in gross, and stupidly admire,
As flies allur'd by light, approach the fire.
Thus our man-beast, advancing by degrees,
First likes the whole, then sep'rates what he sees :
On sev'ral parts a sev'ral praise bestows :
The ruby lips, the well-proportion'd nose,
The snowy skin, and raven-glossy hair,
The dimpled cheek, and forehead rising fair,
And e'en in sleep itself, a smiling air.
From thence his eyes descending view'd the rest,
Her plump round arms, white hands, and heav-
ing breast.

Long on the last he dwelt, though every part
A pointed arrow sped to pierce his heart.

Thus in a trice a judge of beauty grown,
(A judge erected from a country clown)
He long'd to see her eyes, in slumber hid,
And wish'd his own could pierce within the lid ;
He would have wak'd her, but restrain'd his
thought, [taught,
And love new-born, the first good manners

And awful fear his ardent wish withstood,
Nor durst disturb the goddess of the wood ;
For such she seem'd by her celestial face,
Excelling all the rest of human race.
And things divine, by common sense he knew,
Must be devoutly seen, at distant view :
So checking his desire, with trembling heart,
Gazing he stood, nor would nor could depart ;
Fix'd as a pilgrim wilder'd in his way,
Who dares not stir by night, for fear to stray,
But stands with awful eyes to watch the dawn
of day.

At length awaking, Iphigene the fair
(So was the beauty call'd who caus'd his care)
Unclos'd her eyes, and double day reveal'd,
While those of all her slaves in sleep were seal'd.

The slav'ring curden, propp'd upon his staff,
Stood ready gaping, with a grinning laugh,
To welcome her awake ; nor durst begin
To speak, but wisely kept the fool within.
Then she : What makes you, Cymon, here
alone ? [known,

(For Cymon's name was round the country
Because descended of a noble race,
And for a soul ill sorted with his face.)

But still the sot stood silent with surprise,
With fix'd regard on her new-open'd eyes,
And in his breast receiv'd th' envenom'd dart,
A tickling pain that pleas'd amid the smart.
But conscious of her form, with quick distrust,
She saw his sparkling eyes, and fear'd his brutal
This to prevent, she wak'd her sleepy crew, [lust :
And, rising hasty, took a short adieu.

Then Cymon first his rustic voice essay'd,
With proffer'd service to the parting maid,
To see her safe ; his hand she long denied,
But took at length, asham'd of such a guide.
So Cymon led her home, and leaving there,
No more would to his country clowns repair ;
But sought his father's house with better mind,
Refusing in the farm to be confin'd.

The father wonder'd at the son's return,
And knew not whether to rejoice or mourn ;
But doubtfully receiv'd, expecting still
To learn the secret causes of his alter'd will.
Nor was he long delay'd : the first request
He made, was like his brothers to be dress'd,
And, as his birth requir'd, above the rest.

With ease his suit was granted by his sire,
Distinguishing his heir by rich attire :
His body thus adorn'd, he next design'd
With lib'ral arts to cultivate the mind :
He sought a tutor with his own accord,
And studied lessons he before abhor'd.

Thus the man-child advanc'd and learn'd so
That in short time his equals he surpass'd ; [fast,
His brutal manners from his breast exil'd,
His mien he fashion'd, and his tongue he fil'd ;
In ev'ry exercise of all admir'd,
He seem'd, nor only seem'd, but was, inspir'd :
Inspir'd by love, whose business is to please ;
He rode, he fenc'd, he mov'd with graceful ease ;
More fam'd for sense, for courtly carriage more,
Than for his brutal folly known before.

What then of alter'd Cymon shall we say,
But that the fire which chok'd in ashes lay,
A load too heavy for his soul to move, [love?
Was upward blown below, and brush'd away by
Love made an active progress through his mind,
The dusky parts he clear'd, the gross refin'd,
The drowsy wak'd; and, as he went, impress'd
The Maker's image on the human breast.
Thus was the man amended by desire:
And though he lov'd perhaps with too much fire,
His father all his faults with reason scann'd,
And lik'd an error of the better hand;
Excus'd th' excess of passion in his mind,
By flames too fierce, perhaps too much refin'd:
So Cymon, since his sire indulg'd his will,
Impetuous lov'd, and would be Cymon still;
Galesus he disown'd, and chose to bear
The name of fool, confirm'd, and bishop'd by the
fair.

To Cipeus by his friends his suit he mov'd,
Cipeus, the father of the fair he lov'd:
But he was pre-engag'd by former ties,
While Cymon was endeavoring to be wise:
And Iphigene, oblig'd by former vows,
Had giv'n her faith to wed a foreign spouse:
Her sire and she to Rhodian Pasimond,
Though both repenting, were by promise bound,
Nor could retract; and thus, as fate decreed,
Though better lov'd, he spoke too late to speed.

The doom was past, the ship already sent
Did all his tardy diligence prevent:
Sigh'd to herself the fair unhappy maid,
While stormy Cymon thus in secret said:
The time is come for Iphigene to find
The miracle she wrought upon my mind: [love
Her charms have made me man, her ravish'd
In rank shall place me with the blest above.
For mine by love, by force she shall be mine,
Or death, if force should fail, shall finish my
design.

Resolv'd he said; and rigg'd with speedy care
A vessel strong, and well equip'd for war.
The secret ship with chosen friends he stor'd;
And, bent to die or conquer, went aboard.
Ambush'd he lay behind the Cyprian shore,
Waiting the sail that all his wishes bore;
Nor long expected, for the following tide
Sent out the hostile ship and beauteous bride.

To Rhodes the rival bark directly steer'd,
When Cymon sudden at her back appear'd,
And stopp'd her flight; then, standing on his
prow,

In haughty terms he thus defied the foe:
Or strike your sails at summons, or prepare
To prove the last extremities of war.
Thus warn'd, the Rhodians for the fight provide,
Already were the vessels side by side; [bride.
These obstinate to save, and those to seize the
But Cymon soon his crooked grapples cast,
Which with tenacious hold his foes embrac'd,
And, arm'd with sword and shield, amid the
press he pass'd.

Fierce was the fight; but, hast'ning to his prey,
By force the furious lover freed his way;

Himself alone dispers'd the Rhodian crew,
The weak disdain'd, the valiant overthrew.
Cheap conquest for his following friends re-
main'd;

He reap'd the field, and they but only glean'd.
His victory confess'd, the foes retreat,
And cast the weapons at the victor's feet,
Whom thus he cheer'd; O Rhodian youth, I
fought

For love alone, nor other booty sought;
Your lives are safe; your vessel I resign;
Yours be your own, restoring what is mine;
In Iphigene I claim my rightful due,
Robb'd by my rival, and detain'd by you.
Your Pasimond a lawless bargain drove;
The parent could not sell the daughter's love:
Or, if he could, my love disdains the laws,
And, like a king, by conquest gains his cause;
Where arms take place, all other pleas are vain;
Love taught me force, and force shall love main-
tain; [lease,

You, what by strength you could not keep, re-
And at an easy ransom buy your peace.

Fear on the conquer'd side soon sign'd th' ac-
cord,

And Iphigene to Cymon was restor'd:
While to his arms the blushing bride he took,
To seeming sadness she compos'd her look;
As if by force subjected to his will,
Though pleas'd dissembling, and a woman still.
And (for she wept) he wip'd her falling tears,
And pray'd her to dismiss her empty fears;
For yours I am, he said, and have deserv'd
Your love much better whom so long I serv'd,
Than he to whom your formal father tied
Your vows, and sold a slave, not sent a bride.
Thus while he spoke, he seiz'd the willing prey,
As Paris bore the Spartan spouse away.
Faintly she scream'd, and e'en her eyes confess'd
She rather would be thought, than was, dis-
tress'd.

Who now exults but Cymon in his mind?
Vain hopes and empty joys of human kind,
Proud of the present, to the future blind!
Secure of fate, while Cymon ploughs the sea,
And steers to Candy with his conquer'd prey,
Scarce the third glass of measur'd hours was run,
When, like a fiery meteor, sunk the sun,
The promise of a storm; the shifting gales
Forsake by fits, and fill the flagging sails;
Hoarse murmurs of the main from far were
heard,

And night came on, not by degrees prepar'd,
But all at once; at once the winds arise,
The thunders roll, the fork lightning flies.
In vain the master issues out commands,
In vain the trembling sailors ply their hands:
The tempest unforeseen prevents their care,
And from the first they labor in despair.
The giddy ship, betwixt the winds and tides,
Fore'd back and forwards, in a circle rides,
Stunn'd with the different blows; then shoots
amain,

Till, counterbuff'd, she stops, and sleeps again.

Not more aghast the proud archangel fell, [hell,
Plung'd from the height of heaven to deepest
Than stood the lover of his love possest, [blest ;
Now curs'd the more, the more he had been
More anxious for her danger than his own,
Death he defies, but would be lost alone.

Sad Iphigene to womanish complaints
Adds pious prayers, and wearies all the saints ;
E'en if she could, her love she would repent ;
But since she cannot, dreads the punishment :
Her forfeit faith, and Pasimond betray'd,
Are ever present, and her crime upbraid.
She blames herself, nor blames her lover less,
Augments her anger as her fears increase ;
From her own back the burden would remove,
And lays the load on his ungovern'd love,
Which interposing durst, in Heaven's despite,
Invade and violate another's right :
The pow'r's incens'd awhile deferr'd his pain,
And made him master of his vows in vain :
But soon they punish'd his presumptuous pride ;
That for his daring enterprise she died,
Who rather not resisted than complied.

Then, impotent of mind, with alter'd sense
She hugg'd th' offender, and forgave th' offence ;
Sex to the last : meantime, with sails declin'd,
The wand'ring vessel drove before the wind ;
Toss'd and retoss'd, aloft, and then below,
Nor port they seek, nor certain course they know,
But every moment wait the coming blow.
Thus blindly driv'n, by breaking day they view'd
The lands before them, and their fears renew'd ;
The land was welcome, but the tempest bore
The threaten'd ship against a rocky shore.

A winding bay was near ; to this they bent,
And just escap'd ; their force already spent.
Secure from storms, and panting from the sea,
The land unknown at leisure they survey ;
And saw (but soon their sickly sight withdrew)
The rising tow'rs of Rhodes at distant view :
And curs'd the hostile shore of Pasimond,
Saw'd from the seas, and shipwreck'd on the
ground.

The frighted sailors tried their strength in vain
To turn the stern, and tempt the stormy main :
But the stiff wind withstood the lab'ring oar,
And forc'd them forward on the fatal shore !
The crooked keel now bites the Rhodian strand,
And the ship moor'd constrains the crew to land.
Yet still they might be safe, because unknown ;
But, as ill fortune seldom comes alone,
The vessel they dismiss'd was driv'n before,
Already shelter'd on their native shore ;
Known each, they know, but each with change
of cheer ;

The vanguard side exults, the victors fear :
Not them but theirs, made pris'ners ere they
fight,

Despairing conquest, and depriv'd of flight.
The country rings around with loud alarms,
And raw in fields the rude militia swarms ;
Mouths without hands, maintain'd at vast ex-
pense,

In peace a charge, in war a weak defence :

Stout once a month they march, a blust'ring
And ever, but in times of need, at hand ; [band ;
This was the morn when, issuing on the guard,
Drawn up in rank and file they stood prepar'd
Of seeming arms to make a short essay,
Then hasten to be drunk, the business of the
day. [knew

The cowards would have fled, but that they
Themselves so many, and their foes so few :
But, crowding on, the last the first impel ;
Till overborne with weight, the Cyprians fell.
Cymon enslav'd, who first the war began ;
And Iphigene once more is lost and won.

Deep in a dungeon was the captive cast,
Depriv'd of day, and held in fetters fast ;
His life was only spar'd at their request,
Whom taken he so nobly had releas'd ;
But Iphigenia was the ladies' care,
Each in their turn address'd to treat the fair :
While Pasimond and his the nuptial feast pre-
pare.

Her secret soul to Cymon was inclin'd,
But she must suffer what her fates assign'd ;
So passive is the church of womankind.
What worse to Cymon could his fortune deal,
Roll'd to the lowest spoke of all her wheel ?
It rested to dismiss the downward weight,
Or raise him upward to his former height :
The latter pleas'd ; and love (concern'd the
most)

Prepar'd th' amends for what by love he lost.

The sire of Pasimond had left a son,
Though younger, yet for courage early known,
Ormisda call'd, to whom, by promise tied,
A Rhodian beauty was the destin'd bride ;
Cassandra was her name, above the rest
Renown'd for birth, with fortune amply blest.
Lysimachus, who rul'd the Rhodian state,
Was then by choice their annual magistrate ;
He lov'd Cassandra too with equal fire,
But fortune had not favour'd his desire ;
Cross'd by her friends, by her not disapprov'd,
Nor yet prefer'd, or like Ormisda lov'd ;
So stood th' affair ; some little hope remain'd,
That should his rival chance to lose, he gain'd.

Mean time young Pasimond his marriage
press'd,

Ordain'd the nuptial day, prepar'd the feast ;
And frugally resolv'd (the charge to shun,
Which would be double should he wed alone)
To join his brother's bridal with his own.

Lysimachus, oppress'd with mortal grief,
Receiv'd the news, and studied quick relief :
The fatal day approach'd ; if force were us'd,
The magistrate his public trust abus'd ;
To justice liable, as law requir'd ;
For, when his office ceas'd, his pow'r expir'd :
While pow'r remain'd, the means were in the
hand,

By force to seize, and then forsake the land :
Betwixt extremes he knew not how to move ;
A slave to fame, but more a slave to love ;
Restraining others, yet himself not free,
Made impotent by pow'r, debas'd by dignity.

Both sides he weigh'd; but, after much debate,
The man prevail'd above the magistrate.

Love never fails to master what he finds,
But works a diff'rent way in diff'rent minds,
The fool enlightens, and the wise he blinds.
This youth proposing to possess and 'scape,
Began in murder, to conclude in rape:
Unprais'd by me, though Heav'n sometimes
may bless

An impious act with undeserv'd success:
The great, it seems, are privileged alone
To punish all injustice but their own.
But here I stop, not daring to proceed,
Yet blush to flatter an unrighteous deed;
For crimes are but permitted, not decreed.

Resolv'd on force, his wit the prætor bent
To find the means that might secure th' event;
Nor long he labor'd, for his lucky thought
In captive Cymon found the friend he sought:
Th' example pleas'd; the cause and crime the
same;

An injur'd lover and a ravish'd dame.
How much he durst he knew by what he dar'd,
The less he had to lose, the less he car'd
To manage loathsome life when love was the
reward.

This ponder'd well, and fix'd on his intent,
In depth of night he for the pris'n'r sent;
In secret sent, the public view to shun;
Then, with a sober smile, he thus begun:
The pow'rs above, who bounteously bestow
Their gifts and graces on mankind below,
Yet prove our merit first, nor blindly give
To such as are not worthy to receive;
For valor and for virtue they provide
Their due reward, but first they must be tried:
These fruitful seeds within your mind they
sow'd;

'Twas yours t' improve the talent they bestow'd:
They gave you to be born of noble kind;
They gave you love to lighten up your mind,
And purge the grosser parts; they gave you care
To please, and courage to deserve the fair.

Thus far they tried you, and by proof they
found

The grain intrusted in a grateful ground;
But still the great experiment remain'd,
They suffer'd you to lose the prize you gain'd,
That you might learn the gift was theirs alone;
And, when restor'd, to them the blessing own.
Restor'd it soon will be; the means prepar'd,
The difficulty smooth'd, the danger shar'd;
Be but yourself, the care to me resign,
Then Iphigene is yours, Cassandra mine.
Your rival Pasimond pursues your life;
Impatient to revenge his ravish'd wife.
But yet not his, to-morrow is behind,
And love our fortunes in one band has join'd:
Two brothers are our foes; Ormisda mine,
As much declar'd as Pasimond is thine.
To-morrow must their common vows be tied;
With love to friend, and fortune for our guide,
Let both resolve to die, or each redeem a
bride.

Right I have none, nor hast thou much to
plead;

'Tis force, when done, must justify the deed:
Our task perform'd, we next prepare for flight,
And let the losers talk in vain of right:
We with the fair will sail before the wind;
If they are griev'd, I leave the laws behind.
Speak thy resolves; if now thy courage droop,
Despair in prison, and abandon hope:
But if thou dar'st in arms thy love regain
(For liberty without thy love were vain),
Then second my design to seize the prey,
Or lead to second rape, for well thou know'st
the way.

Said Cymon, overjoy'd, Do thou propose
The means to fight, and only show thy foes:
For from the first, when love had fir'd my mind,
Resolv'd I left the care of life behind.

To this the bold Lysimachus replied:
Let Heav'n be neuter, and the sword decide;
The spousals are prepar'd, already play
The minstrels, and provoke the tardy day:
By this the brides are wak'd, their grooms are
dress'd;

All Rhodes is summon'd to the nuptial feast,
All but myself, the sole unbidden guest.
Unbidden though I am, I will be there;
And, join'd by thee, intend to joy the fair.

Now hear the rest; when day resigns the
light,

And cheerful torches gild the jolly night,
Be ready at my call; my chosen few
With arms administer'd shall aid thy crew.
Then, ent'ring unexpected, will we seize
Our destin'd prey, from men dissolv'd in ease,
By wine disabled, unprepar'd for fight;
And, hastening to the seas, suborn our flight:
The seas are ours, for I command the fort;
A ship well-mann'd expects us in the port:
If they, or if their friends, the prize contest,
Death shall attend the man who dares resist.

It pleas'd: the pris'n'r to his hold retir'd;
His troop with equal emulation fir'd,
All fix'd to fight, and all their wanton work re-
quir'd.

The sun arose; the streets were throng'd around,
The palace open'd, and the posts were crown'd.
The double bridegroom at the door attends
Th' expected spouse, and entertains the friends;
They meet, they lead to church, the priests in-
voke [smoke.
The pow'rs, and feed the flames with fragrant
This done, they feast, and at the close of night,
By kindled torches vary their delight;
These lead the lively dance, and those the
brimming bowls invite.

Now at th' appointed place and hour assign'd,
With souls resolv'd, the ravishers were join'd:
Three bands are form'd; the first is sent before
To favor the retreat, and guard the shore;
The second at the palace gate is plac'd,
And up the lofty stairs ascends the last;
A peaceful troop they seem with shining vests,
But coats of mail beneath secure their breasts.

Dauntless they enter, Cymon at their head,
And find the feast renew'd, the table spread;
Sweet voices, mix'd with instrumental sounds,
Ascend the vaulted roof, the vaulted roof re-
bounds: [hall,

When, like the harpies, rushing through the
The sudden troop appears, the tables fall,
Their smoking load is on the pavement thrown;
Each ravisher prepares to seize his own;
The brides, invaded with a rude embrace,
Shriek out for aid; confusion fills the place.
Quick to redeem the prey, their plighted lords
Advance, the palace gleams with shining swords.

But late is all defence, and succour vain;
The rape is made, the ravishers remain;
Two sturdy slaves were only sent before
To bear the purchas'd prize in safety to the
shore:

The troop retires, the lovers close the rear,
With forward faces not confessing fear;
Backward they move, but scorn their pace to
mend; [scend.

Then seek the stairs, and with slow haste de-
Fierce Pasimond, their passage to prevent,
Thrust full on Cymon's back in his descent;
The blade return'd unbath'd, and to the han-
dle bent.

Stout Cymon soon remounts, and cleft in two
His rival's head with one descending blow;
And as the next in rank Ormisda stood,
He turn'd the point; the sword, inur'd to blood,
Bor'd his unguarded breast, which pour'd a
purple flood. [sues,

With vow'd revenge, the gath'ring crowd pur-
The ravishers turn head, the fight renews;
The hall is heap'd with slain; the sprinkled
gore [floor.

Besmears the walls, and floats the marble
Dispers'd at length, the drunken squadron flies;
The victors to the vessel bear the prize; [cries.
And hear behind loud groans and lamentable
The crew with merry shouts their anchors weigh,
Then ply their oars, and brush the buxom sea,
While troops of gathered Rhodians crowd the
key.

What should the people do when left alone?
The governor and government are gone:
The public wealth to foreign parts convey'd;
Some troops disbanded, and the rest unpaid.
Rhodes is the sov'reign of the sea no more;
Their ships unrigg'd, and spent their naval
store;

They neither could defend, nor can pursue,
But grin'd their teeth, and cast a helpless view;
In vain with darts a distant war they try,
Short, and more short, the missive weapons fly.
Meanwhile the ravishers their crimes enjoy,
And flying sails and sweeping oars employ:
The cliffs of Rhodes in little space are lost;
Jove's isle they seek, nor Jove denies his coast.

In safety landed on the Candian shore,
With gen'rous wines their spirits they restore;
There Cymon with his Rhodian friend resides,
Both court and wed at once the willing brides.

A war ensues, the Cretans own their cause,
Stiff to defend their hospitable laws;
Both parties lose by turns, and neither wins,
Till peace propounded by a truce begins.
The kindred of the slain forgive the deed,
But a short exile must for show proceed:
The term expir'd, from Candia they remove;
And happy each at home enjoys his love.

§ 24. *Theodore and Honoria.*

A Translation from Boccace. *Dryden.*

Of all the cities in Romanian lands,
The chief, and most renown'd, Ravenna stands,
Adorn'd in ancient times with arms and arts,
And rich inhabitants with gen'rous hearts.
But Theodore the brave, above the rest,
With gifts of fortune and of nature blest,
The foremost place for wealth and honor held,
And all in feats of chivalry excell'd.

This noble youth to madness lov'd a dame
Of high degree; Honoria was her name;
Fair as the fairest, but of haughty mind,
And fiercer than became so soft a kind;
Proud of her birth (for equal she had none)
The rest she scorn'd, but hated him alone:
His gifts, his constant courtship, nothing gain'd;
For she, the more he lov'd, the more disdain'd.
He liv'd with all the pomp he could devise,
At tilts and tournaments obtain'd the prize:
But found no favor in his lady's eyes;
Relentless as a rock, the lofty maid
Turn'd all to poison that he did or said:
Nor prayers, nor tears, nor offer'd vows, could
move; [stroke

The work went backward: and the more he
T' advance his suit, the farther from her love.

Wearied, at length, and wanting remedy,
He doubted oft, and oft resolv'd to die:
But pride stood ready to prevent the blow,
For who would die to gratify a foe?
His gen'rous mind disdain'd so mean a fate!
That pass'd, his next endeavour was to hate.
But vainer that relief than all the rest,
The less he hop'd, with more desire possess'd;
Love stood the siege, and would not yield his
breast. [care;

Change was the next, but change deceiv'd his
He sought a fairer, but found none so fair.
He would have worn her out by slow degrees,
As men by fasting starve th' untam'd disease;
But present love requir'd a present ease.
Looking he feeds alone his famish'd eyes,
Feeds ling'ring death; but looking not he dies.
Yet still he chose the longest way to fate,
Wasting at once his life, and his estate.

His friends beheld, and pity'd him in vain;
For what advice can ease a lover's pain?
Absence, the best expedient they could find,
Might save the fortune, if not cure the mind:
This means they long propos'd, but little gain'd;
Yet, after much pursuit, at length obtain'd.

Hard you may think it was to give consent,
But struggling with his own desires he went,

With large expense, and with a pompous train
 Provided, as to visit France and Spain,
 Or for some distant voyage o'er the main.
 But love had clipp'd his wings and cut him
 short,

Confin'd within the purlieu of the court.
 Three miles he went, nor farther could retreat;
 His travels ended at his country-seat:
 To Chassis' pleasing plains he took his way,
 There pitch'd his tents, and there resolv'd to stay.

The spring was in the prime; the neighb'ring
 grove

Supply'd with birds, the choristers of love;
 Music unbought, that minister'd delight
 To morning walks, and lull'd his cares by night:
 There he discharg'd his friends; but not the ex-
 pense

Of frequent treats, and proud magnificence.
 He liv'd as kings retire, though more at large
 From public business, yet with equal charge;
 With house and heart still open to receive;
 As well content as love would give him leave:
 He would have liv'd more free; but many a
 guest,

Who could forsake the friend, pursu'd the feast.

It happ'd one morning as his fancy led,
 Before his usual hour he left his bed;
 To walk within a lonely lawn that stood
 On every side surrounded by a wood:
 Alone, he walk'd to please his pensive mind,
 And sought the deepest solitude to find:
 'Twas in a grove of spreading pines he stray'd;
 The winds within the quiv'ring branches play'd,
 And dancing trees a mournful music made.
 The place itself was suiting to his care,
 Uncouth and savage, as the cruel fair.
 He wander'd on, unknowing where he went,
 Lost in the wood, and all on love intent:
 The day already half his race had run,
 And summon'd him to do repast at noon;
 But love could feel no hunger but his own.

While list'ning to the murr'ring leaves he
 stood,

More than a mile immers'd within the wood,
 At once the wind was laid; the whisp'ring sound
 Was dumb; a rising earthquake rock'd the
 ground;

With deeper brown the grove was overspread;
 A sudden horror seiz'd his giddy head,
 And his ears tingled, and his color fled:
 Nature was in alarm; some danger nigh
 Seem'd threaten'd, though unseen to mortal eye.
 Unus'd to fear, he summon'd all his soul,
 And stood collected in himself, and whole;
 Not long: for soon a whirlwind rose around,
 And from afar he heard a screaming sound,
 As of a dame distress'd, who cried for aid,
 And fill'd with loud laments the secret shade.

A thicket close beside the grove there stood
 With briars and brambles chok'd, and dwarfish
 wood;

From thence the noise, which now approaching
 near,

With more distinguish'd notes invades his ear:

He rais'd his head, and saw a beauteous maid,
 With hair dishevell'd, issuing through the shade,
 Stripp'd of her clothes, and e'en those parts re-
 veal'd,

Which modest nature keeps from sight conceal'd.
 Her face, her hands, her naked limbs were torn,
 With passing through the brakes, and prickly
 thorn;

Two mastiffs gaunt and grim her flight pursu'd,
 And oft their fasten'd fangs in blood imbru'd:
 Oft they came up, and pinch'd her tender
 side;

Mercy, O mercy, Heaven! she ran, and cry'd:
 When Heav'n was nam'd, they loos'd their hold
 again;

Then sprung she forth, they follow'd her amain.

Not far behind, a knight of swarthy face,
 High on a coal-black steed pursu'd the chase;
 With flashing flames his ardent eyes were fill'd,
 And in his hand a naked sword he held:
 He cheer'd the dogs to follow her who fled,
 And vow'd revenge on her devoted head.

As Theodore was born of noble kind,
 The brutal action rous'd his manly mind;
 Mov'd with unworthy usage of the maid,
 He, though unarm'd, resolv'd to give her aid.
 A saplin pine he wrench'd from out the ground,
 The readiest weapon that his fury found.
 Thus furnish'd for offence, he cross'd the way
 Betwixt the graceless villain and his prey.

The knight came thund'ring on, but, from
 afar,

Thus, in imperious tone, forbade the war:
 Cease, Theodore, to proffer vain relief,
 Nor stop the vengeance of so just a grief;
 But give me leave to seize my destin'd prey,
 And let eternal justice take the way:
 I but revenge my fate, disdain'd, betray'd,
 And suff'ring death for this ungrateful maid.

He said, at once dismounting from the steed;
 For now the hell-hounds, with superior speed,
 Had reach'd the dame, and, fast'ning on her
 side,

The ground with issuing streams of purple dy'd;
 Stood Theodore surpris'd in deadly fright,
 With chattering teeth, and bristling hair up-
 right;

Yet arm'd with inborn worth, Whate'er, said he,
 Thou art, who know'st me better than I thee,
 Or prove thy rightful cause, or be defied.

The spectre, fiercely staring, thus reply'd:
 Know, Theodore, thy ancestry I claim,
 And Guido Cavalcanti was my name:
 One common sire our fathers did beget,
 My name and story some remember yet:
 Thee, then a boy, within my arms I laid,
 When for my sins I lov'd this haughty maid;
 Not less ador'd in life, nor serv'd by me,
 Than proud Honoria now is lov'd by thee.

What did I not her stubborn heart to gain?
 But all my vows were answer'd with disdain:
 She scorn'd my sorrows, and despis'd my pain.
 Long time I dragg'd my days in fruitless care;
 Then, loathing life, and plung'd in deep despair

To finish my unhappy life, I fell
On this sharp sword, and now am damn'd in hell.

Short was her joy, for soon the insulting maid
By Heaven's decree in this cold grave was laid:
And as in unrepented sin she dy'd,
Doom'd to the same bad place, is punish'd for
her pride;

Because she deem'd I well deserv'd to die,
And made a merit of her cruelty.
There, then, we met; both try'd, and both
were cast,

And this irrevocable sentence pass'd:
That she, whom I so long pursu'd in vain,
Should suffer from my hands a ling'ring pain!

Renew'd to life, that she might daily die,
I daily doom'd to follow, she to fly:
No more a lover, but a mortal foe,
I seek her life (for love is none below):
As often as my dogs with better speed
Arrest her flight, is she to death decreed:
Then with this fatal sword, on which I dy'd,
I pierce her open back, or tender side, [breast,
And tear that harden'd heart from out her
Which, with her entrails, makes my hungry
hounds a feast.

Nor lies she long, but, as the fates ordain,
Springs up to life, and, fresh to second pain,
Is sav'd to-day, to-morrow to be slain.

This, vers'd in death, the infernal knight
relates,

And then for proof fulfill'd the common fates;
Her heart and bowels through her back he
drew,

And fed the hounds that help'd him to pursue.
Stern look'd the fiend, as frustrate of his will,
Not half suffic'd, and greedy yet to kill.
And now the soul, expiring through the wound,
Had left the body breathless on the ground,
When thus the grisly spectre spoke again:
Behold the fruit of ill-rewarded pain:
As many months as I sustain'd her hate,
So many years is she condemn'd by fate
To daily death; and ev'ry several place,
Conscious of her disdain and my disgrace,
Must witness her just punishment, and be
A scene of triumph and revenge to me!
As in this grove I took the last farewell,
As on this very spot of earth I fell,
As Friday saw me die, so she my prey
Becomes e'en here, on this revolving day.

Thus while he spoke, the virgin from the
ground

Upstart fresh, already clos'd the wound,
And unconcern'd for all she felt before,
Precipitates her flight along the shore:
The hell-hounds, as ungorg'd with flesh and
blood,

Pursue their prey, and seek their wonted food:
The fiend remounts his courser, mends his pace,
And all the vision vanish'd from the place.
Long stood the noble youth oppress'd with awe,
And stupid at the wondrous things he saw,
Surpassing common faith, transgressing na-
ture's law,

He would have been asleep, and wish'd to wake;
But dreams, he knew, no long impression
make,

Though strong at first; if vision, to what end,
But such as must his future state portend?
His love the damsel, and himself the fiend.
But yet, reflecting that it could not be
From Heaven, which cannot impious acts de-
cree,

Resolv'd within himself to shun the snare,
Which hell for his destruction did prepare;
And as his better genius should direct,
From an ill cause to draw a good effect.

Inspir'd from heaven, he homeward took his
way,

Nor pall'd his new design with long delay:
But of his train a trusty servant sent
To call his friends together at his tent.
They came, and, usual salutations paid,
With words premeditated, thus he said:
What you have often counsell'd, to remove
My vain pursuit of unregarded love,
By thrift my sinking fortune to repair,
Though late, yet is at last become my care:
My heart shall be my own; my vast expense
Reduc'd to bounds, by timely providence:
This only I require; invite for me
Honor, with her father's family,
Her friends and mine; the cause I shall display,
On Friday next; for that's the appointed day.
Well pleas'd were all his friends, the task was
light,

The father, mother, daughter, they invite;
Hardly the dame was drawn to this repast;
But yet resolv'd, because it was the last.
The day was come, the guests invited came,
And with the rest, th' inexorable dame:
A feast prepar'd with riotous expense,
Much cost, more care, and most magnifi-
cence,

The place ordain'd was in that haunted grove,
Where the revenging ghost persue'd his love.
The tables in a proud pavilion spread,
With flow'rs below, and tissue overhead:
The rest in rank, Honoria chief in place,
Was artfully contriv'd to set her face
To front the thicket, and behold the chase.
The feast was serv'd, the time so well forecast,
That just when the desert and fruits were
plac'd,

The fiend's alarm began; the hollow sound
Sung in the leaves, the forest shook around,
Air blacken'd, roll'd the thunder, groan'd the
ground.

Nor long before the loud laments arise
Of one distress'd, and mastiffs' mingled cries;
And first the dame came rushing through the
wood, [food,
And next the famish'd hounds that sought their
And grip'd her flanks, and oft essay'd their jaws
in blood.

Last came the felon, on his sable steed,
Arm'd with his naked sword, and urg'd his dogs
to speed.

She ran, and cry'd, her flight directly bent
(A guest unbidden) to the fatal tent,
The scene of death, and place design'd for punishment.

Loud was the noise, aghast was ev'ry guest,
The women shriek'd, the men forsook the feast;
The hounds at nearer distance hoarsely bay'd;
The hunter close pursu'd the visionary maid.
She rent the heav'n with loud laments, imploring aid.

The gallants, to protect the lady's right,
Their falchions brandish'd at the grisly sight;
High on his stirrups he provok'd the fight.
Then on the crowd he cast a furious look,
And wither'd all their strength before he spoke:
Back, on your lives; let be, said he, my prey,
And let my vengeance take the destin'd way:
Vain are your arms, and vainer your defence,
Against th' eternal doom of Providence:
Mine is th' ungrateful maid by heaven design'd,
Mercy she would not give, nor mercy shall she find.

At this the former tale again he told,
With thund'ring tone, and dreadful to behold:
Sunk were the hearts with horror of the crime
Nor needed to be warn'd a second time,
But bore each other back: some knew the face,
And all had heard the much lamented case
Of him who fell for love, and this the fatal place.

And now th' infernal minister advanc'd,
Seiz'd the due victim, and with fury lanc'd
Her back, and piercing through her inmost heart,

Drew backward, as before, th' offending part.
The reeking entrails next he tore away,
And to his meagre mastiffs made a prey.
The pale assistants on each other star'd,
With gaping mouths for issuing words prepar'd;
The still-born sounds upon the palate hung,
And died imperfect on the falt'ring tongue.
The fright was gen'ral; but the female band
(A helpless train) in more confusion stand;
With horror shudd'ring, in a heap they run,
Sick at the sight of hateful justice done;
For conscience rung the alarm, and made the case their own.

So spread upon a lake, with upward eye,
A plump of fowl behold their foe on high;
They close their trembling troop, and all attend
On whom the sousing eagle will descend.

But most the proud Honoria fear'd the event,
And thought to her alone the vision sent.
Her guilt presents to her distracted mind
Heaven's justice, Theodore's revengeful kind,
And the same fate to the same sin assign'd:
Already sees herself the monster's prey,
And feels her heart and entrails torn away.
'Twas a mute scene of sorrow, mix'd with fear:
Still on the table lay th' unfinished cheer:
The knight and hungry mastiffs stood around,
The mangled dame lay breathless on the ground;
When on a sudden, re-inspir'd with breath,
Again she rose, again to suffer death;

Nor staid the hell-hounds, nor the hunter staid,
But follow'd, as before, the flying maid:
Th' avenger took from earth th' avenging sword,
And mounting light as air his sable steed he spur'd:

The clouds dispell'd, the sky resum'd the light,
And nature stood recover'd of her fright.
But fear, the last of ills, remain'd behind,
And horror heavy sat on ev'ry mind.

Nor Theodore encourag'd more the feast,
But sternly look'd, as hatching in his breast
Some deep designs; which when Honoria view'd,

The fresh impulse her former fright renew'd;
She thought herself the trembling dame who fled,

And him the grisly ghost that spur'd th' infernal steed: [drew,

The more dismay'd, for when the guests with-
Their courteous host, saluting all the crew,
Regardless pass'd her o'er; nor grac'd with kind adieu.

That sting infix'd within her haughty mind,
The downfall of her empire she divin'd;
And her proud heart with secret sorrow pin'd.
Home as they went, the sad discourse renew'd
Of the relentless dame to death pursu'd,
And of the sight obscene so lately view'd.

None durst arraign the righteous doom she bore,
E'en they who pity'd most, yet blam'd her more:
The parallel they needed not to name,
But in the dead they damn'd the living dame.

At ev'ry little noise she look'd behind,
For still the knight was present to her mind;
And anxious oft she started on the way,
And thought the horseman-ghost came thund'ring for his prey.

Return'd, she took her bed with little rest,
But in soft slumbers dreamt the fun'ral feast:
Awak'd, she turn'd her side, and slept again;
The same black vapors mounted in her brain,
And the same dreams return'd with double pain.

Now forc'd to wake, because afraid to sleep,
Her blood all fever'd, with a furious leap
She sprang from bed, distracted in her mind,
And fear'd, at ev'ry step, a twitching spright behind.

Darkling and desperate, with stagg'ring pace,
Of death afraid, and conscious of disgrace;
Fear, pride, remorse, at once her heart assail'd,
Pride put remorse to flight, but fear prevail'd.
Friday, the fatal day, when next it came,
Her soul forethought the fiend would change his game,

And her pursue, or Theodore be slain,
And two ghosts join their packs to hunt her o'er the plain.

This dreadful image so possess'd her mind,
That, desperate any succour else to find,
She ceas'd all farther hope; and now began
To make reflection on th' unhappy man.
Rich, brave, and young, who past expression lov'd,

Proof to disdain, and not to be remov'd;

Of all the men respected and admir'd,
Of all the dames, except herself, desir'd :
Why not of her? preferr'd above the rest,
By him with knightly deeds, and open love
profess'd? [dress'd.

So had another been, where he his vows ad-
This quell'd her pride; yet other doubts re-
main'd,

That, once disdaining, she might be disdain'd.
The fear was just, but greater fear prevail'd,
Fear of her life by hellish hounds assail'd :
He took a low'ring leave; but who can tell
What outward hate might inward love conceal?
Her sex's arts she knew; and why not, then,
Might deep dissembling have a place in men?
Here hope began to dawn; resolv'd to try,
She fix'd on this her utmost remedy :
Death was behind, but hard it was to die.

'Twas time enough at last on death to call,
The precipice in sight: a shrub was all,
That kindly stood betwixt to break the fatal fall.

One maid she had, belov'd above the rest :
Secure of her, the secret she confess'd ;
And now the cheerful light her fears dispell'd,
She with no winding turns the truth conceal'd,
But put the woman off, and stood reveal'd :
With faults confess'd commission'd her to go,
If pity yet had place, and reconcile her foe :
The welcome message made, was soon receiv'd ;
'Twas to be wish'd, and hop'd, but scarce be-
Fate seem'd a fair occasion to present; [liev'd ;
He knew the sex, and fear'd she might repent,
Should he delay the moment of consent.
There yet remain'd to gain her friends (a care
The modesty of maidens well might spare) ;
But she with such a zeal the cause embrac'd
(As women, where they will, are all in haste),
The father, mother, and the kin beside,
Were overborne by fury of the tide ;
With full consent of all she chang'd her state ;
Resistless in her love, as in her hate.
By her example warn'd, the rest beware ;
More easy, less imperious, were the fair ;
And that one hunting, which the devil design'd
For one fair female, lost him half the kind.

§ 25. *The Rosciad.* Churchill.

Roscius deceas'd, each high aspiring play'r
Push'd all his int'rest for the vacant chair.
The buskin'd heroes of the mimic stage
No longer whine in love, and rant in rage ;
The monarch quits his throne, and condescends
Humbly to court the favor of his friends ;
For pity's sake tells undeserv'd mishaps,
And, their applause to gain, recounts his claps.
Thus the victorious chiefs of ancient Rome,
To win the mob, a suppliant's form assume,
In pompous strain fight o'er the extinguish'd
war,

And show where honor bled in ev'ry scar.
But though bare merit might in Rome appear
The strongest plea for favor, 'tis not here :

We form our judgment in another way ;
And they will best succeed, who best can pay ;
Those who would gain the votes of British
tribes,
Must add to force of merit force of bribes.

What can an actor give? in ev'ry age
Cash hath been rudely banish'd from the stage ;
Monarchs themselves, to grief of ev'ry play'r,
Appear as often as their image there :
They can't, like candidate for other seat,
Pour seas of wine, and mountains raise of meat.
Wine! they could bribe you with the world as
soon,

And of roast beef, they only know the tune :
But what they have they give ; could Clive do
more,
Though for each million he had brought home
four?

Shuter keeps open house at Southwark fair,
And hopes the friends of humor will be there ;
In Smithfield, Yates prepares the rival treat
For those who laughter love instead of meat ;
Foote, at Old House, for even Foote will be,
In self-conceit, an actor, bribes with tea ;
Which Wilkinson at second-hand receives,
And at the New, pours water on the leaves.

The town divided, each runs sev'ral ways,
As passion, humor, int'rest, party sways.
Things of no moment, color of the hair,
Shape of a leg, complexion brown or fair,
A dress well chosen, or a patch misplac'd,
Conciliate favor, or create distaste.

From galleries loud peals of laughter roll,
And thunder Shuter's praises—he's so droll.
Embor'd, the ladies must have something
smart,

Palmer! Oh! Palmer tops the janty part.
Seated in pit, the dwarf, with aching eyes,
Looks up, and vows that Barry's out of size ;
Whilst to six feet the vig'rous stripling grown,
Declares that Garrick is another Coan.

When place of judgment is by whim supplied,
And our opinions have their rise in pride ;
When, in discoursing on each mimic elf,
We praise and censure with an eye to self ;
All must meet friends, and Ackman bids as fair
In such a court, as Garrick, for the chair.

At length agreed, all squabbles to decide,
By some one judge the cause was to be tried ;
But this their squabbles did afresh renew,
Who should be judge in such a trial:—Who?

For Johnson some, but Johnson, it was fear'd,
Would be too grave; and Sterne too gay ap-
pear'd :

Others for Francklin voted; but 'twas known,
He sickn'd at all triumphs but his own :
For Colman many, but the peevish tongue
Of prudent Age found out that he was young :
For Murphy some few pilf'ring wits declar'd,
Whilst Folly clapp'd her hands, and Wisdom
star'd.

To mischief train'd, e'en from his mother's
womb, [bloom,
Grown old in fraud, though yet in manhood's

Adopting arts, by which gay villains rise,
And reach the heights which honest men de-
spise;

Mute at the bar, and in the senate loud,
Dull 'mongst the dullest, proudest of the proud;
A pert, prim prater of the northern race,
Guilt in his heart, and famine in his face,
Stood forth—and thrice he wav'd his lily hand—
And thrice he twirl'd his eye—thrice strok'd his
band—

“At Friendship's call (thus oft with trait'rous
Men void of faith usurp faith's sacred name)
At Friendship's call I come, by Murphy sent,
Who thus by me develops his intent.
But lest, transfus'd, the spirit should be lost,
That spirit which in storms of rhet'ric tost,
Bounces about, and flies like bottled beer,
In his own words his own intentions hear.

“Thanks to my friends—But to vile fortunes
born,

No robes of fur these shoulders must adorn.
Vain your applause, no aid from thence I draw;
Vain all my wit, for what is wit in law?
Twice (curs'd remembrance!) twice I strove to
gain

Admittance 'mongst the law-instructed train,
Who, in the Temple and Gray's Inn, prepare
For clients' wretched feet the legal snare;
Dead to those arts, which polish and refine,
Deaf to all worth, because that worth was mine,
Twice did those blockheads startle at my name,
And foul rejection gave me up to shame.
To law and lawyers then I bade adieu,
And plans of far more lib'ral note pursue.
Who will may be a judge—my kindling breast
Burns for that chair which Roscius once pos-
sess'd.

Here give your votes, your int'rest here exert,
And let success for once attend desert.”

With Sleek appearance, and with ambling
pace,

And, type of vacant head, with vacant face,
The Proteus Hill put in his modest plea,—
“Let favor speak for others, worth for me.”—
For who, like him, his various powers could call
Into so many shapes, and shine in all?

Who could so nobly grace the motley list,
Actor, inspector, doctor, botanist?
Knows any one so well—sure no one knows—
At once to play, prescribe, compound, compose?
Who can—But Woodward came,—Hill slipp'd
away,

Melting, like ghosts, before the rising day.

* With that low cunning, which in fools sup-
And amply too, the place of being wise, [plies,
Which nature, kind, indulgent parent, gave
To qualify the blockhead for a knave;
With that smooth falsehood, whose appearance
charms,

And reason of each wholesome doubt disarms,

Which to the lowest depths of guile descends,
By vilest means pursues the vilest ends,
Wears friendship's mask for purposes of spite,
Fawns in the day, and butchers in the night;
With that malignant envy, which turns pale,
And sickens, even if a friend prevail,
Which merit and success pursues with hate,
And damns the worth it cannot imitate;
With the cold caution of a coward's spleen,
Which fears not guilt, but always seeks a screen,
Which keeps this maxim ever in its view—
What's basely done, should be done safely too;
With that dull, rooted, callous impudence,
Which dead to shame, and ev'ry nicer sense,
Ne'er blush'd, unless, in spreading Vice's snares,
She blunder'd on some virtue unawares:
With all these blessings, which we seldom find
Lavish'd by Nature on one happy mind,
A motley figure, of the Fribble tribe,
Which heart can scarce conceive, or pen de-
scribe,

Came simp'ring on; to ascertain whose sex
Twelve sage empanell'd matrons would per-
plex:

Nor male, nor female; neither, and yet both;
Of neuter gender, though of Irish growth;
A six-foot suckling, mincing in its gait;
Affected, peevish, prim, and delicate;
Fearful it seem'd, though of athletic make,
Lest brutal breezes should too roughly shake
Its tender form, and savage motion spread
O'er its pale cheeks the horrid manly red.

Much did it talk, in its own pretty phrase,
Of genius and of taste, of play'rs and plays;
Much too of writings, which itself had wrote,
Of special merit, though of little note;
For Fate, in a strange humor, had decreed
That what it wrote, none but itself should read:
Much too it chatter'd of dramatic laws,
Misjudging critics, and misplac'd applause;
Then, with a self-complacent jutting air,
It smil'd, it smirk'd, it wriggled to the chair;
And, with an awkward briskness, not its own,
Looking around, and perking on the throne,
Triumphant seem'd, when that strange savage
dame,

Known but to few, or only known by name,
Plain Common Sense appear'd, by Nature there
Appointed, with plain Truth to guard the chair.
The pageant saw, and blasted with her frown,
To its first state of nothing melted down.

Nor shall the muse (for even there the pride
Of this vain nothing shall be mortified),
Nor shall the muse (should fate ordain her
rhymes,

Fond, pleasing thought! to live in after-times)
With such a trifler's name her pages blot;
Known be the character, the thing forgot;
Let it, to disappoint each future aim,
Live without sex, and die without a name!

* This severe character was intended for Mr. Fitzpatrick, a person who had rendered himself remarkable by his activity in the playhouse riots of 1763, relative to taking half prices. He was the hero of Garrick's Fribbleriad.

Cold-blooded critics, by enervate sires
 Scarce hammer'd out, when nature's feeble fires
 Glimmer'd their last; whose sluggish blood,
 half froze, [ne'er glows
 Creeps lab'ring through the veins; whose heart
 With fancy-kindled heat,—a servile race,
 Who in mere want of fault, all merit place;
 Who blind obedience pay to ancient schools,
 Bigots to Greece, and slaves to musty rules:
 With solemn consequence declar'd that none
 Could judge that cause but Sophocles alone.
 Dupes to their fancied excellence, the crowd,
 Osequious to the sacred dictate, bow'd.

When, from amidst the throng, a youth stood
 forth,

Unknown his person, not unknown his worth!
 His look bespoke applause; alone he stood,
 Alone he stemm'd the mighty critic flood.
 He talk'd of ancients, as the man became
 Who priz'd their own, but envy'd not their fame;
 With noble rev'rence spoke of Greece and Rome,
 And scorn'd to tear the laurel from the tomb.

“But more than just to other countries grown,
 Must we turn base apostates to our own?
 Where do these words of Greece and Rome
 excel,

That England may not please the ear as well?
 What mighty magic's in the place or air,
 That all perfection needs must centre there?

In states, let strangers blindly be prefer'd;
 In state of letters, merit should be heard.

Genius is of no country, her pure ray
 Spreads all abroad, as gen'ral as the day;
 Foe to restraint, from place to place she flies,
 And may hereafter e'en in Holland rise.

May not (to give a pleasing fancy scope
 And cheer a patriot heart with patriot hope),
 May not some great extensive genius raise
 The name of Britain 'bove Athenian praise;

And, whilst brave thirst of fame his bosom
 warms,

Make England great in letters as in arms?
 There may—there hath—and Shakspeare's muse
 aspires

Beyond the reach of Greece; with native fires
 Mounting aloft, he wings his daring flight,
 While Sophocles below stands trembling at his
 height.

Why should we then abroad for judges roam,
 When abler judges we may find at home?
 Happy in tragic and in comic pow'rs,
 Have we not Shakspeare?—Is not Jonson ours?
 For them, your nat'ral judges, Britons, vote;
 They'll judge like Britons, who like Britons
 wrote.”

He said, and conquer'd—Sense resum'd her
 sway,

And disappointed pedants stalk'd away.
 Shakspeare and Jonson, with deserv'd applause,
 Joint judges were ordain'd to try the cause.
 Meantime the stranger ev'ry voice employ'd,
 To ask or tell his name—Who is it?—Lloyd.

Thus, when the aged friends of Job stood
 mute,

And, tamely prudent, gave up the dispute,
 Elihu, with the decent warmth of youth,
 Boldly stood forth the advocate of truth;
 Confuted falsehood, and disabled pride,
 Whilst baffled age stood snarling at his side.

The day of trial's fix'd, nor any fear
 Lest day of trial should be put off here.
 Causes but seldom for delay can call
 In courts where forms are few, fees none at all.

The morning came; nor find I that the sun,
 As he on other great events hath done,
 Put on a brighter robe than what he wore
 To go his journey in the day before.

Full in the centre of a spacious plain,
 On plan entirely new, where nothing vain,
 Nothing magnificent appear'd, but Art
 With decent modesty perform'd her part,
 Rose a tribunal: from no other court
 It borrow'd ornament, or sought support:
 No juries here were pack'd to kill or clear,
 No bribes were taken, nor oaths broken here;
 No gownsmen, partial to a client's cause,
 To their own purpose turn'd the pliant laws.
 Each judge was true and steady to his trust,
 As Mansfield wise, and as old Foster* just.

In the first seat, in robes of various dyes,
 A noble wildness flashing from his eyes,
 Sat Shakspeare—in one hand a wand he bore,
 For mighty wonders fam'd in days of yore;
 The other held a globe, which to his will
 Obedient turn'd, and own'd the master's skill:
 Things of the noblest kind his genius drew,
 And look'd through nature at a single view;
 A loose he gave to his unbounded soul;
 And taught new lands to rise, new seas to roll;
 Call'd into being scenes unknown before,
 And, passing nature's bounds, was something
 more.

Next Jonson sat, in ancient learning train'd,
 His rigid judgment fancy's flights restrain'd;
 Correctly prun'd each wild luxuriant thought,
 Mark'd out her course, nor spar'd a glorious
 fault.

The book of man he read with nicest art,
 And ransack'd all the secrets of the heart;
 Exerted penetration's utmost force,
 And trac'd each passion to its proper source;
 Then strongly mark'd, in liveliest colors drew,
 And brought each foible forth to public view.
 The coxcomb felt a lash in ev'ry word,
 And fools, hung out, their brother fools deterr'd.
 His comic humor kept the world in awe,
 And laughter frighten'd folly more than law.

But, hark! the trumpet sounds, the crowd
 give way,

And the procession comes in just array.

Now should I, in some sweet poetic line,
 Offer up incense at Apollo's shrine;
 Invoke the muse to quit her calm abode,
 And waken mem'ry with a sleeping ode.

* Sir Michael Foster, one of the Judges of the King's Bench.

For how should mortal man, in mortal verse,
Their titles, merits, or their names rehearse?
But give, kind Dulness, memory and rhyme,
We'll put off genius till another time. [slow,

First, Order came,—with solemn step, and
In measur'd time his feet were taught to go.
Behind, from time to time, he cast his eye,
Lest this should quit his place, that step awry.
Appearances to save his only care;
So things seem right no matter what they are.
In him his parents saw themselves renew'd,
Begotten by Sir Critic on Saint Prude.

Then came drum, trumpet, hautboy, fiddle,
flute;

Next snuffer, sweeper, shifter, soldier, mute;
Legions of angels all in white advance;
Furies, all fire, come forward in a dance;
Pantomime figures then are brought to view,
Fools hand in hand with fools go two by two.
Next came the treasurer of either house;
One with full purse, t' other with not a sous.
Behind, a grouse of figures awe create,
Set off with all th' impertinence of state;
By lace and feather consecrate to fame,
Expelive kings, and queens without a name.

Here Havard, all serene, in the same strains,
Loves, hates, and rages, triumphs, and complains:

His easy vacant face proclaim'd a heart
Which could not feel emotions, nor impart.
With him came mighty Davies. On my life,
That Davies hath a very pretty wife:—
Statesman all over!—In plots famous grown!
He mouths a sentence, as curs mouth a bone.

Next Holland came.—With truly tragic walk,
He creeps, he flies—a hero should not stalk.
As if with heav'n he warr'd, his eager eyes
Planted their batteries against the skies;
Attitude, action, air, pause, start, sigh, groan,
He borrow'd, and made use of as his own.
By fortune thrown on any other stage,
He might, *perhaps*, have pleas'd an easy age;
But now appears a copy, and no more,
Of something better we have seen before:
The actor who would build a solid fame,
Must imitation's servile arts disclaim;
Act from himself, on his own bottom stand:
I hate e'en Garrick thus at second-hand.

Behind came King.—Bred up in modest lore;
Bashful and young he sought Hibernia's shore;
Hibernia, fam'd, 'bove ev'ry other grace,
For matchless intrepidity of face.
From her his features caught the gen'rous flame,
And bid defiance to all sense of shame.
Tutor'd by her all rivals to surpass, [brass.
'Mongst Drury's sons he comes, and shines in

Lo Yates!—Without the least finesse of art
He gets applause—I wish he'd get his part.
When hot impatience is in full career,
How vilely "Hark 'e, Hark 'e!" grates the ear!
When active fancy from the brain is sent,
And stands on tip-toe for some wish'd event,
I hate those careless blunders which recall
Suspended sense, and prove it fiction all.

In characters of low and vulgar mould,
Where Nature's coarsest features we behold,
Where, destitute of ev'ry decent grace,
Unmanner'd jests are blurted in your face,
There Yates with justice strict attention draws,
Acts truly from himself, and gains applause.
But when, to please himself or charm his wife,
He aims at something in politer life;
When, blindly thwarting nature's stubborn plan,
He treads the stage, by way of gentleman;
The clown, who no one touch of breeding
knows, [clothes.

Looks like Tom Errand dress'd in Clincher's
Fond of his dress, fond of his person grown,
Laugh'd at by all, and to himself unknown,
From side to side he struts, he smiles, he
prates,

And seems to wonder what's become of Yates.

Woodward, endow'd with various tricks of
Great master in the science of grimace, [face,
From Ireland ventures, fav'rite of the town,
Lur'd by the pleasing prospect of renown;
A squeaking harlequin, made up of whim,
He twists, he twines, he tortures ev'ry limb,
Plays to the eye with a mere monkey's art,
And leaves to sense the conquest of the heart.
We laugh indeed, but, on reflection's birth,
We wonder at ourselves, and curse our mirth.
His walk of parts he fatally misplac'd,
And inclination fondly took for taste;
Hence hath the town so often seen display'd
Beau in burlesque, high life in masquerade.

But when bold wits, not such as patch up
Cold and correct, in these insipid days, [plays,
Some comic character, strong-featur'd, urge
To probability's extremest verge,
Where modest judgment her decree suspends,
And, for a time, nor censures nor commends,
Where critics can't determine on the spot,
Whether it is in nature found or not,
There Woodward safely shall his pow'rs exert,
Nor fail of favor where he shows desert.
Hence he in Bobadil such praises bore,
Such worthy praises, Kitley scarce had more.

By turns transform'd into all kinds of shapes,
Constant to none, Foote laughs, cries, struts,
and scrapes:

Now in the centre, now in van or rear,
The Proteus shifts, bawd, parson, auctioneer.
His strokes of humor, and his bursts of sport,
Are all contain'd in this one word, Distort.

Doth a man stutter, look askint, or halt?
Mimics draw humor out of nature's fault,
With personal defects their mirth adorn,
And hang misfortunes out to public scorn.
E'en I, whom nature cast in hideous mould,
Whom, having made, she trembled to behold,
Beneath the load of mimicry may groan,
And find that nature's errors are my own.

Shadows behind of Foote and Woodward
came;

Wilkinson this, Obrien was that name.
Strange to relate, but wonderfully true,
That even shadows have their shadows too!

With not a single comic pow'r endu'd,
The first a mere, mere mimic's mimic stood ;
The last, by nature form'd to please, who shows,
In Jonson's Stephen, which way genius grows ;
Self quite put off, affects, with too much art,
To put on Woodward in each mangled part ;
Adopts his shrug, his wink, his stare ; nay, more,
His voice, and croaks ; for Woodward croak'd
before.

When a dull copier simple grace neglects,
And rests his imitation in defects,
We readily forgive ; but such vile arts
Are double guilt in men of real parts.

By nature form'd in her perversest mood,
With no one requisite of art endu'd,
Next Jackson came.—Observe that settl'd glare,
Which better speaks a puppet than a player :
List to that voice—did ever Discord hear
Sounds so well fitted to her untun'd ear ?
When, to enforce some very tender part,
The right hand sleeps by instinct on the heart,
His soul, of every other thought bereft,
Is anxious only where to place the left ;
He sobs and pants to sooth his weeping spouse,
To sooth his weeping mother turns and bows ;
Awkward, embarrass'd, stiff, without the skill
Of moving gracefully, or standing still,
One leg, as if suspicious of his brother,
Desirous seems to run away from t' other.

Some errors, handed down from age to age,
Plead custom's force, and still possess the stage.
That's vile—should we a parent's faults adore,
And err, because our fathers err'd before ?

If, inattentive to the author's mind,
Some actors made the jest they could not find,
If by low tricks they marr'd fair nature's mien,
And blurr'd the graces of the simple scene,
Shall we, if reason rightly is employ'd,
Not see their faults, or seeing not avoid ?
When Falstaff stands detected in a lie,
Why, without meaning, rolls Love's glassy eye ?
Why ?—there's no cause—at least no cause we
know—

It was the fashion twenty years ago :
Fashion, a word which knaves and fools may use
Their knavery and folly to excuse.
To copy beauties, forfeits all pretence
To fame—to copy faults, is want of sense.

Yet (though in some particulars he fails—
Some few particulars, where mode prevails)
If in these hallow'd times, when sober, sad,
All gentlemen are melancholy mad,
When 'tis not deem'd so great a crime by half
To violate a vestal, as to laugh,
Rude mirth may hope presumptuous to engage
An act of toleration for the stage,
All courtiers will, like reasonable creatures,
Suspend vain fashion, and unscrew their features ;
Old Falstaff, play'd by Love, shall please once
And humor set the audience in a roar. [more,

Actors I've seen, and of no vulgar name,
Who, being from one part possess'd of fame,
Whether they are to laugh, cry, whine, or bawl,
Still introduce that fav'rite part in all.

Here, Love, be cautious—ne'er be thou betray'd
To call in that wag Falstaff's dang'rous aid ;
Like Goths of old, howe'er he seems a friend,
He'll seize that throne you wish him to defend.
In a peculiar mould by humor cast,
For Falstaff fram'd—himself, the first and last—
He stands aloof from all—maintains his state,
And scorns, like Scotsmen, to assimilate.

Vain all disguise—too plain we see the trick,
Though the knight wears the weeds of Dominic,
And Boniface, disgrac'd, betrays the smack,
In Anno Domini, of Falstaff's sack.

Arms cross'd, brows bent, eyes fix'd, feet
marching slow,
A band of malcontents with spleen o'erflow ;
Wrapt in conceit's impenetrable fog,
Which pride, like Phœbus, draws from ev'ry
bog,

They curse the managers, and curse the town,
Whose partial favor keeps such merit down.

But if some man, more hardy than the rest,
Should dare attack these gnatlings in their nest ;
At once they rise with impotence of rage,
Whet their small stings, and buzz about the
stage.

" 'Tis breach of privilege !—Shall any dare
To arm satiric truth against a player ?
Prescriptive rights we plead time out of mind ;
Actors, unlash'd themselves, may lash man-
kind."

What! shall opinion then, of nature free
And lib'ral as the vagrant air, agree
To rust in chains like these, impos'd by things
Which, less than nothing, ape the pride of kings ?
No—though half-poets with half-players join
To curse the freedom of each honest line ;
Though rage and malice dim their faded cheek ;
What the muse freely thinks she'll freely speak.
With just disdain of ev'ry paltry sneer,
Stranger alike to flattery and fear,
In purpose fix'd, and to herself a rule,
Public contempt shall wait the public fool ;

Austin would always glisten in French silks,
Ackman would Norris be, and Packer Wilks.
For who, like Ackman, can with humor please ?
Who can, like Packer, charm with sprightly
ease ?

Higher than all the rest, see Bransby strut ;
A mighty Gulliver in Lilliput !
Ludicrous Nature ! which at once could show
A man so very high, so very low.

If I forget thee, Blakes, or if I say
Aught hurtful, may I never see thee play !
Let critics, with a supercilious air,
Decry thy various merit, and declare
Frenchmen are still at top ;—but scorn that
rage

Which, in attacking thee, attacks the age.
French follies, universally embrac'd,
At once provoke our mirth, and form our taste.

Long, from a nation ever hardly us'd,
At random censur'd, wantonly abus'd,
Have Britons drawn their sport, with partial view,
Form'd gen'ral notions from the rascal few ;

Condemn'd a people as for vices known,
Which, from their country banish'd, seek our
own.

At length, howe'er, the slavish chain is broke,
And sense, awaken'd, scorns her ancient yoke:
Taught by thee, Moody, we now learn to raise
Mirth from their foibles; from their virtues,
praise.

Next came the legion, which our *Summer Bayes*
From alleys, here and there, contriv'd to raise,
Flush'd with vast hopes, and certain to succeed
With wits who cannot write, and scarce can read.
Vet'rans no more support the rotten cause,
No more from Elliot's worth they reap applause;
Each on himself determines to rely,
Be Yates disbanded, and let Elliot fly,
Never did play'rs so well an author fit,
To nature dead, and foes declar'd to wit.
So loud each tongue, so empty was each head,
So much they talk'd, so very little said,
So wondrous dull, and yet so wondrous vain,
At once so willing, and unfit to reign,
That reason swore, nor would the oath recall,
Their mighty master's soul inform'd them all.

As one with various disappointments sad,
Whom dulness only kept from being mad,
Apart from all the rest, great Murphy came—
Common to fools and wits, the rage of fame.
What, though the sons of nonsense hail him sire,
Auditor, author, manager, and squire,
His restless soul's ambition stops not there—
To make his triumphs perfect, dub him player.

In person tall, a figure form'd to please,
If symmetry could charm, depriv'd of ease:
When motionless he stands, we all approve:
What pity 'tis the thing was made to move!

His voice, in one dull, deep, unvaried sound,
Seems to break forth from caverns under ground.
From hollow chest the low sepulchral note
Unwilling heaves, and struggles in his throat.

Could authors butcher'd give an actor grace,
All must to him resign the foremost place.
When he attempts, in some one fav'rite part,
To ape the feelings of a manly heart,
His honest features the disguise defy,
And his face loudly gives his tongue the lie.

Still in extremes, he knows no happy mean,
Or raving mad, or stupidly serene.
In cold-wrought scenes the lifeless actor flags,
In passion, tears the passion into rags.
Can none remember?—Yes—I know all must—
When in the Moor he ground his teeth to dust,
When o'er the stage he folly's standard bore,
Whilst common sense stood trembling at the door.

How few are found with real talents bless'd!
Fewer with nature's gifts contented rest.
Man from his sphere eccentric starts astray;
All hunt for fame, but most mistake the way.
Bred at St. Omer's to the shuffling trade,
The hopeful youth a jesuit might have made,
With various readings stor'd his empty skull,
Learn'd without sense, and venerably dull.

Or, at some banker's desk, like many more,
Content to tell that two and two make four,
His name had stood in city annals fair,
And prudent dulness mark'd him for a mayor.

What then could tempt thee, in a critic age,
Such blooming hopes to forfeit on a stage?
Could it be worth thy wondrous waste of pains,
To publish to the world thy lack of brains?
Or might not reason e'en to thee have shown
Thy greatest praise had been to live unknown?
Yet let not vanity, like thine, despair:
Fortune makes folly her peculiar care.

A vacant throne high plac'd in Smithfield view,
To sacred dulness and her first-born due:
Thither with haste in happy hour repair,
Thy birthright claim, nor fear a rival there;
Shuter himself shall own thy juster claim,
And venal Ledgers puff their Murphy's name,
Whilst Vaughan* or Dapper, call him which
you will,
Shall blow the trumpet, and give out the bill.

There rule secure from critics and from sease,
Nor once shall genius rise to give offence;
Eternal peace shall bless the happy shore,
And little factions break thy rest no more.

From Covent-Garden crowds promiscuous go,
Whom the Muse knows not, nor desires to know,
Vet'rans they seem'd, but knew of arms no more
Than if, till that time, arms they never bore:
Like Westminster militia train'd to fight,
They scarcely knew the left hand from the right.
Asham'd among such troops to show their head,
Their chiefs were scatter'd, and their heroes fled.

Sparks at his glass sat comfortably down
To se'p'rate frown from smile, and smile from
frown:

Smith, the genteel, the airy and the smart,
Smith was just gone to school to say his part;
Ross (a misfortune which we often meet)
Was fast asleep at dear Statira's feet;
Statira, with her hero to agree,
Stood on her feet as fast asleep as he;
Macklin, who largely deals in half-form'd sounds,
Who wantonly transgresses nature's bounds,
Whose acting's hard, affected, and constrain'd,
Whose features, as each other they disdain'd,
At variance set, inflexible and coarse,
Ne'er know the workings of united force,
Ne'er kindly soften to each other's aid,
Nor show the mingled powers of light and shade;
No longer for a thankless stage concern'd,
To worthier thoughts his mighty genius turn'd;
Harangu'd, gave lectures, made each simple elf
Almost as good a speaker as himself;
Whilst the whole town, mad with mistaken zeal,
An awkward rage for elocution feel;
Dull cits and grave divines his praise proclaim,
And join with Sheridan's their Macklin's name:
Shuter, who never car'd a single pin
Whether he left out nonsense, or put in,
Who aim'd at wit, though, levell'd in the dark,
The random arrow seldom hit the mark;

* A gentleman who published, at this juncture, a Poem entitled "The Retort."

At Islington, all by the placid stream
Where City swains in lap of dulness dream;
Where, quiet as her streams their strains do
flow;

That all the patron by the bards may know;
Secret as night, with Rolt's experienc'd aid,
The plan of future operations laid,
Projected schemes the summer months to cheer,
And spin out happy folly through the year.

But think not, though these dastard chiefs
are fled,

That Covent-Garden troops shall want a head:
Harlequin comes their chief!—See from afar
The hero seated in fantastic car!

Wedded to novelty, his only arms
Are wooden swords, wands, talismans, and
charms;

On one side folly sits, by some call'd fun,
And on the other, his arch-patron, Lun.
Behind, for liberty athirst in vain,
Sense, helpless captive, drags the galling chain:
Six rude mis-shapen beasts the chariot draw,
Whom reason loathes, and nature never saw;
Monsters with tails of ice, and heads of fire;
Gorgons and hydras, and chimeras dire.
Each was bestrode by full as monstrous wight,
Giant, dwarf, genius, elf, hermaphrodite.
The town, as usual, met him in full cry,
The town, as usual, knew no reason why.
But fashion so directs, and moderns raise
On fashion's mould'ring base their transient
praise.

Next, to the field a band of females draw
Their force; for Britain owns no salic law:
Just to their worth, we female rights admit,
Nor bar their claim to empire or to wit.

First, giggling, plotting chambermaids arrive,
Hoydens and romps, led on by Gen'ral Clive.
In spite of outward blemishes, she shone
For humor fam'd, and humor all her own.
Easy, as if at home, the stage she trod,
Nor sought the critic's praise, nor fear'd his rod.
Original in spirit and in ease,
She pleas'd by hiding all attempts to please.
No comic actress ever yet could raise,
On humor's base, more merit or more praise.

With all the native vigor of sixteen,
Among the merry troop conspicuous seen,
See lively Pope advance in gig and trip,
Corinna, Cherry, Honeycomb, and Snip.
Not without art, but yet to nature true,
She charms the town with humor just, yet
new.

Cheer'd by her promise, we the less deplore
The fatal time when Clive shall be no more.

Lo! Vincent comes—with simple grace ar-
ray'd,

She laughs at paltry arts, and scorns parade.
Nature through her is by reflection shown,
Whilst Gay once more knows Polly for his own.

Talk not to me of diffidence and fear—
I see it all, but must forgive it here.
Defects like these, which modest terrors cause,
From impudence itself extort applause,

Candor and reason still take virtue's part;
We love e'en foibles in so good a heart.

Let Tommy Arne, with usual pomp of style,
(Whose chief, whose only merit's to compile,
Who, meanly pilfering here and there a bit,
Deals music out as Murphy deals out wit,
Publish proposals, laws for taste prescribe,
And chant the praise of an Italian tribe:
Let him reverse kind nature's first decrees,
And teach e'en Brent a method not to please;
But never shall a truly British age
Bear a vile race of eunuchs on the stage.
The boasted work's call'd National in vain,
If one Italian voice pollutes the strain.

Where tyrants rule, and slaves with joy obey,
Let slavish minstrels pour th' enervate lay;
To Britons far more noble pleasures spring,
In native notes while Beard and Vincent sing.

Might figure give a title unto fame,
What rival should with Yates dispute her claim?
But justice may not partial trophies raise,
Nor sink the actress in the woman's praise.
Still hand in hand her words and actions go,
And the heart feels more than the features
show:

For, through the regions of that beauteous face,
We no variety of passions trace;
Dead to the soft emotions of the heart,
No kindred softness can those eyes impart;
The brow, still fix'd in sorrow's sullen frame,
Void of distinction, marks all parts the same.

What's a fine person, or a beauteous face,
Unless deportment gives them decent grace?
Bless'd with all other requisites to please,
Some want the striking elegance of ease;
The curious eye their awkward movement tires;
They seem like puppets led about by wires,
Others, like statues, in one posture still,
Give great ideas of the workman's skill;
Wond'ring, his art we praise the more we view,
And only grieve he gave not motion too.
Weak of themselves are what we beauties call;
It is the manner which gives strength to all.
This teaches ev'ry beauty to unite,
And bring them forward in the noblest light.
Happy in this, behold, amidst the throng,
With transient gleam of grace, Hart sweeps
along.

If all the wonders of external grace,
A person finely turn'd, a mould of face,
Where, union rare, expression's lively force
With beauty's softest magic holds discourse,
Attract the eye; if feelings void of art
Rouse the quick passions, and inflame the heart;
If music, sweetly breathing from the tongue,
Captives the ear, Bride must not pass unsung.

When fear, which rank ill-nature calls con-
ceit,

By time and custom conquer'd, shall retreat;
When judgment, tutor'd by experience sage,
Shall shoot abroad, and gather strength from
age;

When heav'n in mercy shall the stage release
From the dull slumbers of a still-life piece;

When some stale flow'r, disgraceful to the walk,
Which long hath hung, though wither'd on the
stalk, [way,
Shall kindly drop, then Bride shall make her
And merit find a passage to the day;
Brought into action, she at once shall raise
Her own renown, and justify our praise.

Form'd for the tragic scene, to grace the stage
With rival excellence of love and rage,
Mistress of each soft art, with matchless skill
To turn and wind the passions as she will;
To melt the heart with sympathetic woe,
Awake the sigh, and teach the tear to flow;
To put on phrenzy's wild distracted glare,
And freeze the soul with horror and despair;
With just desert enroll'd in endless fame,
Conscious of worth superior, Cibber came.

When poor Alicia's madd'ning brains are
rack'd,
And strongly imag'd griefs her mind distract;
Struck with her grief, I catch the madness too!
My brains turn round, the headless trunk I
view! [rors rise,

The roof cracks, shakes, and falls!—new hor-
And reason buried in the ruin lies.

Nobly disdainful of each slavish art,
She makes her first attack upon the heart;
Pleas'd with her summons, it receives her laws,
And all is silence, sympathy, applause.

But when by fond ambition drawn aside,
Giddy with praise, and puff'd with female
pride,

She quits the tragic scene, and, in pretence
To comic merit, breaks down nature's fence;
I scarcely can believe my ears or eyes,
Or find out Cibber through the dark disguise.

Pritchard, by nature for the stage design'd,
In person graceful, and in sense refin'd;
Her heart as much as nature's friend became,
Her voice as free from blemish as her fame;
Who knows so well in majesty to please
Attemper'd with the graceful charms of ease?

When Congreve's favor'd pantomime to grace,
She comes a captive queen of Moorish race;
When love, hate, jealousy, despair, and rage,
With wildest tumults in her breast engage;
Still equal to herself is Zara seen:
Her passions are the passions of a queen.

Where she to murder whets the timorous
Thane,

I feel ambition rush through ev'ry vein;
Persuasion hangs upon her daring tongue,
My heart grows flint, and ev'ry nerve's new
strung. ["hold,

In comedy—"Nay, there," cries critic,
Pritchard's for comedy too fat and old.
Who can, with patience, bear the gray coquette,
Or force a laugh with overgrown Juliette?
Her speech, look, action, humor, all are just;
But then, her age and figure give disgust."

Are foibles, then, and graces of the mind,
In real life, to size or age confin'd?
Do spirits flow, and is good breeding plac'd
In any set circumference of waist?

As we grow old, doth affectation cease,
Or gives not age new vigor to caprice?
If in originals these things appear,
Why should we bar them in the copy here?
The nice punctilio-mongers of this age,
The grand minute reformers of the stage,
Slaves to propriety of ev'ry kind,
Some standard-measure for each part should
find,

Which when the best of actors shall exceed,
Let it devolve to one of smaller breed.
All actors too upon the back should bear
Certificate of birth—time, when—place, where;
For how can critics rightly fix their worth,
Unless they know the minute of their birth?
An audience too, deceiv'd, may find too late,
That they have clapp'd an actor out of date.

Figure, I own, at first may give offence,
And harshly strike the eye's too curious sense:
But when perfections of the mind break forth,
Humor's chaste sallies, judgment's solid worth;
When the pure genuine flame, by nature
taught,

Springs into sense, and ev'ry action's thought;
Before such merit all objections fly:
Pritchard's genteel, and Garrick's six feet high.

Oft have I, Pritchard, seen thy wondrous
skill,

Confess'd thee great, but find thee greater still.
That worth which shone in scatter'd rays before,
Collected now, breaks forth with double pow'r.
The Jealous Wife; on that thy trophies raise,
Inferior only to the author's praise.

From Dublin, fam'd in legions of romance
For mighty magic of th' enchanted lance,
With which her heroes arm'd, victorious prove,
And like a flood rush o'er the land of love,
Mossop and Barry came—names ne'er design'd
By fate in the same sentence to be join'd.
Rais'd by the breath of popular acclaim,
They mounted to the pinnacle of fame;
There the weak brain, made giddy with the
height,

Spurr'd on the rival chiefs to mortal fight.
Thus sportive boys around some bason's brim
Behold the pipe-drawn bladders circling swim:
But if, from lungs more potent, there arise
Two bubbles of a more than common size,
Eager for honor they for fight prepare,
Bubble meets bubble, and both sink to air.

Mossop, attach'd to military plan,
Still kept his eye fix'd on his right-hand man.
Whilst the mouth measures words with seem-
ing skill,

The right hand labors, and the left lies still;
For he resolv'd on scripture grounds to go,
What the right doth, the left hand shall not
know.

With studied impropriety of speech,
He soars beyond the hackney critic's reach;
To epithets allots emphatic state,
Whilst principals, ungrac'd, like lacqueys wait;
In ways first trodden by himself excels,
And stands alone in indeclinables;

Conjunction, preposition, adverb join,
To stamp new vigor on the nervous line :
In monosyllables his thunders roll—
He, she, it, and, we, ye, they, fright the soul.

In person taller than the common size,
Behold where Barry draws admiring eyes !
When lab'ring passions, in his bosom pent,
Convulsive rage, and struggling heave for vent,
Spectators with imagin'd terrors warm,
Anxious expect the bursting of the storm :
But, all unfit in such a pile to dwell,
His voice comes forth like Echo from her cell ;
To swell the tempest needful aid denies,
And all a-down the stage in feeble murmurs dies.

What man, like Barry, with such pains can
In elocution, action, character ? [err
What man could give, if Barry was not here,
Such well-applauded tenderness to Lear ?
Who else could speak so very, very fine,
That sense may kindly end with ev'ry line ?

Some dozen lines before the ghost is there,
Behold him for the solemn scene prepare.
See how he frames his eyes, poises each limb,
Puts the whole body into proper trim.—
From whence we learn, with no great stretch
of art,

Five lines hence comes a ghost, and, ha ! a start.
When he appears most perfect, still we find
Something which jars upon, and hurts the
mind.

Whatever lights upon a part are thrown,
We see too plainly they are not his own.
No flame from nature ever yet he caught ;
Nor knew a feeling which he was not taught :
He rais'd his trophies on the base of art,
And conn'd his passions, as he conn'd his part.

Quin, from afar lur'd by the scent of fame,
A stage Leviathan, put in his claim,
Pupil of Betterton and Booth. Alone,
Sullen he walk'd, and deem'd the chair his own.
For how should moderns, mushrooms of the
day, [play ?

Who, ne'er those masters knew, know how to
Gray-bearded vet'rans, who, with partial tongue,
Extol the times when they themselves were
young ;

Who, having lost all relish for the stage,
See not their own defects, but lash the age ;
Receiv'd with joyful murmurs of applause
Their darling chief, and lin'd his fav'rite cause.

Far be it from the candid muse to tread
Insulting o'er the ashes of the dead,
But, just to living merit, she maintains,
And dares the test, while Garrick's genius
Ancients in vain endeavour to excel, [reigns ;
Happily prais'd, if they could act as well.
But though prescription's force we disallow,
Nor to antiquity submissive bow ;
Though we deny imaginary grace,
Founded on accidents of time and place ;
Yet real worth of every growth shall bear
Due praise, nor must we, Quin, forget thee
there.

His words bore sterling weight, nervous and
strong

In manly tides of sense they roll'd along.
Happy in art, he chiefly had pretence
To keep up numbers, yet not forfeit sense.
No actor ever greater heights could reach
In all the labor'd artifice of speech.

Speech ! is that all ?—And shall an actor
An universal fame on partial ground ? [found
Parrots themselves speak properly by rote,
And in six months my dog shall howl by note.
I laugh at those, who, when the stage they
tread,

Neglect the heart, to compliment the head ;
With strict propriety their cares confin'd
To weigh out words, while passion halts behind.
To syllable-dissectors they appeal,
Allow them accent, cadence,—fools may feel ;
But, spite of all the criticising elves,
Those who would make us feel, must feel them-
selves.

His eyes, in gloomy socket taught to roll,
Proclaim'd the sullen habit of his soul.
Heavy and phlegmatic he trod the stage,
Too proud for tenderness, too dull for rage.
When Hector's lovely widow shines in tears,
Or Rowe's gay rake dependent virtue jeers,
With the same cast of features he is seen
To chide the libertine, and court the queen.
From the tame scene, which without passion
With just desert his reputation rose ; [flows,
Nor less he pleas'd, when, on some surly plan,
He was, at once, the actor and the man.

In Brute he shone unequall'd : all agree
Garrick's not half so great a brute as he.
When Cato's labor'd scenes are brought to view,
With equal praise the actor labor'd too ;
For still you'll find, trace passions to their root,
Small diff'rence 'twixt the Stoic and the brute.
In fancied scenes, as in life's real plan,
He could not for a moment sink the man.
In whate'er cast his character was laid,
Self still, like oil, upon the surface play'd.
Nature, in spite of all his skill, crept in :
Horatio, Dorax, Falstaff,—still 'twas Quin.

Next follows Sheridan—a doubtful name,
As yet unsettled in the rank of fame ;
This, fondly lavish in his praises grown,
Gives him all merit ; that allows him none.
Between them both we'll steer the middle
course,

Nor, loving praise, rob judgment of her force.

Just his conceptions, natural and great :
His feelings strong, his words enforc'd with
weight.

Was speech-fam'd Quin himself to hear him
speak,

Envy would drive the color from his cheek :
But step-dame nature, niggard of her grace,
Denied the social pow'rs of voice and face ;
Fix'd in one frame of features, glare of eye,
Passions, like chaos, in confusion lie :
In vain the wonders of his skill are try'd ;
To form distinctions nature hath deny'd.

His voice no touch of harmony admits,
Irregularly deep and shrill by fits:
The two extremes appear like man and wife,
Coupled together for the sake of strife.

His action's always strong, but sometimes
such

That candor must declare he acts too much.
Why must impatience fall three paces back;
Why paces three return to the attack?
Why is the right leg too forbid to stir,
Unless in motion semicircular?
Why must the hero with the nailer vie,
And hurl the close-clench'd fist at nose or eye?
In royal John, with Philip angry grown,
I thought he would have knock'd poor Davies
Inhuman tyrant! was it not a shame, [down.
To fright a king so harmless and so tame?
But, spite of all defects, his glories rise;
And art, by judgment form'd, with nature vies:
Behold him sound the depth of Hubert's soul,
Whilst in his own contending passions roll;
View the whole scene, with critic judgment
And then deny him merit if you can. [scan,
Where he falls short, 'tis nature's fault alone;
Where he succeeds, the merit's all his own.

Last Garrick came. Behind him throng a
Of snarling critics, ignorant as vain. [train
One finds out,—“He's of stature somewhat
low,—

“Your hero always should be tall, you know.—
“True nat'ral greatness all consists in height.”
Produce your voucher, critic.—“Serjeant Kite.”

Another can't forgive the paltry arts
By which he makes his way to shallow hearts;
Mere pieces of finesse, traps for applause—
‘Avaunt, unnatural start, affected pause.’

For me, by nature form'd to judge with
phlegm;

I can't acquit by wholesale, nor condemn.
The best things carried to excess are wrong:
The start may be too frequent, pause too long:
But only us'd in proper time and place,
Severest judgment must allow them grace.

If bunglers, form'd on imitation's plan,
Just in the way that monkeys mimic man,
Their copied scene with mangled arts disgrace,
And pause and start with the same vacant face;
We join the critic laugh; those tricks we scorn,
Which spoil the scenes they mean them to
adorn.

But when, from nature's pure and genuine
source, [force;
These strokes of acting flow with gen'rous
When in the features all the soul's portray'd;
And passions, such as Garrick's, are display'd;
To me they seem from quickest feelings caught:
Each start is nature; and each pause is thought.

When reason yields to passion's wild alarms,
And the whole state of man is up in arms;
What but a critic could condemn the player,
For pausing here, when cool sense pauses
there?

Whilst, working from the heart, the fire I trace,
And mark it strongly flaming to the face;

Whilst, in each sound, I hear the very man;
I can't catch words, and pity those who can.

Let wits, like spiders, from the tortur'd brain
Fine-draw the critic web with curious pain;
The gods—a kindness I with thanks must
pay,—

Have form'd me of a coarser kind of clay;
Nor stung with envy, nor with spleen diseas'd,
A poor dull creature, still with nature pleas'd;
Hence to thy praises, Garrick, I agree,
And, pleas'd with nature, must be pleas'd with
thee.

Now might I tell, how silence reign'd
throughout,
And deep attention hush'd the rabble rout:
How ev'ry claimant, tortur'd with desire,
Was pale as ashes, or as red as fire:
But, loose to fame, the Muse more simply acts,
Rejects all flourish, and relates mere facts.

The judges, as the several parties came,
With temper heard, with judgment weigh'd
each claim,

And, in their sentence happily agreed,
In name of both, great Shakspeare thus decreed:

“If manly sense; if nature link'd with art;
If thorough knowledge of the human heart;
If pow'rs of acting vast and unconfind;
If fewest faults with greatest beauties join'd;
If strong expression, and strange pow'rs which
Within the magic circle of the eye; [lie
If feelings which few hearts like his can know,
And which no face so well as his can show;
Deserve the pref'rence;—Garrick, take the
chair;
Nor quit it—till thou place an equal there.”

§ 26. *The Pleasures of Imagination.* Akenside.

BOOK I.

With what attractive charms this goodly
frame

Of nature touches the consenting hearts
Of mortal men; and what the pleasing stores
Which beauteous imitation thence derives
To deck the poet's, or the painter's toil;
My verse unfolds. Attend, ye gentle pow'rs
Of musical delight! and, while I sing
Your gifts, your honors, dance around my strain.
Thou, smiling queen of ev'ry tuneful breast,
Indulgent Fancy! from the fruitful banks
Of Avon, whence thy rosy fingers cull
Fresh flowers and dew to sprinkle on the turf
Where Shakspeare lies, be present: and with
thee

Let Fiction come, upon her vagrant wings
Wafting ten thousand colors through the air,
Which, by the glances of her magic eye,
She blends and shifts at will, through countless
forms,

Her wild creation. Goddess of the lyre
Which rules the accents of the moving sphere,
Wilt thou, eternal Harmony! descend,
And join this festive train? for with thee comes

The guide, the guardian of their lovely sports,
Majestic Truth; and where Truth deigns to
Her sister Liberty will not be far. [come,
Be present, all ye Genii, who conduct
The wand'ring footsteps of the youthful bard,
New to your springs and shades; who touch his
ear

With finer sounds; who heighten to his eye
The bloom of nature, and before him turn
The gayest, happiest attitude of things.

Of have the laws of each poetic strain
The critic verse employ'd; yet still unsung
Lay this prime subject, though importing most
A poet's name; for fruitless is th' attempt,
By dull obedience and by creeping toil
Obscure, to conquer the severe ascent
Of high Parnassus. Nature's kindling breath
Must fire the chosen genius; nature's hand
Must string his nerves, and imp his eagle wings,
Impatient of the painful steep, to soar
High as the summit, there to breathe at large
Ethereal air, with bards and sages old,
Immortal sons of praise. These flattering scenes
To this neglected labor court my song;
Yet not unconscious what a doubtful task
To paint the finest features of the mind,
And to most subtle and mysterious things
Give color, strength, and motion. But the love
Of nature and the Muses bids explore,
Through secret paths erewhile untrod by man,
The fair poetic region, to detect
Untasted springs, to drink inspiring draughts,
And shade my temples with unfading flowers,
Cull'd from the laureate vale's profound recess,
Where never poet gain'd a wreath before.

From Heav'n my strains begin: from Heav'n
descends

The flame of genius to the human breast,
And love and beauty, and poetic joy
And inspiration. Ere the radiant sun
Sprang from the east, or 'mid the vault of night,
The moon suspended her serener lamp;
Ere mountains, woods, or streams adorn'd the
globe;

Or Wisdom taught the sons of men her lore;
Then liv'd the Almighty One. Then, deep retir'd
In his unfathom'd essence, view'd the forms,
The forms eternal of created things;
The radiant sun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,
The mountains, woods, and streams, the rolling
globe,

And Wisdom's mien celestial. From the first
Of days, on them his love divine he fix'd,
His admiration; till in time complete,
What he admir'd and lov'd, his vital smile
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
Of life informing each organic frame,
Hence the green earth and wild resounding
waves, [cold,

Hence light and shade alternate, warmth and
And clear autumnal skies and vernal showers,
And all the fair variety of things.

But not alike to every mortal eye
Is this great scene unveil'd. For since the claims

Of social life to different labors urge
The active powers of man, with wise intent
The hand of Nature on peculiar minds
Imprints a different bias, and to each
Decees its province in the common toil.
To some she taught the fabric of the sphere,
The changeful moon, the circuit of the stars,
The golden zones of heaven; to some she gave
To weigh the moment of eternal things,
Of time, and space, and fate's unbroken chain,
And will's quick impulse; others by the hand
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
What healing virtue swells the tender veins
Of herbs and flow'rs; or what the beams of morn
Draw forth, distilling from the cliffed rind
In balmy tears. But some to higher hopes
Were destin'd; some within a finer mould
She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.
To these the Sire omnipotent unfolds
The world's harmonious volume, there to read
The transcript of himself. On every part
They trace the bright impressions of his hand:
In earth, or air, the meadow's purple stores,
The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's form
Blooming with rosy smiles, they see portray'd
That uncreated beauty which delights
The mind supreme. They also feel her charms;
Enamor'd, they partake the eternal joy.

For as old Memnon's image, long renown'd
By fabled Nilus, to the quiv'ring touch
Of Titan's ray, with each repulsive string
Consenting, sounded through the warbling air
Unbidden strains; e'en so did Nature's hand
To certain species of external things
Attune the finer organs of the mind;
So the glad impulse of congenial powers,
Or of sweet sound, or fair proportion'd form,
The grace of motion, or the bloom of light,
Thrills through Imagination's tender frame,
From nerve to nerve: all naked and alive
They catch the spreading rays: till now the soul
At length discloses every tuneful spring
To that harmonious movement from without
Responsive. Then the inexpressive strain
Diffuses its enchantment: Fancy dreams
Of sacred fountains and Elysian groves,
And vales of bliss: the intellectual Power
Bends from his awful throne a wondering ear,
And smiles: the passions, gently sooth'd away,
Sink to divine repose, and love and joy
Alone are waking; love and joy, serene
As airs that fan the summer. O! attend,
Whoe'er thou art, whom these delights can
Whose candid bosom the refining love [touch,
Of Nature warms, O! listen to my song;
And I will guide thee to her favorite walks,
And teach thy solitude her voice to hear,
And point her loveliest features to thy view.

Know then, whate'er of nature's pregnant
Whate'er of mimic art's reflected forms, [stores,
With love and admiration that inflame
The powers of fancy, her delighted sons
To three illustrious orders have referr'd;
Three sister-graces, whom the painter's hand,

The poet's tongue, confesses; the sublime,
The wonderful, the fair. I see them dawn!
I see the radiant visions, where they rise,
More lovely than when Lucifer displays
His beaming forehead through the gates of morn,
To lead the train of Phœbus and the spring.

Say, why was man so eminently rais'd
Amid the vast creation; why ordain'd
Through life and death to dart his piercing eye
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;
But that the Omnipotent might send him forth
In sight of mortal and immortal powers,
As on a boundless theatre, to run
The great career of justice; to exalt
His generous aim to all diviner deeds;
To chase each partial purpose from his breast;
And through the mists of passion and of sense,
And through the tossing tide of chance and pain,
To hold his course unfaltering, while the voice
Of truth and virtue, up the steep ascent
Of nature, calls him to his high reward,
Th' applauding smile of Heaven? Else where-
fore burns

In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope,
That breathes from day to day sublimer things,
And mocks possession? wherefore darts the mind
With such resistless ardor, to embrace
Majestic forms; impatient to be free;
Spurning the gross control of wilful might;
Proud of the strong contention of her toils;
Proud to be daring? Who, but rather turns
To Heaven's broad fire his unconstrained view,
Than to the glimmering of a waxen flame?
Who that, from Alpine heights, his laboring eye
Shoots round the wide horizon, to survey
Nilus or Ganges rolling his bright wave
Through mountains, plains, through empires
black with shade,

And continents of sand; will turn his gaze
To mark the windings of a scanty rill
That murmurs at his feet? The high-born soul
Disdains to rest her heaven-aspiring wing
Beneath his native quarry. Tir'd of earth
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
Through fields of air; pursues the flying storm;
Rides on the vollied lightning through the
heavens;

Or, yok'd with whirlwinds and the northern
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high she
soars

The blue profound, and hovering round the sun,
Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
Of light; beholds his unrelenting sway
Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
The fated rounds of time. Thence, far effus'd,
She darts her swiftness up the long career
Of devious comets; through its burning signs,
Exulting measures the perennial wheel
Of nature, and looks back on all the stars,
Whose blended light, as with a milky zone,
Invests the orient. Now amaz'd she views
The empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold,
Beyond this concave heaven, their calm abode;
And fields of radiance, whose unfading light

Has travell'd the profound six thousand years,
Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things.
E'en on the barriers of the world, untir'd,
She meditates the eternal depth below;
Till, half recoiling, down the headlong steep
She plunges; soon o'erwhelm'd and swallow'd up
In that immense of being. There her hopes
Rest at the fated goal. For from the birth
Of mortal man, the sov'reign Maker said,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of renown,
Power's purple robes, nor pleasure's flowery lap,
The soul should find enjoyment; but from these,
Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Through all th' ascent of things enlarge her view,
'Till every bound at length should disappear,
And infinite perfection close the scene.

Call now to mind what high capacious powers
Lie folded up in man: how far beyond
The praise of mortals may th' eternal growth
Of nature to perfection half divine
Expand the blooming soul! What pity then,
Should sloth's unkindly fogs depress to earth
Her tender blossom; choke the streams of life,
And blast her spring! Far otherwise design'd
Almighty Wisdom; nature's happy cares
The obedient heart far otherwise incline:
Witness the sprightly joy when aught unknown
Strikes the quick sense, and wakes each active
power

To brisker measures: witness the neglect
Of all familiar prospects, though beheld
With transport once; the fond attentive gaze
Of young astonishment; the sober zeal
Of age, commenting on prodigious things.
For such the bounteous providence of Heaven,
In every breast implanting this desire
Of objects new and strange, to urge us on
With unremitted labor to pursue
Those sacred stores that wait the ripening soul,
In Truth's exhaustless bosom. What need words
To paint its power? For this the daring youth
Breaks from his weeping mother's anxious arms
In foreign climes to rove; the pensive sage,
Heedless of sleep, or midnight's harmful damp,
Hangs o'er the sickly taper; and untir'd,
The virgin follows, with enchanted step,
The mazes of some wild and wondrous tale,
From morn to eve, unmindful of her form,
Unmindful of the happy dress that stole
The wishes of the youth, when every maid
With envy pin'd. Hence, finally, by night
The village matron round the blazing hearth
Suspends the infant audience with her tales,
Breathing astonishment! of witching rhymes,
And evil spirits; of the death-bed call
Of him who robb'd the widow, and devour'd
The orphan's portion; of unquiet souls,
Risen from the grave to ease the heavy guilt
Of deeds in life conceal'd; of shapes that walk
At dead of night, and clank their chains, and
wave

The torch of hell around the murderer's bed.
At every solemn pause, the crowd recoil,

Gazing on each other speechless, and congeal'd
With shivering sighs; till, eager for the event,
Around the beldam all erect they hang,
Each trembling heart with grateful terrors
quell'd.

But lo! disclos'd in all her smiling pomp,
Where Beauty, onward moving, claims the verse
Her charms inspire: the freely flowing verse,
In thy immortal praise, O form divine,
Smooths her mellifluous stream. Thee, Beauty,
The regal dome, and thy enlivening ray [thee
The mossy roofs adore: thou better sun!
For ever beamed on the enchanted heart
Love, and harmonious wonder, and delight
Poetic. Brightest progeny of heaven!
How shall I trace thy features? where select
The roseate hues to emulate thy bloom?
Haste, then, my song, through nature's vast ex-
panse,

Haste, then, and gather all her comeliest wealth,
Whate'er bright spoils the florid earth contains,
Whate'er the waters, or the liquid air,
To deck thy lovely labor. Wilt thou fly
With laughing Autumn to the Atlantic isles,
And range with him the Hesperian fields, and see
Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove,
The branches shoot with gold; where'er his step
Marks the glad soil, the tender clusters grow
With purple ripeness, and invest each hill,
As with the blushes of an evening sky?
Or, wilt thou rather stoop thy vagrant plume,
Where, gliding through his daughter's honor'd
shades,

The smooth Peneus from his glassy flood
Reflects purpureal Tempe's pleasant scene?
Fair Tempe! haunt belov'd of sylvan powers,
Of nymphs and fauns; where, in the golden age,
They play'd in secret on the shady brink
With ancient Pan; while round their choral
steps, [hand
Young hours and genial gales with constant
Shower'd blossoms, odors; shower'd ambrosial
dews,

And Spring's Elysian bloom. Her flowery store
To thee nor Tempe shall refuse: nor watch
Of winged Hydra guard Hesperian fruits
From thy free spoil. O! bear then, unprov'd,
Thy smiling treasures to the green recess
Where young Dione stays. With sweetest airs
Entice her forth to lend her angel form
For beauty's honor'd image. Hither turn
Thy grateful footsteps; hither, gentle maid,
Incline thy polish'd forehead; let her eyes
Effuse the mildness of their azure dawn;
And may the fanning breezes waft aside
Thy radiant locks, disclosing, as it bends
With airy softness from the marble neck,
The cheek fair blooming, and the rosy lip,
Where winning smiles and pleasure, sweet as
love,

With sanctity and wisdom, tempering blend
Their soft allurements. Then the pleasing force
Of nature, and her kind parental care, [youth,
Worthier I'd sing; then all the enamour'd

With each admiring virgin, to my lyre
Should throng attentive, while I point on high
Where Beauty's living image, like the morn,
That wakes in Zephyr's arms the blushing May,
Moves onward; or as Venus, when she stood
Effulgent on the pearly car, and smil'd,
Fresh from the deep, and conscious of her form,
To see the Tritons tune their vocal shells,
And each cœrulean sister of the flood
With loud acclaim attend her o'er the waves,
To seek the Idalian bower. Ye smiling band
Of youths and virgins, who through all the maze
Of young desire, with rival steps pursue
This charm of beauty; if the pleasing toil
Can yield a moment's respite, hither turn
Your favorable ear, and trust my words.
I do not mean to wake the gloomy form
Of Superstition, dress'd in Wisdom's garb,
To damp your tender hopes; I do not mean
To bid the jealous thunderer fire the heavens,
Or shapes infernal rend the groaning earth,
To fright you from your joys; my cheerful song
With better omens calls you to the field,
Pleas'd with your generous ardor in the chase,
And warm like you. Then tell me, for ye know;
Does Beauty ever deign to dwell where Health
And active Use are strangers? Is her charm
Confess'd in aught, whose most peculiar ends
Are lame and fruitless? Or did Nature mean
This pleasing call the herald of a lie;
To hide the shame of discord and disease,
And catch with fair hypocrisy the heart
Of idle Faith? O no! with better cares
The indulgent mother, conscious how infirm
Her offspring tread the paths of good and ill;
By this illustrious image, in each kind
Still more illustrious where the object holds
Its native powers most perfect, she by this
Illumes the headstrong impulse of desire,
And sanctifies his choice. The generous glebe,
Whose bosom smiles with verdure, the clear tract
Of streams delicious to the thirsty soul,
The bloom of nectar'd fruitage, ripe to sense,
And every charm of animated things,
Are only pledges of a state sincere,
The integrity and order of their frame,
When all is well within, and every end
Accomplish'd.—Thus was Beauty sent from
heav'n,

The lovely ministrress of Truth and Good
In this dark world: for Truth and Good are one,
And Beauty dwells in them, and they in her,
With like participation. Wherefore, then,
O sons of earth! would ye dissolve the tie?
O wherefore, with a rash impetuous aim,
Seek ye those flowery joys with which the hand
Of lavish Fancy paints each flattering scene
Where Beauty seems to dwell, nor once inquire
Where is the sanction of eternal Truth,
Or where the seal of undecentful Good,
To save your search from folly! Wanting these,
Lo! Beauty withers in your void embrace;
And with the glittering of an idiot's toy
Did Fancy mock your vows. Nor let the gleam

Of youthful hope, that shines upon your hearts,
Be chill'd or clouded at this awful task,
To learn the lore of undeceitful Good,
And Truth eternal. Though the poisonous
 charms

Of baleful Superstition guide the feet
Of servile numbers, through a dreary way,
To their abode, through deserts, thorns, and
 mire,

And leave the wretched pilgrim all forlorn
To muse at last amidst the ghostly gloom
Of graves, and hoary vaults, and cloister'd cells,
To walk with spectres through the midnight
 shade,

And to the screaming owl's accursed song
Attune the dreadful workings of his heart;
Yet be not ye dismay'd. A gentler star
Your lovely search illumines. From the grove
Where Wisdom talk'd with her Athenian sons,
Could my ambitious hand entwine a wreath
Of Plato's olive with the Mantuan bay,
Then should my powerful verse at once dispel
Those monkish horrors; then in light divine
Disclose the Elysian prospect, where the steps
Of those whom nature charms, through bloom-
 ing walks,

Through fragrant mountains and poetic streams,
Amid the train of sages, heroes, bards,
Led by the winged genius and the choir
Of laurell'd Science and harmonious Art,
Proceed exulting to the eternal shrine,
Where Truth conspicuous with her sister-twins,
The undivided partners of her sway,
With Good and Beauty reigns. O let not us,
Lull'd by luxurious Pleasure's languid strain,
Or crouching to the frowns of bigot rage,
O let us not a moment pause to join
That godlike band. And if the gracious power
Who first awaken'd my untutor'd song,
Will to my invocation breathe anew
The tuneful spirit; then through all our paths
Ne'er shall the sound of this devoted lyre
Be wanting; whether on the rosy mead,
When summer smiles, to warn the melting heart
Of Luxury's allurements; whether firm
Against the torrent and the stubborn hill
To urge bold Virtue's unremitted nerve,
And wake the strong divinity of soul [struck
That conquers chance and fate; or whether
For sounds of triumph, to proclaim her toils
Upon the lofty summit, round her brow
To twine the wreath of incorruptive praise;
To trace her hallow'd light through future
 worlds,

And bless Heaven's image in the heart of man.

Thus with a faithful aim have we presum'd,
Adventurous, to delineate Nature's form;
Whether in vast, majestic pomp array'd,
Or drest for pleasing wonder, or serene
In beauty's rosy smile. It now remains,
Through various being's fair-proportion'd scale,
To trace the rising lustre of her charms,
From their first twilight, shining forth at length
To full meridian splendour. Of degree

The least and lowliest, in the effusive warmth
Of colors mingling with a random blaze,
Doth Beauty dwell. Then higher in the line
And variation of determin'd shape,
Where Truth's eternal measures mark the bound
Of circle, cube, or sphere. The third ascent
Unites this varied symmetry of parts
With color's bland allurements; as the pearl
Shines in the concave of its azure bed,
And painted shells indent their speckled wreath,
Then more attractive rise the blooming forms,
Through which the breath of Nature has infus'd
Her genial power, to draw with pregnant veins
Nutritious moisture from the bounteous earth,
In fruit and seed prolific: thus the flowers
Their purple honors with the spring resume;
And such the stately tree which autumn bends
With blushing treasures. But more lovely still
Is Nature's charm, where to the full consent
Of complicated members, to the bloom
Of color, and the vital change of growth,
Life's holy flame and piercing sense are given,
And active motion speaks the temper'd soul:
So moves the bird of Juno; so the steed
With rival ardor beats the dusty plain,
And faithful dogs, with eager airs of joy,
Salute their fellows. Thus doth Beauty dwell
There most conspicuous, e'en in outward shape,
Where dawns the high expression of a mind;
By steps conducting our enraptur'd search
To that eternal origin, whose power,
Through all the unbounded symmetry of things,
Like rays effulgent from the parent sun,
This endless mixture of her charms diffus'd.
Mind, Mind alone (bear witness, earth and
 heaven!)

The living fountains in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime: here hand in hand
Sit paramount the graces; here enthron'd,
Celestial Venus, with divinest airs,
Invites the soul to never-fading joy.
Look then abroad through nature, to the range
Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres
Wheeling unshaken through the void immense;
And speak, O man! does this capacious scene
With half that kindling majesty dilate
Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose
Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
Amid the crowd of patriots; and his arm
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove [aloud
When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd
On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,
And bade the father of his country, hail!
For lo! the tyrant prostrate on the dust,
And Rome again is free! Is aught so fair
In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
In the bright eye of Hesper or the morn,
In Nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair
As virtuous friendship? as the candid blush
Of him who strives with fortune to be just?
The graceful tear that streams for others' woes
Or the mild majesty of private life,
Where Peace with ever-blooming olive crowns
The gate; where Honor's liberal hands effuse

Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings
Of Innocence and Love protect the scene?
Once more search, undismay'd, the dark profound

Where Nature works in secret; view the beds
Of mineral treasure, and the eternal vault
That bounds the hoary ocean; trace the forms
Of atoms moving with incessant change
Their elemental round; behold the seeds
Of being, and the energy of life
Kindling the mass with ever-active flame;
Then to the secrets of the working mind
Attentive turn; from dim oblivion call
Her fleet, ideal band; and bid them go! [hour
Break through time's barrier, and o'ertake the
That saw the heavens created; then declare
If aught were found in those external scenes
To move thy wonder now. For what are all
The forms which brute, unconscious matter
wears,

Greatness of bulk, or symmetry of parts?
Not reaching to the heart, soon feeble grows
The superficial impulse; dull their charms,
And satiate soon, and pall the languid eye:
Not so the moral species, nor the powers
Of genius and design; the ambitious mind
There sees herself: by these congenial forms
Touch'd and awaken'd, with intenser act
She bends each nerve, and meditates well pleas'd
Her features in the mirror. For of all
Th' inhabitants of earth, to man alone
Creative Wisdom gave to lift his eye
To Truth's eternal measures; thence to frame
The sacred laws of action and of will,
Discerning justice from unequal deeds,
And temperance from folly. But beyond
This energy of truth, whose dictates bind
Assenting reason, the benignant sire,
To deck the honor'd paths of just and good,
Has added bright Imagination's rays;
Where Virtue, rising from the awful depth
Of Truth's mysterious bosom, doth forsake
The unadorn'd condition of her birth;
And, dress'd by fancy in ten thousand hues,
Assumes a various feature, to attract,
With charms responsive to each gazer's eye,
The hearts of men. Amid his rural walk,
The ingenuous youth whom solitude inspires
With purest wishes, from the pensive shade
Beholds her moving, like a virgin-Muse
That wakes her lyre to some indulgent theme
Of harmony and wonder: while among
The herd of servile minds, her strenuous form
Indignant flashes on the patriot's eye,
And through the rolls of memory appeals
To ancient honor; or in act serene,
Yet watchful, raises the majestic sword
Of public power, from dark Ambition's reach
To guard the sacred volume of the laws.

Genius of ancient Greece! whose faithful
steps

Well pleas'd I follow through the sacred paths
Of nature and of science; nurse divine
Of all heroic deeds and fair desires!

O! let the breath of thy extended praise
Inspire my kindling bosom to the height
Of this untemper'd theme. Nor be my thoughts
Presumptuous counted, if, amid the calm
That soothes this vernal evening into smiles,
I steal impatient from the sordid haunts
Of strife and low ambition, to attend
Thy sacred presence in the sylvan shade,
By their malignant footsteps ne'er profan'd.
Descend, propitious! to my favor'd eye;
Such in thy mien, thy warm, exalted air,
As when the Persian tyrant, foil'd and stung
With shame and desperation, gnash'd his teeth
To see thee rend the pageants of his throne;
And at the lightning of thy lifted spear
Crouch'd like a slave. Bring all thy martial
spoils,

Thy palms, thy laurels, thy triumphant songs,
Thy smiling band of arts, thy godlike sires
Of civil wisdom, thy heroic youth
Warm from the schools of glory. Guide my way
Through fair Lyceum's walk, the green retreats
Of Academus, and the thymy vale,
Where oft, enchanted with Socratic sounds,
Ilissus pure devolv'd his tuneful stream
In gentler murmurs. From the blooming store
Of these auspicious fields, may I unblam'd
Transplant some living blossoms to adorn
My native clime: while, far above the flight
Of Fancy's plume aspiring, I unlock
The springs of ancient wisdom; while I join
Thy name, thrice honor'd! with the immortal
praise

Of Nature; while to my compatriot youth
I point the high example of thy sons,
And tune to Attic themes the British lyre.

§ 27. *Day: a Pastoral.* Cunningham.

"—— carpe diem." HOR.

MORNING.

In the barn the tenant Cock,
Close to Partlet perch'd on high,
Briskly crows (the shepherd's clock!)
Jocund that the morning's nigh.
Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
Shadows, nurs'd by night, retire:
And the peeping sunbeam, now,
Paints with gold the village spire.
Philomel forsakes the thorn,
Plaintive where she prates at night;
And the Lark, to meet the morn,
Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.
From the low-roof'd cottage ridge,
See the chatt'ring Swallow spring;
Darting through the one-arch'd bridge,
Quick she dips her dappled wing.
Now the pine-tree's waving top
Gently greets the morning gale:
Kidlings now begin to crop
Daisies, in the dewy dale,

From the balmy sweets, uncloy'd,
 (Restless 'till her task be done,)
 Now the busy bee's employ'd,
 Sipping dew before the sun.
 Trickling through the crevic'd rock,
 Where the limpid stream distils,
 Sweet refreshment waits the flock
 When 'tis sun-drove from the hills.
 Colin, for the promis'd corn
 (Ere the harvest hopes are ripe)
 Anxious, hears the huntsman's horn,
 Boldly sounding down his pipe.
 Sweet,—O sweet, the warbling throng,
 On the white emblossom'd spray!
 Nature's universal song
 Echoes to the rising day.

NOON.

FERVID on the glitt'ring flood,
 Now the noontide radiance glows,
 Drooping o'er its infant bud,
 Not a dewdrop's left the rose.
 By the brook the shepherd dines;
 From the fierce meridian heat
 Shelter'd by the branching pines,
 Pendant o'er his grassy seat.
 Now the flock forsakes the glade,
 Where, unchecked'd, the sunbeams fall;
 Sure to find a pleasing shade
 By the ivy'd abbey wall.
 Echo in her airy round,
 Over river, rock and hill,
 Cannot catch a single sound,
 Save the clack of yonder mill.
 Cattle court the zephyrs bland,
 Where the streamlet wanders cool;
 Or with languid silence stand
 Midway in the marshy pool.
 But from mountain, dell, or stream,
 Not a flutt'ring zephyr springs;
 Fearful lest the noontide beam
 Scorch its soft, its silken wings.
 Not a leaf has leave to stir,
 Nature's lull'd, serene, and still;
 Quiet e'en the shepherd's cur,
 Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.
 Languid is the landscape round,
 Till the fresh descending shower,
 Grateful to the thirsty ground,
 Raises ev'ry fainting flower.
 Now the hill, the hedge, is green,
 Now the warbler's throat's in tune!
 Blithsome is the verdant scene,
 Brighten'd by the beams of Noon!

EVENING.

O'ER the heath the heifer strays
 Free (the furrow'd task is done);
 Now the village windows blaze,
 Burnish'd by the setting sun.

Now he hides behind the hill,
 Sinking from a golden sky;
 Can the pencil's mimic skill
 Copy the refulgent dye?
 Trudging as the ploughmen go
 (To the smoking hamlet bound),
 Giant-like their shadows grow,
 Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.
 Where the rising forest spreads
 Shelter for the lordly dome!
 To their high-built airy beds
 See the rooks returning home!
 As the lark, with varied tune,
 Carols to the evening loud;
 Mark the mild resplendent moon
 Breaking through a parted cloud!
 Now the hermit-owl peeps
 From the barn, or twisted brake;
 And the blue mist slowly creeps
 Curling on the silver lake:
 As the trout, in speckled pride,
 Playful on its bosom springs;
 To the banks in ruffled tide
 Verges in successive rings.
 Tripping through the silken grass,
 O'er the path-divided dale,
 Mark the rose-complexion'd lass,
 With her well-pois'd milking-pail.
 Linnets, with unnumber'd notes,
 And the cuckoo-bird with two,
 Tuning sweet their mellow throats,
 Bid the setting sun adieu.

§ 28. *The Contemplatist: a Night Piece.*
 Cunningham.

"Nox erat ———
 "Cum tacet omnis ager, pecudes, pictæque
 "volucres."

THE Queen of Contemplation, Night,
 Begins her balmy reign;
 Advancing in their varied light
 Her silver-vested train.
 'Tis strange, the many marshall'd stars
 That ride yon sacred round,
 Should keep among their rapid cars
 A silence so profound!
 A kind, a philosophic calm
 The cool creation wears!
 And what Day drank of dewy balm,
 The gentle Night repairs.
 Behind their leafy curtains hid,
 The feather'd race how still!
 How quiet now the gamesome kid,
 That gambol'd round the hill!
 The sweets, that, bending o'er their banks,
 From sultry Day declin'd,
 Revive in little velvet ranks,
 And scent the western wind,

The Moon, preceded by the breeze
 That bade the clouds retire,
 Appears among the tufted trees,
 A Phoenix next on fire.
 But soft—the golden glow subsides !
 Her chariot mounts on high !
 And now, in silver'd pomp, she rides
 Pale regent of the sky !
 Where Time upon the wither'd tree
 Hath carv'd the moral chair,
 I sit, from busy passions free,
 And breathe the placid air.
 The wither'd tree was once in prime ;
 Its branches brav'd the sky !
 Thus, at the touch of ruthless Time,
 Shall Youth and Vigor die.
 I'm lifted to the blue expanse :
 It glows serenely gay !
 Come, Science, by my side advance,
 We'll search the Milky Way.
 Let us descend—The daring flight
 Fatigues my feeble mind :
 And science, in the maze of light,
 Is impotent and blind.
 What are those wild, those wand'ring fires,
 That o'er the moorland ran ?
 Vapors.—How like the vague desires
 That cheat the heart of man !
 But there's a friendly guide !—a flame,
 That, lambent o'er its bed,
 Enlivens, with a glad some beam,
 The hermit's osier shed.
 Among the russet shades of night,
 It glances from afar !
 And darts along the dusk ; so bright,
 It seems a silver star !
 In coverts (where the few frequent)
 If Virtue deigns to dwell,
 'Tis thus the little lamp, Content,
 Gives lustre to her cell.
 How smooth that rapid river slides
 Progressive to the deep !
 The poppies, pendent o'er its sides,
 Have charm'd the waves to sleep.
 Pleasure's intoxicated sons !
 Ye indolent ! ye gay !
 Reflect—for, as the river runs,
 Life wings its trackless way.
 That branching grove of dusky green
 Conceals the azure sky ;
 Save where a starry space between
 Relieves the darken'd eye.
 Old Error, thus, with shades impure
 Throws sacred Truth behind :
 Yet, sometimes, through the deep obscure
 She bursts upon the mind.
 Sleep, and her sister Silence reign,
 They lock the shepherd's fold !
 But hark—I hear a lamb complain,
 'Tis lost upon the wold !

To savage herds, that hunt for prey,
 An unresisting prize !
 For having trod a devious way,
 The little Rambler dies.
 As luckless is the Virgin's lot,
 Whom pleasure once misguides :
 When hurried from the halcyon cot,
 Where Innocence presides—
 The passions, a relentless train !
 To tear the victim, run :
 She seeks the paths of peace in vain,
 Is conquer'd—and undone.
 How bright the little insects blaze,
 Where willows shade the way ;
 As proud as if their painted rays
 Could emulate the Day !
 'Tis thus the pigmy sons of pow'r
 Advance their vain parade !
 Thus glitter in the darken'd hour,
 And like the glow-worms fade ?
 The soft serenity of night
 Ungentle clouds deform !
 The silver host that shone so bright,
 Is hid behind a storm !
 The angry elements engage !
 An oak (an ivy'd bower,)
 Repels the rough wind's noisy rage,
 And shields me from the shower.
 The rancor, thus, of rushing fate
 I've learnt to render vain :
 For, whilst Integrity's her seat,
 The soul will sit serene.
 A raven, from some greedy vault,
 Amidst that cloister'd gloom,
 Bids me, and 'tis a solemn thought !
 Reflect upon the tomb.
 The tomb !—The consecrated dome !
 The temple rais'd to Peace !
 The port, that to its friendly home
 Compels the human race !
 Yon village, to the moral mind,
 A solemn aspect wears ;
 Where sleep hath lull'd the labor'd hind,
 And kill'd his daily cares :
 'Tis but the churchyard of the Night ;
 An emblematic bed !
 That offers to the mental sight
 The temporary dead.
 From hence, I'll penetrate in thought
 The grave's unmeasur'd deep ;
 And, tutor'd hence, be timely taught
 To meet my final sleep.
 'Tis peace—(the little chaos past !)
 The graceful moon restor'd !
 A breeze succeeds the frightful blast,
 That through the forest roar'd !
 The Nightingale, a welcome guest !
 Renews her gentle strains ;
 And Hope (just wand'ring from my breast)
 Her wonted seat regains.

Yes——When yon lucid orb is dark,
And darting from on high;
My soul, a more celestial spark,
Shall keep her native sky.

Fann'd by the light, the lenient breeze,
My limbs refreshment find;
And moral rhapsodies, like these,
Give vigor to the mind.

§ 29. *The Visions of Fancy.* Langhorne.

ELEGY I.

CHILDREN of Fancy, whither are ye fled?

Where have you borne those hope-enliven'd
hours,
That once with myrtle garlands bound my head,
That once bestrew'd my vernal path with
flowers?

In yon fair vale, where blooms the beechen
grove, [flowery plain,
Where winds the slow wave through the
To these fond arms you led the tyrant, Love,
With Fear, and Hope, and Folly in his train.

My lyre, that, left at careless distance, hung
Light on some pale branch of the osier shade,
To lays of amorous blandishment you strung,
And e'er my sleep the lulling music play'd.

“Rest, gentle youth! while on the quivering
breeze

Slides to thine ear this softly-breathing strain;
Sounds that move smoother than the steps of
ease,

And pour oblivion in the ear of pain.

In this fair vale eternal Spring shall smile,
And Time unenvious crown the roseate hour;
Eternal Joy shall every care beguile, [flower.
Breathe in each gale, and bloom in every

The silver stream, that down its crystal way
Frequent has led thy musing steps along,
Shall, still the same, its sunny mazes play,
And with its murmurs melodise thy song.

Unfading green shall these fair groves adorn;
Those living meads immortal flowers unfold:
In rósy smiles shall rise each blushing morn,
And every evening close in clouds of gold.

The tender Loves that watch thy slumbering rest,
And round thee flowers and balmy myrtles
strew, [breast,

Shall charm, through all approaching life, thy
With joys for ever pure, for ever new.

The genial power that speeds the golden dart,
Each charm of tender passion shall inspire;
With fond affection fill the mutual heart,
And feed the flame of ever young Desire.

Come, gentle Loves! your myrtle garlands bring;
The smiling bower with cluster'd roses spread;
Come, gentle airs! with incense-dropping wing
The breathing sweets of vernal odor shed.

Hark, as the strains of swelling music rise,
How the notes vibrate on the fav'ring gale!
Auspicious glories beam along the skies,
And powers unseen the happy moments hail!
Extatic hours! so every distant day,
Like this, serene on downy wings shall move;
Rise, crown'd with joys that triumph o'er decay,
The faithful joys of fancy and of love.”

ELEGY II.

AND were they vain, those soothing lays ye
sung!

Children of Fancy! yes, your song was vain;
On each soft air though rapt Attention hung,
And Silence listen'd on the sleeping plain.

The strains yet vibrate on my ravish'd ear,
And still to smile the mimic beauties seem,
Though now the visionary scenes appear
Like the faint traces of a vanish'd dream.

Mirror of life: the glories thus impart
Of all that Youth, and Love, and Fancy frame,
When painful Anguish speeds the piercing dart,
Or Envy blasts the blooming flowers of Fame.

Nurse of wild wishes, and of fond desires,
The prophetess of Fortune, false and vain,
To scenes where Peace in Ruin's arms expires,
Fallacious Hope deludes her hapless train.

Go, Syren, go——thy charms on others try;
My beaten bark at length has reach'd the
shore;

Yet on the rock my dropping garments lie;
And let me perish, if I trust thee more.

Come, gentle Quiet! long-neglected maid!

O come, and lead me to thy mossy cell;
There, unregarded in the peaceful shade,
With Calm Repose and Silence let me dwell.

Come, happier hours of sweet unanxious rest,
When all the struggling passions shall subside;
When Peace shall clasp me to her plummy breast,
And smooth my silent minutes as they glide.

But chief, thou goddess of the thoughtless eye,
Whom never cares or passions discompose,
O blest Insensibility, be nigh,
And with thy soothing hand my weary eye-
lids close.

Then shall the cares of love and glory cease,
And all the fond anxieties of fame;
Alike regardless, in the arms of Peace,
If these extol, or those debase a name.

In Lyttelton though all the Muses praise,
His generous praise shall then delight no more,
Nor the sweet magic of his tender lays
Shall touch the bosom which it charm'd
before.

Nor then, though Malice, with insidious guise
Of friendship, ope the unsuspecting breast;
Nor then, though Envy broach her blackening
lies,
Shall these deprive me of a moment's rest.

O state to be desir'd! when hostile rage
 Prevails in human more than savage haunts;
 When man with man eternal war will wage,
 And never yield that mercy which he wants:
 When dark design invades the cheerful hour,
 And draws the heart with social freedom
 warm,
 Its cares, its wishes, and its thoughts to pour,
 Smiling insidious with the hopes of harm.
 Vain man, to others' failings still severe,
 Yet not one foible in himself can find:
 Another's faults to Folly's eyes are clear,
 But to her own e'en Wisdom's self is blind.
 O let me still, from these low follies free,
 This sordid malice, and inglorious strife,
 Myself the subject of my censure be,
 And teach my heart to comment on my life.
 With thee, Philosophy, still let me dwell,
 My tutor'd mind from vulgar meanness save;
 Bring Peace, bring Quiet to my humble cell,
 And bid them lay the green turf on my grave.

ELEGY III.

BRIGHT o'er the green hills rose the morning ray,
 The woodlark's song resounded on the plain,
 Fair Nature felt the warm embrace of day,
 And smil'd through all her animated reign.
 When young Delight, of Hope and Fancy born,
 His head on tufted wild-thyme half reclin'd,
 Caught the gay colors of the orient morn,
 And thence of life this picture vain design'd:
 "O born to thoughts, to pleasures more sublime
 Than beings of inferior nature prove!
 To triumph in the golden hours of Time,
 And feel the charms of fancy and of love!"
 "High favor'd man! for him unfolding fair
 In orient light this native landscape smiles;
 For him sweet Hope disarms the hand of Care,
 Exalts his pleasures, and his grief beguiles.
 "Blows not a blossom on the breast of Spring,
 Breathes not a gale along the bending mead,
 Trills not a songster of the soaring wing,
 But fragrance, health, and melody succeed.
 "O let me still with simple Nature live,
 My lowly field-flowers on her altar lay,
 Enjoy the blessings that she meant to give,
 And calmly waste my inoffensive day!
 "No titled name, no envy-teasing dome,
 No glittering wealth my tutor'd wishes crave;
 So Health and Peace be near my humble home,
 A cool stream murmur, and a green tree wave.
 "So may the sweet Euterpe not disdain
 At eve's chaste hour her silver lyre to bring;
 The muse of Pity wake her soothing strain,
 And tune to sympathy the trembling string
 "Thus glide the pensive moments o'er the vale,
 While floating shades of dusky night descend;
 Nor left untold the lover's tender tale
 Nor unenjoy'd the heart-enlarging friend.

"To love and friendship flow the social bowl!
 To attic wit and elegance of mind;
 To all the native beauties of the soul,
 The simple charms of truth, and sense refin'd!
 "Then to explore whatever ancient sage
 Studious from Nature's early volume drew,
 To trace sweet Fiction through her golden age,
 And mark how fair the sun-flower, Science,
 blew!
 "Haply to catch some spark of eastern fire,
 Hesperian fancy, or Aonian ease;
 Some melting note from Sappho's tender lyre,
 Some strain that Love and Phœbus taught to
 please.
 "When waves the gray light o'er the moun-
 tain's head,
 Then let me meet the morn's first beauteous
 Carelessly wander from my sylvan shed, [ray:
 And catch the sweet breath of the rising day:
 "Nor seldom, loit'ring as I muse along,
 Mark from what flower the breeze its sweet-
 ness bore;
 Or listen to the labor-soothing song
 Of bees that range the thymy uplands o'er.
 "Slow let me climb the mountain's airy brow
 The green height gain'd, in useful rapture
 Sleep to the murmur of the woods below, [lie,
 Or look on Nature with a lover's eye.
 "Delightful hours! O, thus for ever flow;
 Led by fair fancy round the varied year:
 So shall my breast with native raptures glow,
 Nor feel one pang from folly, pride, or fear.
 "Firm be my heart to Nature and to Truth,
 Nor vainly wander from their dictates sage;
 So joy shall triumph on the brows of youth,
 So hopes shall smoothe the dreary paths of age."

ELEGY IV.

OH, yet, ye dear, deluding visions, stay!
 Fond hopes, of Innocence and Fancy born!
 For you I'll cast these waking thoughts away,
 For one wild dream of life's romantic morn.
 Ah, no! the sunshine o'er each object spread
 By flattering Hope, the flowers that blew so
 Like the gay gardens of Armida fled, [fair,
 And vanish'd from the powerful rod of Care.
 So the poor pilgrim, who, in rapturous thought
 Plans his dear journey to Loretto's shrine,
 Seems on his way by guardian seraphs brought,
 Sees aiding angels favor his design.
 Ambrosial blossoms, such of old as blew
 By those fresh founts on Eden's happy plain,
 And Sharon's roses all his passage strew:
 So Fancy dreams; but Fancy's dreams are
 vain.
 Wasted and weary on the mountain's side,
 His way unknown, the hapless pilgrim lies,
 Or takes some ruthless robber for his guide,
 And prone beneath his cruel sabre dies.

Life's morning landscape gilt with orient light,
 Where Hope and Joy and Fancy hold their
 reign,
 The grove's green wave, the blue stream spark-
 ling bright, [wain;
 The blithe hours dancing round *Hyperion's*
 In radiant colors Youth's free hand portrays,
 Then holds the flattering tablet to his eye;
 Nor thinks how soon the vernal grove decays,
 Nor sees the dark cloud gathering o'er the sky.
 Hence Fancy, conquer'd by the dart of Pain,
 And wandering far from her *Platonic* shade,
 Mourns o'er the ruins of her transient reign,
 Nor unrepining sees her visions fade.
 Their parent banish'd, hence her children fly,
 The fairy race that fill'd her festive train:
 Joy tears his wreath, and Hope inverts her eye,
 And Folly wonders that her dream was vain.

§ 30. *A Letter from Italy to the Right Honorable Charles Lord Halifax. In the year 1701.*

Addison.

WHILE you, my Lord, the rural shades admire,
 And from Britannia's public posts retire,
 Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
 For their advantage sacrifice your ease;
 Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
 Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
 Where the soft season and inviting clime
 Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme.

For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
 Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise;
 Poetic fields encompass me around,
 And still I seem to tread on classic ground;
 For here the Muse so oft her harp has strung,
 That not a mountain rears its head unsung;
 Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
 And ev'ry stream in heavenly numbers flows.
 How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods
 For rising springs and celebrated floods!
 To view the Nar, tumultuous in his course,
 And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source,
 To see the Mincio draw his wat'ry store
 Through the long windings of a fruitful shore,
 And hoary Albula's infected tide
 O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide.

Fir'd with a thousand raptures, I survey
 Eridanus through flow'ry meadows stray,
 The king of floods! that rolling o'er the plains,
 The tow'ring Alps of half their moisture drains;
 And, proudly swoln with a whole winter's snows,
 Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.

Sometimes misguided by the tuneful throng,
 I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,
 That lost in silence and oblivion lie,
 (Dumb are their fountains, and their channels
 Yet run for ever by the Muse's skill, [dry,)
 And in the smooth description murmur still.

Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
 And the fam'd river's empty shores admire,
 That, destitute of strength, derives its course
 From thrifty urns and an unfruitful source;

Yet, sung so often in poetic lays,
 With scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys;
 So high the deathless Muse exalts her theme!
 Such was the Boyne, a poor inglorious stream
 That in Hibernian vales obscurely stray'd,
 And unobserv'd in wild meanders play'd,
 Till, by your lines and Nassau's sword renown'd,
 Its rising billows through the world resound;
 Where'er the hero's godlike acts can pierce,
 Or where the fame of an immortal verse.

Oh, could the Muse my ravish'd breast inspire
 With warmth like yours, and raise an equal fire,
 Unnumber'd beauties in my verse should shine,
 And Virgil's Italy should yield to mine!
 See how the golden groves around me smile,
 That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle,
 Or, when transplanted and preserv'd with care,
 Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
 Here kindly warmth their mountain juice fer-
 ments

To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents;
 E'en the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
 And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
 Bear me, some god, to Baia's gentle seats;
 Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats;
 Where western gales eternally reside,
 And all the seasons lavish all their pride;
 Blossoms, and fruits, and flow'rs together rise,
 And the whole year in gay confusion lies.

Immortal glories in my mind revive,
 And in my soul a thousand passions strive,
 When Rome's exalted beauties I descry
 Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.
 An amphitheatre's amazing height
 Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
 That on its public shows unpeopled Rome,
 And held uncrowded nations in its womb;
 Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the
 skies;

And here the proud triumphal arches rise,
 Where the old Romans' deathless acts display'd
 Their base degen'rate progeny upbraids;
 Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,
 And, wond'ring at their height, through airy
 channels flow.

Still to new scenes my wand'ring Muse retires,
 And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires;
 Where the smooth chisel all its force has shown,
 And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone.
 In solemn silence, a majestic band,
 Heroes, and gods, and Roman consuls, stand;
 Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
 And emperors, in Parian marble frown;
 While the bright dames, to whom they humbly
 sued, [subdued,

Still show the charms that their proud hearts
 Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
 And show th' immortal labors in my verse,
 Where from the mingled strength of shade and
 A new creation rises to my sight; [light,
 Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow,
 So warm with life his blended colors glow,
 From theme to theme with secret pleasures tost,
 Amidst the soft variety I'm lost.

Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of sound;
Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
And op'ning palaces invite my Muse.

How has kind Heaven adorn'd the happy land,
And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand!
But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,
The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,
While proud Oppression in her valleys reigns,
And Tyranny usurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The redd'ning orange and the swelling grain;
Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines;
Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
And in the loaded vineyard dies for thirst.
Oh Liberty, thou goddess heavenly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling Plenty leads the wanton train;
Eas'd of her load, Subjection grows more light,
And Poverty looks cheerful in thy sight;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of Nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the Sun, and pleasure to the Day.

Thee, goddess, thee Britannia's isle adores;
How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
How oft, in fields of death, thy presence sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!
On foreign mountains may the sun refine
The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine;
With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil;
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies;
Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,
Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine:
'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile.

Others with tow'ring piles may please the sight,
And in their proud aspiring domes delight;
A nicer touch to the stretch'd canvas give,
Or teach their animated rocks to live;
'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,
And hold in balance each contending state;
To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
And answer her afflicted neighbour's pray'r.
The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms;
Soon as her fleets appear, their terrors cease,
And all the northern world lies hush'd in peace.

Th' ambitious Gaul beholds, with secret dread,
Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,
And fain her godlike sons would disunite
By foreign gold, or by domestic spite;
But strives in vain to conquer or divide,
Whom Nassau's arms defend and counsels guide.
Fir'd with the name which I so oft have found
The distant climes and different tongues resound,
I bridle in my struggling Muse with pain,
That longs to lanch into a bolder strain.

But I've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous song.
My humble verse demands a softer theme,
A painted meadow, or a purling stream;
Unfit for heroes; whom immortal lays,
And lines like Virgil's or like yours, should praise.

§ 31. *The Campaign.* Addison.

To his Grace the Duke of Marlborough. 1705.

"—— Rheni pacator et Istri

"Omnis in hoc uno variis discordia cessit

"Ordinibus; lætatur eques, plauditiq; senator,

"Votaque patricio certant plebeia favori."

Claud. de Laud. Stilic.

"Esse aliquam in terris gentem quæ sua impen-
"sa, suo labore ac periculo, bella gerat pro
"libertate aliorum. Nec hoc finitimis, aut
"propinquæ vicinitatis hominibus, aut terris
"continenti junctis præstet. Maria trajiciat:
"ne quod toto orbe terrarum injustum im-
"perium sit, et ubique jus, fas, lex, potentis-
"sima sint." Liv. Hist. lib. 38.

WHILE crowds of princes your deserts pro-
claim,

Proud in their number to enrol your name;
While emperors to you commit their cause,
And Anna's praises crown the vast applause:
Accept, great leader, what the Muse recites,
That in ambitious verse attempts your fights.
Fir'd and transported with a theme so new,
Ten thousand wonders, op'ning to my view,
Shine forth at once; sieges and storms appear,
And wars and conquests fill the important year;
Rivers of blood I see, and hills of slain,
An Iliad rising out of one campaign.

The haughty Gaul beheld, with tow'ring pride,
His ancient bounds enlarg'd on ev'ry side;
Pyrene's lofty barriers were subdued,
And in the midst of his wide empire stood;
Ausonia's states, the victor to restrain,
Oppos'd their Alps and Apennines in vain,
Nor found themselves, with strength of rocks
immur'd,

Behind their everlasting hills secur'd;
The rising Danube its long race began, [ran;
And half its course through the new conquests
Amaz'd, and anxious for her sov'reigns' fates,
Germania trembled through a hundred states;
Great Leopold himself was seiz'd with fear;
He gaz'd around, but saw no succour near;
He gaz'd, and half abandon'd to despair

His hopes on Heaven, and confidence in pray'r.

To Britain's queen the nations turn their eyes;
On her resolves the western world relies;
Confiding still, amidst its dire alarms,
In Anna's councils, and in Churchill's arms.
Thrice happy Britain, from the kingdoms rent,
To sit the guardian of the continent!
That sees her bravest son advanc'd so high,
And flourishing so near her prince's eye;
Thy fav'rites grow not up by fortune's sport,
Or from the crimes or follies of a court;

On the firm basis of desert they rise,
From long-tried faith, and friendship's holy ties :
Their sovereign's well-distinguish'd smiles they
share ;

Her ornaments in peace, her strength in war ;
The nation thanks them with a public voice ;
By show'rs of blessings Heav'n approves their
choice ;

Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,
And factions strive who shall applaud them
most.

Soon as soft vernal breezes warm the sky,
Britannia's colors in the zephyrs fly ;
Her chief already has his march begun,
Crossing the provinces himself had won,
Till the Moselle, appearing from afar,
Retards the progress of the moving war.
Delightful stream, had nature bid her fall
In distant climes far from the perjurd Gaul ;
But now a purchase to the sword she lies,
Her harvests for uncertain owners rise.
Each vineyard doubtful of its master grows,
And to the victor's bowl each vintage flows.
The discontented shades of slaughter'd hosts
That wander'd on the banks, her heroes' ghosts,
Hoped when they saw Britannia's arms appear,
The vengeance due to their great death was near.

Our godlike leader, ere the stream he pass'd,
The mighty scheme of all his labors cast.
Forming the wondrous year within his thought,
His bosom glow'd with battles yet unfought.
The long laborious march he first surveys,
And joins the distant Danube to the Maese ;
Between whose floods such pathless forests grow ;
Such mountains rise, so many rivers flow :
The toil looks lovely in the hero's eyes,
And danger serves but to enhance the prize.

Big with the fate of Europe, he renews
His dreadful course, and the proud foe pur-
sues !

Infected by the burning scorpion's heat
The sultry gales round his chaf'd temples beat,
Till on the borders of the Maine he finds
Defensive shadows, and refreshing winds.
Our British youth, with inborn freedom bold,
Unnumber'd scenes of servitude behold,
Nations of slaves, with tyranny debas'd,
(Their Maker's image more than half defac'd.)
Hourly instructed, as they urge their toil,
To prize their Queen, and love their native soil.

Still to the rising sun they take their way
Through clouds of dust, and gain upon the day.
When now the Neckar, on its friendly coast
With cooling streams revives the fainting host,
That cheerfully his labors past forgets,
The midnight watches, and the noon-day heats.

O'er prostrate towns and palaces they pass
(Now cover'd o'er with woods, and hid in grass),
Breathing revenge ; whilst anger and disdain
Fire ev'ry breast, and boil in ev'ry vein.
Here shatter'd walls, like broken rocks, from far
Rise up in hideous view, the guilt of war ;
Whilst here the vine o'er hills of ruins climbs,
Industrious to conceal great Bourbon's crimes.

At length the fame of England's hero drew
Eugenio to the glorious interview.
Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn ;
A sudden friendship, while with stretch'd-out
rays [blaze.

They meet each other, mingling blaze with
Polish'd in courts, and harden'd in the field,
Renown'd for conquest, and in council skill'd,
Their courage dwells not in a troubled flood
Of mounting spirits, and fermenting blood ;
Lodg'd in the soul, with virtue overrul'd ;
Inflam'd by reason, and by reason cool'd ;
In hours of peace content to be unknown,
And only in the field of battle shown :
To souls like these, in mutual friendship join'd,
Heaven dares intrust the cause of human kind,

Britannia's graceful sons appear in arms,
Her harass'd troops the hero's presence warms ;
Whilst the high hills and rivers all around
With thund'ring peals of British shouts resound :
Doubling their speed, they march with fresh
delight,

Eager for glory, and require the fight. [sues,
So the staunch hound the trembling deer pur-
And smells his footsteps in the tainted dews,
The tedious track unrav'ling by degrees :
But when the scent comes warm in ev'ry breeze,
Fir'd at the near approach, he shoots away
On his full stretch, and bears upon his prey.

The march concludes, the various realms are
past ;

Th' immortal Schellenberg appears at last :
Like hills th' aspiring ramparts rise on high,
Like valleys at their feet the trenches lie ;
Batt'ries on batt'ries guard each fatal pass,
Threat'ning destruction ; rows of hollow brass,
Tube behind tube, the dreadful entrance keep,
Whilst in their wombs ten thousand thunders
sleep. [sight,

Great Churchill owns, charm'd with the glorious
His march o'erpaid by such a promis'd fight.

The western sun now shot a feeble ray,
And faintly scatter'd the remains of day :
Ev'ning approach'd ; but oh what hosts of foes
Were never to behold that ev'ning close !
Thick'ning their ranks, and wedg'd in firm array,
The close compact Britons win their way ;
In vain the cannon their throng'd war defac'd
With tracks of death, and laid the battle waste :
Still pressing forward to the fight, they broke
Through flames of sulphur and a night of smoke,
Till slaughter'd legions fill'd the trench below,
And bore their fierce avengers to the foe.

High on the works the mingling hosts engage,
The battle, kindled into tenfold rage,
With show'rs of bullets, and with storms of fire,
Burns in full fury ; heaps on heaps expire ;
Nations with nations mix'd confus'dly die,
And lost in one promiscuous carnage lie.

How many gen'rous Britons meet their doom,
New to the field, and heroes in their bloom !
Th' illustrious youths, that left their native shore
To march where Britons never march'd before,

(Oh fatal love of fame! oh glorious heat,
Only destructive to the brave and great!)
After such toils o'ercome, such dangers past,
Stretch'd on Bavarian ramparts, breathe their
last. [pear,

But hold, my Muse, may no complain's ap-
Nor blot the day with an ungrateful tear:
While Marlbro' lives, Britannia's stars dispense
A friendly light, and shine in innocence:
Plunging through seas of blood his fiery steed
Where'er his friends retire, or foes succeed;
Those he supports, these drives to sudden flight;
And turns the various fortune of the fight.

Forbear, great man, renown'd in arms, forbear
To brave the thickest terrors of the war;
Nor hazard thus, confus'd in crowds of foes,
Britannia's safety, and the world's repose;
Let nations, anxious for thy life, abate
This scorn of danger, and contempt of fate:
Thou liv'st not for thyself, thy Queen demands
Conquest and peace from thy victorious hands;
Kingdoms and empires in thy fortune join,
And Europe's destiny depends on thine.

At length the long-disputed pass they gain,
By crowded armies fortified in vain;
The war breaks in, the fierce Bavarians yield,
And see their camp with British legions fill'd.
So Belgian mounds bear on their shatter'd sides
The sea's whole weight, increas'd with swelling
But if the rushing wave a passage finds, [tides;
Enrag'd by wat'ry moons, and warring winds,
The trembling peasant sees his country round
Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd.

The few surviving foes dispers'd in flight
(Refuse of swords and gleanings of a fight)
In ev'ry rustling wind the victor hear,
And Marlbro's form in ev'ry shadow fear,
Till the dark cope of night with kind embrace
Befriends the rout, and covers their disgrace.

To Donavert, with unresisted force,
The gay victorious army bends its course.
The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
Whatever spoils Bavaria's summer yields
(The Danube's great increase) Britannia shares,
The food of armies and support of wars:
With magazines of death, destructive balls,
And cannon doom'd to batter Landau's walls,
The victor finds each hidden cavern stor'd,
And turns their fury on their guilty lord.

Deluded prince! how is thy greatness cross'd,
And all the gaudy dream of empire lost,
That proudly set thee on a fancied throne,
And made imaginary realms thy own!
Thy troops, that now behind the Danube join,
Shall shortly seek for shelter from the Rhine,
Nor find it there! Surrounded with alarms,
Thou hop'st th' assistance of the Gallic arms!
The Gallic arms in safety shall advance,
And crowd thy standards with the pow'r of
France,

While, to exalt thy doom, th' aspiring Gaul
Shares thy destruction, and adorns thy fall.

Unbounded courage and compassion join'd,
Temp'ring each other in the victor's mind,

Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the hero and the man complete.
Long did he strive th' obdurate foe to gain
By proffer'd grace, but long he strove in vain;
Till, fir'd at length, he thinks it vain to spare
His rising wrath, and gives a loose to war.
In vengeance rous'd, the soldier fills his hand
With sword and fire, and ravages the land;
A thousand villages to ashes turns,
In crackling flames a thousand harvests burns.
To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,
And mix'd with bellowing herds confus'dly bleat;
Their trembling lords the common shade par-
take,

And cries of infants sound in ev'ry brake:
The list'ning soldier fix'd in sorrow stands,
Loth to obey his leader's just commands,
The leader grieves, by gen'rous pity sway'd,
To see his just commands so well obey'd.

But now the trumpet, terrible from far,
In shriller clangors animates the war;
Confed'rate drums in fuller concert beat,
And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat:
Gallia's proud standards, to Bavaria's join'd,
Unfurl their gilded lilies in the wind;
The daring prince his blasted hopes renews,
And, while the thick embattled host he views
Stretch'd out in deep array and dreadful length,
His heart dilates, and glories in his strength.

The fatal day its mighty course began,
That the griev'd world had long desir'd in vain;
States that their new captivity bemoan'd,
Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,
Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,
And pray'rs in bitterness of soul prefer'd,
Europe's loud cries, that Providence assail'd,
And Anna's ardent vows, at length prevail'd:
The day was come when Heav'n design'd to
show

His care and conduct of the world below.

Behold in awful march and dread array
The long extended squadron shape their way!
Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts;
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
And thirst of glory quells the love of life.
No vulgar fears can British minds control:
Heat of revenge and noble pride of soul
O'erlook'd the foe, advantag'd by his post,
Lessen his numbers, and contract his host;
Though fens and floods possess the middle space,
That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to pass,
Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,
When her proud foe rang'd on their borders
stands.

But oh, my muse, what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle join'd!
Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound
The victor's shouts and dying groans confound,
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise.
'Twas then great Marlbro's mighty soul was
prov'd,

That, in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,

Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
 Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war;
 In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
 To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
 Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
 And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
 So when an angel by divine command,
 With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
 Such as of late o'er pale Britannia pass'd,
 Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
 And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
 Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

But see the haughty household-troops advance!

The dread of Europe and the pride of France;
 The war's whole art each private soldier knows,
 And with a general's love of conquest glows;
 Proudly he marches on, and, void of fear,
 Laughs at the shaking of the British spear;
 Vain insolence! with native freedom brave,
 The meanest Briton scorns the highest slave;
 Contempt and fury fire their souls by turns,
 Each nation's glory in each warrior burns;
 Each fights, as in his arm th' important day
 And all the fate of his great monarch lay;
 A thousand glorious actions, that might claim
 Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame,
 Confus'd in crowds of glorious actions lie,
 And troops of heroes undistinguish'd die.
 O Dormer, how can I behold thy fate,
 And not the wonders of thy youth relate!
 How can I see the gay, the brave, the young,
 Fall in the cloud of war, and lie unsung!
 In joys of conquest he resigns his breath,
 And, fill'd with England's glory, smiles in death.

The rout begins, the Gallic squadrons run,
 Compell'd in crowds to meet the fate they shun,
 Thousands of fiery steeds with wounds transfix'd,
 Floating in gore, with their dead masters mix'd,
 'Midst heaps of spears and standards driv'n
 around,

Lie in the Danube's bloody whirlpools drown'd.
 Troops of bold youths, born on the distant

Soane,

Or sounding borders of the rapid Rhone,
 Or where the Seine her flow'ry fields divides,
 Or where the Loire through winding vineyards
 glides,

In heaps the rolling billows sweep away, [vey.
 And into Scythian seas their bloated corps con-
 From Blenheim's tow'rs, the Gaul with wild
 affright

Beholds the various havoc of the fight;
 His waving banners, that so oft had stood
 Planted in fields of death and streams of blood,
 So wont the guarded enemy to reach,
 And rise triumphant in the fatal breach,
 Or pierce the broken foe's remotest lines,
 The hardy veteran with tears resigns.

Unfortunate Tallard! Oh, who can name
 The pangs of rage, of sorrow, and of shame,
 That with mix'd tumult in thy bosom swell'd,
 When first thou saw'st thy bravest troops re-
 pell'd,

Thine only son pierc'd with a deadly wound,
 Chok'd in his blood, and gasping on the ground;
 Thyself in bondage by the victor kept!
 The chief, the father, and the captive wept.
 An English Muse is touch'd with gen'rous woe,
 And in th' unhappy man forgets the foe!
 Greatly distress'd, thy loud complaints forbear,
 Blame not the turns of fate, and chance of war;
 Give thy brave foes their due, nor blush to own
 The fatal field by such great leaders won,
 The field whence fam'd Eugenio bore away
 Only the second honors of the day. [fell,

With floods of gore that from the vanquish'd
 The marshes stagnate, and the rivers swell.
 Mountains of slain lie heap'd upon the ground,
 Or 'midst the roarings of the Danube drown'd;
 Whole captive hosts the conqueror detains
 In painful bondage and inglorious chains;
 E'en those who 'scape the fetters and the sword,
 Nor seek the fortunes of a happier lord,
 Their raging King dishonors, to complete
 Marlbro's great work, and finish the defeat.

From Memminghen's high domes, and Augs-
 burg's walls,

The distant battle drives th' insulting Gauls;
 Freed by the terror of the victor's name,
 The rescued states his great protection claim;
 Whilst Ulm th' approach of her deliverer waits,
 And longs to open her obsequious gates.

The hero's breast still swells with great de-
 signs,

In ev'ry thought the tow'ring genius shines:
 If to the foe his dreadful course he bends,
 O'er the wide continent his march extends;
 If sieges in his lab'ring thoughts are form'd,
 Camps are assaulted, and an army storm'd;
 If to the fight his active soul is bent,
 The fate of Europe turns on its event.
 What distant land, what region, can afford
 An action worthy his victorious sword?
 Where will he next the flying Gaul defeat,
 To make the series of his toils complete?

Where the swoln Rhine rushing with all its
 Divides the hostile nations in its course, [force
 While each contracts its bounds, or wider grows,
 Enlarg'd or straiten'd as the river flows,
 On Gallia's side a mighty bulwark stands,
 That all the wide extended plain commands;
 Twice, since the war was kindled, has it tried
 The victor's rage, and twice has chang'd its side;
 As oft whole armies, with the prize o'erjoy'd,
 Have the long summer on its walls employ'd.
 Hither our mighty chief his arms directs,
 Hence future triumphs from the war expects;
 And though the dog-star had its course begun,
 Carries his arms still nearer to the sun:
 Fix'd on the glorious action, he forgets
 The charge of seasons, and increase of heats;
 No toils are painful that can danger show,
 No climes unlovely that contain a foe.

The roving Gaul, to his own bounds restra'n'd,
 Learns to encamp within his native land:
 But soon as the victorious host he spies,
 From hill to hill, from stream to stream he flies,

Such dire impressions in his heart remain
Of Marl'ro's sword, and Hochstet's fatal plain;
In vain Britannia's mighty chief besets
Their shady coverts and obscure retreats;
They fly the conqueror's approaching fame,
That bears the force of armies in his name.

Austria's young monarch, whose imperial
Sceptres and thrones are destin'd to obey, [sway
Whose boasted ancestry so high extends,
That in the Pagan gods his lineage ends,
Comes from afar, in gratitude to own
The great supporter of his father's throne:
What tides of glory to his bosom ran,
Clasp'd in the embraces of the godlike man!
How were his eyes with pleasing wonder fix'd
To see such fire with so much sweetness mix'd,
Such easy greatness, such a graceful port,
So turn'd and finish'd for the camp or court!

Achilles thus was form'd with ev'ry grace,
And Nireus shone but in the second place;
Thus the great father of almighty Rome
(Divinely flush'd with an immortal bloom
That Cytherea's fragrant breath bestow'd)
In all the charms of his bright mother glow'd.

The royal youth, by Marl'ro's presence
charm'd,

Taught by his counsels, by his actions warm'd,
On Landau with redoubled fury falls,
Discharges all his thunder on its walls;
O'er mines and caves of death provokes the fight,
And learns to conquer in the hero's sight.

The British chief for mighty toils renown'd,
Increas'd in titles, and with conquests crown'd,
To Belgian coasts his tedious march renews,
And the long windings of the Rhine pursues,
Clearing its borders from usurping foes,
And blest by rescued nations as he goes.

Treves fears no more, freed from its dire alarms;
And Traerbach feels the terror of his arms:
Seated on rocks, her proud foundations shake,
While Marl'ro' presses to the bold attack,
Plants all his batt'ries, bids his cannon roar,
And shows how Landau might have fall'n be-
fore.

Scar'd at his near approach, great Louis fears
Vengeance reserv'd for his declining years,
Forgets his thirst of universal sway,
And scarce can teach his subjects to obey;
His arms he finds on vain attempts employ'd,
Th' ambitious projects for his race destroy'd,
The works of ages sunk in one campaign,
And lives of millions sacrific'd in vain.

Such are th' effects of Anna's royal cares;
By her, Britannia, great in foreign wars,
Ranges through nations, wheresoe'er disjoin'd,
Without the wonted aid of sea and wind:
By her the unfetter'd Ister's states are free,
And taste the sweets of English liberty:
But who can tell the joys of those that lie
Beneath the constant influence of her eye?
Whilst in diffusive show'rs her bounties fall
Like Heav'n's indulgence, and descend on all,
Secure the happy, succour the distress'd,
Make ev'ry subject glad, and a whole people blest.

Thus would I fain Britannia's wars rehearse,
In the smooth records of a faithful verse;
That, if such numbers can o'er time prevail,
May tell posterity the wondrous tale.
When actions, unadorn'd, are faint and weak,
Cities and countries must be taught to speak;
Gods may descend in fictions from the skies,
And rivers from their oozy beds arise;
Fiction may deck the truth with spurious rays,
And round the hero cast a borrow'd blaze:
Marl'ro's exploits appear divinely bright,
And proudly shine in their own native light;
Rais'd of themselves, their genuine charms they
boast;
And those who paint them truest, praise them
most.

§ 32. *An Allegory on Man.* Parnell.

A THOUGHTFUL being, long and spare,
Our race of mortals call him Care,
(Were Homer living, well he knew
What name the gods have call'd him too;)
With fine mechanic genius wrought,
And lov'd to work, though no one bought.
This being, by a model bred
In Jove's eternal sable head,
Contriv'd a shape impower'd to breathe,
And be the worldling here beneath.

The man rose staring, like a stake,
Wond'ring to see himself awake!
Then look'd so wise, before he knew
The business he was made to do,
That, pleas'd to see with what a grace
He gravely show'd his forward face,
Jove talk'd of breeding him on high,
An under-something of the sky.

But ere he gave the mighty nod,
Which ever binds a poet's god
(For which his curls ambrosial shake,
And mother Earth's oblig'd to quake),
He saw his mother Earth arise;
She stood confess'd before his eyes;
But not with what we read she wore;
A castle for a crown before;
Nor with long streets and longer roads
Dangling behind her, like commodores:
As yet with wreaths alone she dress'd,
And trail'd a landscape-painted vest.
Then thrice she rais'd, as Ovid said,
And thrice she bow'd her weighty head.

Her honors made—Great Jove, she cried,
This thing was fashion'd from my side;
His hands, his heart, his head are mine;
Then what hast thou to call him thine?

Nay, rather ask, the Monarch said,
What boots his hands, his heart, his head,
Were what I gave remov'd away?
Thy part's an idle shape of clay.

Halves, more than halves! cried honest Care,
Your pleas would make your titles fair;
You claim the body, you the soul,
But I, who join'd them, claim the whole.

Thus with the gods debate began,
On such a trivial cause as man.

And can celestial tempers rage?
Quoth Virgil, in a later age.

As thus they wrangled, Time came by
(There's none that paint him such as I:
For what the fabling ancients sung,
Makes Saturn old when Time was young):
As yet his winters had not shed
Their silver honors on his head:
He just had got his pinions free
From his old sire, Eternity.
A serpent girdled round he wore,
The tail within the mouth before;
By which our almanacs are clear
That learned Egypt meant the year.
A staff he carried, where on high
A glass was fix'd to measure by,
As amber boxes made a show
For heads of canes an age ago.
His vest, for day and night, was pied;
A bending sickle arm'd his side;
And Spring's new months his trade adorn;
The other Seasons were unborn.

Known by the gods, as near he draws,
They make him umpire of the cause.
O'er a low trunk his arm he laid,
Where since his hours a dial made;
Then, leaning, heard the nice debate,
And thus pronounc'd the words of Fate:
Since body, from the parent Earth,
And soul from Jove receiv'd a birth,
Return they where they first began;
But, since their union makes the man,
Till Jove and Earth shall part these two,
To Care, who join'd them, man is due.

He said, and sprung with swift career
To trace a circle for the year;
Where ever since the seasons wheel,
And tread on one another's heel.
'Tis well, said Jove; and, for consent,
Thund'ring he shook the firmament.
Our umpire Time shall have his way;
With Care I let the creature stay:
Let bus'ness vex him, av'rice blind,
Let doubt and knowledge rack his mind,
Let error act, opinion speak,
And want afflict, and sickness break,
And anger burn, dejection chill,
And joy distract, and sorrow kill;
Till, arm'd by Care, and taught to mow,
Time draws the long distracted blow;
And wasted man, whose quick decay
Comes hurrying on before his day,
Shall only find by this decree,
The soul flies sooner back to me.

§ 33. *The Book-Worm.* Parnell.

Come hither, boy, we'll hunt to-day
The Book-worm, rav'ning beast of prey!
Produc'd by parent Earth, at odds,
As Fame reports it, with the gods.
Him frantic hunger wildly drives
Against a thousand author's lives:
Through all the fields of wit he flies;
Dreadful his head with clust'ring eyes,

With horns without, and tusks within,
And scales to serve him for a skin.
Observe him nearly, lest he climb
To wound the bards of ancient time,
Or down the vale of fancy go,
To tear some modern wretch below.
On ev'ry corner fix thine eye,
Or ten to one he slips thee by.
See where his teeth a passage eat:
We'll rouse him from the deep retreat.
But who the shelter's forc'd to give?
'Tis sacred Virgil, as I live;
From leaf to leaf, from song to song,
He draws the tadpole form along;
He mounts the gilded edge before;
He's up, he scuds the cover o'er;
He turns, he doubles, there he pass'd;
And here we have him, caught at last.
Insatiate brute, whose teeth abuse
The sweetest servants of the Muse!

(Nay, never offer to deny,
I took thee in the fact to fly.)
His roses nipt in ev'ry page,
My poor Anacreon mourns thy rage;
By thee my Ovid wounded lies;
By thee my Lesbia's sparrow dies;
Thy rabid teeth have half destroy'd
The work of love in Biddy Floyd;
They rent Belinda's locks away,
And spoil'd the Blouzelind of Gay:
For all, for ev'ry single deed,
Relentless justice bids thee bleed.
Then fall a victim to the Nine,
Myself the priest, my desk the shrine.

Bring Homer, Virgil, Tasso near,
To pile a sacred altar here:
Hold, boy, thy hand outruns thy wit,
You've reach'd the plays that Dennis writ:
You've reach'd me Philips' rustic strain;
Pray take your mortal bards again.

Come, bind the victim—there he lies,
And here between his num'rous eyes
This venerable dust I lay,
From manuscripts just swept away.

The goblet in my hand I take
(For the libation's yet to make)
A health to poets all their days,
May they have bread, as well as praise;
Sense may they seek, and less engage
In papers fill'd with party rage:
But, if their riches spoil their vein,
Ye Muses, make them poor again.

Now bring the weapon, yonder blade,
With which my tuneful pens are made,
I strike the scales that arm thee round,
And twice and thrice I print the wound;
The sacred altar floats with red,
And now he dies, and now he's dead.

How like the son of Jove I stand,
This Hydra stretch'd beneath my hand!
Lay bare the monster's entrails here,
To see what dangers threat the year;
Ye gods! what sonnets on a wench!
What lean translations out of French!

'Tis plain this lobe is so unsound,
S— prints before the months go round.

But hold—before I close the scene,
The sacred altar should be clean.

Oh, had I Shadwell's second bays,
Or, Tate, thy pert and humble lays;
(Ye pair, forgive me, when I vow
I never miss'd your works till now,)
I'd tear the leaves to wipe the shrine
(That only way you please the Nine);
But since I chance to want these two,
I'll make the songs of Dufey do.

Rent from the corpse, on yonder pin
I hang the scales that brac'd it in;
I hang my studious morning gown,
And write my own inscription down.

"This trophy from the Python won,
"This robe in which the deed was done,
"These, Parnell, glorying in the feat,
"Hang on these shelves, the Muses' seat.
"Here ignorance and hunger found
"Large realms of wit to ravage round:
"Here ignorance and hunger fell,
"Two foes in one I sent to hell.
"Ye poets, who my labors see,
"Come share the triumph all with me!
"Ye critics! born to vex the Muse,
"To mourn the grand ally you lose."

§ 34. *Ad Amicos.** R. West.

Yes, happy youths, on Camus' sedgy side,
You feel each joy that friendship can divide;
Each realm of science and of art explore,
And with the ancient blend the modern lore.
Studious alone to learn whate'er may tend
To raise the genius, or the heart to mend;
Now pleas'd along the cloister'd walk you rove,
And trace the verdant mazes of the grove,
Where social oft, and oft alone, you choose
To catch the zephyr, and to court the Muse.
Meantime at me (while all devoid of art
These lines give back the image of my heart)—
At me the pow'r, that comes or soon or late,
Or aims, or seems to aim, the dart of fate;
From you, remote, methinks, alone I stand,
Like some sad exile in a desert land:
Around no friends their lenient care to join
In mutual warmth, and mix their heart with mine.

Or real pains, or those which fancy raise,
For ever blot the sunshine of my days;
To sickness still, and still to grief a prey
Health turns from me her rosy face away.

Just Heav'n! what sin, ere life begins to
Devotes my head untimely to the tomb? (bloom,
Did e'er this hand against a brother's life
Drug the dire bowl, or point the murder's
knife? [claim,
Did e'er this tongue the slanderer's tale pro-
Or madly violate my Maker's name?

Did e'er this heart betray a friend or foe,
Or know a thought but all the world might
know?

As yet, just started from the lists of time,
My growing years have scarcely told their prime;
Useless, as yet, through life I've idly run,
No pleasures tasted, and few duties done.
Ah who, ere autumn's mellowing suns appear,
Would pluck the promise of the vernal year;
Or, ere the grapes their purple hue betray,
Tear the crude cluster from the morning spray?
Stern power of Fate, whose ebon sceptre rules
The Stygian deserts and Cimmerian pools,
Forbear, nor rashly smite my youthful heart,
A victim yet unworthy of thy dart;
Ah, stay till age shall blast my withering face,
Shake in my head, and falter in my pace;
Then aim the shaft, then meditate the blow,
And to the dead my willing shade shall go.

How weak is Man to Reason's judging eye!
Born in this moment, in the next we die;
Part mortal clay, and part ethereal fire,
Too proud to creep, too humble to aspire,
In vain our plans of happiness we raise,
Pain is our lot, and patience is our praise;
Wealth, lineage, honors, conquest, or a throne,
Are what the wise would fear to call their own.
Health is at best a vain precarious thing,
And fair-fac'd youth is ever on the wing;
'Tis like the stream beside whose wat'ry bed
Some blooming plant exalts his flow'ry head;
Nurs'd by the wave the spreading branches rise,
Shade all the ground, and flourish to the skies;
The waves the while beneath in secret flow,
And undermine the hollow bank below:
Wide and more wide the waters urge their way,
Bare all the roots, and on their fibres prey;
Too late the plant bewails his foolish pride,
And sinks, untimely, in the whelming tide.

But why repine? Does life deserve my sigh?
Few will lament my loss whene'er I die.
For those, the wretches I despise or hate,
I neither envy nor regard their fate.
For me, whene'er all-conquering Death shall
His wings around my unrepining head, [spread
I care not: though this face be seen no more,
The world will pass as cheerful as before;
Bright as before the day-star will appear,
The fields as verdant, and the skies as clear;
Nor storms nor comets will my doom declare,
Nor signs on earth, nor portents in the air;
Unknown and silent will depart my breath,
Nor Nature e'er take notice of my death.
Yet some there are (ere spent my vital days)
Within whose breasts my tomb I wish to raise.
Lov'd in my life, lamented in my end,
Their praise would crown me, as their precepts
mend:

To them may these fond lines my name endear;
Not from the poet, but the friend sincere.

* Almost all Tibullus's Elegy is imitated in this little Piece, from whence the transition to Mr. Pope's letter is very artfully contrived, and bespeaks a degree of judgment much beyond Mr. West's years.

§ 35. *An Address to Winter.* Cowper.

ON Winter! ruler of th' inverted year,
Thy scatter'd hair with sleet like ashes fill'd,
Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fring'd with a beard made white with other
snows

Than those of age; thy forehead wrapt in clouds;
A leafless branch thy sceptre; and thy throne
A sliding car indebted to no wheels,
But urg'd by storms along its slippery way;
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art. Thou hold'st the sun
A pris'ner in the yet undawning east,
Short'ning his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy west: but kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gathering at short notice in one groupe
The family dispers'd, and fixing thought,
Not less dispers'd by daylight and its cares.
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturb'd retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening know.
No rattling wheels stop short before these gates;
No powder'd pert, proficient in the art
Of sounding an alarm, assaults these doors
Till the street rings. No stationary steeds,
Cough their own knell, while heedless of the
sound

The silent circle fan themselves, and quake;
But here the needle plies its busy task,
The pattern grows, the well-depicted flow'r,
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
Unfolds its bosom, buds, and leaves, and sprigs,
And curling tendrils, gracefully dispos'd,
Follow the nimble finger of the fair,
A wreath that cannot fade, of flowers that blow
With most success when all besides decay.
The poet's or historian's page, by one
Made vocal for th' amusement of the rest:
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet
sounds [out;

The touch from many a trembling chord shakes
And the clear voice symphonious, yet distinct,
And in the charming strife triumphant still,
Beguile the night, and set a keener edge
On female industry; the threaded steel
Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds.
The little volume clos'd, the customary rites
Of the last meal commence. A Roman meal,
Such as the mistress of the world once found
Delicious, when her patriots of high note,
Perhaps by moonlight, at their humble doors,
And under an old oak's domestic shade,
Enjoy'd, spare feast! a radish and an egg.
Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,
Nor such as with a frown forbids the play
Of fancy, or proscribes the sound of mirth.
Nor do we madly, like an impious world,
Who deem religion phrenzy, and the God

That made them an intruder on their joys,
Start at his awful name, or deem his praise
A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone
Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
While we retrace with memory's pointing
wand,

That calls the past to our exact review,
The dangers we have 'scap'd, the broken snare,
The disappointed foe, deliv'rance found
Unlook'd for, life preserv'd and peace restor'd,
Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.
Oh, evenings worthy of the gods! exclaim'd
The Sabine bard. Oh, evenings! I reply,
More to be priz'd and coveted than yours,
As more illumin'd and with nobler truths,
That I, and mine, and those we love, enjoy.

§ 36. *Liberty renders England preferable to other Nations, notwithstanding Taxes, &c.* Cowper.

'Tis Liberty alone that gives the flow'r
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume,
And we are weeds without it. All constraint,
Except what wisdom lays on evil men,
Is evil, hurts the faculties, impedes
Their progress in the road of science, blinds
The eyesight of discovery, and begets
In those that suffer it a sordid mind,
Bestial, a meagre intellect, unfit
To be the tenant of man's noble form.
Thee therefore, still, blameworthy as thou art,
With all thy loss of empire, and though squeez'd
By public exigence till annual food
Fails for the craving hunger of the state,
Thee I account still happy, and the chief
Among the nations, seeing thou art free!
My native nook of earth! thy clime is rude,
Replete with vapors, and disposes much
All hearts to sadness, and none more than mine;
Thine unadulterate manners are less soft
And plausible than social life requires,
And thou hast need of discipline and art
To give thee what politer France receives
From Nature's bounty—that humane address
And sweetness, without which no pleasure is
In converse, either starv'd by cold reserve,
Or flush'd with fierce dispute, a senseless brawl;
Yet, being free, I love thee: for the sake
Of that one feature, can be well content,
Disgrac'd as thou hast been, poor as thou art,
To seek no sublunary rest beside.
But, once enslav'd, farewell! I could endure
Chains nowhere patiently; and chains at home,
Where I am free by birthright, not at all.
Then what were left of roughness in the grain
Of British natures, wanting its excuse
That it belongs to freemen, would disgust
And shock me. I should then with double
pain

Feel all the rigor of thy fickle clime;
And if I must bewail the blessing lost
For which our Hampdens and our Sydneys bled,
I would at least bewail it under skies
Milder, among a people less austere,

In scenes which having never known me free,
Would not reproach me with the loss I felt.

§ 37. *Description of a Poet.* Cowper.

I KNOW the mind that feels indeed the fire
The Muse imparts, and can command the lyre,
Acts with a force and kindles with a zeal,
Whate'er the theme, that others never feel.
If human woes her soft attention claim,
A tender sympathy pervades the frame;
She pours a sensibility divine
Along the nerve of ev'ry feeling line.
But if a deed not tamely to be borne
Fire indignation and a sense of scorn,
The strings are swept with such a pow'r, so loud,
The storm of music shakes the astonish'd crowd.
So when remote futurity is brought
Before the keen inquiry of her thought,
A terrible sagacity informs
The poet's heart; he looks to distant storms,
He hears the thunder ere the tempest low'rs,
And, arm'd with strength surpassing human
pow'rs,
Seizes events as yet unknown to man,
And darts his soul into the dawning plan.
Hence, in a Roman mouth, the graceful name
Of Prophet and of Poet was the same;
Hence British poets too the priesthood shar'd,
And ev'ry hallow'd Druid was a bard.

§ 38. *An Essay on Poetry.** Buckingham.

Or all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief master-piece is writing well;
No writing lifts exalted man so high
As sacred and soul-moving Poesy:
No kind of work requires so nice a touch;
And, if well-finish'd, nothing shines so much.
But Heaven forbid we should be so profane,
To grace the vulgar with that noble name!
'Tis not a flash of fancy, which sometimes,
Dazzling our minds, sets off the slightest rhymes;
Bright as a blaze, but in a moment done;
True wit is everlasting, like the sun; [tir'd,
Which, though sometimes behind a cloud re-
Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd.
Number and rhyme, and that harmonious sound
Which not the nicest ear with harshness wound,
Are necessary, yet but vulgar arts;
And all in vain these superficial parts
Contribute to the structure of the whole,
Without a genius too, for that's the soul:
A spirit which inspires the work throughout,
As that of nature moves the world about;
A flame that glows amidst conception fit;
E'en something of divine, and more than wit;
Itself unseen, yet all things by it shown,
Describing all men, but describ'd by none.
Where dost thou dwell? what caverns of the brain
Can such a vast and mighty thing contain?

When I, at vacant hours, in vain thy absence
mourn, [return,
Oh! where dost thou retire? and why dost thou
Sometimes with powerful charms, to hurry me
away [day?
From pleasures of the night and business of the
E'en now, too far transported, I am fain
To check thy course, and use the needful rein.
As all is dulness when the fancy's bad;
So, without judgment, fancy is but mad:
And judgment has a boundless influence
Not only in the choice of words, or sense,
But on the world, on manners, and on men;
Fancy is but the feather of the pen:
Reason is that substantial useful part
Which gains the head, while t' other wins the
heart.

Here I shall all the various sorts of verse,
And the whole art of poetry, rehearse;
But who that task would after Horace do?
The best of masters and examples too!
Echoes at best, all we can say is vain;
Dull the design, and fruitless were the pain.
'Tis true, the ancients we may rob with ease;
But who with that mean shift himself can please,
Without an actor's pride? A player's art
Is above his who writes a borrow'd part.
Yet modern laws are made for latter faults,
And new absurdities inspire new thoughts.
What need has Satire then to live on theft,
When so much fresh occasion still is left?
Fertile our soil, and full of rankest weeds,
And monsters worse than ever Nilus breeds.
But hold—the fool shall have no cause to fear;
'Tis wit and sense that are the subject here:
Defects of witty men deserve a cure;
And those who are so, will e'en this endure.

First then of Songs which now so much
abound:
Without his song no fop is to be found;
A most offensive weapon, which he draws
On all he meets, against Apollo's laws:
Though nothing seems more easy, yet no part
Of poetry requires a nicer art:
For as in rows of richest pearl there lies
Many a blemish that escapes our eyes,
The least of which defects is plainly shown
In one small ring, and brings the value down—
So songs should be to just perfection wrought;
Yet where can one be seen without a fault?
Exact propriety of words and thought;
Expression easy, and the fancy high;
Yet that not seem to creep, nor this to fly:
No words transpos'd, but in such order all,
As wrought with care, yet seem by chance to fall.
Here, as in all things else, is most unfit,
Bare ribaldry, that poor pretence to wit;
Such nauseous songs by a late author † made,
Call an unwilling censure on his shade.

* The Essay on Satire, which was written by this noble author and Mr. Dryden, is printed among the Poems of the latter.

† The Earl of Rochester.—It may be observed, however, that many of the worst songs ascribed to this nobleman were spurious.

Not that warm thoughts of the transporting joy
Can shock the chastest, or the nicest cloy;
But words obscene too gross to move desire,
Like heaps of fuel only choke the fire.
On other themes he well deserves our praise;
But palls that appetite he meant to raise.

Next, Elegy, of sweet but solemn voice,
And of a subject grave exacts the choice;
The praise of beauty, valor, wit, contains;
And there too oft despairing love complains:
In vain, alas! for who by wit is mov'd?
That Phoenix-she deserves to be lov'd;
But noisy nonsense, and such fops as vex
Mankind, take most with that fantastic sex.
This to the praise of those who better knew;
The many raise the value of the few.
But here (as all our sex too oft have tried)
Women have drawn my wand'ring thoughts aside.
Their greatest fault, who in this kind have writ,
Is not defect in words, or want of wit:
But should this Muse harmonious numbers
And ev'ry couplet be with fancy fill'd; [yield,
If yet a just coherence be not made
Between each thought; and the whole model laid
So right, that ev'ry line may higher rise,
Like goodly mountains, till they reach the skies;
Such trifles may perhaps of late have pass'd,
And may be lik'd awhile, but never last:
'Tis epigram, 'tis point, 'tis what you will,
But not an Elegy, nor writ with skill,
No Panegyric,* nor a Cooper's Hill.†

A higher flight, and of a happier force,
Are Odes; the Muses' most unruly horse,
That bounds so fierce, the rider has no rest,
He foams at mouth, and moves like one pos-
The poet here must be indeed inspir'd, [sess'd.
With fury too as well as fancy fir'd.
Cowley might boast to have perform'd this part,
Had he with nature join'd the rules of art;
But sometimes diction mean, or verse ill-wrought,
Deadens, or clouds, his noble frame of thought.
Though all appear in heat and fury done,
The language still must soft and easy run.
These laws may sound a little too severe:
But judgment yields, and fancy governs here;
Which, though extravagant, this Muse allows,
And makes the work much easier than it shows.

Of all the ways that wisest men could find
To mend the age, and mortify mankind,
Satire well writ has most successful prov'd,
And cures, because the remedy is lov'd:
'Tis hard to write on such a subject more,
Without repeating things said oft before:
Some vulgar errors only we'll remove
That stain a beauty which we so much love.
Of chosen words some take not care enough,
And think they should be as the subject rough;
This poem must be more exactly made,
And sharpest thoughts in smoothest words con-
vey'd.

Some think, if sharp enough, they cannot fail,
As if their only business was to rail:
But human frailty nicely to unfold,
Distinguishes a satyr from a scold.
Rage you must hide, and prejudice lay down;
A satyr's smile is sharper than his frown:
So while you seem to slight some rival youth,
Malice itself may pass sometimes for truth.
The Laureat‡ here may justly claim our praise,
Crown'd by Mac Flecknoe§ with immortal bays;
Yet once his Pegasus|| has borne dead weight,
Rid by some lumpish minister of state.

Here rest, my Muse, suspend thy cares awhile;
A more important task attends thy toil.
As some young eagle, that designs to fly
A long unwonted journey through the sky,
Weights all the dangerous enterprise before,
O'er what wide lands and seas she is to soar;
Doubts her own strength so far, and justly fears
The lofty road of airy travellers;
But yet incited by some bold design,
That does her hopes beyond her fears incline,
Prunes ev'ry feather, views herself with care,
At last, resolv'd, she cleaves the yielding air;
Away she flies, so strong, so high, so fast,
She lessens to us, and is lost at last:
So (though too weak for such a weighty thing)
The Muse inspires a sharper note to sing.
And why should truth offend, when only told
To guide the ignorant, and warn the bold?
On, then, my Muse; advent'rously engage
To give instructions that concern the Stage.

The unities of action, time, and place,
Which, if observ'd, give plays so great a grace,
Are, though but little practis'd, too well known
To be taught here, where we pretend alone
From nicer faults to purge the present age,
Less obvious errors of the English stage.

First, then, Soliloquies had need be few,
Extremely short, and spoke in passion too.
Our lovers talking to themselves, for want
Of others, make the pit their confidant;
Nor is the matter mended yet, if thus
They trust a friend only to tell it us;
Th' occasion should as naturally fall,
As when Bellario confesses all. ¶

Figures of speech, which poets think so fine,
(Art's needless varnish to make nature shine)
All are but paint upon a beauteous face,
And in descriptions only claim a place;
But, to make rage declaim, and grief discourse,
From lovers in despair fine things to force,
Must needs succeed; for who can choose but pity
A dying hero miserably witty?

But oh! the Dialogues, where jest and mock
Are held up like a rest at shuttlecock;
Or else like bells eternally they chime;
They sigh in simile and die in rhyme.
What things are these who would be poets thought,
By nature not inspir'd, nor learning taught?

* Waller's.

† Denham's.

‡ Mr. Dryden.

§ A famous satirical poem of his.

|| A poem called the Hind and Panther.

¶ In Philaster, a play of Beaumont and Fletcher.

Some wit they have, and therefore may deserve
 A better course than this, by which they starve:
 But to write plays! why, 'tis a bold pretence
 To judgment, breeding, wit, and eloquence:
 Nay more: for they must look within, to find
 Those secret turns of nature in the mind.
 Without this part in vain would be the whole,
 And but a body all, without a soul:
 All this united yet but makes a part
 Of Dialogue, that great and pow'rful art,
 Now almost lost, which the old Grecians knew,
 From whom the Romans fainter copies drew,
 Scarce comprehended since but by a few.
 Plato and Lucian are the best remains
 Of all the wonders which this art contains;
 Yet to ourselves we justice must allow,
 Shakspeare and Fletcher are the wonders now:
 Consider then, and read them o'er and o'er;
 Go see them play'd, then read them as before;
 For though in many things they grossly fail,
 Over our passions still they so prevail,
 That our own grief by theirs is rock'd asleep;
 The dull are forc'd to feel, the wise to weep.
 Their beauties imitate, avoid their faults:
 First, on a plot employ thy careful thoughts;
 Turn it, with time, a thousand sev'ral ways;
 This oft, alone, has given success to plays.
 Reject that vulgar error (which appears
 So fair) of making perfect characters;
 There's no such thing in nature, and you'll draw
 A faultless monster—which the world ne'er
 saw.

Some faults must be, that his misfortunes drew,
 But such as may deserve compassion too.
 Besides the main design compos'd with art,
 Each moving scene must be a plot apart;
 Contrive each little turn, mark ev'ry place,
 As painters first chalk out the future face:
 Yet be not fondly your own slave for this,
 But change hereafter what appears amiss.

Think not so much where shining thoughts
 to place,

As what a man would say in such a case:
 Neither in comedy will this suffice,
 The player too must be before your eyes;
 And, though 'tis drudgery to stoop so low,
 To him you must your secret meaning show.
 Expose no single fop, but lay the load
 More equally, and spread the folly broad;
 Mere coxcombs are too obvious: oft we see
 A fool derided by as bad as he:
 Hawks fly at nobler game; in this low way,
 A very owl may prove a bird of prey.
 Small poets thus will one poor fop devour:
 But to collect, like bees, from ev'ry flow'r,
 Ingredients to compose that precious juice
 Which serves the world for pleasure and for use,
 In spite of faction—this would favor get;
 But Falstaff* stands inimitable yet.
 Another fault which often may befall,
 Is, when the wit of some great poet shall
 So overflow, that is, be none at all,

That e'en his fools speak sense, as if possest,
 And each by inspiration breaks his jest.
 If once the justness of each part be lost,
 Well may we laugh, but at the poet's cost.
 That silly thing men call sheer-wit avoid,
 With which our age so nauseously is cloy'd:
 Humor is all; wit should be only brought
 To turn agreeably some proper thought.

But since the poets we of late have known
 Shine in no dress so much as in their own,
 The better, by example, to convince,
 Cast but a view on this wrong side of sense.

First, a soliloquy is calmly made,
 Where ev'ry reason is exactly weigh'd;
 Which once perform'd, most opportunely comes
 Some hero frighted at the noise of drums;
 For her sweet sake, whom at first sight he loves,
 And all in metaphor his passion proves;
 But some sad accident, though yet unknown,
 Parting this pair, to leave the swain alone:
 He straight grows jealous, though we know not
 Then, to oblige his rival, needs will die: [why:
 But first he makes a speech, wherein he tells
 The absent nymph how much his flame excels;
 And yet bequeaths her generously now
 To that lov'd rival whom he does not know!
 Who straight appears; but who can fate with-
 Too late, alas! to hold his hasty hand, [stand?
 That just has given himself the cruel stroke!
 At which his very rival's heart is broke:
 He, more to his new friend than mistress kind,
 Most sadly mourns at being left behind;
 Of such a death prefers the pleasing charms
 To love, and living in a lady's arms. [these!
 What shameful and what monstrous things are
 And then they rail at those they cannot please:
 Conclude us only partial to the dead,
 And grudge the sign of old Ben Jonson's head;
 When the intrinsic value of the stage
 Can scarce be judg'd but by a following age:
 For dances, flutes, Italian songs, and rhyme
 May keep up sinking nonsense for a time;
 But that must fail, which now so much o'errules,
 And sense no longer will submit to fools.

By painful steps at last we labor up
 Parnassus' hill, on whose bright airy top
 The epic poets so divinely show,
 And with just pride behold the rest below.
 Heroic poems have a just pretence
 To be the utmost stretch of human sense;
 A work of such inestimable worth, [forth!
 There are but two the world has yet brought
 Homer and Virgil!—with what sacred awe
 Do those mere sounds the world's attention draw!
 Just as a changeling seems below the rest
 Of men, or rather as a two-legg'd beast;
 So these gigantic souls, amaz'd, we find
 As much above the rest of human kind!
 Nature's whole strength united! endless fame,
 And universal shouts, attend their name!
 Read Homer once, and you can read no more,
 For all books else appear so mean, so poor,

* The matchless character of Shakspeare.

Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need.
Had Bossu never writ, the world had still
Like Indians view'd this wondrous piece of skill;

As something of divine the work admir'd,
Not hop'd to be instructed, but inspir'd:
But he, disclosing sacred mysteries,
Has shown where all the mighty magic lies;
Describ'd the seeds, and in what order sown,
That have to such a vast proportion grown.
Sure from some angel he the secret knew,
Who through this labyrinth has lent the clew.
But what, alas! avails it poor mankind
To see this promis'd land, yet stay behind?
The way is shown, but who has strength to go?
Who can all sciences profoundly know?
Whose fancy flies beyond weak reason's sight,
And yet has judgment to direct it right?
Whose just discernment, Virgil-like, is such,
Never to say too little or too much?
Let such a man begin without delay;
But he must do beyond what I can say;
Must above Tasso's lofty flight prevail,
Succeed where Spenser and e'en Milton fail.

§ 39. *Love of Fame, the Universal Passion.*
Young.

SATIRE I.

To his Grace the Duke of Dorset.

—Tanto major Famæ sitis est, quam
Virtutis— Juv. Sat. 10.

My verse is Satire; Dorset lend your ear,
And patronise a Muse you cannot fear;
To Poets sacred is a Dorset's name,
Their wonted passport thro' the gates of fame;
It bribes the partial reader into praise,
And throws a glory round the shelter'd lays;
The dazzled judgment fewer faults can see,
And gives applause to B——e, or to me.
But you decline the mistress we pursue;
Others are fond of Fame, but Fame of you.

Instructive Satire, true to virtue's cause,
Thou shining supplement of public laws!
When flatter'd crimes of a licentious age
Reproach our silence, and demand our rage;
When purchas'd follies from each distant land,
Like arts, improve in Britain's skilful hand;
When the law shows her teeth, but dares not
bite, [light;

And South-Sea treasures are not brought to
When churchmen Scripture for the classics quit;
Polite apostates from God's grace to wit;
When men grow great from their revenue spent;
And fly from bailiffs into parliament;
When dying sinners to blot out their score,
Bequeath the church the leavings of a whore—
To chafe our spleen when themes like these in-
crease,

Shall panegyric reign, and censure cease?
Shall poesy, like law, turn wrong to right,
And dedications wash an Æthiop white,

Set up each senseless wretch for nature's boast,
On whom praise shines as trophies on a post?
Shall funeral eloquence her colors spread,
And scatter roses on the wealthy dead?
Shall authors smile on such illustrious days,
And satirize with nothing—but their praise?

Why slumbers Pope, who leads the tuneful
strain, [plain?

Nor hears that virtue which he loves, com-
Donne, Dorset, Dryden, Rochester are dead,
And guilt's chief foe in Addison is fled;
Congreve, who, crown'd with laurels fairly won,
Sits smiling at the goal while others run,
He will not write; and (more provoking still!)
Ye gods! he will not write, and Mævius will.
Doubly distress, what author shall we find
Discreetly daring, and severely kind,
The courtly Roman's * shining path to tread,
And sharply smile prevailing folly dead?
Will no superior genius snatch the quill,
And save me, on the brink, from writing ill?
Though vain the strife, I'll strive my voice to
raise:

What will not men attempt for sacred praise?

The love of praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns, more or less, and glows in ev'ry heart:
The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endure;
The modest shun it but to make it sure.
O'er globes and sceptres now on thrones it swells,
Now trims the midnight lamp in college cells.
'Tis Tory, Whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
Harangues in senates, squeaks in masquerades:
Here, to S——e's humor makes a bold pretence;
There, bolder, aims at Pult'ney's eloquence:
It aids the dancer's heel, the writer's head,
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead:
Nor ends with life; but nods in sable plumes,
Adorns our hearse, and flatters on our tombs.
Who is not proud? the pimp is proud to see
So many like himself in high degree:
The whore is proud her beauties are the dread
Of peevish virtue, and the marriage bed;
And the brib'd cuckold, like crown'd victims
borne

To slaughter, glories in his gilded horn.

Some go to church, proud humbly to repent,
And come back much more guilty than they
went:

One way they look, another way they steer;
Pray to the gods, but would have mortals hear;
And when their sins they set sincerely down,
They'll find that their religion has been one.

Others with wishful eyes on glory look,
When they have got their picture tow'rd's a
Or pompous title, like a gaudy sign [book;
Meant to betray dull sots to wretched wine.

If at his title T—— had dropt his quill,
T—— might have pass'd for a great genius still;
But T——, alas! (excuse him if you can)
Is now a scribbler, who was once a man.

Imperious some a classic fame demand,
For heaping up with a laborious hand

* Horace.

A waggon load of meanings for one word,
While A's depos'd, and B with pomp restor'd.

Some for renown on scraps of learning dote,
And think they grow immortal as they quote.
To patchwork learn'd quotations are allied;
Both strive to make our poverty our pride.

On glass how witty is a noble peer!
Did ever diamond cost a man so dear?

Polite diseases make some idiots vain,
Which, if unfortunately well, they feign.
On death-beds some in conscious glory lie,
Since of the doctor in the mode they die;
Whose wondrous skill is, headman-like, to
For better pay to give a surer blow. [know

Of folly, vice, disease, men proud we see:
And (stranger still) of blockheads' flattery,
Whose praise defames; as if a fool should mean
By spitting on your face to make it clean!

Nor is 't enough all hearts are swoln with
pride;

Her pow'r is mighty, as her realm is wide.
What can she not perform? The love of fame
Made bold Alphonus his Creator blame,
Empedocles hurl'd down the burning steep,
And (stranger still!) made Alexander weep.
Nay it holds Delia from a second bed,
Though her lov'd lord has four half months been

This passion with a pimple have I seen [dead.
Retard a cause, and give a judge the spleen.
By this inspir'd (oh ne'er to be forgot!)
Some lords have learnt to spell, and some to knot.
It makes Globose a speaker in the house;
He hems—and is delivered of his mouse.
It makes dear self on well-bred tongues prevail,
And I the little hero of each tale.

Sick with the love of fame, what throngs pour in,
Unpeople court, and leave the senate thin!
My growing subject seems but just begun,
And chariot-like, I kindle as I run.
Aid me, great Homer! with thy epic rules,
To take a catalogue of British fools.

Satire! had I thy Dorset's force divine,
A knave or fool should perish in each line:
Though for the first all Westminster should
And for the last all Gresham intercede. [plead,

Begin—who first the catalogue should grace?
To quality belongs the highest place.

My lord comes forward; forward let him come!
Ye vulgar, at your peril give him room!

He stands for fame on his forefathers' feet,
By heraldry prov'd valiant or discreet,
With what a decent pride he throws his eyes
Above the man by three descents less wise!

If virtues at his noble hand you crave,
You bid him raise his fathers from the grave.
Men should press forward in fame's glorious
chase;

Nobles look backward, and so lose the race.

Let high birth triumph! what can be more
Nothing—but merit in a low estate. [great?
To Virtue's humblest son let none prefer
Vice, though descended from the Conqueror.
Shall men, like figures, pass for high or base,
Slight or important, only by their place?

Titles are marks of honest men and wise;
The fool or knave that wears a title, lies.

They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
Produce their debt instead of their discharge.
Dorset, let those who proudly boast their line,
Like thee, in worth hereditary shine.

Vain as false greatness is, the Muse must own
We want not fools to buy that Bristol stone.
Mean sons of Earth, who on a South-Sea tide
Of full success swam into wealth and pride,
Knock with a purse of gold at Anstis' gate,
And beg to be descended from the great.

When men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light a torch to show their shame the more.
Those governments which curb not evils, cause;
And a rich knave's a libel on our laws.

Belus with solid glory will be crown'd;
He buys no phantom, no vain empty sound;
But builds himself a name; and to be great,
Sinks in a quarry an immense estate;
In cost and grandeur Chandos he'll outdo;
And, Burlington, thy taste is not so true.
The pile is finish'd, ev'ry toil is past,
And full perfection is arriv'd at last;
When, lo! my Lord to some small corner runs,
And leaves state-rooms to strangers and to duns.

The man who builds, and wants wherewith
to pay,

Provides a home from which to run away.

In Britain what is many a lordly seat,
But a discharge in full for an estate?

In smaller compass lies Pygmalion's fame;
Not domes, but antique statues, are his flame.
Not F—t—n's self more Parian charms has
known,

Nor is good Pembroke more in love with stone.
The bailiffs come (rude men, profanely bold!)
And bid him turn his Venus into gold.

"No, sirs," he cries; "I'll sooner rot in jail!
"Shall Grecian arts be truck'd for English
bail?"

Such heads might make their very bustos laugh:
His daughter starves, but Cleopatra*'s safe.

Men overloaded with a large estate

May spill their treasure in a nice conceit;
The rich may be polite; but, oh! 'tis sad
To say you're curious, when we swear you're
mad.

By your revenue measure your expense,
And to your funds and acres join your sense:
No man is blest by accident or guess;
True wisdom is the price of happiness:
Yet few without long discipline are sage;
And our youth only lays up sighs for age.

But how, my Muse, canst thou resist so long
The bright temptation of the courtly throng,
Thy most inviting theme? The court affords
Much food for satire; it abounds with lords.
"What lords are those saluting with a grin?"
One is just out, and one is lately in.
"How comes it then to pass we see preside
"On both their brows an equal share of pride?"

* A famous statue.

Pride, that impartial passion, reigns through all;
Attends our glory, nor deserts our fall:
As in its home, it triumphs in high place,
And frowns a haughty exile in disgrace.
Some lords it bids admire their wands so white,
Which bloom, like Aaron's, to their ravish'd sight:

Some lords it bids resign, and turns their wands,
Like Moses', into serpents in their hands.
These sink, as divers, for renown! and boast
With pride inverted of their honors lost.
But against reason sure 'tis equal sin
To boast of merely being out or in. [strive

What numbers here, through odd ambition,
To seem the most transported things alive!
As if by joy desert was understood,
And all the fortunate were wise and good.
Hence aching bosoms wear a visage gay,
And stifled groans frequent the ball and play.
Completely dress'd by Monteul,* and grimace,
They take their birthday suit, and public face;
Their smiles are only part of what they wear,
Put off at night with lady B——'s hair.
What bodily fatigue is half so bad?
With anxious care they labor to be glad.

What numbers here would into fame advance,
Conscious of merit in the coxcomb's dance!
The tavern, park, assembly, mask, and play,
Those dear destroyers of the tedious day!
That wheel of fops! that saunter of the town!
Call it diversion, and the pill goes down;
Fools grin on fools; and Stoic-like support,
Without one sigh, the pleasures of a court.
Courts can give nothing to the wise and good,
But scorn of pomp, and love of solitude.
High stations tumult, but not bliss, create:
None think the great unhappy, but the great.
Fools gaze and envy: envy darts a sting,
Which makes a swain as wretched as a king.

I envy none their pageantry and show;
I envy none the gilding of their woe.
Give me, indulgent gods! with mind serene,
And guiltless heart, to range the sylvan scene.
No splendid poverty, no smiling care,
No well-bred hate, or servile grandeur there;
There pleasing objects useful thoughts suggest,
The sense is ravish'd, and the soul is blest;
On ev'ry thorn delightful wisdom grows,
In ev'ry rill a sweet instruction flows:
But some untaught o'erhear the whispering rill,
In spite of sacred leisure, blockheads still;
Nor shoots up folly to a nobler bloom
In her own native soil, the drawing-room.

The squire is proud to see his courser strain,
Or well-breath'd beagles sweep along the plain.
Say, dear Hippolytus (whose drink is ale,
Whose erudition is a Christmas tale,
Whose mistress is deluded with a smack,
And friend receiv'd with thumps upon his back),

When thy sleek gelding nimbly leaps the mound,
And Ringwood opens on the tainted ground,

Is that thy praise? Let Ringwood's fame alone,
Just Ringwood leaves each animal his own;
Nor envies when a gipsy you commit,
And shake the clumsy bench with country wit;
When you the dullest of dull things have said,
And then ask pardon for the jest you made.

Here breathe, my Muse! and then thy task
renew,

Ten thousand fools unsung are still in view.
Fewer lay atheists made by church debates;
Fewer great beggars fam'd for large estates;
Ladies, whose love is constant as the wind;
Cits, who prefer a guinea to mankind;
Fewer grave lords to Scroope discreetly bend;
And fewer shocks a statesman gives his friend.

Is there a man of an eternal vein,
Who lulls the town in winter with his strain,
At Bath in summer chants the reigning lass,
And sweetly whistles as the waters pass?
Is there a tongue, like Delia's o'er her cup,
That runs for ages without winding up?
Is there whom his tenth Epic mounts to fame?
Such, and such only, might exhaust my theme.
Nor would these heroes of the task be glad;
For who can write so fast as men run mad?

SATIRE II.

To the Right Honorable the Earl of Scarborough.

—Tanto major Famæ sitis est, quam
Virtutis— Juv. Sat. 10.

My Muse, proceed, and reach thy destin'd end;
Though toil and danger the bold task attend.
Heroes and gods make other poems fine,
Plain satire calls for sense in ev'ry line:
Then, to what swarms thy faults I dare expose!
All friends to vice and folly are thy foes;
When such the foe, a war eternal wage,
'Tis most ill-nature to repress thy rage,
And if these strains some nobler Muse excite,
I'll glory in the verse I did not write.

So weak are human kind by nature made,
Or to such weakness by their vice betray'd,
Almighty Vanity! to thee they owe
Their zest of pleasure, and their balm of woe.
Thou, like the sun, all colors dost contain,
Varying like rays of light on drops of rain;
For ev'ry soul finds reasons to be proud,
Though hiss'd and hooted by the pointing crowd.

Warm in pursuit of foxes and renown,
Hippolytus demands the sylvan crown;†
But Florio's fame, the product of a show'r!
Grows in his garden, an illustrious flow'r!
Why teems the earth? why melt the vernal skies?
Why shines the sun? To make Paul Diak‡ rise.
From morn to night has Florio gazing stood,
And wonder'd how the gods could be so good.
What shape! what hue! was ever nymph so fair?
He dotes, he dies! he too is rooted there.
O solid bliss! which nothing can destroy
Except a cat, bird, snail, or idle boy.

* A famous tailor.

† This refers to the first Satire.

‡ The name of a tulip.

In fame's full bloom lies Florio down at night,
And wakes next day a most inglorious wight;
The tulip's dead! See thy fair sister's fate,
O C——! and be kind ere 'tis too late.

Nor are those enemies I mention'd all;
Beware. O florist, thy ambition's fall.
A friend of mine indulg'd this noble flame;
A quaker serv'd him, Adam was his name.
To one lov'd tulip oft the master went,
Hung o'er it, and whole days in rapture spent;
But came and miss'd it one ill-fated hour,
He rag'd! he roar'd!—"What dæmon cropp'd
"my flow'r?"

Serene, quoth Adam, "Lo! 'twas crush'd by me:
"Fall'n is the Baal to which thou bow'dst thy
"knee." [crime

But all men want amusement, and what
In such a Paradise to fool their time? [soar;
None, but why proud of this? To Fame they
We grant they're idle, if they'll ask no more.

We smile at florists, we despise their joy,
And think their hearts enamour'd of a toy;
But are those wiser whom we most admire,
Survey with envy, and pursue with fire?
What's he who sighs for wealth, or fame, or
Another Florio doting on a flow'r! [pow'r?
A short-liv'd flower, and which has often sprung
From solid arts, as Florio's out of dung.

With what, O Codrus! is thy fancy smit?
The flow'r of learning, and the bloom of wit.
Thy gaudy shelves with crimson bindings glow,
And Epictetus is a perfect beau.
How fit for thee bound up in crimson too,
Gilt, and like them devoted to the view!
Thy books are furniture. Methinks 'tis hard
That science should be purchas'd by the yard;
And Tonson, turn'd upholsterer, send home
The gilded leather to fit up thy room.

If not to some peculiar end design'd,
Study's the specious trifling of the mind;
Or is at best a secondary aim,
A chase for sport alone, and not for game:
If so, sure they who the mere volume prize,
But love the thicket where the quarry lies.

On buying books Lorenzo long was bent,
But found at length that it reduc'd his rent.
His farms were flown; when lo! a sale comes on,
A choice collection! What is to be done?
He sells his last, for he the whole will buy;
Sells e'en his house, nay wants whereon to lie;
So high the gen'rous ardor of the man
For Romans, Greeks, and Orientals ran.
To make the purchase, he gives all his store,
Except one darling diamond that he wore:
For what a mistress gave, 'tis death to pawn;
Yet when the terms were fix'd, and writings

drawn,
The sight so ravish'd him, he gave the clerk
Love's sacred pledge, and sign'd them with his
mark.

Unlearn'd men of books assume the care,
As eunuchs are the guardians of the fair.

Not in his authors' liveries alone
Is Codrus' erudite ambition shown.
Editions various, at high prices bought,
Inform the world what Codrus would be thought,
And to this cost another must succeed,
To pay a sage who says that he can read,
Who titles knows, and indexes has seen,
But leaves to —— what lies between;
Of pompous books who shuns the proud ex
pense,
And humbly is contented with their sense.

O Lumley, whose accomplishments make
The promise of a long illustrious blood; [good
In arts and manners eminently grac'd,
The strictest honor, and the finest taste!
Accept this verse; if Satire can agree
With so consummate an humanity.

But know, my Lord, if you resist the wrong,
That on your candor I obtrude my song;
'Tis Satire's just revenge on that fair name,
Which all their malice cannot make her theme.

By your example would Hilario mend,
How would it grace the talents of my friend,
Who, with the charms of his own genius smit,
Conceives all virtues are compris'd in wit!
But time his fervent petulance may cool;
For, though he is a wit he is no fool.
In time he'll learn to use, not waste his sense;
Nor make a frailty of an excellence.

His brisk attack on blockheads we should prize,
Were not his jest as flippant with the wise.
He spares nor friend nor foe; but calls to mind,
Like doom's-day, all the faults of all mankind.

What though wit tickles! tickling is unsafe
If still 'tis painful while it makes us laugh.
Who, for the poor renown of being smart,
Would leave a sting within a brother's heart?

Parts may be prais'd, good nature is ador'd;
Then draw your wit as seldom as your sword,
And never on the weak; or you'll appear
As there no hero, no great genius here.
As in smooth oil the razor best is wet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set.

Their want of edge from their offence is seen;
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.
The fame men give, is for the joy they find;
Dull is the jester, when the joke's unkind.

Since Marcus doubtless thinks himself a wit,
To pay my compliment, what place so fit?
His most facetious letters * came to hand,
Which my first Satire sweetly reprimand.
If that a just offence to Marcus gave,
Say, Marcus, which art thou—a fool, or knave?
For all but such with caution I forbore;
That thou wast either, I ne'er knew before;
I know thee now, both what thou art, and who;
No mask so good but Marcus must shine
through;

False names are vain, thy lines (their author tell,
Thy best concealment had been writing well;
But thou a brave neglect for Fame hast shown
Of others' fame, great genius! and thy own.

* Letters sent to the Author, signed *Marcus*.

Write on unheeded, and this maxim know :
The man who pardons, disappoints his foe.

In malice to proud wits, some proudly lull
Their peevish reason, vain of being dull ; [souls,
When some home-joke has stung their solemn
In vengeance they determine—to be fools ;
Thro' spleen, that little nature gave, make less,
Quite zealous in the way of heaviness ;
To lumps inanimate a fondness take,
And disinherit sons that are awake. [spit,
These, when their utmost venom they would
Most barbarously tell you—"he's a wit."

Poor negroes thus, to show their burning spite
To Cacodæmons, say they're devilish white.

Lampridius from the bottom of his breast
Sighs o'er one child, but triumphs in the rest.
How just his grief ! one carries in his head
A less proportion of the father's lead ;
And is in danger, without special grace,
To rise above a Justice of the Peace.
The dunghill-breed of men a diamond scorn,
And feel a passion for a grain of corn ;
Some stupid, plodding, money-loving wight,
Who wins their hearts by knowing black from
white,

Who with much pains exerting all his sense,
Can range aright his shillings, pounds and
The booby father craves a booby son, [pence.
And by Heaven's blessing thinks himself un-
done.

Wants of all kinds are made to Fame a plea ;
One learns to lisp, another not to see ;
Miss D—— tottering catches at your hand :
Was ever thing so pretty born to stand ?
Whilst these what nature gave disown through
Others affect what nature has denied ; [pride,
What nature has denied fools will pursue,
As apes are ever walking upon two.

Crassus, a graceful sage, on awe and sport !
Supports grave forms, for forms the sage support.
He hems—and cries, with an important air,
"If yonder clouds withdraw, it will be fair :"
Then quotes the Stagyrite to prove it true ;
And adds, "The learn'd delight in something
"new."

Is't not enough the blockhead scarce can read,
But must he wisely look and gravely plead ?
As far a formalist from wisdom sits,
In judging eyes, as libertines from wits.
Nay, of true wisdom there too much may be,
The gen'rous mind delights in being free ;
Your men of parts an over-care despise ;
Dull rogues have nought to do but to be wise.
Horace has said—and that decides the case—
"Tis sweet to trifle in a proper place.

Yet subtle wights (so blind are mortal men,
Tho' Satire couch them with her keenest pen),
For ever will hang out a solemn face,
To put off nonsense with a better grace ;
As pedlars with some hero's head make bold,
Illustrious mark where pins are to be sold.
What's the bent brow, or neck in thought re-
clin'd ?

The body's wisdom to conceal the mind.

A man of sense can artifice disdain,
As men of wealth may venture to go plain :
And be this truth eternal ne'er forgot—
Solemnity's a cover for a sot.
I find the fool, when I behold the screen ;
For 'tis the wise man's int'rest to be seen.
Hence, Scarborough, that openness of heart,
And just disdain for that poor mimic art ;
Hence (manly praise !) that manner nobly free,
Which all admire, and I commend in thee.

With gen'rous scorn how oft hast thou sur-
vey'd,

Of court and town the noon-tide masquerade,
Where swarms of knaves the vizor quite dis-
grace,

And hide secure behind a naked face !
Where nature's end of language is declin'd,
And men talk only to conceal the mind ;
Where gen'rous hearts the greatest hazard run,
And he who trusts a brother is undone !
My brother swore it, therefore it is true ;
O strange induction, and at court quite new !
As well thou mightst aver, thou simple swain,
" 'Tis just, and therefore I my cause shall gain."
With such odd maxims to thy flocks retreat,
Nor furnish mirth for ministers of state.

Some master spirits far beyond the throng
Refin'd in ill, more rightly bent on wrong,
With exquisite discernment play their game,
More nice of conduct, and more fair of fame.
The neatly injur'd thinks his thanks are due,
Robb'd of his right, and good opinion too :
False honor, pride's first-born, this clan controls,
Who wisely part with nothing but their souls.
Albertus hugs himself in ravish'd thought,
To find a peerage is so cheaply bought.
These all their care expend on outward show
For wealth and fame ; for fame alone the beau.
Of late at White's was young Florello seen ;
How blank his look, how discompos'd his mien !
So hard it proves in grief sincere to feign !
Sunk were his spirits, for his coat was plain.
Next day his breast regain'd its wonted peace,
His health was mended with a silver lace :
A curious artist long inur'd to toils
Of gentler sort, with combs and fragrant oils,
Whether by chance, or by some god inspir'd,
So touch'd his curls, his mighty soul was fir'd.
The well-swoln ties an equal homage claim,
And either shoulder has its share of fame :
His sumptuous watch-case, though conceal'd
it lies,

Like a good conscience, solid joy supplies.
He only thinks himself (so far from vain)
Stanhope in wit, in breeding Deloraine.
Whene'er by seeming chance he throws his eye
On mirrors flushing with his Tyrian dye,
With how sublime a transport leaps his heart !
But fate ordains the dearest friends must part.
In active measures brought from France he
wheels,

And triumphs conscious of his learned heels.
So have I seen, on some bright summer's day,
A calf of genius, debonair and gay,

Dance on the bank, as if inspir'd by fame,
Fond of the pretty fellow in the stream.

Morose is sunk with shame whene'er surpris'd
In linen clean, or peruke undisguis'd.

No sublimary chance his vestments fear,
Valued, like leopards as their spots appear.

A fam'd surtout he wears which once was blue,
And his foot swims in a capacious shoe.

One day his wife (for who can wives reclaim ?)
Levell'd her barbarous needle at his fame.

But open force was vain ; by night she went,
And while he slept surpris'd the darling rent ;

Where yawn'd the frize is now become a doubt,
And glory at one entrance quite shut out.*

He scorns Florello, and Florello him ;
This hates the filthy creature, that the prim.

Thus in each other both these fools despise
Their own dear selves, with undiscerning eyes ;

Their methods various, but alike their aim ;
The sloven and the fopling are the same.

Ye Whigs and Tories, thus it fares with you,
When party rage too warmly you pursue ;

Then both club nonsense and impetuous pride,
And folly joins whom sentiments divide ;

You vent your spleen, as monkeys when they
pass

Scratch at the mimic monkey in the glass,
While both are one ; and henceforth be it

known,
Fools of both sides shall stand for fools alone.

"But who art thou!" methinks Florello cries:
"Of all thy species art thou only wise?"

Since smallest things can give our sins a twitch,
As crossing straws retard a passing witch,

Florello, thou my monitor shall be ;
I'll conjure thus some profit out of thee.

O thou, myself! abroad our counsels roam,
And, like all husbands, take no care at home.

Come from thyself, and a by-stander be ;
With others' eyes thy own deportment see ;

And while their ails thou dost with pity view,
Conceive, hard task, that thou art mortal too,

Thou too art wounded with the common dart,
And love of Fame lies throbbing at thy heart :

And what wise means to gain it hast thou chose ?
Know, Fame and Fortune both are made of prose.

Is thy ambition sweating for a rhyme,
Thou unambitious fool, at this late time ?

This noon of life ? The seasons mend their pace,
And with a nimbler step the seasons chase ;

While I a moment name, a moment's past ;
I'm nearer death in this verse than the last :

What then is to be done ? Be wise with speed ;
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

And what so foolish as the chance of Fame ?
How vain the prize : how impotent our aim !

For what are men who grasp at praise sublime,
But bubbles on the rapid stream of time,

That rise and fall, and swell, and are no more,
Born and forgot, ten thousand in an hour !

Should this verse live, O Lumley ! may it be
A monument of gratitude to thee ;

* Milton.

Whose early favor I must own with shame,
So long my patron, and so late my theme.

SATIRE III.

To the Right Honourable Mr. Dodington.

——— Tanto major Famæ sitis est, quam
Virtutis ——— Juv. Sat. 10.

LONG, Dodington, in debt, I long have sought
To ease the burthen of my grateful thought:

And now a poet's gratitude you see—
Grant him two favors, and he'll ask for three ;

For whose the present glory or the gain ?
You give protection, I a worthless strain ;

You love, and feel the poet's sacred flame,
And know the basis of a solid fame ;

Though prone to like, yet cautious to commend,
You read with all the malice of a friend ;

Nor favor my attempts that way alone,
But, more to raise my verse, conceal your own.

An ill-tim'd modesty ! Turn ages o'er,
When wanted Britain bright examples more ?

Her learning and her genius too decays,
And dark and cold are her declining days ;

As if men now were of another cast,
They meanly live on alms of ages past,

Men still are men, and they who boldly dare,
Shall triumph o'er the sons of cold despair ;

Or, if they fail, they justly still take place
Of such who run in debt for their disgrace ;

Who borrow much, then fairly make it known,
And damn it with improvements of their own.

We bring some new materials, and what's old
New-cast with care, and in no borrow'd mould :

Late times the verse may read, if these refuse,
And from sour critics vindicate the Muse.

"Your work is long," the critics cry: 'tis true,
And lengthens still, to take in fools like you.

Shorten my labour, if its length you blame ;
For, grow but wise, you rob me of my game :

As hunted hags, who, while the dogs pursue,
Renounce their four legs, and start up on two.

Like the bold bird upon the banks of Nile,
That picks the teeth of the dire crocodile,

While I enjoy (dread feast !) the critic's rage,
And with the fell destroyer feed my page.

For what ambitious fools are more to blame
Than those who plunder in the critic's name ?

Good authors damn'd, have their revenge in this,
To see what wretches gain the praise they miss.

Balbutius, muffled in his sable cloak,
Like an old Druid from his hollow oak,

As ravens solemn, and as boding, cries,
Ten thousand worlds for the three unities !

Ye doctors sage, who through Parnassus teach,
Or quit the tub, or practise what you preach.

One judges as the weather dictates ; right
The poem is at noon, and wrong at night :

Another judges by a surer gage,
An author's principles or parentage :

Since his great ancestors in Flanders fell,
The poem, doubtless, must be written well.

Another judges by the writer's look :
Another judges, for he bought the book.

Some judge, their knack of judging wrong to keep ;

Some judge, because it is too soon to sleep.
Thus all will judge, and with one single aim ;
To gain themselves, not give the writer fame.
The very best ambitiously advise,
Half to serve you, and half to pass for wise.
None are at leisure others to reward :
They scarce will damn but out of self-regard.
Critics on verse, as squibs on triumphs wait,
Proclaim the glory, and augment the state ;
Hot, envious, noisy, proud, the scribbling fry
Burn, hiss, and bounce, waste paper, stink, and die.

Rail on, my friends ! what more my verse can crown
Than Compton's smile, and your obliging frown ?

Not all on books their criticism waste ;
The genius of a dish some justly taste,
And eat their way to fame ! with anxious thought
The salmon is refus'd, the turbot bought.
Impatient art rebukes the sun's delay,
And bids December yield the fruits of May.
Their various cares in one great point combine,
The business of their lives, that is—to dine ;
Half of their precious day they give the feast,
And to a kind digestion spare the rest.
Apicius, here, the taster of the town,
Feeds twice a week, to settle their renown.

These worthies of the palate guard with care
The sacred annals of their bills of fare ;
In those choice books their panegyrics read,
And scorn the creatures that for hunger feed ;
If man, by feeding well, commences great,
Much more the worm, to whom that man is meat.

To glory some advance a lying claim,
Thieves of renown, and pilferers of fame !
Their front supplies what their ambition lacks ;
They know a thousand lords behind their backs.
Cottil is apt to wink upon a peer,
When turn'd away, with a familiar leer ;
And Hervey's eyes, unmercifully keen,
Have murder'd fops by whom she ne'er was seen :
Niger adopts stray libels, wisely prone
To covet shame still greater than his own ;
Bathyllus in the winter of threescore
Belies his innocence, and keeps a whore.
Absence of mind Brabantio turns to fame,
Learns to mistake, nor knows his brother's name ;

Has words and thoughts in nice disorder set,
And takes a memorandum to forget.
Thus vain, nor knowing what adorns or blots,
Men forge the patents that create them sots.

As love of pleasure into pain betrays,
So most grow infamous through love of praise.
But whence for praise can such an ardor rise,
When those who bring that incense we despise ?
For such the vanity of great and small,
Contempt goes round, and all men laugh at all.

Nor can e'en Satire blame them, for 'tis true
They must have ample cause for what they do.

O fruitful Britain ! doubtless thou wast meant
A nurse of fools to stock the Continent.

Though Phœbus and the Nine for ever mow,
Rank folly underneath the sithe will grow ;
The plenteous harvest calls me forward still,
Till I surpass in length my lawyer's bill ;
A Welsh descent, which well-paid heralds
damn ;

Or, longer still, a Dutchman's epigram.
When cloy'd, in fury I throw down my pen ;
In comes a coxcomb, and I write again.
See ! Tityrus, with merriment possess'd,
Is burst with laughter ere he hears the jest :
What need he stay ? for, when the joke is o'er,
His teeth will be no whiter than before.

Is there of these, ye fair ! so great a dearth,
That you need purchase monkies for your mirth ?

Some, vain of paintings, bid the world admire ;

Of houses some, nay, houses that they hire ;
Some (perfect wisdom !) of a beauteous wife,
And boast, like Cordeliers, a scourge for life.

Sometimes through pride the sexes change
their airs ;

My lord has vapors, and my lady swears :
Then (stranger still !) on turning of the wind,
My lord wears breeches, and my lady's kind.

To show the strength and infamy of pride,
By all 'tis follow'd, and by all denied.

What numbers are there who at once pursue
Praise, and the glory to condemn it, too !
Vincenna knows self-praise betrays to shame,
And therefore lays a stratagem for fame ;
Makes his approach in modesty's disguise
To win applause, and takes it by surprise :
"To err," says he, "in small things, is my fate ;"

You know your answer—he's exact in great.

"My style," says he, "is rude, and full of faults ;"

But, oh what sense ! what energy of thoughts !
That he wants algebra he must confess,
But not a soul to give our arms success.

"Ah ! that's a hit indeed," Vincenna cries,

"But who in heat of blood was ever wise ?

"I own 'twas wrong, when thousands call'd me
back,

"To make that hopeless, ill-advis'd attack ;

"All say, 'twas madness, nor dare I deny ;

"Sure never fool so well deserv'd to die."

Could this deceive in others, to be free,
It ne'er, Vincenna, could deceive in thee,
Whose conduct is a comment to thy tongue
So clear, the dullest cannot take thee wrong.
Thou in one suit wilt thy revenue wear,
And haunt the Court, without a prospect there.
Are these expedients for renown ? confess
Thy little self, that I may scorn thee less.

Be wise, Vincenna, and the Court forsake ;
Our fortunes there nor thou nor I shall make.
E'en men of merit, ere their point they gain,
In hardy service make a long campaign ;
Most manfully besiege the patron's gate,
And, oft repulsed, as oft attack the great,

With painful art, and application warm,
And take at last some little place by storm;
Enough to keep two shoes on Sunday clean,
And starve upon discreetly in Shire-lane.
Already this thy fortune can afford,
Then starve without the favour of my lord.
'Tis true, great fortunes some great men confer;
But often, e'en in doing right, they err:
From caprice, not from choice, their favors
come;

They give, but think it toil to know to whom:
The man that's nearest, yawning they advance;
'Tis inhumanity to bless by chance.
If merit sues, and greatness is so loth
To break its downy trance, I pity both.

I grant, at Court, Philander at his need
(Thanks to his lovely wife!) finds friends indeed.
Of ev'ry charm and virtue she's possest.
Philander! thou art exquisitely blest;
The public envy! Now then, 'tis allow'd,
The man is found who may be justly proud.
But, see! how sickly is ambition's taste!
Ambition feeds on trash, and loaths a feast.
For, lo! Philander, of reproach afraid,
In secret loves his wife, but keeps her maid.

Some nymphs sell reputation, others buy,
And love a market where the rates run high.
Italian music's sweet because 'tis dear;
Their vanity is tickled, not their ear;
Their tastes would lessen, if the prices fell,
And Shakspeare's wretched stuff do quite as well;
Away the disenchanted fair would throng,
And own that English is their mother-tongue.

To show how much our northern tastes refine,
Imported nymphs our peeresses outshine;
While tradesmen starve, these Philomels are
gay;

For generous lords had rather give than pay.
O lavish land! for sound at such expense;
But then she saves it in her bills for sense.

Music I passionately love, 'tis plain,
Since for its sake such dramas I sustain.
An opera, like a pillory, may be said
To nail our ears down, but expose our head.

Behold the masquerade's fantastic scene!
The legislature join'd with Drury-lane.
When Britain calls, th'embroider'd patriots run,
And serve their country—if the dance is done:
"Are we not then allow'd to be polite?"
Yes, doubtless, but first set your notions right.
Worth of politeness is the needful ground;
Where that is wanting, this can ne'er be found.
Triflers not e'en in trifles can excel;
'Tis solid bodies only polish well.

Great chosen prophet! for these latter days,
To turn a willing world from righteous ways!
Well, Heideger, dost thou thy master serve;
Well has he seen his servant should not starve;
Thou to his name hast splendid temples rais'd,
In various forms of worship seen him prais'd;
Gaudy devotion, like a Roman, shown;
And sung sweet anthems in a tongue unknown.
Inferior offerings to thy god of vice
Are duly paid in fiddles, cards, and dice;

Thy sacrifice supreme a hundred maids!
That solemn rite of midnight masquerades!
If maids the quite exhausted town denies,
A hundred head of cuckolds must suffice.
Thou smil'st, well pleas'd with the converted
To see the fifty churches at a stand. [land,
And, that thy minister may never fail,
But what thy hand has planted still prevail,
Of minor prophets a succession sure
The propagation of thy zeal secure.

See commons, peers, and ministers of state,
In solemn council met, and deep debate!
What godlike enterprise is taking birth?
What wonder opens on th' expecting earth?
Tis done! with loud applause the council rings;
Fix'd is the fate of whores and fiddle-strings!

Though bold these truths, thou, Muse, with
truths like these,

Wilt none offend whom 'tis a praise to please;
Let others flatter to be flatter'd; thou,
Like just tribunals, bend an awful brow.
How terrible it were to common sense,
To write a Satire which gave none offence!
And, since from life I take the draughts you see,
If men dislike them, do they censure me?
Oh then, my Muse! both fools and knaves ex-
pose; [foes.

And, since thou canst not make a friend, make
The fool and knave 'tis glorious to offend,
And godlike an attempt the world to mend;
The world, where lucky throws to blockheads
fall,

Knaves know the game, and honest men pay all.

How hard for real worth to gain its price!
A man shall make his fortune in a trice,
If blest with pliant though but slender sense,
Feign'd modesty, and real impudence.
A supple knee, smooth tongue, and easy grace,
A curse within, a smile upon his face,
A beauteous sister, or convenient wife,
Are prizes in the lottery of life;
Genius and virtue they will soon defeat,
And lodge you in the bosom of the great.
To merit, is but to provide a pain
From men's refusing what you ought to gain.
May, Dodginton, this maxim fail in you,
Whom my presaging thoughts already view,
By Walpole's conduct fir'd, and friendship
grac'd,

Still higher in your prince's favor plac'd;
And lending here, those awful councils aid,
Which you abroad with such success obey'd;
Bear this from one who holds your friendship
dear;

What most we wish, with ease we fancy near.

SATIRE IV.

To the Right Honorable Sir Spencer Compton.

——— Tanto major Famæ sitis est, quam
Virtutis ——— Juv. Sat. 10.

ROUND some fair tree th' ambitious woodbine
grows, [boughs:
And breathes her sweets on the supporting

So sweet the verse, th' ambitious verse, should be
(Oh pardon mine!) that hopes support from thee;

Thee, Compton, born o'er senates to preside,
Their dignity to raise, their councils guide;
Deep to discern, and widely to survey,
And kingdoms' fates without ambition weigh;
Of distant virtues nice extremes to blend,
The crown's asserter, and the people's friend.
Nor dost thou scorn, amid sublimer views,
To listen to the labors of the Muse:
Thy smiles protect her, while thy talents fire;
And 'tis but half thy glory to inspire.

Vex'd at a public fame so justly won,
The jealous Chremes is with spleen undone.
Chremes, for airy pensions of renown,
Devotes his service to the state and crown;
All schemes he knows, and knowing all im-
proves; [loves.

Though Britain's thankless, still this patriot
But patriots differ: some may shed their blood,
He drinks his coffee, for the public good;
Consults the sacred steam, and there foresees
What storms or sunshine Providence decrees;
Knows for each day the weather of our fate:
A quidnunc is an almanac of state. [use,

You smile, and think this statesman void of
Why may not time his secret worth produce?
Since apes can roast the choice Castanian nut,
Since steeds of genius are expert at put,
Since half the senate "not content" can say,
Geese nations save, and puppies plots betray.

What makes him model realms and counsel
kings?

An incapacity for smaller things.

Poor Chremes can't conduct his own estate,
And thence has undertaken Europe's fate.

Gehenna leaves the realm to Chremes' skill,
And boldly claims a province higher still.
To raise a name, th' ambitious boy has got
At once a Bible and a shoulder-knot:
Deep in the secret he looks through the whole,
And pities the dull rogue that saves his soul;
To talk with reverence you must take good heed,
Nor shock his tender reason with the Creed.
Howe'er well-bred, in public he complies,
Obliging friends alone with blasphemies.

Peagee is poison, good estates are bad
For this disease; poor rogues run seldom mad.
Have not attainders brought unhop'd relief,
And falling stocks quite cur'd an unbelief?
While the sun shines Blunt talks with wond'rous
force;

But thunder mars small beer, and weak discourse.
Such useful instruments the weather show,
Just as their mercury is high or low.

Health chiefly keeps an atheist in the dark;
A fever argues better than a Clarke;
Let but the logic in his pulse decay,
The Grecian he'll renounce, and learn to pray;
While C—— mourns with an unfeigned zeal
Th' apostate youth who reason'd once so well.
C——, who makes so merry with the Creed,
He almost thinks he disbelieves indeed;

But only thinks so: to give both their due,
Satan and he believe and tremble too.

Of some for glory such the boundless rage,
That they're the blackest scandal of their age.

Narcissus the Tartarian club disclaims;
Nay, a free-mason with some terror names:
Omits no duty, nor can envy say
He miss'd these many years the church or play;
He makes no noise in parliament 'tis true;
But pays his debt and visit when 'tis due:
His character and gloves are ever clean;
And then, he can outbow the bowing dean!
A smile eternal on his lips he wears,
Which equally the wise and worthless shares.
In gay fatigues this most undaunted chief,
Patient of idleness beyond belief,
Most charitably lends the town his face
For ornament, in ev'ry public place:
As sure as cards he to th' assembly comes,
And is the furniture of drawing-rooms.

When ombre calls, his hand and heart are free:
And, join'd to two, he fails not—to make three.

Narcissus is the glory of his race;
For who does nothing with a better grace?

To deck my list by nature were design'd
Such shining expletives of human kind,
Who wait, while through blank life they dream
along,

Sense to be right, and passion to be wrong.

To counterpoise this hero of the mode,
Some for renown are singular and odd:
What other men dislike is sure to please,
Of all mankind, these dear antipodes;
Through pride, not malice, they run counter still;
And birthdays are their days of dressing ill.
Arbutnot is a fool, and F—— a sage,
S——ly will fright you, E—— engage;
By nature streams run backward, flame descends,
Stones mount, and S——x is the worst o.
friends.

They take their rest by day, and wake by night,
And blush if you surprise them in the right;
If they by chance blurt out, ere well aware,
A swan is white, or Queensberry is fair.

Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,
A fool in fashion, but a fool that's out;
His fashion for absurdity's so strong,
He cannot bear a rival in the wrong.
Though wrong the mode, comply; more sense
is shown

In wearing others' follies than your own.
If what is out of fashion most you prize,
Methinks you should endeavour to be wise.
But what in oddness can be more sublime
Than S——, the foremost toyman of his time?
His nice ambition lies in curious fancies,
His daughter's portion a rich shell enhances;
And Ashmole's baby-house is, in his view,
Britannia's golden mine, a rich Peru!
How his eyes languish! how his thoughts adore
That painted coat which Joseph never wore!
He shows on holidays a sacred pin
That touch'd the ruff that touch'd queen Bess's
chin.

"Since that great dearth our chronicles de-
[more,
pleore,

"Since the great plague that swept as many
"Was ever year unblest as this?" he'll cry;
"It has not brought us one new butterfly!"
In times that suffer such learn'd men as these,
Unhappy I—y! how came you to please?

Not gaudy butterflies are Lico's game;
But, in effect, his chase is much the same.
Warm in pursuit, he levees all the great,
Staunch to the foot of title and estate.
Where'er their lordships go, they never find
Or Lico or their shadows lag behind:
He sets them sure, where'er their lordships run,
Close at their elbows as a morning dun;
As if their grandeur by contagion wrought,
And fame was, like a fever, to be caught;
But, after seven years dance from place to place,
The Dane* is more familiar with his grace.

Who'd be a crutch to prop a rotten peer;
Or living pendant dangling at his ear,
For ever whisp'ring secrets which were blown
For months before, by trumpets, through the
town?

Who'd be a glass, with flattering grimace,
Still to reflect the temper of his face?
Or happy pin to stick upon his sleeve,
When my lord's gracious, and vouchsafes it leave?
Or cushion, when his heaviness shall please
To loll, or thump it for his better ease?
Or a vile butt, for noon or night bespoken,
When the peer rashly swears he'll club his joke?
Who'd shake with laughter though he could not
find

His lordship's jest? or, if his nose broke wind,
For blessings to the gods profoundly bow—
That can cry chimney-sweep, or drive a plough!
With terms like these how mean the tribe that
close!

Scarce meaner they who terms like these impose.
But what's the tribe most likely to comply?

The men of ink, or ancient authors lie;
The writing tribe, who shameless auctions hold
Of praise, by inch of candle to be sold.
All men they flatter, but themselves the most
With deathless fame, their everlasting boast;
For fame no cully makes so much her jest,
As her old constant spark, the bard profest.

"Boyle shines in council, Mordaunt in the fight,
"Pelham's magnificent—but I can write;
"And what's to my great soul like glory dear?"
Till some god whispers in his tingling ear,
That fame's unwholesome, taken without meat;
And life is best sustain'd by what is eat;
Grown lean and wise, he curses what he writ;
And wishes all his wants were in his wit.

Ah! what avails it, when his dinner's lost,
That his triumphant name adorns a post?
Or that his shining page (provoking fate!)
Defends sirloins which sons of dulness eat?

What foe to verse without compassion hears,
What cruel prose-man can refrain from tears,

* A Danish dog.

When the poor muse, for less than half-a-crown,
A prostitute on every bulk in town,
With other whores undone, though not in print,
Clubs credit for Geneva in the Mint?

Ye bards! why will you sing though uninspir'd?
Ye bards! why will you starve to be admir'd?
Defunct by Phœbus' laws, beyond redress,
Why will your spectres haunt the frightened press?
Bad metre, that excrescence of the head,
Like hair, will sprout, although the poet's dead.

All other trades demand; verse-makers beg;
A dedication is a wooden leg;
And barren Labeo, the true mumper's fashion,
Exposes borrow'd brats to move compassion.
Though such myself, vile bards I discommend;
Nay more, though gentle Damon is my friend.
"Is't then a crime to write?" If talents rare
Proclaim the god, the crime is to forbear;
For some, though few, there are large-minded
Who watch unseen the labors of the pen, [men,
Who know the muse's worth, and therefore
court,

Their deeds her theme, their bounty her support,
Who serve unask'd the least pretence to wit;
My sole excuse, alas! for having writ.
Will Harcourt pardon, if I dare commend
Harcourt, with zeal a patron and a friend?
Argyle true wit is studious to restore,
And Dorset smiles if Phœbus smil'd before.
Pembroke in years the long-lov'd arts admires,
And Henrietta like a muse inspires.

But, ah! not inspiration can obtain
The fame which poets languish for in vain.
How mad their aim, who, 'thirst for glory, strive
To grasp what no man can possess alive!
Fame's a reversion in which men take place
(O late reversion!) at their own decease.
This truth sagacious Lintot knows so well,
He starves his authors, that their works may sell.

That fame is wealth, fantastic poets cry;
That wealth is fame, another clan reply,
Who know no guilt, no scandal, but in rags;
And swell in just proportion to their bags.
Nor only the low-born, deform'd, and old,
Think glory nothing but the beams of gold;
The first young lord which in the Mall you
meet

Shall match the veriest hunks in Lombard-street,
From rescued candles' ends who rais'd a sum,
And starves to join a penny to a plum.
A beardless miser! 'tis a guilt unknown
To former times, a scandal all our own.

Of ardent lovers, the true modern band
Will mortgage Celia to redeem their land.
For love, young, noble, rich Castalio dies;
Name but the fair, love swells into his eyes.
Divine Monimia, thy fond fears lay down,
No rival can prevail but—half-a-crown.

He glories to late times to be convey'd,
Not for the poor he has reliev'd, but made.
Not such ambition his great fathers fir'd,
When Harry conquer'd, and half France expir'd.

He'd be a slave, a pimp, a dog, for gain;
Nay, a dull sheriff for his golden chain.

"Who'd be a slave?" the gallant colonel cries,
While love of glory sparkles from his eyes.
To deathless fame he loudly pleads his right;
Just is his title, for I will not fight;
All soldiers valor, all divines have grace,
As maids of honor beauty—by their place.
But when indulging on the last campaign,
His lofty terms climb o'er the hills of slain,
He gives the foes he slew, at each vain word,
A sweet revenge, and half absolves his sword.

Of boasting more than of a bomb afraid,
A soldier should be modest as a maid.
Fame is a bubble the reserv'd enjoy;
Who strive to grasp it, as they touch, destroy:
'Tis the world's debt to deeds of high degree;
But, if you pay yourself, the world is free. [own,

Were there no tongue to speak them but his
Augustus' deeds in arms had ne'er been known;
Augustus' deeds! if that ambiguous name
Confound my reader, and misguide his aim,
Such is the prince's worth of whom I speak,
The Roman would not blush at the mistake.

SATIRE V.

On Women.

O fairest of creation! last and best
Of all God's works! creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
How art thou lost!

MILTON.

NOR reigns ambition in bold man alone;
Soft female hearts the rude invader own.
But there, indeed, it deals in nicer things
Than routing armies and dethroning kings.
Attend, and you discern it in the fair
Conduct a finger, or reclaim a hair;
Or roll the lucid orbit of an eye;
Or in full joy elaborate a sigh. [blame;

The sex we honor, though their faults we
Nay, thank their faults for such a fruitful theme.
A theme, fair —! doubly kind to me,
Since satirizing those is praising thee;
Who wouldst not bear, too modestly refin'd,
A panegyric of a grosser kind. [nice,

Britannia's daughters, much more fair than
Too fond of admiration, lose their price;
Worn in the public eye, give cheap delight
To throngs, and tarnish to the sated sight.
As unreserv'd and beauteous as the sun,
Through ev'ry sign of vanity they run;
Assemblies, parks, coarse feasts in city-halls,
Lectures and trials, plays, committees, balls,
Wells, Bedlams, executions, Smithfield scenes,
And fortune-tellers' caves, and lions' dens,
Taverns, exchanges, bridewells, drawing-rooms,
Instalments, pillories, coronations, tombs,
Tumblers, and funerals, puppet-shows, reviews,
Sales, races, rabbits, and (still stranger!) pews.

Clarinda's bosom burns, but burns for fame;
And love lies vanquish'd in a nobler flame;
Warm gleams of hope she now dispenses; then,
Like April suns, dives into clouds again.

With all her lustre now her lover warms;
Then, out of ostentation, hides her charms.
'Tis next her pleasure sweetly to complain,
And to be taken with a sudden pain;
Then she starts up all ecstasy and bliss,
And is, sweet soul! just as sincere in this.
Oh, how she rolls her charming eyes in spite!
And looks delightfully with all her might!
But like our heroes, much more brave than wise,
She conquers for the triumph, not the prize.

Zara resembles *Ætna* crown'd with snows;
Without she freezes, and within she glows.
Twice ere the sun descends, with zeal inspir'd,
From the vain converse of the world retir'd,
She reads the psalms and chapters for the day
In—*Cleopatra*, or the last new play.

Thus gloomy *Zara*, with a solemn grace,
Deceives mankind, and hides behind her face.
Nor far beneath her in renown is she
Who, through good-breeding, is ill company;
Whose manners will not let her larum cease,
Who thinks you are unhappy when at peace;
To find you news who racks her subtle head,
And vows—that her great grandfather is dead.

A dearth of words a woman need not fear;
But 'tis a task indeed to learn—to hear.
In that the skill of conversation lies:

That shows or makes you both polite and wise.
Xantippe cries, "Let nymphs who nought
can say

"Be lost in silence, and resign the day;
"And let the guilty wife her guilt confess
"By tame behaviour, and a soft address."
Through virtue, she refuses to comply
With all the dictates of humanity;
Through wisdom, she refuses to submit
To wisdom's rules, and raves to prove her wit;
Then, her unblemish'd honor to maintain,
Rejects her husband's kindness with disdain.
But, if by chance an ill-adapted word
Drops from the lip of her unwary lord,
Her darling china, in a whirlwind sent,
Just intimates the lady's discontent.

Wine may indeed excite the meekest dame;
But keen Xantippe, scorning borrow'd flame,
Can vent her thunders, and her lightnings play,
O'er cooling gruel and composing tea;
Nor rests by night; but, more sincere than nice,
She shakes the curtains with her kind advice.
Doubly like *Echo*, sound is her delight,
And the last word is her eternal right.
Is 't not enough plagues, wars, and famines rise
To lash our crimes, but must our wives be wise?
Famine, plague, war, and an unnumber'd
Of guilt-avenging ills, to man belong; [throng
What black, what ceaseless cares besiege our
state!

What strokes we feel from fancy and from fate!
If fate forbears us, fancy strikes the blow;
We make misfortunes, suicides in woe.
Superfluous aid! unnecessary skill!
Is nature backward to torment or kill?
How oft the noon, how oft the midnight bell,
(That iron tongue of death!) with solemn knell,

On folly's errands as we vainly roam,
Knocks at our hearts, and finds our thoughts from home!

Men drop so fast, ere life's mid stage we tread,
Few know so many friends alive as dead.
Yet, as immortal, in our up-hill chase
We press coy fortune with unslacken'd pace;
Our ardent labors for the toys we seek,
Join night to day, and Sunday to the week.
Our very joys are anxious, and expire
Between satiety and fierce desire.

Now what reward for all this grief and toil?
But one—a female friend's endearing smile;
A tender smile, our sorrow's only balm,
And, in life's tempest, the sad sailor's calm.

How have I seen a gentle nymph draw nigh,
Peace in her air, persuasion in her eye;
Victorious tenderness! it all o'ercame;
Husbands look'd mild, and savages grew tame.

The sylvan race our active nymphs pursue;
Man is not all the game they have in view:
In woods and fields their glory they complete,
There Master Betty leaps a five-barr'd gate;
While fair Miss Charles to toilet is confin'd,
Nor rashly tempts the barb'rous sun and wind.
Some nymphs affect a more heroic breed,
And vault from hunters to the manag'd steed;
Command his prancings with a martial air;
And Fobert has the forming of the fair.

More that one steed must Delia's empire feel,
Who sits triumphant o'er the flying wheel;
And as she guides it through th' admiring throng,

With what an air she smacks the silken thong!
Graceful as John she moderates the reins,
And whistles sweet her diuretic strains.
Sesostris-like, such charioteers as these
May drive six harness'd monarchs, if they please.
They drive, row, run, with love of glory smit;
Leap, swim, shoot flying, and pronounce on wit.

O'er the belles-lettres lovely Daphne reigns,
Again the god Apollo wears her chains.
With legs toss'd high on her sophee she sits,
Vouchsafing audience to contending wits;
Of each performance she's the final test;
One act read o'er, she prophesies the rest;
And then pronouncing with decisive air,
Fully convinces all the town—she's fair.
Had lovely Daphne Hecatessa's face,
How would her elegance of taste decrease!
Some ladies' judgment in their features lies,
And all their genius sparkles from their eyes.

But hold, she cries, lampooner! have a care;
Must I want common sense because I'm fair?
Oh no! see Stella: her eyes shine as bright
As if her tongue was never in the right;
And yet what real learning, judgment, fire!
She seems inspir'd, and can herself inspire.
How then (if malice ruled not all the fair)
Could Daphne publish, and could she forbear?
We grant that beauty is no bar to sense,
Nor is 't a sanction for impertinence.

Sempronia lik'd her man, and well she might,
The youth in person and in parts was bright;

Possess'd of ev'ry virtue, grace, and art,
That claims just empire o'er the female heart.
He met her passion, all her sighs return'd,
And in full rage of youthful ardor burn'd.
Large his possessions, and beyond her own;
Their bliss the theme and envy of the town.
The day was fix'd; when, with one acre more,
In stepp'd deform'd, debauch'd, diseas'd, three-score.

The fatal sequel I through shame forbear:
Of pride and av'rice who can cure the fair?

Man's rich with little, were his judgment true.
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few;
Those few wants answer'd bring sincere delights,
But fools create themselves new appetites.
Fancy and pride seek things at vast expense,
Which relish not to reason nor to sense.
When surfeit or unthankfulness destroys,
In nature's narrow sphere our solid joys,
In fancy'd airy land of noise and show, [grow,
Where nought but dreams, no real pleasures
Like cats in air-pumps, to subsist we strive
On joys too thin to keep the soul alive.

Lemira's sick, make haste, the doctor call:
He comes: but where's his patient? At the ball.
The doctor stares, her woman curt'sies low,
And cries, "My lady, sir, is always so."
"Divisions put her maladies to flight;
"True, she can't stand, but she can dance all night.

"I've known my lady (for she loves a tune)
"For fevers take an opera in June; [bold,
"And though perhaps you'll think the practice
"A midnight park is sov'reign for a cold.
"With colics, breakfasts of green fruit agree;
"With indigestions, supper just at three."
A strange alternative! replies Sir Hans;
Must women have a doctor, or a dance?
Though sick to death abroad they safely roam:
But droop and die in perfect health at home.
For want—but not of health—are ladies ill;
And tickets cure beyond the doctor's pill.

Alas! my heart, how languishingly fair
Yon lady lolls! with what a tender air!
Pale as a young dramatic author, when
O'er darling lines fell Cibber waves his pen.
Is her lord angry, or has Veny* chid?
Dead is her father, or the mask forbid?
"Late sitting up has turn'd her roses white."
Why went she not to bed? "Because 'twas night." [that."

Did she then dance or play? "Nor this nor
Well, night soon steals away in pleasing chat.
"No, all alone, her pray'rs she rather chose,
"Than be that wretch to sleep till morning rose."

Then Lady Cynthia, mistress of the shade,
Goes with the fashionable owls to bed.
This her pride covets, this her health denies;
Her soul is silly, but her body's wise.

Others with curious arts dim charms revive,
And triumph in the bloom of fifty-five.

* Lap-dog.

You in the morning a fair nymph invite,
To keep her word a brown one comes at night;
Next day she shines in glossy black, and then
Revolves into her native red again. [charms,
Like a dove's neck, she shifts her transient
And is her own dear rival in your arms.

But one admirer has the painted lass;
Nor finds that one but in her looking-glass.
Yet Laura's beautiful to such excess,
That all her art scarce makes her please the less:
To deck the female cheek He only knows,
Who paints less fair the lily and the rose.

How gay they smile! Such blessings nature
pours,
O'erstock'd mankind enjoy but half her stores:
In distant wilds, by human eyes unseen,
She rears her flow'rs, and spreads her velvet
green.

Pure gurgling rills the lonely desert trace,
And waste their music on the savage race.
Is Nature then a niggard of her bliss?
Repine we guiltless in a world like this?
But our lewd tastes her lawful charms refuse,
And painted art's deprav'd allurements choose.
Such Fulvia's passion for the town; fresh air
(An odd effect!) gives vapors to the fair;
Green fields, and shady groves, and crystal
springs,

And larks, and nightingales, are odious things:
But smoke, and dust, and noise, and crowds
delight:

And to be press'd to death transports her quite.
Where silver riv'lets play through flow'ry meads,
And woodbines give their sweets, and limes
their shades,

Black kennels' absent odors she regrets,
And stops her nose at beds of violets.

Is stormy life prefer'd to this serene?
Or is the public to the private scene?

Retir'd, we tread a smooth and open way!
Through briars and brambles, in the world we
Stiff opposition, and perplex'd debate, [stray;
And thorny care, and rank and stinging hate,
Which choke our passage, our career control,
And wound the firmest temper of the soul.
O sacred solitude, divine retreat!

Choice of the prudent, envy of the great!
By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
We court fair wisdom, that celestial maid:
The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace
(Strangers on earth!) are Innocence and Peace.
There, from the ways of men laid safe ashore,
We smile to hear the distant tempest roar;
There, blest with health, with business unper-
This life we relish and ensure the next; [plex'd,
Pierian Eastbury! I owe to thee.

There sport the muses, but not here alone;
Their sacred force Amelia feels in town.
Nought but a genius can a genius fit;
A wit herself, Amelia weds a wit,
Both wits! Though miracles are said to cease,
Three days, three wondrous days, they liv'd in
peace!

With the fourth sun a warm dispute arose
On Durfey's poesy, and Bunyan's prose.
The learned war both wage with equal force,
And the fifth morn concluded the divorce.

Phœbe, though she possesses nothing less,
Is proud of being rich in happiness;
Laboriously pursues delusive toys,
Content with pain, since they're reputed joys.
With what well-acted transport will she say,
"Well, sure, we were so happy yesterday!"
"And then that charming party for to-morrow!"
Though well she knows 'twill languish into
sorrow.

But she dares never boast the present hour;
So gross that cheat, it is beyond her pow'r.
For such is or our weakness or our curse,
Or rather such our crime, which still is worse,
The present moment, like a wife, we shun,
And ne'er enjoy, because it is our own.

Pleasures are few, and fewer we enjoy;
Pleasure, like quicksilver, is bright and coy;
We strive to grasp it with our utmost skill,
Still it eludes us, and it glitters still:
If seiz'd at last, compute your mighty gains;
What is it but rank poison in your veins?

As Flavia in her glass an angel spies,
Pride whispers in her ear pernicious lies;
Tells her, while she surveys a face so fine,
There's no satiety of charms divine:
Hence, if her lover yawns, all chang'd appears
Her temper, and she melts (sweet soul!) in tears!
She, fond and young, last week her wish enjoy'd,
In soft amusement all the night employ'd;
The morning came, when Strephon, waking,
found

(Surprising sight!) his bride in sorrow drown'd.
"What miracle," says Strephon, "makes thee
weep?" [you sleep?"

"Ah, barbarous man!" she cries, "how could

Men love a mistress as they love a feast;
How grateful one to touch, and one to taste;
Yet sure there is a certain time of day,
We wish our mistress and our meat away.
But soon the sated appetites return;
Again our stomachs crave, our bosoms burn.
Eternal love let man then never swear;
Let women never triumph, nor despair:
Nor praise nor blame too much the warm or chill;
Hunger and love are foreign to the will.

There is indeed a passion more refin'd,
For those few nymphs whose charms are of the
mind;

But not of that unfashionable set
Is Phillis: Phillis and her Damon met.
Eternal love exactly hits her taste;
Phillis demands eternal love at least.
Embracing Phillis, with soft smiling eyes,
Eternal love I vow, the swain replies;
But say, my all, my mistress, and my friend!
What day next week th' eternity shall end?

Some nymphs prefer astronomy to love:
Elope from mortal men, and range above.
The fair philosopher to Rowley flies,
Where in a box the whole creation lies,

She sees the planets in their turns advance :
And scorns, Poitier, thy sublunary dance.
Of Desagulier she bespeaks fresh air,
And Whiston has engagements with the fair.

What vain experiments Sophronia tries !
'Tis not in air-pumps the gay colonel dies.
But though to-day this rage of science reigns,
(O fickle sex !) soon end her learned pains.
Lo ! Pug from Jupiter her heart has got,
Turns out the stars, and Newton is a sot.

To — turn ; she never took the height
Of Saturn, yet is ever in the right ;
She strikes each point with native force of mind,
While puzzled learning blunders far behind.
Graceful to sight, and elegant to thought,
The great are vanquish'd, and the wise are taught.
Her breeding finish'd, and her temper sweet ;
When serious, easy ; and when gay, discreet ;
In glitt'ring scenes, o'er her own heart severe ;
In crowds collected, and in courts sincere ;
Sincere and warm with zeal well understood,
She takes a noble pride in doing good.
Yet, not superior to her sex's cares,
The mode she fixes by the gown she wears ;
Of silks and china she's the last appeal ; [weal :
In these great points she leads the common-
And if disputes of empire rise between
Mechlin, the queen of lace, and Colberteen,
'Tis doubt ! 'tis darkness ! till suspended fate
Assumes her nod to close the grand debate.
When such her mind, why will the fair express
Their emulation only in their dress ?

But, oh ! the nymph that mounts above the
And, gratis, clears religious mysteries ! [skies,
Resolv'd the church's welfare to ensure,
And make her family a sinecure.
The theme divine at cards she'll not forget,
But takes in texts of Scripture at piquet ;
In those licentious meetings acts the prude,
And thanks her Maker that her cards are good.
What angels would these be, who thus excel
In theologies, could they sew as well !
Yet why should not the fair her text pursue ?
Can she more decently the doctor woo ?
'Tis hard too, she who makes no use but chat
Of her religion, should be barr'd in that.

Isaac, a brother of the canting strain,
When he has knock'd at his own skull in vain,
To beauteous Marcia often will repair
With a dark text, to light it at the fair.
Oh ! how his pious soul exults to find
Such love for holy men in womankind !
Charm'd with her learning, with what rapture he
Hangs on her bloom, like an industrious bee !
Hums round about her ; and with all his pow'r
Extracts sweet wisdom from so fair a flow'r !

The young and gay declining, Appia flies
At nobler game, the mighty and the wise :
By nature more an eagle than a dove,
She impiously prefers the world to love. [see

Can wealth give happiness ? look round, and
What gay distress ! what splendid misery !
Whatever fortune lavishly can pour,
The mind annihilates, and calls for more.

Wealth is a cheat, believe not what it says :
Like any lord it promises—and pays.
How will the miser startle to be told
Of such a wonder as insolvent gold !
What nature wants has an intrinsic weight ;
All more is but the fashion of the plate,
Which, for one moment, charms the fickle view :
It charms us now ; anon we cast anew,
To some fresh birth of fancy more inclin'd :
Then wed not acres, but a noble mind.

Mistaken lovers ! who make worth their care,
And think accomplishments will win the fair.
The fair, 'tis true, by genius should be won,
As flow'rs unfold their beauties to the sun ;
And yet in female scales a fop outweighs,
And wit must wear the willow with the bays.
Nought shines so bright in vain Liberia's eye
As riot, impudence, and perfidy ; [play'd,
The youth of fire, that has drunk deep, and
And kill'd his man, and triumph'd o'er his maid ;
For him, as yet unhang'd, she spreads her charms,
Snatches the dear destroyer to her arms,
And amply gives (though treated long amiss)
The man of merit his revenge in this.

If you resent, and wish a woman ill,
But turn her o'er one moment to her will.

The languid lady next appears in state,
Who was not born to carry her own weight ;
She lolls, reels, staggers, till some foreign aid
To her own stature lifts the feeble maid.
Then, if ordain'd to so severe a doom,
She by just stages journeys round the room ;
But, knowing her own weakness, she despairs
To scale the Alps—that is, ascend the stairs.
My fan, let others say who laugh at toil ;
Fan ! hood ! glove ! scarf ! is her laconic style ;
And that is spoke with such a dying fall,
That Betty rather sees than hears the call :
The motion of her lips, and meaning eye,
Pierce out th' idea her faint words deny.
Oh listen with attention most profound !
Her voice is but the shadow of a sound.
And help ! oh help ! her spirits are so dead,
One hand scarce lifts the other to her head.
If there a stubborn pin it triumphs o'er,
She pants ! she sinks away ! and is no more.
Let the robust and the gigantic carve ;
Life is not worth so much, she'd rather starve :
But chew she must, herself, ah, cruel fate !
That Rosalinda can't by proxy eat.

An antidote in female caprice lies
(Kind heaven !) against the poison of their eyes.

Thalestris triumphs in a manly mien :
Loud is her accent, and her phrase obscene,
In fair and open dealing where's the shame ?
What nature dares to give, she dares to name.
This honest fellow is sincere and plain,
And justly gives the jealous husband pain.
(Vain is the task to petticoats assign'd,
If wanton language shows a naked mind.)
And now and then, to grace her eloquence,
An oath supplies the vacancies of sense.
Hark ! the shrill notes transpierce the yielding air,
And teach the neighb'ring echos how to swear.

'By Jove,' is faint, and for the simple swain;
 She on the Christian system is profane.
 But though the volley rattles in your ear,
 Believe her dress, she's not a grenadier.
 If thunder's awful, how much more our dread
 When Jove deposes a lady in his stead!
 A lady! pardon my mistaken pen,
 A shameless woman is the worst of men.

Few to good breeding make a just pretence;
 Good breeding is the blossom of good sense;
 The last result of an accomplish'd mind.
 With outward grace, the body's virtue, join'd.
 A violated decency now reigns;
 And nymphs for failings take peculiar pains,
 With Indian painters modern toasts agree,
 The point they aim at is deformity:
 They throw their persons with a hoyden air
 Across the room, and toss into the chair.
 So far their commerce with mankind is gone,
 They for our manners have exchange'd our own.
 The modest look, the castigated grace,
 The gentle movement, and slow measur'd pace,
 For which her lovers died, her parents pray'd,
 Are indecorums with the modern maid.
 Stiff forms are bad, but let not worse intrude,
 Nor conquer art and nature to be rude.
 Modern good-breeding carry to its height,
 And Lady D——'s self will be polite.

Ye rising fair! ye bloom of Britain's isle!
 When high-born Anna with a soften'd smile
 Leads on your train, and sparkles at your head,
 What seems most hard, is not to be well-bred.
 Her bright example with success pursue,
 And all but adoration is your due.

But adoration! Give me something more,
 Cries Lyce, on the borders of threescore;
 Nought treads so silent as the foot of Time;
 Hence we mistake our autumn for our prime:
 'Tis greatly wise to know, before we're told,
 The melancholy news that we grow old.
 Autumnal Lyce carries in her face
Memento mori to each public place.
 Oh how your beating breast a mistress warms,
 Who looks thro' spectacles to see your charms!
 While rival undertakers hover round,
 And with his spade the sexton marks the ground,
 Intent not on her own, but others' doom,
 She plans new conquests, and defrauds the tomb.
 In vain the cock has summon'd sprites away,
 She walks at noon, and blasts the bloom of day.
 Gay rainbow silks her mellow charms infold,
 And nought of Lyce but herself is old.
 Her grizzled locks assume a smirking grace,
 And art has level'd her deep-furrow'd face.
 Her strange demand no mortal can approve:
 We'll ask her blessing, but can't ask her love.
 She grants indeed a lady may decline
 (All ladies but herself) at ninety-nine.

O how unlike her was the sacred age
 Of prudent Portia! her gray hairs engage;
 Whose thoughts are suited to her life's decline:
 Virtue's the paint that can make wrinkles shine.
 That, and that only, can old age sustain;
 Which yet all wish, nor know they wish for pain.

Not numerous are our joys when life is new,
 And yearly some are falling of the few;
 But when we conquer life's meridian stage,
 And downward tend into the vale of age,
 They drop apace; by nature some decay,
 And some the blasts of fortune sweep away;
 Till, naked quite of happiness, aloud
 We call for death, and shelter in a shroud.

Where's Portia now? But Portia left behind
 Two lovely copies of her form and mind.
 What heart untouch'd their early grief can view,
 Like blushing rose-buds, dipt in morning dew?
 Who into shelter takes their tender bloom,
 And forms their minds to fly from ills to come?
 The mind when turn'd adrift, no rules to guide,
 Drives at the mercy of the wind and tide;
 Fancy and passion toss it to and fro,
 Awhile torment, and then quite sink in woe.
 Ye beauteous orphans! since in silent dust
 Your best example lies, my precepts trust.
 Life swarms with ills; the boldest are afraid;
 Where then is safety for a tender maid?
 Unfit for conflict, round beset with woes,
 And man, whom least she fears, her worst of
 foes!

When kind, most cruel; when oblig'd the most,
 The least obliging, and by favors lost.
 Cruel by nature, they for kindness hate,
 And scorn you for those ills themselves create.
 If on your fame our sex a blot has thrown,
 'Twill ever stick, through malice of your own.
 Most hard! in pleasing your chief glory lies;
 And yet from pleasing your chief dangers rise:
 Then please the best; and know, for men of
 sense

Your strongest charms are native innocence.
 Arts on the mind, like paint upon the face,
 Fright him that's worth your love from your
 embrace.

In simple manners all the secret lies;
 Be kind and virtuous, you'll be blest and wise.
 Vain show and noise intoxicate the brain,
 Begin with giddiness, and end in pain.
 Affect not empty fame and idle praise,
 Which all those wretches I describe betrays.
 Your sex's glory 'tis to shine unknown;
 Of all applause be fondest of your own.
 Beware the fever of the mind; that thirst
 With which this age is eminently curst.
 To drink of pleasure but inflames desire,
 And abstinence alone can quench the fire.
 Take pain from life, and terror from the tomb,
 Give peace in hand, and promise bliss to come.

SATIRE VI.

On Women.

*Inscribed to the Right Honorable Lady Elizabeth
 Germain.*

Interdum tamen et tollit Comœdia vocem.
 HOR.

I sought a patroness, but sought in vain:
 Apollo whisper'd in my ear—"Germain."

I know her not. "Your reason's somewhat odd;

"Who knows his patron now?" replied the god.

"Men write, to me and to the world unknown;

"Then steal great names to shield them from the town.

"Detected worth, like beauty disarray'd,

"To covert flies, of praise itself afraid;

"Should she refuse to patronise your lays,

"In vengeance write a volume in her praise.

"Nor think it hard so great a length to run;

"When such the theme, 'twill easily be done."

Ye fair! to draw your excellence at length,

Exceeds the narrow bounds of human strength:

You here in miniature your picture see;

Nor hope from Zinck more justice than from me.

My portraits grace your mind, as his your side;

His portraits will inflame, mine quench your pride:

He's dear, you frugal; choose my cheaper lay,

And be your reformation all my pay.

Lavinia is polite, but not profane;

To church as constant as to Drury-lane.

She decently in form pays Heav'n its due;

And makes a civil visit to her pew.

Her lifted fan, to give a solemn air,

Conceals her face, which passes for a pray'r:

Curt'sies to curt'sies then with grace succeed;

Not one the fair omits, but at the creed.

Or, if she joins the service, 'tis to speak;

Through dreadful silence the pent heart might break;

Untaught to bear it, women talk away

To God himself, and fondly think they pray.

But sweet the accent, and their air refin'd;

For they're before their Maker—and mankind:

When ladies once are proud of praying well,

Satan himself will toll the parish bell.

Acquainted with the world, and quite well-bred,

Drusa receives her visitants in bed;

But, chaste as ice, this Vesta, to defy

The very blackest tongue of calumny,

When from her sheets her lovely form she lifts,

She begs you just would turn you while she shifts.

Those charms are greatest which decline the sight;

That makes the banquet poignant and polite.

There is no woman where there's no reserve;

And 'tis on plenty your poor lovers starve.

But, with the modern fair, meridian merit

Is a fierce thing they call a nymph of spirit.

Mark well the rollings of her flaming eye,

And tread on tiptoe, if you dare draw nigh.

"Or if you take a lion by the beard,*

"Or dare defy the fell Hyrcanian pard,

"Or arm'd rhinoceros, or rough Russian bear,"

First make your will, and then converse with her.

This lady glories in profuse expense,

And thinks distraction is magnificence;

To beggar her gallant, is some delight;

To be more fatal still, is exquisite.

* Shakspeare.

Had ever nymph such reason to be glad?

In duel fell two lovers; one run mad.

Her foes their honest execrations pour;

Her lovers only should detest her more.

Thrice happy they who think I boldly feign,

And startle at a mistress of my brain.

Flavia is constant to her old gallant,

And generously supports him in his want.

But marriage is a fetter, is a snare,

And hell no lady so polite can bear.

She's faithful, she's observant, and with pains

Her angel brood of bastards she maintains,

Nor least advantage has the fair to plead,

But that of guilt above the marriage-bed.

Amasia hates a prude, and scorns restraint;

Whate'er she is, she'll not appear a saint:

Her soul superior flies formality;

So gay her air, her conduct is so free,

Some might suspect the nymph not over good—

Nor would they be mistaken if they should.

Unmarried Abra puts on formal airs;

Her cushion's threadbare with her constant

pray'rs.

Her only grief is, that she cannot be

At once engag'd in pray'r and charity.

And this, to do her justice, must be said:

"Who would not think that Abra was a maid?"

Some ladies are tooauteous to be wed;

For where's the man that's worthy of their

bed?

If no disease reduce her pride before,

Lavinia will be ravish'd at threescore.

Then she submits to venture in the dark;

And nothing now is wanting—but her spark.

Lucia thinks happiness consists in state;

She weds an idiot, but she eats in plate.

The goods of fortune which her soul possess,

Are but the ground of unmade happiness,

The rude material; wisdom add to this,

Wisdom the sole artificer of bliss.

She, from herself, if so compell'd by need,

Of thin content can draw the subtle thread;

But, (no detraction to her sacred skill)

If she can work in gold, 'tis better still.

If Tullia had been blest with half her sense,

None could too much admire her excellence.

But since she can make error shine so bright,

She thinks it vulgar to defend the right.

With understanding she is quite o'errun;

And by too great accomplishments undone.

With skill she vibrates her eternal tongue,

For ever most divinely in the wrong.

Naked in nothing should a woman be,

But veil her very wit with modesty;

Let man discover, let not her display,

But yield her charms of mind with sweet delay.

For pleasure form'd, perversely some believe,

To make themselves important, men must grieve.

Lesbia the fair, to fire her jealous lord,

Pretends the fop she laughs at is ador'd.

In vain she's proud of secret innocence;

The fact she feigns were scarce a worse offence.

Mira, endow'd with ev'ry charm to bless,

Has no design but on her husband's peace;

He lov'd her much, and greatly was he mov'd
At small inquietudes in her he lov'd.
"How charming this!"—The pleasure lasted
long;

Now ev'ry day the fit comes thick and strong:
At last he found the charmer only feign'd;
And was diverted when he should be pain'd.
What greater vengeance have the Gods in store?
How tedious life, now she can plague no more!
She tries her thousand arts, but none succeed;
She's forc'd a fever to procure indeed:
Thus strictly prov'd this virtuous loving wife,
Her husband's pain was dearer than her life.

Anxious Melania rises to my view,
Who never thinks her lover pays his due:
Visit, present, treat, flatter, and adore;
Her majesty to-morrow calls for more.
His wounded ears complaints eternal fill,
As unio'd hinges querulously shrill.
"You went last night with Celia to the ball."
You prove it false. "Not go? that's worst of
all."

Nothing can please her, nothing not inflame;
And arrant contradictions are the same.
Her lover must be sad, to please her spleen;
His mirth is an inexpiable sin:
For, of all rivals that can pain her breast,
There's one that wounds far deeper than the rest;
To wreck her quiet, the most dreadful self
Is, if her lover dares enjoy himself.

And this, because she's exquisitely fair;
Should I dispute her beauty, how she'd stare!
How would Melania be surpris'd to hear
She's quite deform'd! and yet the case is clear.

What's female beauty but an air divine,
Thro' which the mind's all-gentle graces shine?
They, like the sun, irradiate all between;
The body charms because the soul is seen.
Hence men are often captives of a face,
They know not why, of no peculiar grace;
Some forms, though bright, no mortal man can
bear;

Some none resist, though not exceeding fair.

Aspasia's highly born, and nicely bred,
Of taste refin'd, in life and manners read,
Yet reaps no fruit from her superior sense,
But to be teas'd by her own excellence.
"Folks are so awkward! things so unpolite!"
She's elegantly pain'd from morn to night.
Her delicacy's shock'd where'er she goes;
Each creature's imperfections are her woes.
Heaven by its favors has the fair distress'd,
And pour'd such blessings—that she can't be
blest. [spring,

Ah! why so vain, though blooming in thy
Thou shining, frail, ador'd, and wretched thing!
Old age will come, disease may come before;
Fifteen is full as mortal as threescore:
Thy fortune and thy charms may soon decay;
But grant these fugitives prolong their stay,
Their basis totters, their foundation shakes,
Life that supports them in a moment breaks:
Then wrought into the soul let virtue shine;
The ground eternal, as the work divine.

Julia's a manager, she's born for rule,
And knows her wiser husband is a fool;
Assemblies holds, and spins the subtle thread
That guides the lover to his fair one's bed;
For difficult amours can smooth the way,
And tender letters dictate or convey.
But, if deprived of such important cares,
Her wisdom condescends to less affairs.
For her own breakfast she'll project a scheme,
Nor take her tea without a stratagem;
Presides o'er trifles with a serious face,
Important by the virtue of grimace.

Ladies supreme among amusements reign,
By nature born to sooth and entertain;
Their prudence in a share of folly lies;
Why will they be so weak as to be wise?

Syrena is for ever in extremes,
And with a vengeance she commends or blames.
Conscious of her discernment, which is good,
She strains too much to make it understood.
Her judgment just, her sentence is too strong;
Because she's right, she's ever in the wrong.

Brunetta's wise in actions great and rare;
But scorns on trifles to bestow her care.
Thus ev'ry hour Brunetta is to blame,
Because th' occasion is beneath her aim.
Think nought a trifle, though it small appear;
Small sounds the mountain, moments make the
year,

And trifles life. Your care to trifles give,
Or you may die before you truly live.
Go breakfast with Alicia; there you'll see
Simplex munditiis to the last degree.
Unlac'd her stays, her night-gown is untied,
And what she has of head-dress is aside.
She draws her words, and waddles in her pace;
Unwash'd her hands, and much besnuff'd her
face.

A nail uncut, and head uncomb'd she loves;
And would draw on jack-boots as soon as gloves.
Gloves by queen Bess's maidens might be
miss'd;

Her blessed eyes ne'er saw a female fist.
Lovers, beware! to wound how can she fail
With scarlet finger and long jetty nail?
For Hervey the first wit she cannot be;
Nor, cruel Richard, the first toast for thee.
Since full each other station of renown,
Who would not be the greatest trapes in town?
Women were made to give our eyes delight;
A female sloven is an odious sight.

Fair Isabella is so fond of fame,
That her dear self is her eternal theme!
Through hopes of contradiction, oft she'll say,
"Methinks I look so wretchedly to-day!"
When most the world applauds you, most be-
ware:

'Tis often less a blessing than a snare.
Distrust mankind; with your own heart confer;
And dread e'en there to find a flatterer.
The breath of others raises our renown;
Our own as surely blows the pageant down:
Take up no more than you by worth can claim,
Lest soon you prove a bankrupt in your fame.

But own I must in this perverted age,
Who most deserve can't always most engage.
So far is worth from making glory sure,
It often hinders what it should procure.
Whom praise we most? the virtuous, brave, and
wise?

No; wretches whom in secret we despise.
And who so blind as not to see the cause?
No rival's rais'd by such discreet applause;
And yet of credit it lays in a store,
By which our spleen may wound true worth the
more.

Ladies there are who think one crime is all;
Can women then no way but backward fall?
So sweet is that one crime they don't pursue,
To pay its loss, they think all others few.
Who hold that crime so dear, must never claim
Of injur'd modesty the sacred name.

But Clio thus: "What! railing without end?
"Mean task! how much more gen'rous to com-
mend!"

Yes, to commend as you are wont to do,
My kind instructor and example too.

"Daphnis," says Clio, "has a charming eye:

"What pity 'tis her shoulder is awry!

"Aspasia's shape indeed—but then her air—

"The man has parts who finds destruction there.

"Almeria's wit has something that's divine;

"And wit's enough—how few in all things
shine!

"Selina serves her friends, relieves the poor—

"Who was it said Selina's near threescore?

"At Lucia's match I from my soul rejoice,

"The world congratulates so wise a choice;

"His lordship's rent-roll is exceeding great—

"But mortgages will sap the best estate.

"In Shirley's form night cherubim appear,

"But then—she has a freckle on her ear."

Without a but, Hortensia she commends,

The first of women, and the best of friends;

Owens her in person, wit, fame, virtue bright;

But how comes this to pass?—she died last night.

Thus nymphs commend, who yet at satire
rail;

Indeed that's needless, if such praise prevail;

And whence such praise? our virulence is
thrown

On others' fame, through fondness for our own.

Of rank and riches proud, Cleora frowns;

For are not coronets akin to crowns?

Her greedy eye, and her sublime address,

The height of avarice and pride confess.

You seek perfections worthy of her rank;

Go, seek for her perfections at the Bank.

By wealth unquench'd, by reason uncontroll'd,

For ever burns her sacred thirst of gold:

As fond of fivepence as the veriest cit,

And quite as much detested as a wit.

Can gold calm passion, or make reason shine?

Can we dig peace or wisdom from the mine?

Wisdom to gold prefer, for 'tis much less

To make our fortune than our happiness;

That happiness which great ones often see,

With rage and wonder, in a low degree,

Themselves unblest: the poor are only poor;
But what are they who droop amid their store
Nothing is meaner than a wretch of state,
The happy only are the truly great.

Peasants enjoy like appetites with kings,
And those best satisfied with cheapest things.
Could both our Indies buy but one new sense,
Our envy would be due to large expense:
Since not, those pomps which to the great belong,
Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.
See, how they beg an alms of flattery!
They languish! oh support them with a lie!

A decent competence we fully taste;
It strikes our sense, and gives a constant feast:
More, we perceive by dint of thought alone;
The rich must labor to possess their own,
To feel their great abundance; and request
Their humble friends to help them to be blest;
To see their treasures, hear their glory told,
And aid the wretched impotence of gold.

But some, great souls! and touch'd with
warmth divine,

Give gold a price, and teach its beams to shine.

All hoarded treasures they repute a load,

Nor think their wealth their own, till well be-
stow'd.

Grand reservoirs of public happiness,
Through secret streams diffusively they bless;
And while their bounties glide conceal'd from
view,

Relieve our wants, and spare our blushes too.

But satire is my task, and these destroy

Her gloomy province and malignant joy.

Help me, ye misers! help me to complain,

And blast our common enemy, Germain;

But our invectives must despair success;

For next to praise, she values nothing less.

What picture's yonder, loosen'd from its

Or is't Asturia, that affected dame? [frame?

The brightest forms, through affectation, fade

To strange new things, which nature never
made.

Frown not, ye fair! so much your sex we prize,

We hate those arts that take you from our eyes.

In Albucinda's native grace is seen

What you, who labor at perfection, mean.

Short is the rule, and to be learnt with ease;

Retain your single selves, and you must please.

Here might I sing of Memmia's mincing mien,

And all the movements of the soft machine;

How two red lips affected zephyrs blow,

To cool the bohea, and inflame the beau;

While one white finger and a thumb conspire

To lift the cup, and make the world admire.

Tea! how I tremble at thy fatal stream!

As Lethe, dreadful to the love of fame.

What devastations on thy banks are seen!

What shades of mighty names which once have

A hecatomb of characters supplies . . . [been!

Thy painted altar's daily sacrifice;

H—, P—, B—, aspers'd by thee decay,

As grains of finest sugars melt away,

And recommend thee more to mortal taste:

Scandal's the sweet'ner of a female feast."

But this inhuman triumph shall decline,
And thy revolving Naiads call for wine;
Spirits no longer shall serve under thee;
But reign in thy own cup, exploded tea!
Citronia's nose declares thy ruin nigh;
And who dares give Citronia's nose the lie?*

The ladies long at men of drink exclaim'd,
And what impair'd both health and virtue
blam'd.

At length, to rescue man, the gen'rous lass
Stole from her consort the pernicious glass.
As glorious as the British queen renown'd,
Who suck'd the poison from her husband's
wound.

Nor to the glass alone are nymphs inclin'd,
But ev'ry bolder vice of bold mankind.

O Juvenal! for thy severer rage,
To lash the ranker follies of our age!
Are there among the females of our isle
Such faults at which it is a fault to smile?
There are. Vice, once by modest nature chain'd,
And legal ties, expatiates unrestrain'd,
Without thin decency held up to view,
Naked she stalks o'er law and gospel too.

Our matrons lead such exemplary lives,
Men sigh in vain for none but for their wives;
Who marry to be free, to range the more,
And wed one man to wanton with a score.
Abroad too kind, at home 'tis steadfast hate,
And one eternal tempest of debate.

What foul eruptions from a look most meek!
What thunders bursting from a dimpled cheek!
Their passions bear it with a lofty hand;
But then their reason is at due command.
Is there whom you detest, and seek his life?
Trust no soul with the secret—but his wife.
Wives wonder that their conduct I condemn,
And ask, what kindred is a spouse to them?

What swarms of am'rous grandmothers I see,
And misses, ancient in iniquity!
What blasting whispers, and what loud de-
claiming! [ing!]

What lying, drinking, bawding, swearing, gam-
Friendship so cold, such warm incontinence,
Such griping av'rice, such profuse expense,
Such dead devotion, such a zeal for crimes,
Such licens'd ill, such masquerading times,
Such venal faith, such misapplied applause,
Such flatter'd guilt, and such inverted laws,
Such dissolution through the whole I find,
'Tis not a world, but chaos of mankind.

Since Sundays have no balls, the well-dress'd
belle

Shines in a pew, but smiles to hear of hell;
And casts an eye of sweet disdain on all
Who listen less to C—ns than St. Paul.
Atheists have been but rare since nature's birth;
Till now she-atheists ne'er appear'd on earth;
Ye men of deep researches, say whence springs
This daring character in tim'rous things,
Who start at feathers, from an insect fly,
A match for nothing—but the Deity?

But, not to wrong the fair, the muse must
own

In this pursuit they court not fame alone;
But join to that a more substantial view—
"From thinking free, to be free agents too."
They strive with their own hearts, and keep
them down

In complaisance to all the fools in town.
Oh how they tremble at the name of prude!
And die with shame at thought of being good!
For what will Artimis the rich and gay,
What will the wits, that is, the coxcombs say?
They Heaven defy, to earth's vile dregs a slave;
Through cowardice most execrably brave.
With our own judgments durst we to comply,
In virtue should we live, in glory die.
Rise then, my Muse, in honest fury rise!
They dread a Satire who defy the skies.

Atheists are few; most nymphs a god-head
And nothing but his attributes dethrone. [own,
From Atheists far, they steadfastly believe
God is, and is almighty—to forgive.
His other excellence they'll not dispute;
But mercy, sure, is his chief attribute.
Shall pleasures of a short duration chain
A lady's soul in everlasting pain?
Will the great Author us poor worms destroy,
For now, and then, a sip of transient joy?
No, he's for ever in a smiling mood;
He's like themselves, or how could he be good?
And they blaspheme who blacker schemes sup-
Devoutly, thus, Jehovah they depose, [pose,
The pure! the just! and set up in his stead
A Deity that's perfectly well-bred.

"Dear Tillotson!—be sure the best of men—
"Nor thought he more than thought great
Origen.

"Though once upon a time he misbehav'd—
"Poor Satan! doubtless he'll at length be sav'd.
"Let priests do something for their one in ten;
"It is their trade; so far they're honest men.
"Let them cant on, since they have got the knack,
"And dress their notions, like themselves, in
black.

"Fright us with terrors of a world unknown
"From joys of this, to keep them all their own.
"Of earth's fair fruits, indeed, they claim a fee;
"But then they leave our untith'd virtue free.
"Virtue's a pretty thing to make a show:
"Did ever mortal write like Rochefoucoult?"
Thus pleads the Devil's fair apologist,
And pleading safely enters on his list.

Let angel forms angelic truths maintain;
Nature disjoins the beauteous and profane.
For what's true beauty but fair virtue's face,
Virtue made visible in outward grace?
She, then, that's haunted with an impious mind,
The more she charms, the more she shocks
mankind.

But charms decline; the fair long vigils keep;
They sleep no more! Quadrille has murder'd
sleep.†

* ——— Solem quis dicere falsum Audeat? VIRGIL.

† Shakspeare.

"Poor K—p! cries Livia; I have not been there
"These two nights; the poor creature will de-
spair.

"I hate a crowd—but to do good, you know—
"And people of condition should bestow."
Convinc'd, o'ercome, to K—p's grave matrons
Now set a daughter, and now stake a son; [run,
Let health, fame, temper, beauty, fortune fly;
And beggar half their race—through charity.

Immortal were we, or else mortal quite,
I less should blame this criminal delight;
But since the gay assembly's gayest room
Is but an upper story to some tomb,
Methinks we need not our short beings shun,
And thought to fly, content to be undone:
We need not buy our ruin with our crime,
And give eternity to murder time.

The love of gaming is the worst of ills;
With ceaseless storms the blacken'd soul it fills;
Inveighs at heaven, neglects the ties of blood,
Destroys the pow'r and will of doing good;
Kills health, pawns honor, plunges in disgrace,
And, what is still more dreadful, spoils your face.

See yonder set of thieves that live on spoil,
The scandal and the ruin of our isle!
And see (strange sight!) amid that ruffian band,
A form divine high wave her snowy hand;
That rattles loud a small enchanted box,
Which loud as thunder on the board she knocks.
And as fierce storms, which earth's foundation
From Æolus's cave impetuous broke, [shook,
From this small cavern a mix'd tempest flies,
Fear, rage, convulsion, tears, oaths, blasphemies!

For men, I mean—the fair discharges none;
She, guiltless creature! swears to Heaven alone.

See her eyes start, cheeks glow, and muscles
Like the mad maid in the Cumean cell. [swell!
Thus that divine one her soft night employs!
Thus tunes her soul to tender nuptial joys!
And when the cruel morning calls to bed,
And on her pillow lays her aching head,
With the dire images her dreams are crown'd,
The die spins lovely, or the cards go round:
Imaginary ruin charms her still;
Her happy lord is cuckold by Spadille;
And, if she's brought to bed, 'tis ten to one,
He marks the forehead of her darling son.

Oh scene of horror, and of wild despair!
Why is the rich Atreides' splendid heir
Constrain'd to quit his ancient lordly seat
And hide his glories in a mean retreat?
Why that drawn sword? and whence that dis-
mal cry?

Why pale distraction through the family?
See my lord threaten and my lady weep,
And trembling servants from the tempest creep.
Why that gay son to distant regions sent?
What fiends that daughter's destin'd match pre-
vent?

Why the whole house in sudden ruin laid?
Oh nothing but—last night my lady play'd.
But wanders not my Satire from my theme?
Is this too owing to the love of fame?

Though now your hearts on lucre are bestow'd;
'Twas first a vain devotion to the mode.
Nor cease we here, since 'tis a vice so strong,
The torrent sweeps all womankind along.
This may be said in honor of our times,
That none now stand distinguish'd by their
crimes.

If sin you must, take nature for your guide,
Love has some soft excuse to sooth your pride;
Ye fair apostates from love's ancient pow'r!
Can nothing ravish but a golden show'r?
Can cards alone your glowing fancy seize?
Must Cupid learn to punt, ere he can please?
When you're enamour'd of a lift or cast,
What can the preacher more to make us chaste?
Can fame, like a repique, the soul entrance!
And what is virtue to the lucky chance?
Why must strong youths unmarried pine away?
They find no woman disengag'd—from play.
Why pine the married? oh severer fate!
They find from play no disengag'd—estate.
Flavia, to lovers false, untouch'd, and hard,
Turns pale and trembles at a cruel card.
Nor Arria's Bible can secure her age;
Her threescore years are shuffling with her page:
While death stands by but till the game is done,
To sweep that stake in justice long his own;
Like old cards ting'd with sulphur, she takes fire;
Or, like snuffs sunk in socket, blazes higher.
Ye gods! with new delights inspire the fair;
Or give us sons, and save us from despair!

Sons, brothers, fathers, husbands, tradesmen,
close

In my complaint, and brand your sins in prose;
Yet I believe as firmly as my creed,
In spite of all our wisdom, you'll proceed.
Our pride so great, our passion is so strong,
Advice to right confirms us in the wrong.
I hear you cry, "This fellow's very odd!"
When you chastise, who would not kiss the rod?
But I've a charm your anger shall control,
And turn your eyes with coldness on the whole.

The charm begins! To yonder flood of light,
That bursts o'er gloomy Britain, turn your sight.
What guardian pow'r o'erwhelms your soul with
awe?

Her deeds are precepts, her example law.
'Midst empire's charms, how Carolina's heart
Glow with a love of virtue and of art!
Her favor is diffus'd to that degree,
Excess of goodness! it has dawn'd on me,
When in my page, to balance num'rous faults,
Or god-like deeds were shown, or gen'rous
thoughts,

She smil'd, industrious to be pleas'd, nor knew
From whom my pen the borrow'd lustre drew.

* Thus the majestic mother of mankind,
To her own charms most amiably blind,
On the green margin innocently stood,
And gaz'd indulgent on the crystal flood,
Survey'd the stranger in the painted wave,
And smiling prais'd the beauties which she gave.

* Milton.

T

* In more than civil war, while patriots storm;
While genius is but cold, their passion warm;
While public good aloft in pomp they wield;
And private int'rest sculks behind the shield;
While Mist and Wilkins rise in weekly might,
Make presses groan, lead senators to fight;
Exalt our coffee with lampoons, and treat
The pamper'd mob with ministers of state:
"While Até, hot from hell, makes heroes shrink,
"Cries havoc, and lets loose the dogs of ink:"†
Nor rank nor sex escapes the gen'ral frown,
But ladies are ripp'd up and cits knock'd down:
Tremendous force! where e'en the victor bleeds;
And he deserves our pity that succeeds:
Immortal Juvenal! and thou of France!
In your fam'd field my Satire dares advance;
But cuts herself a track to you unknown;
Nor crops your laurel, but would raise her own:
A bold adventure! but a safe one too!
For though surpass'd, I am surpass'd by you.

SATIRE VII.

To the Right Honorable Sir Robert Walpole.

Carmina tum melius, cum venerit Ipse,
canemus. VIRG.

ON this last labor, this my closing strain,
Smile, Walpole, or the Nine inspire in vain.
To thee 'tis due; that verse how justly thine,
Where Brunswick's glory crowns the whole design!

That glory which thy counsels make so bright,
That glory which on thee reflects a light.
Illustrious commerce, and but rarely known!
To give and take a lustre from the throne.

Nor think that thou art foreign to my theme;
The fountain is not foreign to the stream.
How all mankind will be surpris'd to see
This flood of British folly charg'd on thee!
Yet, Britain, whence this caprice of thy sons,
Which through their various ranks with fury runs?

The cause is plain, a cause which we must bless,
For caprice is the daughter of success,
(A bad effect, but from a pleasing cause)
And gives our rulers undesign'd applause;
Tells how their conduct bids our wealth increase,
And lulls us in the downy lap of peace.

While I survey the blessings of our isle,
Her arts triumphant in the royal smile,
Her public wounds bound up, her credit high,
Her commerce spreading sails in ev'ry sky,
The pleasing scene recalls my theme again,
And shows the madness of ambitious men,
Who, fond of bloodshed, draw the murd'ring sword,

And burn to give mankind a single lord.

The follies past are of a private kind,
Their sphere is small, their mischief is confin'd:

* Lucan.

† Shakspeare.

But daring men there are (awake, my Muse!
And raise thy verse,) who bolder phrenzy
choose;

Who, stung by glory, rave and bound away;
The world their friend, and human kind their prey.

The Grecian chief, th' enthusiast of his pride,
With Rage and Terror stalking by his side,
Raves round the globe; he soars into a god!
Stand fast, Olympus! and sustain his nod.
The pest divine in horrid grandeur reigns,
And thrives on mankind's miseries and pains.
What slaughter'd hosts! what cities in a blaze!
What wasted countries! and what crimson seas!
With orphans' tears his impious bowl o'erflows,
And cries of kingdoms lull him to repose.

And cannot thrice ten hundred years unpraise
The boist'rous boy, and blast his guilty bays?
Why want we then encomiums on the storm,
Or famine, or volcano? they perform
Their mighty deeds; they, hero-like, can slay,
And spread their ample deserts in a day.

O great alliance! O divine renown!
With dearth and pestilence to share the crown,
When men extol a wild destroyer's name,
Earth's Builder and Preserver they blaspheme.

One to destroy is murder by the law;
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe.
To murder thousands takes a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.

When after battle I the field have seen
Spread o'er with ghastly shapes, which once were men;

A nation crush'd! a nation of the brave!
A realm of death! and on this side the grave!
Are there, said I, who from this sad survey,
This human chaos, carry smiles away?
How did my heart with indignation rise!
How honest nature swell'd into my eyes!

How was I shock'd, to think the hero's trade
Of such materials, fame and triumph made!

How guilty these! yet not less guilty they
Who reach false glory by a smoother way;
Who wrap destruction up in gentle words,
And bows, and smiles, more fatal than their swords;

Who stifle nature, and subsist on art;
Who coin the face, and petrify the heart;
All real kindness for the show discard,
As marble polish'd and as marble hard;
Who do for gold what Christians do through grace,

"With open arms their enemies embrace;"
Who give a nod when broken hearts repine;
"The thinnest food on which a wretch can
"dine,"

Or if they serve you, serve you disinclin'd;
And in their height of kindness are unkind.
Such courtiers were, and such again may be,
Walpole, when men forget to copy thee.

Here cease, my Muse! the catalogue is writ,
Nor one more candidate for fame admit;
Though disappointed thousands justly blame
Thy partial pen, and boast an equal claim,

Be this their comfort—fools omitted here
 May furnish laughter for another year.
 Then let Crispino, who was ne'er refus'd
 The justice yet of being well abus'd,
 With patience wait, and be content to reign
 The pink of puppies in some future strain;
 Some future strain, in which the Muse shall
 tell

How science dwindles, and how volumes swell;
 How commentators each dark passage shun,
 And hold their farthing candle to the sun;

How tortur'd texts to speak our sense are made,
 And ev'ry vice is to the Scripture laid;

How misers squeeze a young voluptuous peer,
 His sins to Lucifer not half so dear;

How Verres is less qualified to steal
 With sword and pistol, than with wax and seal;

How lawyers' fees to such excess are run,
 That clients are redress'd till they're undone;

How one man's anguish is another's sport,
 And e'en denials cost us dear at court;

How man eternally false judgments makes,
 And all his joys and sorrows are mistakes.

This swarm of themes that settles on my pen,
 Which I, like summer flies, shake off again,

Let others sing; to whom my weak essay
 But sounds a prelude, and points out their prey.

That duty done, I hasten to complete
 My own designs; for Tonson's at the gate.

The love of fame, in its effects survey'd,
 The Muse has sung; be now the cause display'd,

Since so diffusive and so wide its sway,
 What is this Pow'r whom all mankind obey?

Shot from above, by Heav'n's indulgence came
 This gen'rous ardor, this unconquer'd flame,

To warm, to raise, to deify mankind,
 Still burning brightest in the noblest mind.

By large-soul'd men, for thirst of fame renown'd,
 Wise laws were fram'd, and secret arts were
 found;

Desire of praise first broke the patriot's rest,
 And made a bulwark of the warrior's breast;

It bids Argyle in fields and senates shine:
 What more can prove its origin divine?

But, oh! this passion planted in the soul,
 On eagle's wings to mount her to the pole,

The flaming minister of virtue meant,
 Set up false gods, and wrong'd her high descent.

Ambition, hence, exerts a doubtful force,
 Of blots and beauties an alternate source;

Hence Gildon rails, the raven of the pit,
 Who thrives upon the carcasses of wit:

And in art-loving Scarborough is seen,
 How kind a patron Pollio might have been.

Pursuit of fame with pedants fills our schools,
 And into coxcombs burnishes our fools;

Pursuit of fame makes solid, earning bright,
 And Newton lifts above a mortal height:

That key of nature, by whose wit she clears
 Her long, long secrets of five thousand years.

Would you then fully comprehend the whole,
 Why, and in what degrees, Pride sways the soul?

(For, though in all not equally she reigns)
 Awake to knowledge, and attend my strains,

Ye doctors! hear the doctrine I disclose,
 As true as if 'twere writ in dullest prose;
 As if a letter'd dunce had said, "'Tis right,"
 And *imprimatur* usher'd it to light.

To glorious deeds this passion fires the mind,
 And closer draws the ties of human kind;

Confirms society; since what we prize
 As our chief blessing, must from others rise.

Ambition in the truly noble mind,
 With sister-virtue is for ever join'd;

As in fame Lucrece, who with equal dread
 From guilt, and shame, by her last conduct tied;

Her virtue long rebell'd in firm disdain,
 And the sword pointed at her heart in vain;

But, when the slave was threaten'd to be laid
 Dead by her side, her love of fame obey'd.

In meaner minds ambition works alone;
 But with such art puts virtue's aspect on;

That not more like in feature, and in mien,
 The god and mortal in the comic scene,*

False Julius, ambush'd in his fair disguise,
 Soon made the Roman liberties his prize.

No mask in basest minds ambition wears,
 But in full light pricks up her ass's ears;

All I have sung are instances of this,
 And prove my theme unfolded, not amiss.

Ye vain! desist from your erroneous strife;
 Be wise, and quit the false sublime of life.

The true ambition there alone resides,
 Where justice vindicates, and wisdom guides;

Where inward dignity joins outward state,
 Our purpose good, as our achievement great;

Where public blessings public praise attend,
 Where glory is our motive, not our end.

Wouldst thou be fam'd? have those high deeds
 in view, [ensue,

Brave men would act, though scandal should
 Behold a prince whom no swoln thoughts in-

flame,
 No pride of thrones, no fever after fame;

But when the welfare of mankind inspires,
 And death in view to dear-bought glory fires,

Proud conquests then, then regal pomps delight;
 Then crimes, then triumphs, sparkle in his
 sight; [bring

Tumult and noise are dear, which with them
 His people's blessings to their ardent king:

But, when those great heroic motives cease,
 His swelling soul subsides to native peace;

From tedious grandeur's faded charms with-

draws,
 A sudden foe to splendor and applause;

Greatly deferring his arrears of fame,
 Till men and angels jointly shout his name.

O pride celestial, which can pride disdain!
 O blest ambition, which can ne'er be vain!

From one fam'd Alpine hill, which props the
 sky,

In whose deep womb unfathom'd waters lie,
 Here burst the Rhone and sounding Po, there
 shine

In infant rills the Danube and the Rhine;

* Amphytrion.

From the rich store one fruitful urn supplies,
Whole kingdoms smile, a thousand harvests rise.

In Brunswick such a source the Muse adores,
Which public blessings through half Europe pours.

When his heart burns with such a god-like aim,
Angels and George are rivals for the fame;
George, who in foes can soft affections raise,
And charm envenom'd Satire into praise.

Nor human rage alone his pow'r perceives,
But the mad winds and the tumultuous waves.*
E'en storms (death's fiercest ministers!) forbear,
And, in their own wild empire, learn to spare.
Thus nature's self, supporting man's decree,
Styles Britain's Sovereign, Sovereign of the Sea.

While sea and air, great Brunswick! shook
our state,
And sported with a king's and kingdom's fate,
Depriv'd of what she lov'd, and press'd by fear
Of ever losing what she held most dear,
How did Britannia, like Achilles,† weep,
And tell her sorrows to the kindred deep!
Hang o'er the floods, and in devotion warm,
Strive for thee with the surge, and fight the storm!

What felt thy Walpole, pilot of the realm?
Our Palinurus ‡ slept not at the helm;
His eyes ne'er clos'd; long since inur'd to wake,
And outwatch ev'ry star, for Brunswick's sake;
By thwarting passions tost, by cares oppress'd,
He found thy tempest pictur'd in his breast.
But now what joys that gloom of heart dispel,
No pow'rs of language—but his own, can tell;
His own, which Nature and the Graces form,
At will to raise or hush the civil storm.

§ 40. *The Castle of Indolence. An Allegorical Poem.* THOMSON.

The Castle hight of Indolence,
And its false luxury;
Where for a little time, alas!
We liv'd right jollily.

O MORTAL man, who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate:
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date;
And, certes, there is for it reason great;
For, though sometimes it makes thee weep
and wail,
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late;
Withouten that would come an heavier bale,
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is no where found.

It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground:
And there a season atween June and May,
Half pranked with spring, with summer half
imbrown'd,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne cared even for
play.

Was nought around but images of rest:
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns be-
tween, [kest,
And flow'ry beds that slumb'rous influence
From poppies breath'd; and beds of pleasant
green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen;
Meantime unnumber'd glittering streamlets
play'd,
And hurled every where their waters sheen;
That, as they bicker'd through the sunny
glade, [mur made.
Though restless still themselves, a lulling mur-

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud bleating from the distant
hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale;
And now and then sweet Philomel would
wail,
Or Stock-doves 'plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep:
Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale above,
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood;
Where nought but shadowy forms was seen
to move,
As Idleness fancied in her dreaming mood:
And up the hills on either side a wood
Of blackening pines, ay waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood;
And where this valley winded out below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely
heard, to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsied it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer sky;
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And calm the pleasures, always hover'd nigh,
But whate'er smack'd of noyance, or unrest,
Was far, far off expell'd from this delicious nest.

The landscape such, inspiring perfect ease,
Where Indolence (for so the wizard might)
Close hid his castle 'mid embow'ring trees,
That half shut out the beams of Phœbus
bright, [night:
And made a kind of checquer'd day and
Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,

* The King in danger by sea.

† HOM. II. lib. I.

‡ Ecce Deus ramum Lethæo rore madentem, &c. VIRG. ÆN. lib. V.

Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
Was plac'd; and, to his lute, of cruel fate
And labor harsh complain'd, lamenting man's
estate.

Thither continual pilgrims crowded still,
From all the roads of earth that pass thereby;
For, as they chanc'd to breathe on neigh-
b'ring hill,
The freshness of this valley smote their eye,
And drew them ever and anon more nigh;
Till clust'ring round th' enchanter false they
Ymolten with his syren melody; [hung,
While o'er th' enfeebling lyre his hand he
flung [verses sung:
And to the trembling chords those tempting

"Behold! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold!
"See all but man, with unearn'd pleasure gay,
"See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,
"Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of
"May!
"What youthful bride can equal her array?
"Who can with her for easy pleasure vie?
"From mead to mead with gentle wing to
"stray,
"From flow'r to flow'r on balmy gales to fly,
"Is all she hath to do beneath the radiant sky.
"Behold the merry minstrels of the morn,
"The swarming songsters of the careless
"grove, [ing thorn
"Ten thousand throats! that from the flower-
"Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of
"love,
"Such grateful kindly raptures them emove;
"They neither plough nor sow; ne, fit for
"flail, [drove;
"E'er to the barn the nodding sheaves they
"Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale,
"Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along
"the vale.

"Outcast of nature, man! the wretched thrall
"Of bitter-dropping sweat, of sweltry pain,
"Of cares that eat away thy heart with gall,
"And of the vices, an inhuman train,
"That all proceed from savage thirst of gain:
"For when hard-hearted interest first began
"To poison earth, Astrea left the plain;
"Guile, violence, and murder seiz'd on man,
"And, for soft milky streams, with blood the
"rivers ran.

"Come ye who still the cumbrous load of
"life [steep
"Push hard up hill; but, as the farthest
"You trust to gain, and put an end to strife,
"Down thunders back the stone with mighty
"sweep,
"And hurls your labors to the valley deep.
"For ever vain; come, and withouten fee
"I in oblivion will your sorrows steep, [sea
"Your cares, your toils; will steep you in a
"Of full delight: oh come, ye weary wights, to
"me!

"With me you need not rise at early dawn,
"To pass the joyless day in various sounds;
"Or, louting low, on upstart fortune fawn,
"And sell fair honor for some paltry pounds:
"Or through the city take your dirty rounds,
"To cheat, and dun, and lie, and visit pay,
"Now flattering base, now giving secret
"wounds;
"Or prowl in courts of law for human prey,
"In venal senate thief, or rob on broad high-
"way.

"No cocks with me to rustic labor call,
"From village on to village sounding clear;
"To tardy swains no shrill-voic'd matrons
"squal; [ear;
"No dogs, no babes, no wives, to stun your
"No hammers thump; no horrid blacksmith
"fear; [start,
"No noisy tradesmen your sweet slumbers
"With sounds that are a misery to hear:
"But all is calm, as would delight the heart
"Of Sybarite of old, all nature and all art.

"Here nought but candor reigns, indulgent
"ease, [down.
"Good-natur'd lounging, saunt'ring up and
"They who are pleas'd themselves must al-
"ways please;
"On others' ways they never squint a frown,
"Nor heed what haps in hamlet or in town.
"Thus, from the source of tender indolence,
"With milky blood the heart is overflown,
"Is sooth'd and sweeten'd by the social sense:
"For interest, envy, pride, and strife are
"banish'd hence.

"What, what is virtue, but repose of mind?
"A pure ethereal calm, that knows no
"storm;
"Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,
"Above those passions that this world de-
"form, [worm!
"And torture man, a proud malignant
"But here instead, soft gales of passion play,
"And gently stir the heart, thereby to form
"A quicker sense of joy; as breezes stray
"Across th' enliven'd skies, and make them
"still more gay.

"The best of men have ever lov'd repose;
"They hate to mingle in the filthy fray,
"Where the soul sours, and gradual rancour
"grows,
"Imbitter'd more from peevish day to day.
"E'en those whom fame has lent her fairest
"ray,
"The most renown'd of worthy wights of
"yore,
"From a base world at last have stol'n away.
"So Scipio, to the soft Cumæan shore
"Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before.

"But if a little exercise you choose,
"Some zest for ease, 'tis not forbidden here,

"Amid the groves you may indulge the
 " Muse; [year;
 " Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal
 " Or softly stealing, with your watery gear,
 " Along the brooks, the crimson-spotted fry
 " You may delude: the whilst amus'd you
 " hear [phyr's sigh,
 " Now the hoarse stream, and now the ze-
 " Attuned to the birds and woodland melody.

 " O grievous folly! to heap up estate,
 " Losing the days you see beneath the sun;
 " When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting
 " fate, [won
 " And gives the untasted portion you have
 " With ruthless toil, and many a wretch un-
 " done, [reign,
 " To those who mock you gone to Pluto's
 " There with sad ghosts to pine, and shadows
 " dun:
 " But sure it is of vanities most vain, [tain."
 " To toil for what you here untoiling may ob-

 He ceas'd. But still their trembling ears
 retain'd
 The deep vibrations of his 'witching song';
 That by a kind of magic pow'r constrain'd
 To enter in, pell-mell, the list'ning throng.
 Heaps pour'd on heaps, and yet they slipp'd
 along,
 In silent ease; as when beneath the beam
 Of summer moons, the distant woods among,
 Or by some flood all silver'd with the gleam,
 The soft embodied fays through airy portal
 stream.

 By the smooth demon so it order'd was,
 And here his baneful bounty first began;
 Though some there were who would not
 further pass,
 And his alluring baits suspected han.
 The wise distrust the too fair spoken man;
 Yet through the gate they cast a wishful eye:
 Not to move on, forsooth, is all they can;
 For do their very best, they cannot fly;
 But often each way look, and often sorely sigh.

 When this the watchful wicked wizard saw,
 With sudden spring he leap'd upon them
 straight,
 And, soon as touch'd by his unhallow'd paw,
 They found themselves within the cursed
 gate;
 Full hard to be repass'd, like that of fate.
 Not stronger were of old the giant crew
 Who sought to pull high Jove from regal
 state; [hue,
 Though feeble wretch he seem'd of sallow
 Certes, who bides his grasp, will that encounter
 rue:

 For, whomsoe'er the villain takes in hand,
 Their joints unknit, their sinews melt apace,
 As lithe they grow as any willow wand,
 And of their vanquish'd force remains no
 trace.

So when a maiden fair, of modest grace,
 In all her buxom blooming May of charms,
 Is seized in some losel's hot embrace,
 She waxeth very weakly as she warms,
 Then sighing yields her up to love's delicious
 harms.

Wak'd by the crowd, slow from his bench
 arose
 A comely full-spread porter, swoln with sleep;
 His calm, broad, thoughtless aspect breath'd
 repose,
 And in sweet torpor he was plunged deep.
 He could himself from ceaseless yawning
 keep,
 While o'er his eyes the drowsy liquor ran,
 Through which his half-wak'd soul would
 faintly peep.
 Then taking his black staff, he call'd his man,
 And rous'd himself as much as rouse himself
 he can.

The lad leap'd lightly at his master's call,
 He was, to weet, a little roguish page,
 Save sleep and play who minded not at all,
 Like most the untaught striplings of his age.
 This boy he kept each band to disengage,
 Garters, and buckles, task for him unfit,
 But ill-becoming his grave personage,
 And which his portly paunch would not
 permit;
 So this same limber page to all performed it.

Meantime the master-porter wide display'd
 Great store of caps, of slippers, and of
 gowns;
 Wherewith he those who enter'd in array'd,
 Loose as the breeze that plays along the
 downs,
 And waves the summer woods when evening
 frowns.
 O fair undress, best dress! it checks no vein,
 But ev'ry flowing limb in pleasure drowns,
 And heightens ease with grace. This done,
 right fain, [again,
 Sir porter sat him down, and turn'd to sleep

Thus easy rob'd, they to the fountain sped,
 That in the middle of the court up-threw
 A stream, high spouting from its liquid bed,
 And falling back again in drizzly dew:
 There each deep draughts, as deep he thirsted,
 drew.

It was a fountain of Nepenthe rare:
 Whence, as Dan Homer sings, huge plea-
 saunce grew,
 And sweet oblivion of vile earthly care;
 Fair gladsome waking thoughts, and joyous
 dreams more fair.

This rite perform'd, all inly pleas'd and still,
 Withouten tromp was proclamation made:
 "Ye sons of Indolence, do what you will;
 "And wander where you list, through hall
 "or glade!"

"Be no man's pleasure for another's staid;
 "Let each as likes him best his hours employ;
 "And curs'd be he who minds his neighbor's
 "bour's trade!
 "Here dwells kind ease and unreprieving joy:
 "He little merits bliss who others can annoy."

Straight of these endless numbers, swarming
 round,
 As thick as idle motes in sunny ray,
 Not one eftsoons in view was to be found,
 But ev'ry man stroll'd off his own glad way.
 Wide o'er this ample court's blank area,
 With all the lodges that thereto pertain'd,
 No living creature could be seen to stray;
 While solitude and perfect silence reign'd:
 So that to think you dream'd you almost was
 constrain'd.

As when a shepherd of the Hebrid Isles,*
 Plac'd far amid the melancholy main,
 (Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles,
 Or that ærial beings sometimes deign
 To stand, embodied, to our senses plain)
 Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,
 The whilst in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,
 A vast assembly moving to and fro:
 Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous
 show.

Ye gods of quiet and of sleep profound,
 Whose soft dominion o'er this castle sways,
 And all the wildly silent places round,
 Forgive me if my trembling pen displays
 What never yet was sung in mortal lays.
 But how shall I attempt such arduous string,
 I who have spent my nights and nightly days
 In this soul-deadening place, loose loitering?
 Ah! how shall I for this uprear my moulted
 wing?

Come on, my Muse, nor stoop to low despair,
 Thou imp of Jove, touch'd by celestial fire!
 Thou yet shalt sing of war, and actions fair,
 Which the bold sons of Britain will inspire;
 Of ancient bards thou yet shalt sweep the
 lyre;
 Thou yet shalt tread in tragic pall the stage,
 Paint love's enchanting woes, the hero's ire,
 The sage's calm, the patriot's noble rage,
 Dashing corruption down through ev'ry worth-
 less age.

The doors, that knew no shrill alarming bell,
 Ne curs'd knocker plied by villain's hand,
 Self-opened into halls, where, who can tell
 What elegance and grandeur wide expand,
 The pride of Turkey and of Persian land?
 Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
 And couches stretch around in seemly band,
 And endless pillows rise to prop the head;
 So that each spacious room was one full-swell-
 ing bed.

And every where huge cover'd tables stood,
 With wines high flavor'd and rich viands
 crown'd;
 Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
 On the green bosom of this earth are found,
 And all old ocean genders in his round:
 Some hand unseen these silently display'd,
 E'en undemanded by a sign or sound:
 You need but wish; and instantly obey'd,
 Fair rang'd the dishes rose, and thick the glasses
 play'd.

Here freedom reign'd without the least alloy;
 Nor gossip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gall,
 Nor saintly spleen, durst murmur at our joy,
 And with envenom'd tongue our pleasures
 pall.
 For why? there was but one great rule for
 To wit, that each should work his own desire,
 And eat, drink, study, sleep, as it may fall,
 Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,
 And carol what, unbid, the Muses might inspire.

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,
 Where was enwoven many a gentle tale;
 Such as of old the rural poets sung,
 Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale:
 Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,
 Pour'd forth at large the sweetly tortur'd
 heart,
 Or, sighing tender passion, swell'd the gale,
 And taught charm'd Echo to resound their
 smart;
 While flocks, woods, streams around repose and
 [peace impart.]

Those pleas'd the most, where, by a cunning
 Depainted was the patriarchal age; [hand,
 What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee
 land,
 And pastur'd on from verdant stage to stage,
 Where fields and fountains fresh could best
 engage.
 Toil was not then. Of nothing took they
 heed,
 But with wild beasts the sylvan war to wage,
 And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to
 feed:
 Blest sons of nature they! true golden age
 [indeed!]

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
 Bade the gay bloom of vernal landscapes rise,
 Or autumn's varied shades imbrown the
 walls:
 Now the black tempest strikes the astonish'd
 eyes;
 Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies;
 The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,
 And now rude mountains frown amid the
 skies;
 What'er Lorraine light-touch'd with soft'ning
 Or savage Rosa dash'd, or learned Poussin drew.
 [hue,

Each sound too here to languishment inclin'd,
 Lull'd the weak bosom, and induced ease.
 Aërial music in the warbling wind,
 At distance rising oft, by small degrees

* Those islands on the western coast of Scotland, called the Hebrides.

Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
It hung, and breath'd such soul-dissolving
As did alas! with soft perdition please: [airs,
Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,
The list'ning heart forgot all duties and all cares.

A certain music, never known before,
Here lull'd the pensive melancholy mind,
Full easily obtain'd. Behoves no more
But sidelong, to the gently-waving wind,
To lay the well-tun'd instrument reclin'd;
From which with airy flying fingers light,
Beyond each mortal touch the most refin'd,
The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight;
Whence, with just cause, the harp of Æolus *
it hight.

Ah me! what hand can touch the string so
Who up the lofty diapason roll [fine?
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
Then let them down again into the soul?
Now rising love they fann'd; now pleasing
dole [heart;
They breath'd, in tender musings, through the
And now a graver sacred strain they stole,
As when seraphic hands a hymn impart:
Wild warbling nature all, above the reach of art!

Such the gay splendor, the luxurious state
Of caliphs old, who on the Tigris' shore,
In mighty Bagdat, populous and great, [store;
Held their bright court, where was of ladies
And verse, love, music still the garland wore:
When sleep was coy, the bard in waiting
there [lore;
Cheer'd the lone midnight with the Muse's
Composing music bade his dreams be fair,
And music lent new gladness to the morning
air.†

Near the pavilions where we slept, still ran
Soft tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell,
And sobbing breezes sigh'd, and oft began
(So work'd the wizard) wintry storms to
swell,

As heaven and earth they would together
mell: [call
At doors and windows, threat'ning seem'd to
The demons of the tempest, growling fell,
Yet the least entrance found they none at all;
Whence sweeter grew our sleep, secure in massy
hall.

And hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams,
Raising a world of gayer tinct and grace;
O'er which were shadowy cast elysian gleams
That play'd in waving lights, from place to
place,
And shed a roseate smile on nature's face.
Not Titian's pencil e'er could so array,

So fleece with clouds, the pure ethereal space;
Nor could it e'er such melting forms display,
As loose on flow'ry beds all languishingly lay.

No, fair illusions! artful phantoms, no!
My Muse will not attempt your fairy land:
She has no colors that like you can glow;
To catch your vivid scenes too gross her hand.
But sure it is, was ne'er a subtler band
Than these same guileful angel-seeming
sprights, [bland,
Who thus in dreams voluptuous, soft, and
Pour'd all the Arabian heaven upon our nights,
And bless'd them oft besides with more refin'd
delights.

They were, in sooth, a most enchanting train,
E'en feigning virtue; skilful to unite
With evil good, and strew with pleasure pain.
But for those fiends whom blood and broils
delight,
Who hurl the wretch, as if to hell outright,
Down, down black gulfs, where sullen wa-
ters sleep,
Or hold him clamb'ring all the fearful night
On beetling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep:
They, till due time should serve, were bid far
hence to keep.

Ye guardian spirits, to whom man is dear,
From these foul demons shield the midnight
gloom;
Angels of fancy and of love be near,
And o'er the blank of sleep diffuse a bloom:
Evoke the sacred shades of Greece and Rome,
And let them virtue with a look impart:
But chief, a while, oh lend us from the tomb
Those long-lost friends for whom in love we
smart, [heart.
And fill with pious awe and joy-mixt woe the

Or, are you sportive, bid the morn of youth
Rise to new light, and beam afresh the days
Of innocence, simplicity, and truth, [ways.
To cares estrang'd, and manhood's thorny
What transport, to retrace our boyish plays,
Our easy bliss, when each thing joy supplied;
The woods, the mountains, and the warbling
maze [wide,
Of the wild brooks!—But, fondly wand'ring
My Muse, resume the task that yet doth thee
abide.

One great amusement of our household was,
In a huge crystal magic globe to spy,
Still as you turn it, all things that do pass
Upon this ant-hill earth; where constantly
Of idly busy men the restless fry
Run bustling to and fro in foolish haste,

* This is not an imagination of the author; there being in fact such an instrument, called Æolus's Harp, which, when placed against a little rushing or current of air, produces the effect here described.

† The Arabian caliphs had poets among the officers of their court, whose office it was to do what is here mentioned.

In search of pleasures vain that from them fly,
Or which obtain'd the caitiffs dare not taste :
When nothing is enjoy'd, can there be greater
waste ?

Of vanity the mirror this was call'd :
Here you a muckworm of the town might see
At his dull desk, amid his ledgers stall'd,
Eat up with carking care and penurie;
Most like to carcass pitch'd on gallows-tree.
" A penny saved is a penny got ;"
Firm to this scoundrel maxim keepeth he,
Ne of its rigor will he bate a jot,
Till it has quench'd his fire, and banished his pot.

Strait from the filth of this low grub, be-
hold ! [heir,
Comes fluttering forth a gaudy spendthrift
All glossy gay ; enamell'd all with gold,
The silly tenant of the summer air,
In folly lost, of nothing takes he care ;
Pimps, lawyers, stewards, harlots, flatterers
vile, [share ;
And thieving tradesmen him among them
His father's ghost from limbo-lake, the while
Sees this, which more damnation does upon
him pile.

This globe portray'd the race of learned men,
Still at their books, and turning o'er the page
Backwards and forwards : oft they snatch the
As if inspir'd, and in a Thespian rage ; [pen,
Then write and blot, as would your ruth en-
gage. [sore,
Why, Authors, all this scrawl and scribbling
To lose the present, gain the future age.
Praised to be when you can hear no more,
And much enrich'd with fame when useless
worldly store.

Then would a splendid city rise to view,
With carts, and cars, and coaches roaring all.
Wide pour'd abroad behold the giddy crew :
See how they dash along from wall to wall !
At ev'ry door, hark ! how they thund'ring call !
Good Lord ! what can this giddy rout excite ?
Why on each other with fell tooth to fall ;
A neighbour's fortune, fame, or peace to blight,
And make new tiresome parties for the coming
night.

The puzzling sons of party next appear'd,
In dark cabals and nightly juntos met ; [rear'd
And now they whisper'd close, now shrugging
The important shoulder ; then, as if to get
New light, their twinkling eyes were inward
No sooner Lucifer * recalls affairs, [set.
Than forth they various rush in mighty fret !
When, lo ! push'd up to pow'r, and crown'd
their cares, [stairs.
In comes another set, and kicketh them down

But what most show'd the vanity of life,
Was to behold the nations all on fire,

* The Morning Star.

In cruel broils engag'd, and deadly strife :
Most Christian kings, inflam'd by black de-
With honorable ruffians in their hire, [sire !
Cause war to rage, and blood around to pour :
Of this sad work when each begins to tire,
They sit them down just where they were be-
fore, [restore.

Till for new scenes of woe peace shall their force
To number up the thousands dwelling here,
An useless were, and eke an endless task ;
From kings, and those who at the helm ap-
pear, [bask.

To gypsies brown in summer-glades who
Yea many a man, perdie, I could unmask,
Whose desk and table make a solemn show,
With tape-tied trash, and suits of fools that ask
For place or pension, laid in decent row ;
But these I passen by, with nameless numbers
moe.

Of all the gentle tenants of the place,
There was a man of special grave remark :
A certain tender gloom o'erspread his face,
Pensive, not sad, in thought involv'd not dark.
As sooth this man could sing as morning lark,
And teach the noblest morals of the heart ;
But these his talents were yburied stark ;
Of the fine stores he nothing would impart,
Which or boon nature gave, or nature-painting
art.

To noon-tide shades incontinent he ran,
Where purls the brook with sleep-inviting
sound,

Or when Dan Sol to slope his wheels began,
Amid the broom he bask'd him on the ground,
Where the wild thyme and camomile are
found :

There would he linger, till the latest ray
Of light sat trembling on the welkin's bound ;
Then homeward through the twilight sha-
dows stray, [a day.
Sauntering and slow. So had he passed many

Yet not in thoughtless slumber were they past,
For oft the heavenly fire that lay conceal'd
Beneath the sleeping embers, mounted fast,
And all its native light anew reveal'd :
Oft as he travers'd the cerulean field, [wind,
And mark'd the clouds that drove before the
Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,
Ten thousand great ideas fill'd his mind ;
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace
behind.

With him was sometimes join'd in silent walk
(Profoundly silent, for they never spoke)
One shyer still, who quite detested talk :
Oft, stung by spleen, at once away he broke
To groves of pine, and broad-o'ershadowing
oak ;

There, inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,
And on himself his pensive fury wroke,
Ne ever utter'd word, save when first shone
The glittering star of eve—" Thank heaven !
" the day is done."

Here lurch'd a wretch who had not crept
abroad
For forty years, ne face of mortal seen ;
In chamber brooding like a loathly toad :
And sure his linen was not very clean. [been
Through secret loop-holes, that had practis'd
Near to his bed, his dinner vile he took ;
Unkempt, and rough, of squalid face and
mien, [nook,
Our castle's shame ! whence, from his filthy
We drove the villain out for fitter lair to look.

One day there chanc'd into these halls to rove
A joyous youth, who took you at first sight :
Him the wild wave of pleasure hither drove,
Before the sprightly tempest-tossing light :
Certes, he was a most engaging wight,
Of social glee, and wit humane though keen,
Turning the night to day and day to night :
For him the merry bells had rung, I ween,
If in this nook of quiet bells had ever been.

But not e'en pleasure to excess is good :
What most elates then sinks the soul as low :
When spring-tide joy pours in with copious
flood,
The higher still the exulting billows flow,
The farther back again they flagging go,
And leave us groveling on the dreary shore :
Taught by this son of joy, we found it so ;
Who, whilst he staid, kept in a gay uproar
Our madden'd castle all, the abode of sleep no
more.

As when in prime of June a burnish'd fly
Sprung from the meads, o'er which he sweeps
along,
Cheer'd by the breathing bloom and vital sky,
Tunes up amid these airy halls his song,
Soothing at first the gay reposing throng :
And oft he sips their bowl ; or nearly drown'd,
He, thence recovering, drives their beds
among, [profound ;
And scares their tender sleep, with tromp
Then out again he flies, to wing his mazy round.

Another guest there was, of sense refin'd,
Who felt each worth, for ev'ry worth he had,
Serene yet warm, humane yet firm his mind,
As little touch'd as any man's with bad ;
Him thro' their inmost walks the Muses lad,
To him the sacred love of nature lent,
And sometimes would he make our valley
glad : [pent,
When as we found he would not here be
To him the better sort this friendly message
sent :

"Come, dwell with us ! true son of virtue,
"come !
"But if, alas ! we cannot thee persuade
"To lie content beneath our peaceful dome,
"Ne ever more to quit our quiet glade ;

"Yet when at last thy toils but ill apaid
"Shall dead thy fire, and damp its heavenly
"spark,
"Thou wilt be glad to seek the rural shade,
"There to indulge the Muse, and nature
"mark : [Park."
"We then a lodge for thee will rear in Hagley

Here whilom ligg'd the Esopus* of the age ;
But call'd by fame, in soul ypricked deep,
A noble pride restor'd him to the stage,
And rous'd him like a giant from his sleep.
Even from his slumbers we advantage reap :
With double force the enliven'd scene he
wakes, [to keep
Yet quit's not nature's bounds. He knows
Each due decorum : now the heart he shakes,
And now with well-urg'd sense the enlighten'd
judgment takes.

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard be-
seems ;
Who,† void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,
On virtue still, and nature's pleasing themes,
Pour'd forth his unpremeditated strain :
The world forsaking with a calm disdain,
Here laugh'd he careless in his easy seat :
Here quaff'd encircl'd with the joyous train,
Oft moralising sage : his ditty sweet
He loathed much to write, ne cared to repeat.

Full oft by holy feet our ground was trod,
Of clerks good plenty here you mote espy.
A little, round, fat, oily man of God,
Was one I chiefly mark'd among the fry ;
He had a roguish twinkle in his eye,
And shone all glittering with ungodly dew,
If a tight damsel chanc'd to trippen by ;
Which when observ'd, he shrunk into his
mew,
And straight would recollect his piety anew.

Nor be forgot a tribe, who minded nought
(Old inmates of the place) but state affairs :
They look'd, perdie, as if they deeply thought ;
And on their brow sat ev'ry nation's care :
The world by them is parcell'd out in shares,
When in the Hallor Smoke they congress
hold,
And the sage berry sun-burnt Mocha bears
Has clear'd their inward eye : then smoke-
enroll'd,
Their oracles break forth mysterious as of old.

Here languid beauty kept her pale-fac'd court :
Bevies of dainty dames, of high degree,
From every quarter hither made resort ;
Where from gross mortal care and business free,
They lay, pour'd out in ease and luxury.
Or should they a vain show of work assume,
Alas ! and well-a-day ! what can it be ?
To knot, to twist, to range the vernal bloom :
But far is cast the distaff, spinning-wheel, and
loom.

* Mr. Quin.

† The following lines of this stanza were written by a friend of the author.

Their only labor was to kill the time:
And labor dire it is, and weary woe.
They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme:
Then rising sudden, to the glass they go,
Or saunter forth, with tottering step and slow;
This soon too rude an exercise they find;
Straight on the couch their limbs again they
throw,

Where hours on hours they sighingly reclin'd,
And court the vapory god soft-breathing in the
wind.

Now must I mark the villany we found,
But ah! too late, as shall eftsoons be shown.
A place here was, deep, dreary, underground;
Where still our inmates, when displeasing
grown,

Diseas'd and loathsome, privily were thrown.
Far from the light of heaven, they languish'd
there

Unpitied, uttering many a bitter groan;
For of those wretches taken was no care:
Fierce fiends, and hags of hell, their only nurses
were.

Alas! the change! from scenes of joy and rest
To this dark den, where sickness toss'd alway.
Here Lethargy, with deadly sleep oppress,
Stretch'd on his back, a mighty lubbard, lay,
Heaving his sides, and snored night and day!
To stir him from his trance it was not eath,
And his half-open'd eye he shut straightway:
He led, I wot, the softest way to death,
And taught withouten pain and strife to yield
the breath.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unsound,
Soft-swoln and pale, here lay the Hydropy:
Unwieldy man! with belly monstrous round,
For ever fed with watery supply;
For still he drank, and yet he still was dry.
And moping here did Hypochondria sit,
Mother of spleen, in robes of various dye,
Who vexed was full oft with ugly fit,
And some her frantic deem'd, and some her
deem'd a wit.

A lady proud she was, of ancient blood,
Yet oft her fear her pride made crouchen low:
She felt, or fancied in her fluttering mood,
All the diseases which the spittals know,
And sought all physic which the shops bestow,
And still new leeches and new drugs would try,
Her humor ever wavering to and fro:
For sometimes she would laugh, and some-
times cry, [not why.
Then sudden waxed wroth; and all she knew

Fast by her side a listless maiden pin'd,
With aching head, and squeamish heart-burn-
ings; [kind,
Pale, bloated, cold, she seem'd to hate man-
Yet lov'd in secret all forbidden things.
And here the Tertian shakes his chilling
wings, [cocks,
The sleepless gout here counts the crowing

A wolf now gnaws him, now a serpent stings;
Whilst Apoplexy cramm'd intemperance
knocks [ox.
Down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth

CANTO II.

The Knight of Arts and Industry,
And his achievements fair;
That by this castle's overthrow,
Secur'd and crowned were.

ESCAP'D the castle of the sire of sin,
Ah! where shall I so sweet a dwelling find?
For all around, without, and all within,
Nothing save what delightful was and kind,
Of goodness savoring and a tender mind,
E'er rose to view. But now another strain,
Of doleful note, alas! remains behind;
I now must sing of pleasure turn'd to pain,
And of the false inchanter Indolence complain.

Is there no patron to protect the Muse,
And fence for her Parnassus' barren soil?
To every labor its reward accrues, [moil;
And they are sure of bread who swink and
But a fell tribe the Aonian hive despoil,
As ruthless wasps oft rob the painful bee.
Thus while the laws not guard that noblest
Ne for the Muses other meed decree, [toil,
They praised are alone, and starve right merrily.

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:
You cannot rob me of free nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her bright'ning
face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at
eve:
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the *great children* leave:
Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave.

Come then, my Muse, and raise a bolder song;
Come, lig no more upon the bed of sloth,
Dragging the lazy languid line along,
Fond to begin, but still to finish loth;
Thy half-writ scrolls all eaten by the moth:
Arise, and sing that generous imp of fame,
Who with the sons of softness nobly wroth,
To sweep away this human lumber came,
Or in a chosen few to rouse the slumbering
flame.

In Fairy-land there liv'd a knight of old,
Of features stern, Selvagio yclep'd;
A rough unpolish'd man, robust and bold,
But wondrous poor: he neither sow'd nor
reap'd,
Ne stores in summer for cold winter heap'd;
In hunting all his days away he wore;
Now scorched by June, now in November
steep'd,
Now pinch'd by biting January sore, [boar.
He still in woods pursu'd the libbard and the

As he one morning, long before the dawn,
 Prick'd thro' the forest to dislodge his prey,
 Deep in the winding bosom of a lawn, [ray,
 With wood wild-fringed, he mark'd a taper's
 That from the beating rain, and wintry fray,
 Did to a lonely cot his steps decoy;
 There, up to earn the needments of the day,
 He found dame Poverty, nor fair nor coy:
 Her he compress'd, and fill'd her with a lusty
 boy.

Amid the green-wood shade this boy was bred,
 And grew at last a knight of muchel fame,
 Of active mind and vigorous lustyhed,
 The Knight of Arts and Industry by name.
 Earth was his bed, the boughs his roof did
 frame;
 He knew no beverage but the flowing stream;
 His tasteful well-earn'd food the sylvan game,
 Or the brown fruit with which the woodlands
 teem; [breme.
 The same to him glad summer, or the winter

So pass'd his youthly morning, void of care,
 Wild as the colts that thro' the commons run:
 For him no tender parents troubled were,
 He of the forest seem'd to be the son;
 And certes had been utterly undone,
 But that Minerva pity of him took,
 With all the gods that love the rural wonne,
 That teach to tame the soil and rule the
 crook;
 Ne did the sacred Nine disdain a gentle look.

Of fertile genius him they nurtur'd well,
 In ev'ry science, and in ev'ry art, [excel,
 By which mankind the thoughtless brutes
 That can or use, or joy, or grace impart,
 Disclosing all the powers of head and heart:
 Ne were the goodly exercises spar'd, [alert,
 That brace the nerves, or make the limbs
 And mix elastic force with firmness hard:
 Was never knight on ground mote be with him
 compar'd.

Sometimes, with early morn, he mounted gay
 The hunter-steed, exulting o'er the dale,
 And drew the roseate breath of orient day!
 Sometimes retiring to the secret vale,
 Yelad in steel and bright with burnish'd
 mail, [spear,
 He strain'd the bow, or toss'd the sounding
 Or darting on the goal outstripp'd the gale,
 Or wheel'd the chariot in its mid career,
 Or strenuous wrestled hard with many a tough
 compeer.

At other times he pried through nature's store,
 Whate'er she in th' ethereal round contains,
 Whate'er she hides beneath her verdant floor,
 The vegetable and the mineral reigns;
 Or else he scann'd the globe, those small do-
 mains,
 Where restless mortals such a turmoil keep,

Its seas, its floods, its mountains, and its
 plains, [from sleep
 But more he search'd the mind, and rous'd
 Those moral seeds whence we heroic actions
 reap.

Nor would he scorn to stoop from high pur-
 suits [taught.
 Of heavenly truth, and practise what she
 Vain is the tree of knowledge without fruits.
 Sometimes in hand the spade or plough he
 caught, [fraught;
 Forth-calling all with which boon earth is
 Sometimes he plied the strong mechanic tool;
 Or rear'd the fabric from the finest draught;
 And oft he put himself to Neptune's school,
 Fighting with winds and waves on the vex'd
 ocean pool.

To solace then these rougher toils, he tried
 To touch the kindling canvas into life;
 With nature his creating pencil vied,
 With nature jeyous at the mimic strife;
 Or, to such shapes as grac'd Pygmalion's wife
 He hew'd the marble; or with varied fire,
 He rous'd the trumpet and the martial fife,
 Or bade the lute sweet tenderness inspire;
 Or verses fram'd that well might wake Apollo's
 lyre.

Accomplish'd thus he from the woods issued,
 Full of great aims, and bent on bold emprise;
 The work which long he in his breast had
 brew'd,
 Now to perform he ardent did devise;
 To wit, a barbarous world to civilize.
 Earth was till then a boundless forest wild;
 Nought to be seen but savage wood and skies;
 No cities nourish'd arts, no culture smil'd,
 No government, no laws, no gentle manners
 mild.

A rugged wight, the worst of brutes was man:
 On his own wretched kind he ruthless prey'd:
 The strongest still the weakest over-ran;
 In ev'ry country mighty robbers sway'd,
 And guile and ruffian force were all their trade.
 Life was a scene of rapine, want, and woe;
 Which this brave knight, in noble anger,
 made [throw,
 To swear, he would the rascal rout o'er-
 For, by the pow'rs divine, it should no more
 be so!

It would exceed the purport of my song,
 To say how this *best sun* from orient climes
 Came beaming life and beauty all along,
 Before him chasing indolence and crimes.
 Still as he pass'd, the nations he sublimed,
 And calls forth arts and virtues with his ray;
 Then Egypt, Greece, and Rome their golden
 times
 Successive, had; but now in ruins grey
 They lie, to slavish sloth and tyranny a prey.

To crown his toils, Sir Industry then spread
The swelling sail, and made for Britain's coast.
A sylvan life till then the natives led. [lost;
In the brown shades and greenwood forest
All careless rambling where it lik'd them
most:

Their wealth the wild deer bouncing through
the glade: [cost;

They lodg'd at large, and liv'd at nature's
Save spear and bow, withouten other aid;
Yet not the Roman steel their naked breast dis-
may'd.

He lik'd the soil, he lik'd the clement skies,
He lik'd the verdant hills and flow'ry plains.
Be this my great, my chosen isle (he cries);
This, whilst my labors Liberty sustains,
This queen of ocean all assault disdains.
Nor lik'd he less the genius of the land,
To freedom apt and persevering pains:
Mild to obey, and gen'rous to command,
Temper'd by forming heaven with kindest,
firmest hand.

Here, by degrees, his master-work arose,
Whatever arts and industry can frame;
Whatever finish'd agriculture knows,
Fair queen of arts! from heaven itself who
came,
When Eden flourish'd in unspotted fame.
And still with her sweet innocence we find,
And tender peace, and joys without a name,
That, while they ravish, tranquillize the mind,
Nature and art at once, delight and use com-
bin'd.

Then towns he quicken'd by mechanic arts,
And bade the fervent city glow with toil;
Bade social commerce raise renowned marts,
Join land to land, and marry soil to soil,
Unite the poles, and without bloody spoil
Bring home of either Ind the gorgeous stores;
Or, should despotic rage the world embroil,
Bade tyrants tremble on remotest shores;
While o'er th' encircling deep Britannia's thun-
der roars.

The drooping Muses then he westward call'd,
From the fam'd city * by Propontic sea,
What time the Turk the enfeebled Grecian
thrall'd; [free,
Thence from their cloister'd walks he set them
And brought them to another Castalie,
Where Isis many a famous noursling breeds;
Or where old Cam soft paces o'er the lea
In pensive mood, and tunes his Doric reeds,
The whilst his flocks at large the lonely shep-
herd feeds.

Yet the fine arts were what he finish'd least.
For why? they are the quintessence of all;
The growth of laboring time, and slow en-
crease;

Unless, as seldom chances, it should fall,

That mighty patrons the coy sisters call
Up to the sunshine of uncumber'd ease,
Where no rude care the mounting thought
may thrall,

And where they nothing have to do but please:
Ah! gracious God! thou know'st they ask no
other fees.

But now, alas! we live too late in time:
Our patrons now even grudge that little claim,
Except to such as sleek the soothing rhyme;
And yet, forsooth, they wear Mæcenas' name:
Poor sons of puffed-up vanity, not fame,
Unbroken spirits cheer! still, still remains
The eternal patron, Liberty; whose flame,
While she protects, inspires the noblest strains:
The best, and sweetest far, are toil-created gains.

When as the knight had fram'd in Britain-
land
A matchless form of glorious government,
In which the sov'reign laws alone command,
Laws 'stablish'd by the public free consent,
Whose majesty is to the sceptre lent:
When this great plan, with each dependent
art,

Was settled firm, and to his heart's content,
Then sought he from the toilsome scene to part,
And let life's vacant eve breathe quiet through
the heart.

For this he chose a farm in Deva's vale,
Where his long alleys peep'd upon the main;
In this calm seat he drew the healthful gale,
Here mix'd the chief, the patriot, and the
swain.

The happy monarch of his sylvan train,
Here, sided by the guardians of the fold,
He walk'd his rounds, and cheer'd his blest
domain:

His days, the days of unstain'd nature, roll'd,
Replete with peace and joy, like patriarchs' of
old.

Witness, ye lowing herds, who gave him milk;
Witness, ye flocks, whose woolly vestments far
Exceed soft India's cotton or her silk; [car,
Witness, with autumn charg'd, the nodding
That homeward came beneath sweet even-
ing's star;

Or of September moons the radiance mild.

O hide thy head, abominable war!

Of crimes and ruffian idleness the child!

From heaven this life ysprung, from hell thy
glories wild!

Nor from his deep retirement banish'd was
The musing care of rural industry.
Still as with grateful change the seasons pass,
New scenes arise, new landscapes strike the
eye,

And all the enliven'd country beautify:

Gay plains extend where marshes slept before;

* Constantinople.

O'er recent meads the exulting streamlets fly;
Dark frowning heaths grow bright with Ceres'
store,
And woods embrown the steep, or wave along
the shore.

As nearer to his farm you made approach,
He polish'd nature with a finer hand:
Yet on her beauties dust not art encroach;
'Tis art's alone these beauties to expand
In graceful dance immingled, o'er the land,
Pan, Pales, Flora, and Pomona play'd:
Here too, brisk gales the rude wild common
fann'd,
An happy place: where free and unafraid,
Amid the flow'ring brakes each cower creature
stray'd.

But in prime vigor what can last for ay?
That soul-enfeebling wizard Indolence,
I whilom sung, wrought in his works decay:
Spread far and wide was his curs'd influ-
ence;
Of public virtue much he dull'd the sense,
Even much of private; ate our spirit out,
And fed our rank luxurious vices; whence
The land was overlaid with many a lout;
Not, as old fame reports, wise, gen'rous, bold,
and stout.

A rage of pleasure madden'd ev'ry breast,
Down to the lowest lees the ferment ran:
To his licentious wish each must be bless'd,
With joy be fever'd; snatch it as he can.
Thus vice the standard rear'd; her arrier-ban
Corruption call'd, and loud she gave the word,
"Mind, mind yourselves! why should the
"vulgar man,
"The lacquey be more virtuous than his lord?
"Enjoy this span of life! 'tis all the gods af-
ford."

The tidings reach'd to where, in quiet hall,
The good old knight enjoy'd well-earn'd re-
pose.
"Come, come, Sir Knight! thy children on
"thee call;
"Come, save us yet, ere ruin round us close;
"The demon Indolence thy toil o'erthrows."
On this the noble color stain'd his cheeks,
Indignant, glowing through the whitening
snows
Of venerable eld; his eye full speaks
His ardent soul, and from his couch at once he
breaks.

I will (he cried) so help me, God! destroy
That villain Archimage. — His page then
straight
He to him call'd, a fiery-footed boy
Benempt Dispatch. "My steed be at the gate,
"My bard attend; quick, bring the net of
Fate."
This net was twisted by the sisters three;

Which when once cast o'er harden'd wretch,
too late
Repentance comes; replevy cannot be
From the strong iron grasp of vengeful destiny.

He came, the bard, a little druid wight,
Of wither'd aspect; but his eye was keen,
With sweetness mix'd. In russet brown be-
As is his sister * in the copses green, [dight,
He crept along, unpromising of mien.
Gross he who judges so. His soul was fair,
Bright as the children of yon azure sheen.
True comeliness, which nothing can impair,
Dwells in the mind: all else is vanity and glare.

Come (quoth the knight), a voice has reach'd
mine ear:
The demon Indolence threatens overthrow
To all that to mankind is good and dear:
Come, Philomelus; let us instant go,
O'erturn his bow'rs, and lay his castle low.
Those men, those wretched men, who will
be slaves,
Must drink a bitter wrathful cup of woe:
But some there be, thy song, as from their
graves,
Shall raise. Thrice happy he! who without
rigor saves.

Issuing forth, the knight bestrode his steed
Of ardent bay, and on whose front a star
Shone blazing bright: sprung from the gene-
rous breed
That whirl of active day the rapid car;
He pranc'd along, disdaining gate or bar.
Mean time, the bard on milk-white palfrey
rode;
An honest sober beast, that did not mar
His meditations, but full softly trode:
And much they moralized as thus yfere they
yode.

They talk'd of virtue, and of human bliss;
What else so fit for man to settle well?
And still their long researches met in this,
This truth of truths, which nothing can refel:
"From virtue's fount the purest joys out-well,
"Sweet rills of thought that cheer the con-
scious soul;
"While vice pours forth the troubled streams
of hell, [dole
"The which, howe'er disguis'd, at last with
"Will through the tortur'd breast their fiery
"torrent roll."

At length it dawn'd, that fatal valley gay,
O'er which high wood-crown'd hills their
summits rear.
On the cool height awhile our palmers stay,
And spite even of themselves their senses
cheer; [steer.
Then to the wizard's wonne their steps they
Like a green isle, it broad beneath them
spread,

* The Nightingale.

With gardens round, and wandering currents
clear,
And tufted groves to shed the meadow bed,
Sweet airs and song: and without hurry all
seem'd glad.

"As God shall judge me, knight, we must
forgive
(The half-enraptur'd Philomelus cried)
"The frail good man deluded here to live,
"And in these groves his musing fancy hide.
"Ah! nought is pure. I cannot be denied,
"That virtue still some tincture has of vice,
"And vice of virtue. What should then be-
tide,
"But that our charity be not too nice?
"Come, let us those we can to real bliss entice.
"Ay, sicker (quoth the knight) all flesh is frail,
"To pleasant sin and joyous dalliance bent;
"But let not brutish vice of this avail,
"And think to 'scape deserved punishment.
"Justice were cruel weakly to relent;
"From mercy's self she got the sacred glaive:
"Grace be to those who will, and can repent:
"But penance long, and dreary to the slave,
"Who must in floods of fire his gross foul spirit
"lave."

Thus, holding high discourse, they came to
where
The cursed carle was at his wonted trade,
Still tempting heedless men into his snare,
In witching wise, as I before have said.
But when he saw, in goodly gear array'd,
The grave majestic knight approaching nigh,
And by his side the bard so sage and staid,
His count'nance fell; yet oft his anxious eye
Mark'd them, like wily fox who roosted cock
doth spy.

Nathless, with feign'd respect, he bade give
back [kind;
The rabble-rout, and welcom'd them full
Struck with the noble twain, they were not
His orders to obey, and fall behind. [slack
Then he resum'd his song; and unconfin'd
Pour'd all his music, ran through all his
strings:
With magic dust their eyne he tries to blind,
And virtue's tender airs o'er nature flings.
What pity base his song who so divinely sings!

Elate in thought, he counted them his own,
They listen'd so intent with fix'd delight:
But they instead, as if transmew'd to stone,
Marvel'd he could with such sweet art unite
The lights and shades of manners, wrong and
right.
Meantime, the silly crowd the charm devour,
Wide pressing to the gate. Swift on the knight
He darted fierce, to drag him to his bower,
Who back'ning shunn'd his touch, for well he
knew its power.

As in throng'd amphitheatre of old,
The wary Retiarius * trapp'd his foe;
E'en so the knight, returning on him bold,
At once involv'd him in the net of woe,
Whereof I mention made not long ago.
Enrag'd at first, he scorn'd so weak a jail,
And leap'd, and flew, and flounced to and fro;
But when he found that nothing could avail,
He sat him felly down, and gnaw'd his bitter
nail.

Alarm'd, the inferior demons of the place
Rais'd rueful shrieks and hideous yells around;
Black stormy clouds deform'd the welkin's
face,
And from beneath was heard a wailing sound,
As of infernal sprites in cavern bound;
A solemn madness ev'ry creature strook,
And lightnings flash'd, and horror rock'd the
ground;
Huge crowds on crowds out-pour'd with ble-
mish'd look,
As if on time's last verge this frame of things
had shook.

Soon as the short-liv'd tempest was yspent,
Steam'd from the jaws of vex'd Avernus' hole,
And hush'd the hubbub of the rabblement,
Sir Industry the first calm moment stole:
"There must, (he cried,) amid so vast a
shoal
"Be some who are not tainted at the heart,
"Not poison'd quite by this same villain's
bowl: [part:
"Come then, my bard, thy heavenly fire im-
Touch soul with soul, till forth the latent
spirit start."

The bard obey'd; and taking from his side,
Where it in seemly sort depending hung,
His British harp, its speaking strings he tried,
The which with skilful touch he deftly
strung,
Till tinkling in clear symphony they rung.
Then, as he felt the Muses come along,
Light o'r the chords his raptur'd hand he
flung,
And play'd a prelude to his rising song:
The whilst, like midnight mute, ten thousands
round him throng.

Thus ardent burst his strain—
"Ye hapless race,
"Dire-laboring here to smother reason's ray,
"That lights our Maker's image in our face,
"And gives us wide o'er earth unquestion'd
sway;
"What is the ador'd Supreme Perfection, say?
"What, but eternal never-resting soul,
"Almighty power, and all-directing day;
"By whom each atom stirs, the planets roll;
"Who fills, surrounds, informs, and agitates
"the whole!

* A Gladiator, who made use of a net, which he threw over his adversary.

"Come, to the beaming God your hearts
 "unfold!
 "Draw from its fountain life! 'Tis hence
 "We can excel. Up from unfeeling mold,
 "To seraphs burning round the Almighty's
 "throne,
 "Life rising still on life, in higher tone,
 "Perfection forms, and with perfection bliss.
 "In universal nature this clear shown,
 "Not needeth proof: to prove it were, I wis,
 "To prove the beauteous world excels the
 "brute abyss.

"Is not the field, with lively culture green,
 "A joyous sight more than the green morass?
 "Do not the skies, with active ether clean,
 "And fann'd by sprightly zephyrs, far sur-
 "pass
 "The foul November fogs, and slumb'rous
 "With which sad Nature veils her drooping
 "face?
 "Does not the mountain-stream, as clear as
 "glass,
 "Gay dancing on, the putrid pool disgrace?
 "The same in all holds true, but chief in hu-
 "man race.

"It was not by vile loitering in ease [art,
 "That Greece obtain'd the brighter palm of
 "That soft yet ardent Athens learn'd to
 "please,
 "To keen the wit, and to sublime the heart,
 "In all supreme! complete in every part!
 "It was not thence majestic Rome arose,
 "And o'er the nations shook her conquering
 "dart:
 "For sluggard's brow the laurel never grows;
 "Renown is not the child of indolent repose.

"Had unambitious mortals minded nought,
 "But in loose joy their time to wear away,
 "Had they alone the lap of dalliance sought,
 "Pleas'd on her pillow their dull heads to lay,
 "Rude nature's state had been our state to-
 "day;
 "No cities e'er their tow'ry fronts had rais'd,
 "No arts had made us opulent and gay:
 "With brother brutes the human race had
 "graz'd;
 "None e'er had soar'd to fame, none honor'd
 "been, none prais'd.

"Great Homer's song had never fir'd the breast
 "To thirst of glory and heroic deeds;
 "Sweet Maro's Muse, sunk in inglorious rest,
 "Had silent slept amid the Mincian reeds:
 "The wits of modern time had told their
 "beads,
 "And monkish legends been their only
 "strains:
 "Our Milton's Eden had laid wrapt in weeds,
 "Our Shakspeare stroll'd and laugh'd with
 "Warwick swains; [la's plains.
 "Ne had my master Spenser charm'd his Mul-

"Dumb too had been the sage historic Muse,
 "And perish'd all the sons of ancient fame;
 "Those starry lights of virtue, that diffuse
 "Through the dark depth of time their vivid
 "flame,
 "Had all been lost with such as have no name.
 "Who then had scorn'd his ease for others'
 "good?
 "Who then had toil'd rapacious men to tame?
 "Who in the public breach devoted stood,
 "And for his country's cause been prodigal of
 "blood?

"But should to fame your hearts unfeeling be,
 "If right I read, you pleasure all require:
 "Then hear how best may be obtain'd this
 "fee,
 "How best enjoy'd this nature's wide desire.
 "Toil, and be glad! let industry inspire
 "Into your quicken'd limbs her buoyant
 "breath!
 "Who does not act is dead: absorpt entire
 "In miry sloth, no pride, no joy he hath;
 "O leaden-hearted men, to be in love with
 "death!

"Ah! what avail the largest gifts of Heaven
 "When drooping health and spirits go amiss?
 "How tasteless then whatever can be given!
 "Health is the vital principle of bliss,
 "And exercise of health. In proof of this,
 "Behold the wretch, who slugs his life away,
 "Soon swallow'd in disease's sad abyss;
 "While he whom toil has brac'd, or manly
 "play,
 "Has light as air each limb, each thought as
 "clear as day.

"O who can speak the vigorous joys of health?
 "Unclogg'd the body, unobscur'd the mind;
 "The morning rises gay; with pleasing stealth,
 "The temperate evening falls serene and
 "kind: [find.
 "In health the wiser brutes true gladness
 "See! how the younglings frisk along the
 "meads,
 "As May comes on, and wakes the balmy
 "wind;
 "Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds;
 "Yet what but high-strung health this dancing
 "pleasance breeds?

"But here, instead, is fostered every ill,
 "Which or distemper'd minds or bodies know.
 "Come then, my kindred spirits! do not spill
 "Your talents here. This place is but a show.
 "Whose charms delude you to the den of
 "woe:
 "Come, follow me, I will direct you right,
 "Where pleasure's roses void of serpents
 "grow, [knight,
 "Sincere as sweet; come, follow this good
 "And you will bless the day that brought him
 "to your sight,

"Some he will lead to courts, and some to
 "camps;
 "To senates some, and public sage debates,
 "Where, by the solemn gleam of midnight
 "lamps, [states:
 "The world is pois'd, and manag'd mighty
 "To high discovery some, that new-creates
 "The face of earth; some to the thriving
 "mart:
 "Some to the rural reign, and softer fates;
 "To the sweet Muses some, who raise the
 "heart:
 "All glory shall be yours, all nature and all art.
 "There are, I see, who listen to my lay,
 "Who wretched sigh for virtue, but despair.
 "All may be done, (methinks I hear them
 say) [fair:
 "Even death despis'd by generous actions
 "All, but for those who to these bowers re-
 "Their very power dissolv'd in luxury, [pair,
 "To quit of torpid sluggishness the lair,
 "And from the powerful arms of sloth get
 "free, [be:
 "Tis rising from the dead—Alas!—It cannot
 "Would you then learn to dissipate the band
 "Of these huge threatening difficulties dire,
 "That in the weak man's way like lions
 "stand,
 "His soul appal, and damp his rising fire?
 "Resolve, resolve, and to be men aspire.
 "Exert that noblest privilege, alone
 "Here to mankind indulg'd: control desire:
 "Let godlike Reason, from her sovereign
 "throne, [it is done.
 "Speak the commanding word—I will—and
 "Heavens! can you then thus waste, in
 "shameful wise,
 "Your few important days of trial here?
 "Heirs of eternity! yborn to rise [near
 "Through endless states of being, still more
 "To bliss approaching, and perfection clear;
 "Can you renounce a fortune so sublime,
 "Such glorious hopes, your backward steps
 "to steer, [and slime?
 "And roll, with vilest brutes, through mud
 "No! no!—Your heaven-touch'd hearts dis-
 "dain the sordid crime!"
 "Enough! enough!" they cry'd—straight
 from the crowd
 The better sort on wings of transport fly,
 As when amid the lifeless summits proud
 Of Alpine cliffs, where to the gelid sky
 Snows pil'd on snows in wintry torpor lie,
 The rays divine of vernal Phœbus play;
 Th' awaken'd heaps, in streamlets from on
 Rous'd into action, lively leap away [high,
 Glad-warbling through the vales, in their new
 being gay.

Not less the life, the vivid joy serene,
 That lighted up these new-created men,
 Than that which wings th' exalted spirit clean,
 When, just deliver'd from this fleshly den,

It soaring seeks its native skies agen: [pow'rs,
 How light its essence! how unclogg'd its
 Beyond the blazon of my mortal pen!
 Even so we glad forsook these sinful bowers,
 Even such euraipur'd life, such energy was ours.

But far the greater part, with rage inflam'd,
 Dire mutter'd, curses, and blasphem'd high
 Jove:

"Ye sons of hate! (they bitterly exclaim'd)
 "What brought you to this seat of peace
 "and love? [grove,
 "While with kind nature, here amid the
 "We pass'd the harmless sabbath of our time,
 "What to disturb it could, fell men, emove
 "Your barbarous hearts? Is happiness a
 "crime? [sublime."
 "Then do the fiends of hell rule in yon heaven

"Ye impious wretches, (quothe the knight
 in wrath,) [a wand
 "Your happiness behold!"—Then straight
 He wav'd, an anti-magic power that hath,
 Truth from illusive falsehood to command.
 Sudden, the landscape sinks on ev'ry hand;
 The pure quick streams are marshy puddles
 found; [stand;
 On baleful heaths the groves all blacken'd
 And o'er the weedy, foul, abhorred ground,
 Snakes, adders, toads, each loathsome creature
 crawls around.

And here and there, on trees by lightning
 scath'd,
 Unhappy wights who loathed life yhung:
 Or, in fresh gore and recent murder bath'd,
 They weltring lay; or else infuriate flung
 Into the gloomy flood, while ravens sung
 The funeral dirge, they down the torrent
 rowl'd:
 These by distemper'd blood to madness stung,
 Had doom'd themselves; whence oft, when
 night controll'd [howl'd.
 The world, returning hither their sad spirits

Meantime a moving scene was open laid;
 That lazar house, I whilom in my lay
 Depainted have, its horrors deep display'd,
 And gave unnumber'd wretches to the day,
 Who tossing there in squalid misery lay.
 Soon as of sacred light the unwonted smile
 Pour'd on these living catacombs its ray,
 Through the drear caverns stretching many
 a mile, [woes awhile,
 The sick uprais'd their heads, and dropp'd their

"O heaven! (they cried) and do we once
 "more see
 "Yon blessed sun and this green earth so fair?
 "Are we from noisome damps of pest-house
 "free?
 "And drink our souls the sweet ethereal air?
 "O thou! or Knight! or God! who holdest
 "there
 "That fiend, oh keep him in eternal chains!

"But what for us, the children of despair,
 "Brought to the brink of hell, what hope
 "remains? [pains."
 "Repentance does itself but aggravate our
 The gentle knight, who saw their rueful case,
 Let fall adown his silver beard some tears.
 "Certes (quoth he) it is not even in grace
 "T' undo the past and eke your broken years:
 "Nathless, to nobler worlds Repentance
 "rears,
 "With humble hope, her eye; to her is given
 "A pow'r the truly contrite heart that cheers;
 "She quells the brand by which the rocks
 "are riven; [Heaven.
 "She more than merely softens, she rejoices

"Then patient bear the sufferings you have
 "earn'd,
 "And by these sufferings purify the mind;
 "Let wisdom be by past misconduct learn'd;
 "Or pious die, with penitence resign'd;
 "And to a life more happy and refin'd,
 "Doubt not, you shall new creatures yet arise.
 "Till then you may expect in me to find
 "One who will wipe your sorrow from your
 "eyes; [you to the skies."
 "One who will soothe your pangs, and wing

They silent heard, and pour'd their thanks in
 tears. [tone)
 "For you (resum'd the knight with sterner
 "Whose hard dry hearts th' obdurate demon
 "sears, [groan;
 "That villain's gifts will cost you many a
 "In dolorous mansion long you must bemoan
 "His fatal charms, and weep your stains
 "away;
 "Till soft and pure as infant goodness grown,
 "You feel a perfect change: then, who can
 "say, [eternal day?"
 "What grace may yet shine forth in heaven's

This said, his pow'ful wand he wav'd anew;
 Instant a glorious angel-train descends,
 The Charities, to wit, of rosy hue;
 Sweet love their looks a gentle radiance lends;
 And with seraphic flame compassion blends.
 At once, delighted, to their charge they fly:
 When, lo! a goodly hospital ascends;
 In which they bade each lenient aid be nigh,
 That could the sick-bed smoothe of that sad
 company.

It was a worthy edifying sight,
 And gives to human kind peculiar grace,
 To see kind hands attending day and night,
 With tender ministry, from place to place.
 Some prop the head; some from the pallid
 face [sheds:
 Wipe off the faint cold dews weak nature
 Some reach the healing draught: the whilst,
 to chase
 The fear supreme around their soften'd beds,
 Some holy man by prayer all op'ning heaven
 dispreeds,

Attended by a glad acclaiming train,
 Of those he rescued had from gaping hell,
 Then turn'd the knight, and to his hall again
 Soft-pacing, sought of Peace her mossy cell:
 Yet down his cheeks the gems of pity fell,
 To see the helpless wretches that remain'd,
 There left through delves and deserts dire to
 yell; [stain'd,
 Amaz'd, their looks with pale dismay were
 And spreading wide their hands they meek re-
 pentance feign'd.

But, ah! their scorn'd day of grace was past:
 For (horrible to tell!) a desert wild [vast;
 Before them stretch'd, bare, comfortless, and
 With gibbets, bones, and carcasses defil'd.
 There nor trim field, nor lively culture smil'd;
 Nor waving shade was seen, nor fountain fair;
 But sands abrupt on sands lay loosely pil'd,
 Through which they floundering toil'd with
 painful care,
 Whilst Phœbus smote them sore, and fir'd the
 cloudless air.

Then, varying to a joyless land of bogs,
 The sadden'd country a grey waste appear'd;
 Where nought but putrid streams and noisome
 For ever hung on drizzly Auster's beard; [fogs
 Or else the ground by piercing Caurus sear'd,
 Was jagg'd with frost, or heap'd with glazed
 snow: [steer'd,
 Through these extremes a ceaseless round they
 By cruel fiends still hurried to and fro,
 Gaunt Beggary, and Scorn, with many hell-
 hounds moe.

The first was with base dunhill rags yclad,
 Tainting the gale, in which they flutter'd
 light;
 Of morbid hue his features, sunk and sad;
 His hollow eyne shook forth a sickly light:
 And o'er his lank jaw-bone, in piteous plight,
 His black rough beard was matted, rank, and
 vile;
 Direful to see! and heart-appalling sight!
 Meantime foul scurf and blotches him defile;
 And dogs, where'er he went, still barked all the
 while.

The other was a fell despiteful fiend:
 Hell holds none worse in baleful bow'r below:
 By pride, and wit, and rage, and rancour
 Of man alike if good or bad, the foe: [keen'd;
 With nose up-turn'd, he always made a show
 As if he smelt some nauseous scent; his eye
 Was cold and keen, like blasts from boreal
 snow;

And taunts he casten forth most bitterly: [fry.
 Such were the twain that off drove this ungodly

Even so through Brentford town, a town of
 A herd of bristly swine is prick'd along; [mud,
 The filthy beasts, that never chew the cud,
 Still grunt and squeak, and sing their trou-
 blous song; [among:
 And oft they plunge themselves the mire
 But ay the ruthless driver goads them on,

And ay of barking dogs the bitter throng
Makes them renew their unmelodious moan;
Ne ever find they rest from their unresting fone.

§ 41. *The Triumph of Isis, occasioned by Isis:
an Elegy.* T. WARTON.

Quid mihi nescio quam proprio cum Tybride
Romam
Semper in ore geris? Referunt si vera parentes,
Hanc urbem insano nullus qui Marte petivit,
Lætatus violâsse redit. Nec Numina Sedem
Destituent.— CLAUDIAN.

ON closing flow'rs when genial gales diffuse
The fragrant tribute of refreshing dews;
When chants the milk-maid at her balmy pail,
And weary reapers whistle o'er the vale;
Charm'd by the murmurs of the quivering shade,
O'er Isis' willow-fringed banks I stray'd:
And calmly musing through the twilight way,
In pensive mood I fram'd the Doric lay.
When lo! from op'ning clouds a golden gleam
Pour'd sudden splendors o'er the shadowy
stream;

And from the wave arose its guardian queen,
Known by her sweeping stole of glossy green,
While in the coral crown that bound her brow,
Was wove the Delphic laurel's verdant bough.

As the smooth surface of the dimply flood
The silver-slipper'd virgin lightly trod,
From her loose hair the dropping dew she press'd,
And thus mine ear in accents mild address'd:

No more, my son, the rural reed employ,
Nor trill the tinkling strain of empty joy;
No more thy love-resounding sonnets suit
To notes of past'ral pipe or oaten flute.
For hark! high-thron'd on yon majestic walls,
To the dear Muse afflicted Freedom calls:
When freedom calls, and Oxford bids thee sing,
Why stays thy hand to strike the sounding
string?

While thus, in Freedom's and in Phœbus' spite,
The venal sons of slavish Cam unite;
To shake yon towers when malice rears her crest,
Shall all my sons in silence idly rest?

Still sing, O Cam, your fav'rite freedom's
cause,

Still boast of freedom, while you break her laws;
To Pow'r your songs of gratulation pay,
To Courts address soft flattery's servile lay.
What though your gentle Mason's plaintive verse
Has hung with sweetest wreaths Museus' herse:
What though your vaunted bard's ingenuous woe,
Soft as my stream, in tuneful numbers flow;
Yet strove his Muse, by fame or envy led,
To tear the laurels from a sister's head?—
Misguided youth! with rude unclassic rage
To blot the beauties of thy whiter page;
A rage that sullies e'en thy guiltless lays,
And blasts the vernal bloom of half thy bays.

Let *** boast the patrons of her name,
Each splendid fool of fortune and of fame:
Still of preferment let her shine the queen,
Prolific parent of each bowing dean:

Be hers each prelate of the pamper'd cheek,
Each courtly-chaplain, sanctify'd and sleek:
Still let the drones of her exhaustless hive
On rich pluralities supinely thrive:
Still let her senates titled slaves revere,
Nor dare to know the patriot from the peer;
No longer charm'd by virtue's lofty song,
Once heard sage Milton's manly tones among,
Where Cam, meand'ring through the matted
reeds,

With loit'ring wave his groves of laurel feeds.
'Tis ours, my son, to deal the sacred bay,
Where honor calls and justice points the way;
To wear the well-earn'd wreath that merit
brings,

And snatch a gift beyond the reach of kings.
Scorning and scorn'd by courts, yon Muse's
bow'r

Still nor enjoys nor seeks the smile of pow'r.
Though wakeful vengeance watch my crystal
spring,

Though persecution wave her iron wing,
And o'er yon spiry temples as she flies,
"Those destin'd seats be mine," exulting cries;
Fortune's fair smiles on Isis still attend:
And, as the dews of gracious heaven descend
Unask'd, unseen, in still but copious show'rs,
Her stores on me spontaneous bounty pours.
See, Science walks with recent chaplets crown'd,
With Fancy's strain my fairy shades resound;
My Muse divine still keeps her custom'd state,
The mien erect, and high majestic gait:
Green as of old each oliv'd portal smiles,
And still the Graces build my Grecian piles:
My Gothic spires in ancient glory rise,
And dare with wonted pride to rush into the skies.

E'en late when Radcliffe's delegated train
Auspicious shone in Isis' happy plain: [shrine,
When yon proud dome,* fair learning's amplest
Beneath its Attic roofs receiv'd the Nine;
Was rapture mute, or ceas'd the glad acclaim,
To Radcliffe due, and Isis' honor'd name?
What free-born crowds adorn'd the festive day,
Nor blush'd to wear my tributary bay!
How each brave breast with honest ardors heav'd,
When Shelton's fane the patriot band receiv'd;
While, as we loudly hail'd the chosen few,
Rome's awful senate rush'd upon the view!

O may the day in latest annals shine,
That made a Beaufort and an Harley mine;
That bade them leave the loftier scene awhile,
The pomp of guiltless state, the patriot toil,
For bleeding Albion's aid the sage design,
To hold short dalliance with the tuneful Nine!
Then Music left her silver sphere on high,
And bore each strain of triumph from the sky;
Swell'd the loud song, and to my chiefs around
Pour'd the full pæans of mellifluous sound.
My Naiads blythe the dying accents caught,
And listening danc'd beneath their pearly grot:
In gentler eddies play'd my conscious wave,
And all my reeds their softest whispers gave;

* The Radcliffe Library.

Each lay with brighter green adorn'd my bow'rs,
And breath'd a fresher fragrance on my flow'rs.

But lo! at once the pealing concerts cease,
And crowding theatres are hush'd in peace.
See, on yon stage, how all attentive stand,
To catch his parting eye, and waving hand.
Hark, he begins with all a Tully's art
To pour the dictates of a Cato's heart; [spire,
Skill'd to pronounce what noblest thoughts in-
He blends the speaker's with the patriot's fire;
Bold to conceive, nor tim'rous to conceal,
What Britons dare to think he dares to tell.
'Tis his alike the ear and eyes to charm,
To win with action, and with sense to warm.
Untaught in flow'ry periods to dispense
The lulling sound of sweet impertinence;
In frowns or smiles he gains an equal prize,
Nor meanly fears to fall, nor creeps to rise;
Bids happier days to Albion be restor'd,
Bids ancient Justice rear her radiant sword;
From me, as from my country, claims applause,
And makes an Oxford's a Britannia's cause.

While arms like these my stedfast sages wield,
While mine is Truth's impenetrable shield;
Say, shall the puny champion fondly dare
To wage with force like this scholastic war?
Still vainly scribble on with pert pretence,
With all the rage of pedant impotence?
Say, shall I foster this domestic pest,
This parricide, that wounds a mother's breast?

Thus in some gallant ship that long has bore
Britain's victorious cross from shore to shore,
By chance, beneath her close sequester'd cells
Somelov-born worm, a lurking mischief dwells;
Eats his blind way, and saps with secret guile
The deep foundations of the floating pile.
In vain the forest lent its stateliest pride,
Rear'd her tall mast, and fram'd her knotty side;
The martial thunder's rage in vain she stood,
With ev'ry conflict of the stormy flood;
More sure the reptile's little arts devour
Than wars or waves, or Eurus' wintry pow'r.

Ye fretted pinnacles, ye fanes sublime,
Ye tow'rs that wear the mossy vest of time!
Ye massy piles of old munificence,
At once the pride of learning and defence;
Ye cloisters pale, that length'ning to the sight,
To contemplation, step by step, invite; [clear
Ye high arch'd walks, where oft the whispers
Of harps unseen have swept the poet's ear;
Ye temples dim, where pious duty pays
Her holy hymns for ever echoing praise;
Lo! your lov'd Isis, from the bord'ring vale,
With all a mother's fondness bids you hail!
Hail, Oxford, hail! of all that's good and great,
Of all that's fair, the guardian and the seat;
Nurse of each brave pursuit, each gen'rous aim,
By truth exalted to the throne of fame!
Like Greece in science and in liberty,
As Athens learn'd, as Lacedemon free!

E'en now, confess'd to my adoring eyes,
In awful ranks thy gifted sons arise.
Tuning to knightly tale his British reeds,
Thy genuine bards immortal Chaucer leads:

His hoary head o'erlooks the gazing quire,
And beams on all around celestial fire.
With graceful steps see Addison advance,
The sweetest child of Attic elegance:
See Chillingworth the depths of doubt explore,
And Selden ope the rolls of ancient lore:
To all but his belov'd embrace deny'd,
See Locke lead Reason, his majestic bride:
See Hammond pierce religion's golden mine,
And spread the treasur'd stores of truth divine.

All who to Albion gave the arts of peace,
And best the labors plann'd of letter'd ease;
Who taught with truth, or with persuasion
mov'd, [prov'd,
Who sooth'd with numbers, or with sense im-
Who rang'd the power of reason, or refin'd
All that adorn'd or humaniz'd the mind;
Each priest of health, that mix'd the balmy
bowl,

To rear frail man, and stay the fleeting soul;
All crowd around, and, echoing to the sky,
Hail! Oxford, hail! with filial transport cry.

And see yon sapient train! with lib'ral aim,
'Twas theirs new plans of liberty to frame;
And on the Gothic gloom of slavish sway
To shed the dawn of intellectual day.
With mild debate each musing feature glows,
And well-weigh'd counsels mark their meaning
brows.

"Lo! these the leaders of thy patriot line,"
A Raleigh, Hampden, and a Somers shine.
These from thy source the bold contagion caught,
Their future sons the great example taught;
While in each youth th' hereditary flame
Still blazes, unextinguish'd and the same!

Nor all the tasks of thoughtful peace engage,
'Tis thine to form the hero as the sage.
I see the sable-suited prince advance [France,
With lilies crown'd, the spoils of bleeding
Edward. The Muses in yon cloister's shade
Bound on his maiden thigh the martial blade:
Bade him the steel for British freedom draw;
And Oxford taught the deeds that Cressy saw.

And see, great father of the sacred band,
The patriot king * before me seems to stand.
He, by the bloom of this gay vale beguil'd,
That cheer'd with lively green the shaggy wild,
Hither of yore, forlorn forgotten maid,
The Muse in prattling infancy convey'd;
From Vandal rage the helpless virgin bore,
And fix'd her cradle on my friendly shore:
Soon grew the maid beneath his fost'ring hand,
Soon stream'd her blessings o'er th' enlighten'd
land. [dwell

Though simple was the dome, where first to
She deign'd, and rude her early Saxon cell,
Lo! now she holds her state in sculptur'd bow'rs,
And proudly lifts to heav'n her hundred tow'rs.
'Twas Alfred first, with letters and with laws,
Adorn'd, as he advanc'd, his country's cause:
He bade relent the Briton's stubborn soul,
And sooth'd to soft society's control

* Alfred.

A rough untutor'd age. With raptur'd eye
 Elate he views his laurell'd progeny:
 Serene he smiles to find, that not in vain
 He form'd the rudiments of learning's reign:
 Himself he marks in each ingenuous breast,
 With all the founder in the race express'd;
 Conscious he sees fair Freedom still survive
 In yon bright domes, ill-fated fugitive!
 (Glorious, as when the Goddess pour'd the beam
 Unsully'd on his ancient diadem)
 Well pleas'd, that at his own Pierian springs
 She rests her weary feet, and plumes her wings;
 That here at last she takes her destin'd stand,
 Here deigns to linger ere she leave the land.

§ 42. *Inscription in a Hermitage at Ansley-Hall, in Warwickshire.* T. WARTON.

BENEATH this stony roof reclin'd,
 I soothe to peace my pensive mind:
 And while to shade my lowly cave,
 Embow'ring elms their umbrage wave;
 And while the maple dish is mine,
 The beechen cup, unstain'd with wine;
 I scorn the gay licentious crowd,
 Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.
 Within my limits lone and still,
 The blackbird pipes in artless trill;
 Fast by my couch, congenial guest,
 The wren has wove her mossy nest;
 From busy scenes and brighter skies,
 To lurk with innocence, she flies;
 Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,
 Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell.
 At morn I take my custom'd round,
 To mark how buds yon shrubby mound,
 And ev'ry op'ning primrose count
 That trimly paints my blooming mount:
 Or o'er the sculptures, quaint and rude,
 That grace my gloomy solitude,
 I teach in winding wreaths to stray,
 Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.
 At eve, within yon studious nook,
 I ope my brass-embossed book,
 Portrayed with many a holy deed
 Of martyrs, crown'd with heavenly meed.
 Then, as my taper waxes dim,
 Chant, ere I sleep, my measur'd hymn;
 And, at the close, the gleams behold
 Of parting wings bedropt with gold.
 While such pure joys my bliss create,
 Who but would smile at guilty state?
 Who but would wish his holy lot
 In calm Oblivion's humble grot?
 Who but would cast his pomp away,
 To take my staff and amice gray;
 And to the world's tumultuous stage
 Prefer the blameless hermitage?

§ 43. *Monody, written near Stratford-upon-Avon.* T. WARTON.

Avon, thy rural views, thy pastures wild,
 The willows that o'erhang thy twilight edge,

Their boughs entangling with th' embattled
 sedge;
 Thy brink with wat'ry foliage quaintly fring'd,
 Thy surface with reflected verdure ting'd,
 Soothe me with many a pensive pleasure mild.
 But while I muse, that here the bard divine
 Whose sacred dust yon high-arch'd aisles inclose,
 Where the tall windows rise in stately rows
 Above th' embow'ring shade,
 Here first, at Fancy's fairy circled shrine,
 Of daisies pied his infant off'ring made;
 Here playful yet, in stripling years unripe,
 Fram'd of thy reeds a shrill and artless pipe;
 Sudden thy beauties, Avon, all are fled,
 As at the waving of some magic wand;
 An holy trance my charmed spirit wings,
 And awful shapes of warriors and of kings
 People the busy mead,
 Like spectres swarming to the wizard's hall;
 And slowly pace, and point with trembling hand
 The wounds ill cover'd by the purple pall.
 Before me Pity seems to stand
 A weeping mourner, smote with anguish sore,
 To see Misfortune rend in frantic mood
 His robe with regal woes embroider'd o'er.
 Pale Terror leads the visionary band,
 And sternly shakes his sceptre, dropping blood.

§ 44. *Ode to Sleep.* T. WARTON.

ON this my pensive pillow, gentle Sleep!
 Descend, in all thy downy plumage drest:
 Wipe with thy wing these eyes that wake to
 weep,
 And place thy crown of poppies on my breast.
 O steep my senses in oblivion's balm, [hand;
 And soothe my throbbing pulse with lenient
 This tempest of my boiling blood becalm!
 Despair grows mild at thy supreme command.
 Yet ah! in vain, familiar with the gloom,
 And sadly toiling through the tedious night,
 I seek sweet slumber, while that virgin bloom,
 For ever hov'ring, haunts my wretched sight.
 Nor would the dawning day my sorrows charm:
 Black midnight, and the radiant noon, alike
 To me appear, while with uplifted arm
 Death stands prepar'd, but still delays to strike.

§ 45. *The Hamlet, written in Whichwood Forest.* T. WARTON.

THE hinds how blest, who ne'er beguil'd
 To quit their hamlet's hawthorn-wild,
 Nor haunt the crowd, nor tempt the main,
 For splendid care and guilty gain!

When morning's twilight tinctur'd beam
 Strikes their low thatch with slanting gleam,
 They rove abroad in ether blue,
 To dip the sithe in fragrant dew;
 The sheaf to bind, the beech to fell,
 That nodding shades a craggy dell.

'Midst gloomy glades, in warbles clear,
 Wild nature's sweetest notes they hear;

On green untrodden banks they view
 The hyacinth's neglected hue:
 In their lone haunts and woodland rounds,
 They spy the squirrel's airy bounds;
 And startle from her ashen spray,
 Across the glen, the screaming jay:
 Each native charm their steps explore
 Of solitude's sequester'd store.
 For them the moon with cloudless ray
 Mounts, to illumine their homeward way:
 Their weary spirits to relieve,
 The meadows incense breathe at eve.
 No riot mars the simple fare
 That o'er a glimm'ring hearth they share:
 But when the curfew's measur'd roar
 Duly, the dark'ning valleys o'er,
 Has echo'd from the distant town,
 They wish no beds of cygnet-down,
 No trophied canopies, to close
 Their drooping eyes in quick repose.

Their little sons, who spread the bloom
 Of health around the clay-built room,
 Or through the primros'd coppice stray,
 Or gambol in the new-mown hay;
 Or quaintly braid the cowslip-twine,
 Or drive afield the tardy kine;
 Or hasten from the sultry hill
 To loiter at the shady rill;
 Or climb the tall pine's gloomy crest
 To rob the raven's ancient nest.

Their humble porch with honey'd flow'rs
 The curling woodbine's shade embow'rs;
 From the trim garden's thymy mound
 Their bees in busy swarms resound.
 Nor fell Disease, before his time,
 Hastes to consume life's golden prime;
 But when their temples long have wore
 The silver crown of tresses hoar,
 As studious still calm peace to keep,
 Beneath a flow'ry turf they sleep.

§ 46. *Ode. The First of April.* T. WARTON.

With dalliance rude young Zephyr woo's
 Coy May. Full oft with kind excuse
 The boist'rous boy the Fair denies,
 Or with a scornful smile complies.

Mindful of disaster past,
 And shrinking at the northern blast,
 The sleety storm returning still,
 The morning hoar and ev'ning chill;
 Reluctant comes the timid Spring.
 Scarce a bee, with airy ring,
 Murmurs the blossom'd boughs around,
 That clothe the garden's southern bound:
 Scarce a sickly straggling flow'r
 Decks the rough castle's rifted tow'r:
 Scarce the hardy primrose peeps
 From the dark dell's entangled steeps:
 O'er the field of waving broom
 Slowly shoots the golden bloom:
 And, but by fits, the furze-clad dale
 Tinctures the transitory gale;

While from the shrubb'ry's naked maze,
 Where the vegetable blaze
 Of Flora's brightest 'broidery shone,
 Ev'ry chequer'd charm is flown;
 Save that the lilac hangs to view
 Its bursting gems in clusters blue.

Scant along the ridgy land
 The beans their new-born ranks expand:
 The fresh-turn'd soil with tender blades
 Thinly the sprouting barley shades:
 Fringing the forest's devious edge,
 Half-rob'd appears the hawthorn hedge;
 Or to the distant eye displays
 Weakly green its budding sprays.

The swallow, for a moment seen,
 Skims in haste the village green:
 From the gray moor, on feeble wing,
 The screaming plovers idly spring:
 The butterfly, gay-painted soon,
 Explores awhile the tepid noon,
 And fondly trusts its tender dyes
 To fickle suns and flatt'ring skies.

Fraught with a transient, frozen show'r,
 If a cloud should haply low'r,
 Sailing o'er the landscape dark,
 Mute on a sudden is the lark;
 But when gleams the sun again
 O'er the pearl-besprinkled plain,
 And from behind his wat'ry veil
 Looks through the thin-descending hail,
 She mounts, and less'ning to the sight,
 Salutes the blythe return of light,
 And high her tuneful track pursues
 Mid the dim rainbow's scatter'd hues.

Where in venerable rows
 Widely waving oaks inclose
 The moat of yonder antique hall,
 Swarm the rooks with clam'rous call;
 And, to the toils of nature true,
 Wreath their capacious nests anew.

Musing through the lawny park,
 The lonely poet loves to mark
 How various greens in faint degrees
 Tinge the tall groups of various trees:
 While, careless of the changing year,
 The pine cerulean, never sere,
 Tow'rs distinguish'd from the rest,
 And proudly vaunts her winter vest.

Within some whispering osier isle,
 Where Glym's low banks neglected smile,
 And each trim meadow still retains
 The wintry torrent's oozy stains;
 Beneath a willow long forsook,
 The fisher seeks his custom'd nook;
 And bursting through the crackling sedge
 That crowns the current's cavern'd edge,
 He startles from the bordering wood
 The bashful wild-duck's early brood.

O'er the broad downs, a novel race,
 Frisk the lambs, with faltering pace,
 And with eager bleatings fill
 The foss that skirts the beacon'd hill.

His free-born vigor yet unbroke
 To lordly man's usurping yoke,
 The bounding colt forgets to play,
 Basking beneath the noontide ray,
 And stretch'd among the daisies, pride
 Of a green dingle's sloping side :
 While far beneath, where nature spreads
 Her boundless length of level meads,
 In loose luxuriance taught to stray,
 A thousand tumbling rills inlay
 With silver veins the vale, or pass
 Redundant through the sparkling grass.

Yet in these presages rude,
 'Midst her pensive solitude,
 Fancy, with prophetic glance,
 Sees the teeming months advance ;
 The field, the forest, green and gray,
 The dappled slope, the tedded hay ;
 Sees the reddening orchard blow,
 The harvest wave, the vintage flow ;
 Sees June unfold his glossy robe
 Of thousand hues o'er all the globe ;
 Sees Ceres grasp her crown of corn,
 And plenty load her ample horn.

§ 47. *Ode. The Suicide.* T. WARTON.

BENEATH the beech, whose branches bare,
 Smit with the lightning's vivid glare,
 O'erhang the craggy road,
 And whistle hollow as they wave
 Within a solitary grave,
 A wretched Suicide holds his accurs'd abode.

Lower'd the grim morn, in murky dies
 Damp mists involv'd the scowling skies,
 And dimm'd the struggling day ;
 As by the brook that ling'ring laves
 Yon rush-grown moor with sable waves,
 Full of the dark resolve he took his sullen way.

I mark'd his desultory pace,
 His gestures strange, and varying face,
 With many a mutter'd sound ;
 And ah ! too late aghast I view'd
 The reeking blade, the hand imbrued ;
 He fell, and groaning grasp'd in agony the
 ground.

Full many a melancholy night
 He watch'd the slow return of light ;
 And sought the pow'rs of sleep,
 To spread a momentary calm
 O'er his sad couch, and in the balm [steep.
 Of bland oblivion's dews his burning eyes to

Full oft, unknowing and unknown,
 He wore his endless noons alone,
 Amid the autumnal wood :
 Oft was he wont in hasty fit,
 Abrupt the social board to quit, [flood.
 And gaze with eager glance upon the tumbling

Beck'ning the wretch to torments new,
 Despair, for ever in his view,
 A spectre pale, appear'd ;

While, as the shades of eve arose,
 And brought the day's unwelcome close,
 More horrible and huge her giant-shape she
 rear'd.

" Is this," mistaken Scorn will cry,
 " Is this the youth, whose genius high
 " Could build the genuine rhyme ?
 " Whose bosom mild the fav'ring Muse
 " Had stor'd with all her ample views,
 " Parent of fairest deeds, and purposes sub-
 lime ?"

Ah ! from the Muse that bosom mild
 By treach'rous magic was beguill'd,
 To strike the deathful blow :
 She fill'd his soft ingenuous mind
 With many a feeling too refin'd, [woe.
 And rous'd to livelier pangs his wakeful sense of

Though doom'd hard penury to prove,
 And the sharp stings of hopeless love ;
 To griefs congenial prone,
 More wounds than nature gave he knew,
 While misery's form his fancy drew
 In dark ideal hues, and horrors not its own.

Then wish not o'er his earthly tomb
 The baleful nightshade's lurid bloom
 To drop its deadly dew :
 Nor, oh ! forbid the twisted thorn,
 That rudely binds his turf forlorn, [anew.
 With spring's green-swelling buds to vegetate

What though no marble-piled bust
 Adorn his desolated dust,
 With speaking sculpture wrought ;
 Pity shall woo the weeping Nine
 To build a visionary shrine, [brought.
 Hung with unfading flow'rs, from fairy regions

What though refus'd each chanted rite ;
 Here viewless mourners shall delight
 To touch the shadowy shell :
 And Petrarch's harp, that wept the doom
 Of Laura lost, in early bloom,
 In melancholy tones shall ring his pensive knell.

To soothe a lone unhallow'd shade,
 This votive dirge sad duty paid,
 Within an ivy'd nook :
 Sudden the half-sunk orb of day
 More radiant shot its parting ray, [took :
 And thus a cherub-voice my charm'd attention

" Forbear, fond bard, thy partial praise ;
 " Nor thus for guilt in specious lays
 " The wreath of glory twine :
 " In vain with hues of gorgeous glow
 " Gay Fancy gives her vest to flow, [confine.
 " Unless Truth's matron-hand the floating folds
 " Just Heaven, man's fortitude to prove,
 " Permits through life at large to rove
 " The tribes of hell-born woe ;
 " Yet the same pow'r that wisely sends
 " Life's fiercest ills, indulgent lends
 " Religion's golden shield to break th' embat-
 " tled foe,

" Her aid divine had lull'd to rest
 " Yon foul self-murthrer's throbbing breast,
 " And stay'd the rising storm :
 " Had bid the sun of hope appear
 " To gild the darken'd hemisphere, [form.
 " And give the wonted bloom to nature's blasted
 " Vain man! 'tis Heaven's prerogative
 " To take, what first it deign'd to give,
 " Thy tributary breath :
 " In awful expectation plac'd,
 " Await thy doom, nor impious haste
 " To pluck from God's right hand his instru-
 " ments of death."

§ 48. *Ode. Sent to a Friend on his leaving a favorite Village in Hampshire.* T. WARTON.

Ah, mourn thy lov'd retreat! No more
 Shall classic steps thy scenes explore!
 When morn's pale rays but faintly peep
 O'er yonder oak-crown'd airy steep:
 Who now shall climb its brows, to view
 Thy length of landscapes ever new;
 Where summer flings, in careless pride,
 Her varied vesture far and wide?
 Who mark, beneath, each village charm,
 Or grange, or elm-encircled farm:
 The flinty dove-cote's crowded roof,
 Watch'd by the kite that sails aloof:
 The tufted pines, whose umbrage tall
 Darkens the long-deserted hall:
 The vet'ran beech, that on the plain
 Collects at eve the playful train:
 The cot that smokes with early fire,
 The low-roof'd lane's embosom'd spire?
 Who now shall indolently stray
 Through the deep forest's tangled way;
 Pleas'd at his custom'd task to find
 The well-known hoary-tressed hind,
 That toils with feeble hands to glean
 Of wither'd boughs his pittance mean?
 Who mid thy nooks of hazle sit,
 Lost in some melancholy fit;
 And list'ning to the raven's croak,
 The distant flail, the falling oak?
 Who, through the sunshine and the show'r,
 Descry the rainbow-painted tow'r?
 Who, wandering at return of May,
 Catch the first cuckow's vernal lay?
 Who musing waste the summer hour,
 Where high o'er-arching trees embow'r
 The grassy lane so rarely pac'd,
 With azure flow'rets idly grac'd?
 Unnotic'd now, at twilight's dawn
 Returning reapers cross the lawn:
 Nor fond attention loves to note
 The wether's bell from folds remote:
 While, own'd by no poetic eye,
 The pensive evening shades the sky!
 For lo! the bard who rapture found
 From ev'ry rural sight or sound;

Whose genius warm, and judgment chaste,
 No charm of genuine nature pass'd;
 Who felt the Muse's purest fires,
 Far from thy favor'd haunt retires:
 Who peopled all thy vocal bow'rs
 With shadowy shapes and airy pow'rs.
 Behold, a dread repose resumes,
 As erst, thy sad sequester'd glooms!
 From the deep dell, where shaggy roots
 Fringe the rough brink with wreathed shoots,
 Th' unwilling genius flies forlorn,
 His primrose-chaplet rudely torn.
 With hollow shriek the nymphs forsake
 The pathless copse, and hedge-row brake,
 Where the delv'd mountain's headlong side
 Its chalky entrails opens wide;
 On the green summit, ambush'd high,
 No longer echo loves to lie,
 No pearl-crown'd maid, with wily look,
 Rise beck'ning from the reedy brook.
 Around the glow-worm's glimm'ring bank,
 No fairies run in fiery rank;
 Nor brush, half seen, in airy tread,
 The violet's unprinted head.
 But Fancy, from the thickest brown,
 The glades that wear a conscious frown,
 The forest oaks, that pale and lone
 Nod to the blast with hoarser tone,
 Rough glens, and sullen waterfalls,
 Her bright ideal offspring calls.

So by some sage enchanter's spell,
 (As old Arabian fables tell)
 Amid the solitary wild,
 Luxuriant gardens gaily smil'd:
 From sapphire rocks the fountain stream'd,
 With golden fruit the branches beam'd;
 Fair forms, in ev'ry wondrous wood,
 Or lightly tripp'd, or solemn stood;
 And oft, retreating from the view,
 Betray'd at distance beauties new:
 While, gleaming o'er the crisped bow'rs,
 Rich spires arose, and sparkling tow'rs.
 If bound on service new to go,
 The master of the magic show
 His transitory charm withdrew,
 Away th' illusive landscape flew:
 Dun clouds obscur'd the groves of gold,
 Blue lightning smote the blooming mold;
 In visionary glory rear'd,
 The gorgeous castle disappear'd:
 And a bare heath's unfruitful plain
 Usurp'd the wizard's proud domain.

§ 49. *The Art of preserving Health.* ARMSTRONG.

BOOK I. AIR.

DAUGHTER of Pæan, queen of ev'ry joy,
 Hygeia; * whose indulgent smile sustains
 The various race luxuriant nature pours,
 And on th' immortal essences bestows

* Hygeia, the goddess of Health, was, according to the genealogy of the heathen deities, the daughter of Esculapius; who, as well as Apollo, was distinguished by the name of Pæan.

Immortal youth; auspicious, O descend!
 Thou, cheerful guardian of the rolling year,
 Whether thou wanton'st on the western gale,
 Or shak'st the rigid pinions of the north,
 Diffusest life and vigor through the tracts
 Of air, through earth, and ocean's deep domain.
 When through the blue serenity of heaven
 Thy pow'r approaches, all the wasteful host
 Of pain and sickness, squalid and deform'd,
 Confounded sink into the loathsome gloom,
 Where in deep Erebus involv'd the fiends
 Grow more profane. Whatever shapes of death,
 Shook from the hideous chambers of the globe,
 Swarm through the shuddering air; whatever
 plagues

Or meagre famine breeds, or with slow wings
 Rise from the putrid wat'ry element,
 The damp waste forest, motionless and rank,
 That smothers earth and all the breathless
 winds,

Or the vile carnage of th' inhuman field;
 Whatever baneful breathes the rotten south;
 Whatever ills, th' extremes of sudden change
 Of cold and hot, or moist and dry, produce;
 They fly thy pure effulgence: they, and all
 The secret poisons of avenging Heaven,
 And all the pale tribes halting in the train
 Of vice and heedless pleasure: or if aught
 The comet's glare amid the burning sky,
 Mournful eclipse, or planets ill combin'd,
 Portend disastrous to the vital world,
 Thy salutary pow'r averts their rage,
 Averts the general bane: and but for thee,
 Nature would sicken, nature soon would die.
 Without thy cheerful active energy
 No rapture swells the breast, no poet sings,
 No more the maids of Helicon delight.
 Come then with me, O goddess, heavenly-gay,
 Begin the song; and let it sweetly flow,
 And let it wisely teach thy wholesome laws:
 "How best the fickle fabric to support
 "Of mortal man; in healthful body how
 "A heathful mind the longest to maintain."
 'Tis hard, in such a strife of rules to choose
 The best, and those of most extensive use;
 Harder in clear and animated song
 Dry philosophic precepts to convey.
 Yet with thy aid the secret wilds I trace
 Of Nature, and with daring steps proceed
 Through paths the Muses never trode before.

Nor should I wander doubtful of my way,
 Had I the lights of that sagacious mind
 Which taught to check the pestilential fire,
 And quell the deadly Python of the Nile.
 O thou, belov'd by all the graceful arts,
 Thou, long the fav'rite of the healing pow'rs,
 Indulge, O Mead! a well-design'd essay
 Howe'er imperfect; and permit that I
 My little knowledge with my country share,
 Till you the rich Asclepian stores unlock,
 And with new graces dignify the theme.

Ye, who amid this feverish world would wear
 A body free of pain, of cares a mind,
 Fly the rank city, shun its turbid air;

Breathe not the chaos of eternal smoke
 And volatile corruption, from the dead,
 The dying, sick'ning, and the living world
 Exhaled, to sully heaven's transparent dome
 With dim mortality. It is not Air
 That from a thousand lungs reeks back to thine,
 Sated with exhalations rank and fell,
 The spoil of dunghills, and the putrid thaw
 Of nature, when from shape and texture she
 Relapses into fighting elements,—
 It is not Air, but floats a nauseous mass
 Of all obscene, corrupt, offensive things.
 Much moisture hurts; but here a sordid bath,
 With oily rancor fraught, relaxes more
 The solid frame than simple moisture can.
 Beside, immur'd in many a sullen bay
 That never felt the freshness of the breeze,
 This slumbering Deep remains, and ranker grows
 With sickly rest: and (though the lungs abhor
 To drink the dun fuliginous abyss)
 Did not the acid vigor of the mine,
 Roll'd from so many thundering chimneys, tame
 The putrid streams that over-swarm the sky,
 This caustic venom would perhaps corrode
 Those tender cells that draw the vital air,
 In vain with all their unctuous rills bedew'd;
 Or by the drunken venous tubes, that yawn
 In countless pores o'er all the pervious skin,
 Imbib'd, would poison the balsamic blood,
 And rouse the heart to ev'ry fever's rage.
 While yet you breathe, away! The rural wilds
 Invite; the mountains call you, and the vales;
 The woods, the streams, and each ambrosial
 That fans the ever-undulating sky; [breeze
 A kindly sky! whose fostering pow'r regales
 Man, beast, and all the vegetable reign.
 Find, then, some woodland scene where Nature
 smiles

Benign, where all her honest children thrive.
 To us there wants not many a happy seat;
 Look round the smiling land, such numbers rise,
 We hardly fix, bewilder'd in our choice.
 See where, enthron'd in adamantine state,
 Proud of her bards, imperial Windsor sits;
 There choose thy seat, in some aspiring grove
 Fast by the slowly-winding Thames; or where
 Broader she laves fair Richmond's green retreats
 (Richmond, that sees an hundred villas rise
 Rural or gay). Oh! from the summer's rage,
 Oh! wrap me in the friendly gloom that hides
 Umbrageous Ham! But, if the busy town
 Attract thee still to toil for pow'r or gold,
 Sweetly thou may'st thy vacant hours possess
 In Hampstead, courted by the western wind:
 Or Greenwich, waving o'er the winding flood;
 Or lose the world amid the sylvan wilds
 Of Dulwich, yet by barbarous arts unspoil'd.
 Green rise the Kentish hills in cheerful air;
 But on the marshy plains that Essex spreads
 Build not, nor rest too long thy wandering feet.
 For on a rustic throne of dewy turf,
 With baneful fogs her aching temples bound,
 Quartana there presides: a meagre fiend,
 Begot by Eurus, when his brutal force

Compress'd the slothful Naiad of the fens.
 From such a mixture sprung, this fitful pest
 With feverish blasts subdues the sick'ning land:
 Cold tremors come, with mighty love of rest,
 Convulsive yawnings, lassitude and pains,
 That sting the burthen'd brows, fatigue the loins,
 And rack the joints, and ev'ry torpid limb;
 Then parching heat succeeds, till copious sweats
 O'erflow—a short relief from former ills.
 Beneath repeated shocks the wretches pine:
 The vigor sinks, the habits melt away;
 The cheerful, pure, and animated bloom
 Dies from the face with squalid Atrophy
 Devour'd, in sallow melancholy clad.
 And off the sorceress, in her sated wrath,
 Resigns them to the furies of her train;
 The bloated Hydrops, and the yellow fiend
 Ting'd with her own accumulated gall.

In quest of sites, avoid the mournful plain
 Where osiers thrive, and trees that love the lake;
 Where many lazy muddy rivers flow:
 Nor, for the wealth that all the Indies roll,
 Fix near the marshy margin of the main.
 For from the humid soil, and wat'ry reign,
 Eternal vapors rise; the spongy air
 For ever weeps; or, turgid with the weight
 Of waters, pours a sounding deluge down.
 Skies such as these let every mortal shun
 Who dreads the dropsy, palsy, or the gout,
 Tertian, corrosive scurvy, or moist catarrh;
 Or any other injury that grows
 From raw-sprung fibres idle and unstrung,
 Skin ill perspiring, and the purple flood
 In languid eddies loit'ring in phlegm.

Yet not alone from humid skies we pine;
 For air may be too dry. The subtle heaven,
 That winnows into dust the blasted downs,
 Bare, and extended wide without a stream,
 Too fast imbibes th' attenuated lymph,
 Which by the surface from the blood exhales.
 The lungs grow rigid, and with toil essay
 Their flexible vibrations; or inflam'd,
 Their tender ever-moving structure thaws.
 Spoil'd of its limpid vehicle, the blood
 A mass of lees remains, a drossy tide
 That slow as Lethe wanders through the veins;
 Unactive in the services of life,
 Unfit to lead its pitchy current through
 The secret mazy channels of the brain.
 The melancholy Fiend (that worst despair
 Of physic) hence the rust-complexion'd man
 Pursues, whose blood is dry, whose fibres gain
 Too stretch'd a tone: and hence in climes adust
 So sudden tumults seize the trembling nerves,
 And burning fevers glow with double rage.

Fly, if you can, these violent extremes
 Of air: the wholesome is nor moist nor dry.
 But as the pow'r of choosing is denied
 To half mankind, a further task ensues;
 How best to mitigate these fell extremes,
 How breathe unhurt the withering element,
 Or hazy atmosphere: though custom moulds
 To ev'ry clime the soft Promethean clay;
 And he who first the fogs of Essex breath'd

(So kind is native air) may in the fens
 Of Essex from inveterate ills revive,
 At pure Montpelier or Bermuda caught.
 But, if the raw and oozy heaven offend,
 Correct the soil and dry the sources up
 Of wat'ry exhalation; wide and deep
 Conduct your trenches through the quaking bog;
 Solicitous, with all your winding arts,
 Betray th' unwilling lake into the stream;
 And weed the forest, and invoke the winds
 To break the toils where strangled vapors lie;
 Or through the thickets send the crackling
 flames.

Meantime at home with cheerful fires dispel
 The humid air: and let your table smoke
 With solid roast or bak'd; or what the herds
 Of tamer breed supply; or what the wilds
 Yield to the toilsome pleasures of the chase.
 Generous your wine, the boast of rip'ning years,
 But frugal be your cups. The languid frame,
 Vapid and sunk from yesterday's debauch,
 Shrinks from the cold embrace of wat'ry heavens.
 But neither these, nor all Apollo's arts,
 Disarm the dangers of the dropping sky,
 Unless with exercise and manly toil [blood.
 You brace your nerves, and spur the lagging
 The fatt'ning clime let all the sons of ease
 Avoid; if indolence would wish to live,
 Go, yawn and loiter out the long slow year
 In fairer skies. If droughty regions parch
 The skin and lungs, and bake the thick'ning
 blood,

Deep in the waving forest choose your seat,
 Where fuming trees refresh the thirsty air;
 And wake the fountains from their secret beds,
 And into lakes dilate the rapid stream.
 Here spread your gardens wide; and let the cool,
 The moist relaxing vegetable store
 Prevail in each repast: your food supplied
 By bleeding life, be gently wasted down,
 By soft decoction and a mellowing heat,
 To liquid balm; or if the solid mass
 You choose, tormented in the boiling wave;
 That through the thirsty channels of the blood
 A smooth diluted chyle may ever flow.
 The fragrant dairy from its cold recess
 Its nectar acid or benign will pour
 To drown your thirst; or let the mantling bowl
 Of keen sherbet the fickle taste relieve.
 For with the vicious blood the simple stream
 Will hardly mingle; and fermented cups
 Oft dissipate more moisture than they give.
 Yet when pale seasons rise, or winter rolls
 His horrors o'er the world, thou mayst indulge
 In feast more genial, and impatient broach
 The mellow cask. Then too the scourging air
 Provokes to keener toils than sultry droughts
 Allow. But rarely we such skies blaspheme.
 Bedew'd, our seasons droop: incumbent still
 Steep'd in continual rains, or with raw fogs
 A pond'rous heaven o'erwhelms the sinking
 soul:

Lab'ring with storms, in heapy mountains rise
 Th' embattled clouds, as if the Stygian shades

Had left the dungeon of eternal night,
Till black with thunder all the South descends.
Scarce in a show'rless day the heavens indulge
Our melting clime; except the baleful East
Withers the tender spring, and sourly checks
The fancy of the year. Our fathers talk
Of summers, balmy airs, and skies serene.
Good Heaven! for what unexpiated crimes
This dismal change! The brooding elements,
Do they, your pow'ful ministers of wrath,
Prepare some fierce exterminating plague?
Or is it fix'd in the decrees above,
That lofty Albion melt into the main?
Indulgent nature! O dissolve this gloom!
Bind in eternal adamant the winds
That drown or wither: give the genial West
To breathe, and in its turn the sprightly North:
And may once more the circling seasons rule
The year; not mix'd in ev'ry monstrous day!

Meantime, the moist malignity to shun
Of burthen'd skies, mark where the dry cham-
paign

Swells into cheerful hills; where marjoram
And thyme, the love of bees, perfume the air;
And where the cynorrhodon * with the rose
For fragrance vies; for in the thirsty soil
Most fragrant breathe the aromatic tribes.
There bid thy roofs high on the basking steep
Ascend; there light the hospitable fires,
And let them see the winter morn arise;
The summer evening blushing in the West:
While with umbrageous oaks the ridge behind
O'erhung, defends you from the blust'ring
And bleak affliction of the peevish East.[North,
Oh! when the growling winds contend, and all
The sounding forest fluctuates in the storm;
To sink in warm repose, and hear the din
Howl o'er the steady battlements, delights
Above the luxury of vulgar sleep.
The murmur'ing rivulet, and the hoarser strain
Of waters rushing o'er the slippery rocks,
Will nightly lull you to ambrosial rest.
To please the fancy is no trifling good,
Where health is studied; for whatever moves
The mind with calm delight, promotes the just
And natural movements of th' harmonious frame.
Besides, the sportive brook for ever shakes
The trembling air, that floats from hill to hill,
From vale to mountain, with incessant change
Of purest element, refreshing still
Your airy seat, and uninfected gods.
Chiefly for this I praise the man who builds
High on the breezy ridge, whose lofty sides
Th' ethereal deep with endless billows chafes.
His purer mansion nor contagious years
Shall reach, nor deadly putrid airs annoy.

But may no fogs, from lake or fenny plain,
Involve my hill! And whereso'er you build,
Whether on sun-burnt Epsom, or the plains
Wash'd by the silent Lee; in Chelsea low,
Or high Blackheath with wintry winds assail'd,
Dry be your house; but airy more than warm.

Else ev'ry breath or ruder wind will strike
Your tender body through with rapid pains;
Fierce coughs will tease you, hoarseness bind
your voice,

Or moist Gravedo load your aching brows.
These to defy, and all the fates that dwell
In cloister'd air, tainted with steaming life,
Let lofty ceilings grace your ample rooms;
And still at azure noontide may your dome
At ev'ry window drink the liquid sky.

Need we the sunny situation here,
And theatres open to the south, commend;
Here, where the morning's misty breath infests
More than the torrid noon? How sickly grow,
How pale, the plants in those ill-fated vales
That, circled round with the gigantic heap
Of mountains, never felt, nor ever hope
To feel, the genial vigor of the sun!
While on the neighb'ring hill the rose inflames
The verdant spring; in virgin beauty blows
The tender lily, languishingly sweet;
O'er ev'ry hedge the wanton woodbine roves,
And autumn ripens in the summer's ray.
No less the warmer living tribes demand
The fost'ring sun; whose energy divine
Dwells not in mortal fire; whose gen'rous heat
Grows through the mass of grosser elements,
And kindles into life the pondrous spheres.
Cheer'd by thy fond invigorating warmth,
We court thy beams, great majesty of day!
If not the soul, the regent of this world,
First-born of heaven, and only less than God.

BOOK II. DIET.

ENOUGH of Air. A desert subject now,
Rougher and wilder, rises to my sight:
A barren waste, where not a garland grows
To bind the Muse's brow; nor even a proud
Stupendous solitude frowns o'er the heath,
To rouse a noble horror in the soul:
But rugged paths fatigue, and error leads
Through endless labyrinths the devious feet.
Farewell, ethereal fields! The humbler arts
Of life, the Table and the homely Gods
Demand my song. Elysian gales, adieu!

The blood, the fountain whence the spirits flow,
The gen'rous stream that waters ev'ry part,
And motion, vigor, and warm life conveys
To every particle that moves or lives;
This vital fluid, through unnumber'd tubes
Pour'd by the heart, and to the heart again
Refund'd; scour'd for ever round and round;
Enrag'd with heat and toil, at last forgets
Its balmy nature; virulent and thin
It grows; and now, but that a thousand gates
Are open to its flight, it would destroy
The parts it cherish'd and repair'd before.
Besides, the flexible and tender tubes
Melt in the mildest most nectareous tide
That ripening nature rolls; as in the stream
Its crumbling banks: but what the vital force
Of plastic fluids hourly batters down,

* The wild rose, or that which grows on the common brier.

That very force, those plastic particles
 Rebuild : so mutable the state of man.
 For this the watchful appetite was given,
 Daily with fresh materials to repair
 This unavoidable expense of life,
 This necessary waste of flesh and blood.
 Hence the concoctive pow'rs, with various art,
 Subdue the cruder aliments to chyle;
 The chyle to blood; the foamy purple tide
 To liquors, which through finer arteries
 To different parts their winding course pursue;
 To try new changes, and new forms put on,
 Or for the public, or some private use.

Nothing so foreign but the athletic hind
 Can labor into blood. The hungry meal
 Alone he fears, or aliments too thin;
 By violent powers too easily subdu'd,
 Too soon expell'd. His daily labor thaws
 To friendly chyle the most rebellious mass
 That salt can harden, or the smoke of years;
 Nor does his gorge the rancid bacon rue,
 Nor that which Cestria sends, tenaceous paste
 Of solid milk. But ye of softer clay,
 Infirm and delicate! and ye who waste
 With pale and bloated sloth the tedious day!
 Avoid the stubborn element, avoid
 The full repast; and let sagacious age
 Grow wiser, lesson'd by the dropping teeth.

Half subtiliz'd to chyle, the liquid food
 Readiest obeys th' assimilating powers;
 And soon the tender vegetable mass
 Relents; and soon the young of those that tread
 The stedfast earth, or cleave the green abyss,
 Or pathless sky. And if the steer must fall,
 In youth and sanguine vigor let him die;
 Nor stay till rigid age or heavy ails
 Absolve him ill-requited from the yoke.
 Some with high forage and luxurious ease
 Indulge the vet'ran ox; but wiser thou,
 From the bald mountain or the barren downs
 Expect the flocks by frugal nature fed;
 A race of purer blood, with exercise
 Refin'd, and scanty fare; for, old or young
 The stall'd are never healthy, nor the cramm'd.
 Not all the culinary arts can tame
 To wholesome food th' abominable growth
 Of rest and gluttony; the prudent taste
 Rejects like bane such loathsome lusciousness.
 The languid stomach curses even the pure
 Delicious fat, and all the race of oil:
 For more the oily aliments relax
 Its feeble tone; and with the eager lymph
 (Fond to incorporate with all it meets)
 Coily they mix, and shun with slipp'ry wiles
 The wooed embrace. The irresoluble oil,
 So gentle late and blandishing, in floods
 Of rancid bile o'erflows: what tumults hence,
 What horrors rise, were nauseous to relate.
 Choose leaner viands, ye whose jovial make
 Too fast the gummy nutriment imbibes:
 Choose sober meals, and rouse to active life
 Your cumbrous clay; nor on th' enfeebling down,
 Irresolute, protract the morning hours.
 But let the man, whose bones are thinly clad,

With cheerful ease and succulent repast
 Improve his slender habit. Each extreme
 From the best mean of sanity departs.

I could relate what table this demands
 Or that complexion; what the various pow'rs
 Of various foods; but fifty years would roll,
 And fifty more, before the tale were done.
 Besides, there often lurks some nameless,
 strange,

Peculiar thing; nor on the skin display'd,
 Felt in the pulse, nor in the habit seen;
 Which finds a poison in the food that most
 The temp'rature affects. There are, whose blood
 Impetuous rages through the turbid veins,
 Who better bear the fiery fruits of Ind
 Than the moist melon, or pale cucumber.
 Of chilly nature others fly the board
 Supplied with slaughter; and the vernal pow'rs
 For cooler, kinder, sustenance implore.
 Some e'en the gen'rous nutriment detest
 Which in the shell, the sleeping embryo rears.
 Some, more unhappy still, repent the gifts
 Of Pales—soft, delicious, and benign;
 The balmy quintessence of ev'ry flow'r,
 And ev'ry grateful herb that decks the spring;
 The fo'ring dew of tender sprouting life;
 The best refection of declining age;
 The kind restorative of those who lie
 Half dead, and panting from the doubtful strife
 Of nature struggling in the grasp of death.
 Try all the bounties of this fertile globe,
 There is not such a salutary food
 As suits with ev'ry stomach. But (except
 Amid the mingled mass of fish and fowl,
 And boil'd and bak'd, you hesitate by which
 You sunk oppress'd, or whether not by all)
 Taught by experience, soon you may discern
 What pleases, what offends. Avoid the cates
 That lull the sicken'd appetite too long;
 Or heave with feverish flushings all the face,
 Burn in the palms, and parch the rough'ning
 tongue;

Or much diminish or too much increase
 Th' expense, which nature's wise economy,
 Without or waste or avarice, maintains.
 Such cates abjur'd, let prowling hunger loose,
 And bid the curious palate roam at will;
 They scarce can err amid the various stores
 That burst the teeming entrails of the world.

Led by sagacious taste, the ruthless king
 Of beasts on blood and slaughter only lives;
 The tiger, form'd alike to cruel meals,
 Would at the manger starve: of milder seeds,
 The generous horse to herbage and to grain
 Confines his wish; though fabling Greece re-
 sound

The Thracian steeds with human carnage wild.
 Prompted by instinct's never-erring pow'r
 Each creature knows its proper aliment;
 But man, th' inhabitant of ev'ry clime,
 With all the commoners of nature feeds.
 Directed, bounded, by this pow'r within,
 Their cravings are well aim'd; voluptuous Man
 Is by superior faculties misled,

Misled from pleasure e'en in quest of joy.
Sated with nature's boons, what thousands seek,
With dishes tortur'd from their native taste,
And mad variety, to spur beyond
Its wiser will the jaded appetite!
Is this for pleasure? Learn a juster taste;
And know that temperance is true luxury.
Or is it pride? Pursue some nobler aim:
Dismiss your parasites, who praise for hire;
And earn the fair esteem of honest men,
Whose praise is fame. Form'd of such clay as
yours,

The sick, the famish'd, shiver at your gates.
E'en modest want may bless your hand unseen,
Though hush'd in patient wretchedness at home.
Is there no virgin grac'd with ev'ry charm
But that which binds the mercenary vow?
No youth of genius, whose neglected bloom
Unfoster'd sickens in the barren shade?
No worthy man, by fortune's random blows,
Or by a heart too gen'rous and humane,
Constrain'd to leave his happy natal seat,
And sigh for wants more bitter than his own?
There are, while human miseries abound,
A thousand ways to waste superfluous wealth,
Without one fool or flatterer at your board,
Without one hour of sickness or disgust.

But other ills th' ambiguous feast pursue,
Besides provoking the lascivious taste,
Such various foods, though harmless each alone,
Each other violate; and oft we see
What strife is brew'd, and what pernicious bane,
From combinations of innoxious things.
Th' unbounded taste I mean not to confine
To hermit's diet, needlessly severe.
But would you long the sweets of health enjoy,
Or husband pleasure; at one impious meal
Exhaust not half the bounties of the year,
Of ev'ry realm. It matters not meanwhile
How much to-morrow differ from to-day;
So far indulge: 'tis fit, besides, that man,
To change obnoxious, be to change inur'd.
But stay the curious appetite, and taste
With caution fruits you never tried before.
For want of use, the kindest aliment
Sometimes offends; while custom tames the rage
Of poison to mild amity with life.

So Heaven has form'd us to the general taste
Of all its gifts, so custom has improv'd
This bent of nature, that few simple foods,
Of all that earth, or air, or ocean yield,
But by excess offend. Beyond the sense
Of light refection, at the genial board
Indulge not often; nor protract the feast
To dull satiety; till soft and slow
A drowsy death creeps on, th' expansive soul
Oppress'd, and smother'd the celestial fire.
The stomach, urg'd beyond its active tone,
Hardly to nutrimental chyle subdues
The softest food; unfinish'd and deprav'd,
The chyle in all its future wand'rings owns
Its turbid fountain; not by purer streams
So to be clear'd, but foulness will remain.
To sparkling wine what ferment can exalt

Th' unripen'd grape? Or what mechanic skill
From the crude ore can spin the ductile gold?
Gross riot treasures up a wealthy fund
Of plagues; but more immedicable ills
Attend the lean extreme. For physic knows
How to disburden the too tumid veins,
E'en how to ripen the half-labor'd blood:
But to unlock the elemental tubes,
Collaps'd and shrunk with long inanity,
And with balsamic nutriment repair
The dried and worn-out habit, were to bid
Old age grow green, and wear a second spring;
Or the tall ash, long ravish'd from the soil,
Through wither'd veins imbibe the vernal dew.
When hunger calls, obey; nor often wait
Till hunger sharpen to corrosive pain:
For the keen appetite will feast beyond
What nature well can bear; and one extreme
Ne'er without danger meets its own reverse.
Too greedily th' exhausted veins absorb
The recent chyle, and load enfeebled pow'rs
Oft to th' extinction of the vital flame.
To the pale cities, by the firm-set siege
And famine humbled, may this verse be borne.
And hear, ye hardiest sons that Albion breeds!
Long toss'd and famish'd on the wintry main;
The war shook off, or hospitable shore
Attain'd, with temp'rance bear the shock of
joy;

Nor crown with festive rites th' auspicious day:
Such feasts might prove more fatal than the
waves,
Than war or famine. While the vital fire
Burns feebly, heap not the green fuel on;
But prudently foment the wand'ring spark
With what the soonest feels its kindred touch:
Be frugal e'en of that; a little give
At first: that kindled, and a little more;
Till by deliberate nourishing, the flame
Reviv'd with all its wonted vigor glows.

But though the two (the full and the jejune)
Extremes have each their vice; it much avails
Ever with gentle tide to ebb and flow
From this to that: so nature learns to bear
Whatever chance or headlong appetite
May bring. Besides, a meagre day subdues
The cruder clods by sloth or luxury
Collected, and unloads the wheels of life.
Sometimes a coy aversion to the feast
Comes on, while yet no blacker omen low'rs;
Then is a time to shun the tempting board,
Were it your natal or your nuptial day.
Perhaps a fast so seasonable starves
The latent seeds of woe, which rooted once
Might cost you labor. But, the day return'd
Of festal luxury, the wise indulge
Most in the tender vegetable breed:
Then chiefly when the summer beams inflame
The brazen heavens, or angry Sirius sheds
A feverish taint through the still gulf of air,
The moist cold viands then, and flowing cup
From the fresh dairy-virgin's lib'ral hand,
Will save your head from harm, though round
the world

The dreaded Causos * roll his wasteful fires.
 Pale humid Winter loves the gen'rous board,
 The meal more copious, and a warmer fare;
 And longs with old wood and old wine to cheer
 His quaking heart. The seasons which divide
 Th' empires of heat and cold; by neither claim'd,
 Influence'd by both; a middle regimen
 Impose. Through autumn's languishing domain
 Descending, nature by degrees invites
 To growing luxury. But from the depth
 Of winter when th' invigorating year
 Emerges; when Favonius, flush'd with love,
 Toyful and young, in every breeze descends
 More warm and wanton on his kindling bride;
 Then, shepherds, then begin to spare your flocks;
 And learn, with wise humanity to check [mits
 The lust of blood. Now pregnant earth com-
 A various offspring to th' indulgent sky:
 Now bounteous nature feeds with lavish hand;
 The prone creation yields what once suffic'd
 Their dainty sov'reign, when the world was
 young,

Ere yet the barb'rous thirst of blood had seiz'd
 The human breast. Each rolling month matures
 The food that suits it most: so does each clime.

Far in the horrid realms of winter, where
 Th' establish'd ocean heaps a monstrous waste
 Of shining rocks and mountains to the pole,
 There lives a hardy race, whose plainest wants
 Relentless earth, their cruel step-mother,
 Regards not. On the waste of iron fields,
 Untam'd, intractable, no harvests wave;
 Pomona hates them, and the clownish god
 Who tends the garden. In this frozen world
 Such cooling gifts were vain: a fitter meal
 Is earn'd with ease; for here the fruitful spawn
 Of Ocean swarms, and heaps their genial board
 With gen'rous fare and luxury profuse.
 These are their bread, the only bread they know;
 These, and their willing slave, the deer that crops
 The shrubby herbage on their meagre hills.
 Girt by the burning zone, not thus the South
 Her swarthy sons in either Ind maintains;
 Or thirsty Libya, from whose fervid loins
 The lions bursts, and ev'ry fiend that roams
 Th' affrighted wilderness. The mountain herd,
 Adust and dry, no sweet repast affords;
 Nor does the tepid main such kinds produce,
 So perfect, so delicious, as the shoals
 Of icy Zembla. Rashly where the blood [tain
 Brews fev'rish frays; where scarce the tubes sus-
 Its tumid fervor and tempestuous course,
 Kind nature tempts not to such gifts as these.
 But here in livid ripeness melts the grape;
 Here, finish'd by invigorating suns, [glows;
 Through the green shade the golden orange
 Spontaneous here the turgid melon yields
 A gen'rous pulp; the cocoa swells on high
 With milky riches; and in horrid mail
 The crisp ananas wraps its poignant sweets,
 Earth's vaunted progeny; in ruder air
 Too coy to flourish, e'en too proud to live,

* The burning Fever.

Or hardly rais'd by artificial fire
 To vapid life. Here, with a mother's smile,
 Glad Amalthea pours a copious horn:
 Here buxom Ceres reigns: th' autumnal sea
 In boundless billows fluctuates o'er their plains.
 What suits the climate best, what suits the men,
 Nature profuses most, and most the taste
 Demands. The fountain, edg'd with racy wine
 Or acid fruit, bedews their thirsty souls;
 The breeze eternal breathing round their limbs,
 Supports in else intolerable air;
 While the cool palm, the plantain, and the grove
 That waves on gloomy Lebanon, assuage
 The torrid hell that beams upon their heads.

Now come, ye Naiads, to the fountain lead;
 Now let me wander through your gelid reign.
 I burn to view th' enthusiastic wilds
 By mortal else untrod. I hear the din
 Of waters thund'ring o'er the ruin'd cliffs.
 With holy rev'rence I approach the rocks [song.
 Whence glide the streams renown'd in ancient
 Here from the desert down the rumbling steep
 First springs the Nile; here bursts the sound-
 ing Po

In angry waves; Euphrates hence devolves
 A mighty flood to water half the east;
 And there, in Gothic solitude reclin'd,
 The cheerless Tanais pours his hoary urn.
 What solemn twilight, what stupendous shades,
 Inwrap these infant floods! Through ev'ry nerve
 A sacred horror thrills, a pleasing fear
 Glides o'er my frame. The forest deepens round;
 And, more gigantic still, th' impending trees
 Stretch their extravagant arms athwart the
 gloom.

Are these the confines of some fairy world,
 A land of Genii? Say, beyond these wilds
 What unknown nations, if indeed beyond
 Aught habitable lies? And whither leads,
 To what strange regions, or of bliss or pain,
 That subterranean way? Propitious maids,
 Conduct me, while with fearful steps I tread
 This trembling ground. The task remains to
 sing

Your gifts (so Pæan, so the pow'rs of health
 Command), to praise your crystal element:
 The chief ingredient in Heaven's various works,
 Whose flexible genius sparkles in the gem,
 Grows firm in oak, and fugitive in wine;
 The vehicle, the source, of nutriment
 And life to all that vegetate or live.

O comfortable streams! With eager lips,
 And trembling hand, the languid thirsty quaff
 New life in you: fresh vigor fills their veins.
 No warmer cups the rural ages knew;
 None warmer sought the sires of human kind,
 Happy in temperate peace! Their equal days
 Felt not th' alternate fits of fev'rish mirth
 And sick dejection. Still serene and pleas'd,
 They knew no pains but what the tender soul
 With pleasure yields to, and would ne'er forget.
 Blest with divine immunity from ails,
 Long centuries they liv'd; their only fate
 Was ripe old age, and rather sleep than death.

Oh! could those worthies from the world of gods
Return to visit their degen'rate sons,
How would they scorn the joys of modern time,
With all our art and toil improv'd to pain!
Too happy they! But wealth brought luxury,
And luxury on sloth begot disease. [disdain

Learn temp'rance, friends; and hear without
The choice of water. Thus the Coan sage*
Opin'd, and thus the learn'd of ev'ry school:
What least of foreign principles partakes
Is best; the lightest then; what bears the touch
Of fire the least, and sooner mounts in air;
The most insipid, the most void of smell,
Such the rude mountain from its horrid sides
Pours down; such waters in the sandy vale
For ever boil, alike of winter frosts
And summer's heat secure. The crystal stream,
Through rocks resounding, or for many a mile
O'er the chaf'd pebbles hurl'd, yields whole-
some, pure, [thaws,

And mellow draughts; except when winter
And half the mountains melt into the tide.
Though thirst was ne'er so resolute, avoid
The sordid lake, and all such drowsy floods
As fill from Lethe Belgia's slow canals
With rest corrupt, with vegetation green;
Squalid with generation, and the birth
Of little monsters, till the pow'r of fire
Has from profane embraces disengag'd
The violated lymph. The virgin stream,
In boiling, wastes its finer soul in air.

Nothing like simple element dilutes
The food, or gives the chyle so soon to flow.
But where the stomach, indolently given,
Toys with its duty, animate with wine
Th' insipid stream: though golden Ceres yields
A more voluptuous, a more sprightly draught,
Perhaps more active. Wine unmix'd, and all
The gloy floods that from the vex'd abyss
Of fermentation spring, with spirit fraught
And furious with intoxicating fire,
Retard concoction, and preserve unthaw'd
Th' embodied mass. You see what countless
years,

Embalm'd in fiery quintessence of wine
The puny wonders of the reptile world,
The tender rudiments of life, the slim
Unravellings of minute anatomy,
Maintain their texture, and unchang'd remain.

We curse not wine; the vile excess we blame,
More fruitful than th' accumulated board
Of pain and misery. From the subtle draught
Faster and surer swells the vital tide;
And with more active poison, than the floods
Of grosser crudity convey, pervades
The far remote meanders of our frame.
Ah! sly deceiver! branded o'er and o'er,
Yet still believ'd! exulting o'er the wreck

Of sober vows! But the Parnassian Maids
Another time,† perhaps, shall sing the joys,
The fatal charms, the many woes, of wine;
Perhaps its various tribes and various pow'rs.

Meantime, I would not always dread the bowl,
Nor ev'ry trespass shun. The fev'rish strife,
Rous'd by the rare debauch, subdues, expels
The loit'ring crudities that burthen life;
And, like a torrent full and rapid, clears
Th' obstructed tubes. Besides, this restless world
Is full of chances, which by habit's pow'r
To learn to bear, is easier than to shun.
Ah! when ambition, meagre love of gold,
Or sacred country calls, with mellowing wine
To moisten well the thirsty suffrages;
Say how, unseason'd to the midnight frays
Of Comus and his rout, wilt thou contend
With Centaurs long to hardy deeds inur'd?
Then learn to revel, but by slow degrees;
By slow degrees the lib'ral arts are won,
And Hercules grew strong. But when you
smooth

The brows of care, indulge your festive vein
In cups by well-inform'd experience found
The least your bane, and only with your friends:
There are sweet follies; frailties to be seen
By friends alone, and men of gen'rous minds.

Oh seldom may the fatal hours return
Of drinking deep! I would not daily taste,
Except when life declines, e'en sober cups.
Weak withering age no rigid law forbids,
With frugal nectar, smooth and slow, with balm
The sapless habit daily to bedew,
And give the hesitating wheels of life
Gliblier to play. But youth has better joys:
And is it wise, when youth with pleasure flows,
To squander the reliefs of age and pain?

What dext'rous thousands just within the
goal

Of wild debauch direct their nightly course!
Perhaps no sickly qualms bedim their days,
No morning admonitions shock the head.
But ah! what woes remain! Life rolls apace,
And that incurable disease, old age,
In youthful bodies more severely felt,
More sternly active, shakes their blasted prime,
Except kind nature by some hasty blow
Prevent the ling'ring fates. For know, whate'er
Beyond its natural fervor hurries on
The sanguine tide; whether the frequent bowl,
High-season'd fare, or exercise to toil
Protracted; spurs to its last stage tir'd life,
And sows the temples with untimely snow.
When life is new, the ductile fibres feel
The heart's increasing force; and day by day,
The growth advances: till the larger tubes,
Acquiring (from their elemental veins
Condens'd to solid chords) a firmer tone,†

* Hippocrates.

† See Book IV.

‡ In the human body, as well as in those of other animals, the larger blood-vessels are composed of smaller ones; which, by the violent motion and pressure of the fluids in the large vessels lose their cavities by degrees, and degenerate into impervious chords or fibres. In proportion as these small vessels become solid, the larger must of course grow less extensive, more rigid, and

Sustain, and just sustain, th' impetuous blood.
 Here stops the growth. With overbearing pulse
 And pressure, still the great destroy the small;
 Still with the ruins of the small grow strong.
 Life glows meantime amid the grinding force
 Of viscous fluids and elastic tubes;
 Its various functions vigorously are plied
 By strong machinery, and in solid health
 The man confirm'd long triumphs o'er disease.
 But the full ocean ebbs; there is a point, [tend;
 By nature fix'd, whence life must downwards
 For still the beating tide consolidates
 The stubborn vessels, more reluctant still
 To the weak throbs of th' ill-supported heart;
 These languishing, those strengthening by de-
 To hard, unyielding, unelastic bone. [grees
 Through tedious channels the congealing flood
 Crawls lazily, and hardly wanders on:
 It loiters still; and now it stirs no more.
 This is the period few attain, the death
 Of nature. Thus (so Heaven ordain'd it) life
 Destroys itself: and, could these laws have
 chang'd,

Nestor might now the fates of Troy relate,
 And Homer live immortal as his song.

What does not fade? The tow'r that long
 had stood

The crash of thunder and the warring winds,
 Shook by the slow but sure destroyer Time,
 Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base;
 And flinty pyramids, and walls of brass,
 Descend: the Babylonian spires are sunk;
 Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down.
 Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,
 And tottering empires crush by their own weight.
 This huge rotundity we tread grows old,
 And all those worlds that roll around the sun.
 The sun himself shall die, and ancient night
 Again involve the desolate abyss,
 Till the great Father through the lifeless gloom
 Extend his arm to light another world,
 And bid new planets roll by other laws.
 For through the regions of unbounded space,
 Where unconfin'd Omnipotence has room,
 Being, in various systems, fluctuates still
 Between creation and abhor'd decay;
 It ever did, perhaps, and ever will.
 New worlds are still emerging from the deep;
 The old descending, in their turns to rise.

BOOK III. EXERCISE.

THROUGH various toils th' adventurous Muse
 has pass'd;

But half the toil, and more than half, remains.
 Rude is her theme, and hardly fit for song;
 Plain, and of little ornament; and I
 But little practised in the Aonian arts.
 Yet not in vain such labors have we tried,
 If aught these lays the fickle health confirm.
 To you, ye delicate, I write; for you

I tame my youth to philosophic cares,
 And grow still paler by the midnight lamp.
 Not to debilitate with timorous rules
 A hardy frame; nor heedlessly to brave
 Inglorious dangers, proud of mortal strength,
 Is all the lesson that in wholesome years
 Concerns the strong. His care were ill be-
 stow'd,

Who would with warm effeminacy nurse
 The thriving oak which on the mountain's brow
 Bears all the blasts that sweep the wintry heaven.

Behold the laborer of the glebe, who toils
 In dust, in rain, in cold and sultry skies;
 Save but the grain from mildews and the flood,
 Nought anxious he what sickly stars ascend.
 He knows no laws by Esculapius given,
 He studies none. Yet him nor midnight fogs
 Infest, nor those envenom'd shafts that fly
 When rapid Sirius fires th' autumnal noon.
 His habit pure with plain and temperate meals,
 Robust with labor, and by custom steel'd
 To ev'ry casualty of varied life;
 Serene he bears the peevish Eastern blast,
 And uninfected breathes the mortal South.

Such the reward of rude and sober life,
 Of labor such. By health the peasant's toil
 Is well repaid, if exercise were pain
 Indeed, and temp'rance pain. By arts like these
 Laconia nurs'd of old her hardy sons;
 And Rome's unconquer'd legions urg'd their
 Unhurt through ev'ry toil, in ev'ry clime. [way

Toil, and be strong. By toil the flaccid nerves
 Grow firm, and gain a more compacted tone;
 The greener juices are by toil subdued,
 Mellow'd and subtiliz'd; the vapid old
 Expell'd, and all the rancor of the blood.
 Come, my companions, ye who feel the charms
 Of nature and the year; come, let us stray
 Where chance or fancy leads our roving walk:
 Come, while the soft voluptuous breezes fan
 The fleecy heavens, inwrap the limbs with balm,
 And shed a charming languor o'er the soul.
 Nor when bright winter sows the prickly frost,
 The vigorous ether, in unmanly warmth
 Indulge at home; nor even when Eurus' blasts
 This way and that convolve the lab'ring woods.
 My liberal walks, save when the skies in rain
 Or fogs relent, no season should confine
 Or to the cloister'd gallery or arcade. [source
 Go, climb the mountain; from the ethereal
 Imbibe the recent gale. The cheerful morn
 Beams o'er the hills; go, mount the exulting
 steed.

Already, see, the deep-mouth'd beagles catch
 The tainted mazes; and, on eager sport
 Intent, with emulous impatience try
 Each doubtful trace. Or, if a nobler prey
 Delight you more, go chase the desprate deer;
 And through its deepest solitudes awake
 The vocal forest with the jovial horn.

make a stronger resistance to the action of the heart and force of the blood. From this gradual condensation of the smaller vessels, and consequent rigidity of the larger ones, the progress of the human body from infancy to old age is accounted for.

But if the breathless chase o'er hill and dale
Exceed your strength, a sport of less fatigue,
No less delightful, the prolific stream
Affords. The crystal rivulet, that o'er
A stony channel rolls its rapid maze, [bounds
Swarms with the silver fry. Such through the
Of pastoral Stafford, runs the brawling Trent;
Such Eden, sprung from Cumbrian mountains;
such [stream

The Esk, o'erhung with woods; and such the
On whose Arcadian banks I first drew air,
Liddal; till now, except in Doric lays
Tun'd to her murmurs by her love-sick swains,
Unknown in song; though not a purer stream,
Through meads more flow'ry, or more romantic
groves,

Rolls toward the western main. Hail, sacred
May still thy hospitable swains be blest [flood!
In rural innocence; thy mountains still
Teem with the fleecy race; thy tuneful woods
For ever flourish; and thy vales look gay
With painted meadows, and the golden grain!
Oft, with thy blooming sons, when life was new,
Sportive and petulant, and charm'd with toys,
In thy transparent eddies have I lav'd;
Oft trac'd with patient steps thy fairy banks,
With the well-imitated fly to hook
The eager trout, and, with the slender line
And yielding rod, solicit to the shore [clouds
The struggling panting prey; while vernal
And tepid gales obscur'd the ruffled pool,
And from the deeps call'd forth the wanton
swarms.

Form'd on the Samian school, or those of Ind,
There are who think these pastimes scarce hu-
Yet in my mind (and not relentless I) [mane;
His life is pure that wears no fouler stains.
But if through genuine tenderness of heart,
Or secret want of relish for the game,
You shun the glories of the chase, nor care
To haunt the peopled stream; the garden yields
A soft amusement, a humane delight.
To raise th' insipid nature of the ground,
Or tame its savage genius to the grace
Of careless sweet rusticity, that seems
The amiable result of happy chance,
Is to create; and gives a godlike joy,
Which every year improves. Nor thou disdain
To check the lawless riot of the trees,
To plant the grove, or turn the barren mould.
O happy he, whom, when his years decline,
(His fortune and his fame by worthy means
Attain'd, and equal to his moderate mind:
His life approv'd by all the wise and good,
E'en envied by the vain) the peaceful groves
Of Epicurus, from this stormy world,
Receive to rest, of all ungrateful cares
Absolv'd, and sacred from the selfish crowd!
Happiest of men, if the same soil invites
A chosen few, companions of his youth,
Once fellow-rakes perhaps, now rural friends;
With whom in easy commerce to pursue

Nature's free charms, and vie for sylvan fame!
A fair ambition, void of strife or guile,
Or jealousy, or pain to be outdone,
Who plans th' enchanted garden, who directs
The vista best, and best conducts the stream:
Whose groves the fastest thicken and ascend;
Whom first the welcome spring salutes; who
shows

The earliest bloom; the sweetest, proudest charms
Of Flora; who best gives Pomona's juice
To match the sprightly genius of champaign.
Thrice happy day in rural business pass'd;
Blest winter nights! when, as the genial fire
Cheers the wide hall, his cordial family
With soft domestic arts the hours beguile,
And pleasing talk, that starts no timorous fame,
With witless wantonness to hunt it down;
Or through the fairy-land of tale or song
Delighted wanders, in fictitious fates
Engag'd, and all that strikes humanity:
Till, lost in fable, they the stealing hour
Of timely rest forget. Sometimes, at eve,
His neighbours lift the latch, and bless unbid
His festal roof; while, o'er the light repast
And sprightly cups, they mix in social joy,
And, through the maze of conversation, trace
Whate'er amuses or improves the mind.
Sometimes at eve (for I delight to taste
The native zest and flavor of the fruit [nure)
Where sense grows wild, and takes of no ma-
The decent, honest, cheerful husbandman
Should drown his labors in my friendly bowl,
And at my table find himself at home.

Whate'er you study, in whate'er you sweat,
Indulge your taste. Some love the manly foils;
The tennis some; and some the graceful dance:
Others, more hardy, range the purple heath
Or naked stubble, where from field to field
The sounding coveys urge the lab'ring flight;
Eager amid the rising cloud to pour
The gun's unerring thunder: and there are
Whom still the meed* of the green archer
charms.

He chooses best, whose labor entertains
His vacant fancy most: the toil you hate
Fatigues you soon, and scarce improves your
limbs.

As beauty still has blemish, and the mind
The most accomplish'd its imperfect side,
Few bodies are there of that happy mould
But some one part is weaker than the rest:
The legs perhaps, or arms, refuse their load,
Or the chest labors. These assiduously,
But gently, in their proper arts employ'd,
Acquire a vigor and springy activity
To which they were not born. But weaker parts
Abhor fatigue and violent discipline.

Begin with gentle toils; and, as your nerves
Grow firm, to harder by just steps aspire.
The prudent, e'en in ev'ry moderate walk,
At first but saunter, and by slow degrees
Increase their pace. This doctrine of the wise

* This word is much used by some of the old English poets, and signifies reward or prize.

Well knows the master of the flying steed.
 First from the goal the manag'd coursers play
 On bended reins; as yet the skilful youth
 Repress their foamy pride: but ev'ry breath
 The race grows warmer, and the tempest swells;
 Till all the fiery mettle has its way,
 And the thick thunder hurries o'er the plain.
 When all at once from indolence to toil
 You spring, the fibres by the hasty shock
 Are tir'd and crack'd, before their unctuous coats,
 Compress'd, can pour the lubricating balm.
 Besides, collected in the passive veins,
 The purple mass a sudden torrent rolls,
 O'erpow'rs the heart, and deluges the lungs
 With dangerous inundation: oft the source
 Of fatal woes; a cough that foams with blood,
 Asthma, and feller peripneumony,*
 Or the slow minings of the hectic fire.

Th' athletic fool, to whom what Heaven de-
 Of soul is well compensated in limbs, [nied
 Oft, from his rage or brainless frolic, feels
 His vegetation and brute force decay.
 The men of better clay and finer mould
 Know nature, feel the human dignity,
 And scorn to vie with oxen or with apes.
 Pursu'd prolixly, e'en the gentlest toil
 Is waste of health: repose by small fatigue
 Is earn'd; and (where your habit is not prone
 To thaw) by the first moisture of the brows:
 The fine and subtle spirits cost too much
 To be profus'd, too much the roscid balm;
 But when the hard varieties of life
 You toil to learn, or try the dusty chase,
 Or the warm deeds of some important day:
 Hot from the field, indulge not yet your limbs
 In wish'd repose; nor court the fanning gale,
 Nor taste the spring. Oh! by the sacred tears
 Of widows, orphans, mothers, sisters, sires,
 Forbear! no other pestilence has driven
 Such myriads o'er th' irremediable deep.
 Why this so fatal, the sagacious Muse
 Thro' nature's cunning labyrinths could trace.
 But there are secrets which who knows not now,
 Must, ere he reach them, climb the heavy Alps
 Of science, and devote seven years to toil.
 Besides, I would not stun your patient ears
 With what it little boots you to attain.
 He knows enough, the mariner, who knows
 Where lurk the shelves, and where the whirl-
 pools boil,

What signs portend the storm: to subtler minds
 He leaves to scan from what mysterious cause
 Charybdis rages in th' Ionian wave;
 Whence those imperious currents in the main,
 Which neither oar nor sail can stem; and why
 The rough'ning deep expects the storm, as sure
 As red Orion mounts the shrouded heaven.

In ancient times, when Rome with Athens
 For polish'd luxury and useful arts; [vied
 All hot and reeking from the Olympic strife,
 And warm Palestra, in the tepid bath
 Th' athletic youth relax'd their wearied limbs.

* The inflammation of the lungs.

Soft oils bedew'd them, with the grateful pow'rs
 Of nard and cassia fraught, to soothe and heal
 The cherish'd nerves. Our less voluptuous clime
 Not much invites us to such arts as these.
 'Tis not for those whom gelid skies embrace,
 And chilling fogs; whose perspiration feels
 Such frequent bars from Eurus and the North;
 'Tis not for those to cultivate the skin
 Too soft, or teach the recremental fume
 Too fast to crowd thro' such precarious ways;
 For thro' the small arterial mouths, that pierce
 In endless millions, the close-woven skin,
 The baser fluids in a constant stream
 Escape, and viewless melt into the winds.
 While this eternal, this most copious waste
 Of blood, degen'rate into vapid brine,
 Maintains its wonted measure, all the pow'rs
 Of health befriend you, all the wheels of life
 With ease and pleasure move; but this restrain'd
 Or more or less, so more or less you feel
 The functions labor: from this fatal source
 What woes descend is never to be sung.
 To take their numbers were to count the sands
 That ride in whirlwind the parch'd Libyan air:
 Or waves that, when the blust'ring North em-
 broils

The Baltic, thunder on the German shore.
 Subject not then, by soft emollient arts,
 This grand expense, on which your fates depend,
 To ev'ry caprice of the sky; nor thwart
 The genius of your clime: for from the blood
 Least fickle rise the recremental streams,
 And least obnoxious to the styptic air, [pores.
 Which breathe thro' straiter and more callous
 The temper'd Scythian hence half naked treads
 His boundless snows, nor rues th' inclement
 heaven:

And hence our painted ancestors defied
 The East; nor curst, like us, their fickle sky.

The body, moulded by the clime, endures
 Th' equator heats, or hyperborean frost:
 Except, by habits foreign to its turn,
 Unwise you counteract its forming power.
 Rude at the first, the winter shocks you less
 By long acquaintance: study then your sky,
 Form to its manners your obsequious frame,
 And learn to suffer what you cannot shun.
 Against the rigors of a damp cold heaven
 To fortify their bodies, some frequent
 The gelid cistern; and, where nought forbids,
 I praise their dauntless heart; a frame so steel'd
 Dreads not the cough, nor those ungenial blasts
 That breathe the Tertian or fell Rheumatism;
 The nerves so tempered never quit their tone;
 No chronic languors haunt such hardy breasts.
 But all things have their bounds: and he who
 By daily use the kindest regimen [makes
 Essential to his health, should never mix
 With human kind, nor art nor trade pursue.
 He not the safe vicissitudes of life
 Without some shock endures; ill-fitted he
 To want the known, or bear unusual things.
 Besides, the pow'rful remedies of pain
 (Since pain in spite of all our cares will come)

Should never with your prosp'rous days of health
Grow too familiar : for by frequent use
The strongest med'cines lose their healing pow'r,
And e'en the surest poisons theirs to kill.

Let those who from the frozen Arctos reach
Parch'd Mauritania, or the sultry west,
Or the wide flood through rich Indostan roll'd,
Plunge thrice a day, and in the tepid wave
Untwist their stubborn pores; that full and free
Th' evaporation through the soften'd skin
May bear proportion to the swelling blood :
So shall they 'scape the fever's rapid flames,
So feel untainted the hot breath of hell.

With us, the man of no complaint demands
The warm ablution, just enough to clear
The sluices of the skin, enough to keep
The body sacred from indecent soil.
Still to be pure, e'en did it not conduce
(As much it does) to health, were greatly worth
Your daily pains. 'Tis this adorns the rich ;
The want of this is poverty's worst woe ;
With this external virtue age maintains
A decent grace ; without it, youth and charms
Are loathsome. This the venal Graces know ;
So doubtless do your wives : for married sires,
As well as lovers, still pretend to taste ;
Nor is it less (all prudent wives can tell)
To lose a husband's than a lover's heart.

But now the hours and seasons when to toil,
From foreign themes recall my wand'ring song.
Some labor fasting, or but slightly fed,
To lull the grinding stomach's hungry rage,
Where nature feeds too corpulent a frame ;
'Tis wisely done : for while the thirsty veins,
Impatient of lean penury, devour
The treasur'd oil, then is the happiest time
To shake the lazy balsam from its cells.
Now while the stomach from the full repast
Subsides, but ere returning hunger gnaws,
Ye leaner habits, give an hour to toil :
And ye whom no luxuriancy of growth
Oppresses yet, or threatens to oppress.
But from the recent meal no labors please,
Of limbs or mind. For now the cordial pow'rs
Claim all the wand'ring spirits to a work
Of strong and subtle toil and great event,
A work of time ; and you may rue the day
You hurried, with untimely exercise,
A half-concocted chyle into the blood.
The body overcharg'd with unctuous phlegm
Much toil demands ; the lean elastic less.
While winter chills the blood, and binds the
veins,

No labors are too hard ; by those you 'scape
The slow diseases of the torpid year,
Endless to name ; to one of which alone,
To that which tears the nerves, the toil of slaves
Is pleasure. Oh, from such inhuman pains
May all be free who merit not the wheel !
But from the burning Lion when the sun
Pours down his sultry wrath ; now while the
blood

Too much already maddens in the veins,
And all the finer fluids through the skin

Explore their flight ; me, near the cool cascade
Reclin'd, or saunt'ring in the lofty grove,
No needless slight occasion should engage
To pant and sweat beneath the fiery noon.
Now the fresh morn alone and mellow eve
To shady walks and active rural sports
Invite. But, while the chilling dews descend,
May nothing tempt you to the cold embrace
Of humid skies ; though 'tis no vulgar joy
To trace the horrors of the solemn wood
Whilst the soft ev'ning saddens into night ;
Though the sweet Poet of the vernal groves
Melts all the night in strains of am'rous woe.

The shades descend, and midnight o'er the
world

Expands her sable wings ; great Nature droops
Thro' all her works. Now happy he whose toil
Has o'er his languid pow'rless limbs diffus'd
A pleasing lassitude : he not in vain
Invokes the gentle Deity of dreams.
His pow'r's the most voluptuously dissolve
In soft repose : on him the balmy dews
Of sleep with double nutriment descend.
But would you sweetly waste the blank of night
In deep oblivion ; or on Fancy's wings
Visit the paradise of happy dreams,
And waken cheerful as the lively morn ;
Oppress not nature sinking down to rest
With feasts too late, too solid, or too full ;
But be the first concoction half matur'd,
Ere you to mighty indolence resign
Your passive faculties. He from the toils
And trouble of the day to heavier toil [rocks
Retires, whom trembling from the tow'r that
Amid the clouds, or Calpe's hideous height,
The busy demons hurl, or in the main
O'erwhelm, or bury struggling under ground.
Not all a monarch's luxury the woes
Can counterpoise of that most wretched man,
Whose nights are shaken with the frantic fits
Of wild Orestes ; whose delirious brain,
Stung by the Furies, works with poison'd
thought ; [soul,

While pale and monstrous panting shocks the
And mangled consciousness bemoans itself
For ever torn, and chaos floating round.
What dreams presage, what dangers these or
Portend to sanity, though prudent seers [those
Reveal'd of old, and men of deathless fame,
We would not to the superstitious mind
Suggest new throbs, new vanity of fear :
'Tis ours to teach you from the peaceful night,
To banish omens and all restless woes.

In study some protract the silent hours,
Which others consecrate to mirth and wine :
And sleep till noon, and hardly live till night.
But surely this redeems not from the shades
One hour of life. Nor does it nought avail
What season you to drowsy Morpheus give
Of th' ever-varying circle of the day :
Or whether, through the tedious winter gloom
You tempt the midnight or the morning damps.
The body, fresh and vigorous from repose,
Defies the early fogs ; but, by the toils

Of wakeful day exhausted and unstrung,
Weakly resists the night's unwholesome breath:
The grand discharge, th' effusion of the skin,
Slowly impair'd, the languid maladies [steal.
Creep on, and through the sick'ning functions
So, when the chilling East invades the spring,
The delicate Narcissus pines away
In hectic languor, and a slow disease
Taints all the family of flow'rs, condemn'd
To cruel heavens. But why, already prone
To fade, should beauty cherish its own bane?
Oh shame! oh pity! nipt with pale Quadrille
And midnight cares, the bloom of Albion dies!

By toil subdued, the warrior and the hind
Sleep fast and deep; their active functions soon
With generous streams the subtle tubes supply,
And soon the tonic irritable nerves
Feel the fresh impulse, and awake the soul.
The sons of Indolence with long repose
Grow torpid; and, with slowest Lethe drunk,
Feebly and ling'ringly return to life,
Blunt ev'ry sense, and pow'rless ev'ry limb.
Ye prone to sleep (whom sleeping most annoys)
On the hard mattress or elastic couch [sloth;
Extend your limbs, and wean yourself from
Nor grudge the lean projector, of dry brain
And springy nerves, the blandishments of
Nor envy while the buried Bacchanal [down;
Exhales his surfeit in prolixer dreams.

He without riot, in the balmy feast
Of life, the wants of nature has supplied,
Who rises cool, serene, and full of soul.
But pliant nature more or less demands
As custom forms her; and all sudden change
She hates of habit, e'en from bad to good.
If faults in life, or new emergencies
From habits urge you by long time confirm'd,
Slow may the change arrive, and stage by stage;
Slow as the shadow o'er the dial moves,
Slow as the stealing progress of the year.

Observe the circling year. How unperceiv'd
Her seasons change! Behold, by slow degrees,
Stern Winter tam'd into a ruder Spring;
The ripen'd Spring a milder Summer glows;
Departing Summer sheds Pomona's store;
And aged Autumn brews the Winter storm.
Slow as they come, these changes come not void
Of mortal shocks: the cold and torrid reigns,
The two great periods of th' important year,
Are in their first approaches seldom safe:
Funereal Autumn all the sickly dread,
And the black fates deform the lovely Spring.
He well advised, who taught our wiser sires
Early to borrow Muscovy's warm spoils,
Ere the first frost has touch'd the tender blade;
And late resign them, tho' the wanton Spring
Should deck her charms with all her sister's
rays:

For while the effluence of the skin maintains
Its native measure, the pleuritic Spring
Glides harmless by; and Autumn, sick to death
With sallow quartans, no contagion breathes.

I in prophetic numbers could unfold
The omens of the year: what seasons teem

With what diseases; what the humid South
Prepares, and what the demon of the East:
But you perhaps refuse the tedious song.
Besides, whatever plagues, in heat, or cold,
Or drought, or moisture dwell, they hurt not
Skill'd to correct the vices of the sky, [you,
And taught already how to each extreme
To bend your life. But should the public bane
Infect you; or some trespass of your own,
Or flaw of nature, hint mortality:
Soon as a hot unpleasing horror glides
Along the spine, through all your torpid limbs;
When first the head throbs, or the stomach feels
A sickly load, a weary pain the loins,
Be Celsus call'd: the fates come rushing on;
The rapid fates admit of no delay.
While wilful you, and fatally secure,
Expect to-morrow's more auspicious sun,
The growing pest, whose infancy was weak
And easy vanquish'd, with triumphant sway
O'erpow'rs your life. For want of timely care,
Millions have died of medicable wounds.

Ah! in what perils is vain life engag'd!
What slight neglects, what trivial faults, destroy
The hardest frame! Of indolence, of toil,
We die; of want, of superfluity:
The all surrounding heaven, the vital air,
Is big with death. And, tho' the putrid South
Be shut; though no convulsive agony
Shake, from the deep foundation of the world,
Th' imprison'd plagues, a secret venom oft
Corrupts the air, the water, and the land.
What livid deaths has sad Byzantium seen!
How oft has Cairo, with a mother's woe,
Wept o'er her slaughter'd sons and lonely streets!
Even Albion, girt with less malignant skies,
Albion the poison of the gods has drunk,
And felt the sting of monsters all her own.

Ere yet the fell Plantagenets had spent
Their ancient rage at Bosworth's purple field;
While, for which tyrant England should receive,
Her legions in incestuous murders mix'd,
And daily horrors; till the fates were drunk
With kindred blood by kindred hands profus'd:
Another plague of more gigantic arm
Arose; a monster never known before
Rear'd from Cocytus its portentous head.
This rapid fury not, like other pests,
Pursued a gradual course, but in a day
Rush'd as a storm o'er half th' astonish'd isle,
And strew'd with sudden carcasses the land.

First through the shoulders, or whatever part
Was seiz'd the first, a fervid vapor sprung.
With rash combustion thence the quiv'ring
spark

Shot to the heart, and kindled all within:
And soon the surface caught the spreading fires.
Thro' all the yielding pores the melted blood
Gush'd out in smoky sweats; but nought as-
suag'd

The torrid heat within, nor aught reliev'd
The stomach's anguish. With incessant toil,
Desperate of ease, impatient of their pain,
They toss'd from side to side. In vain the stream

Ran full and clear, they burnt and thirsted still;
The restless arteries with rapid blood
Beat strong and frequent. Thick and pantingly
The breath was fetch'd, and with huge lab'ring
 heav'd:

At last a heavy pain oppress'd the head:
A wild delirium came; their weeping friends
Were strangers now, and this no home of theirs.
Harass'd with toil on toil, the sinking pow'rs
Lay prostrate and o'erthrown; a pond'rous sleep
Wrapp'd all the senses up: they slept and died.

In some, a gentle horror crept at first
O'er all the limbs; the sluices of the skin
Withheld their moisture, till by art provok'd,
The sweats o'erflow'd, but in a clammy tide:
Now free and copious, now restrain'd and slow;
Of various tinctures, as the temperature
Had mix'd the blood, with rank and fetid
As if the pent-up humors by delay [streams:
Were grown more fell, more putrid, and malign.
Here lay their hopes, (tho' little hope remain'd,)
With full effusion of perpetual sweats
To drive the venom out. And here the fates
Were kind, that long they linger'd not in pain;
For who surviv'd the sun's diurnal race,
Rose from the dreary gates of hell redeem'd:
Some the sixth hour oppress'd, and some the
 third.

Of many thousands few untainted 'scap'd;
Of those infected fewer 'scap'd alive;
Of those who liv'd some felt a second blow;
And whom the second spar'd a third destroy'd.
Frantic with fear, they sought by flight to shun
The fierce contagion. O'er the mournful land
Th' infected city pour'd her hurrying swarms:
Rous'd by the flames that fir'd her seats around,
Th' infected country rush'd into the town.
Some, sad at home, and in the desert some,
Abjur'd the fatal commerce of mankind
In vain: where'er they fled, the fates pursued.
Others, with hopes more specious, cross'd the
To seek protection in far distant skies; [main,
But none they found. It seem'd the general air,
From pole to pole, from Atlas to the East,
Was then at enmity with English blood.
For, but the race of England, all were safe
In foreign climes; nor did the fury taste
The foreign blood which England then con-
 tain'd. [heaven

Where should they fly? The circumambient
Involv'd them still; and ev'ry breeze was bane.
Where find relief? The salutary art
Was mute; and, startled at the new disease,
In fearful whispers hopeless omens gave.
To heaven with suppliant rites they sent their
 pray'rs; [priv'd,
Heaven heard them not. Of ev'ry hope de-
Fatigued with vain resources, and subdued
With woes resistless and enfeebling fear;
Passive they sunk beneath the weighty blow.
Nothing but lamentable sounds were heard,
Nor aught was seen but ghastly views of death.
Infectious horror ran from face to face,
And pale despair. 'Twas all the business then

To tend the sick, and in their turn to die.

In heaps they fell: and oft one bed, they say,
The sick'ning, dying, and the dead contain'd!

Ye guardian gods, on whom the fates depend
Of tort'ring Albion! ye eternal fires [pow'rs
That lead thro' heaven the wand'ring year! ye
That o'er th' encircling elements preside!
May nothing worse than what this age has seen
Arrive! Enough abroad, enough at home,
Has Albion bled. Here a distemper'd heaven
Has thinn'd her cities; from those lofty cliffs
That awe proud Gaul, to Thule's win't'ry reign:
While in the west, beyond the Atlantic foam,
Her bravest sons, keen for the fight, have died
The death of cowards and of common men:
Sunk void of wounds, and fall'n without re-
 nown. [turn,

But from these views the weeping Muses
And other themes invite my wand'ring song.

BOOK IV. THE PASSIONS.

THE choice of aliment, the choice of air,
The use of toil, and all external things,
Already sung; it now remains to trace
What good, what evil, from ourselves proceeds,
And how the subtle principle within
Inspires with health, or mines with strange de-
The passive body. Ye poetic shades, [cay
That know the secrets of the world unseen,
Assist my song! for, in a doubtful theme
Engag'd, I wander through mysterious ways.

There is, they say (and I believe there is),
A spark within us of th' immortal fire,
That animates and moulds the grosser frame;
And when the body sinks, escapes to heaven,
Its native seat, and mixes with the Gods.
Meanwhile this heavenly particle pervades
The mortal elements; in every nerve
It thrills with pleasure, or grows mad with pain:
And, in its secret conclave, as it feels
The body's woes and joys, this ruling pow'r
Wields at its will the dull material world,
And is the body's health or malady.

By its own toil the gross corporeal frame
Fatigues, extenuates, or destroys itself;
Nor less the labors of the mind corrode
The solid fabric; for by subtle parts,
And viewless atoms, secret Nature moves
The mighty wheels of this stupendous world.
By subtle fluids pour'd through subtle tubes,
The nat'ral, vital functions are perform'd:
By these the stubborn aliments are tam'd;
The toiling heart distributes life and strength;
These the still-crumbling frame rebuild, and
 these

Are lost in thinking, and dissolve in air.

But 'tis not Thought (for still the soul's em-
 ploy'd),

'Tis painful thinking that corrodes our clay.
All day the vacant eye without fatigue
Strays o'er the heaven and earth; but long intent
On microscopic arts its vigor fails.

Just so the mind, with various thought amus'd,
Nor aches itself, nor gives the body pain.
But anxious study, discontent, and care,
Love without hope, and hate without revenge,
And fear, and jealousy, fatigue the soul,
Engross the subtle ministers of life,
And spoil the lab'ring functions of their share.
Hence the lean gloom that Melancholy wears,
The lover's paleness, and the sallow hue
Of Envy, Jealousy, the meagre stare
Of sore Revenge: the canker'd body hence
Betrays each fretful motion of the mind. [day

The strong-built peasant, who both night and
Feeds on the coarsest fare the schools bestow,
And crudely fattens at gross Burman's stall;
O'erwhelm'd with phlegm lies in a drowsy
Or sinks in lethargy before his time. [drown'd,
With youthful studies you, and arts that please,
Employ your mind; amuse, but not fatigue.
Peace to each drowsy metaphysic sage!
And ever may all heavy systems rest!
Yet some there are, e'en of elastic parts,
Whom strong and obstinate ambition leads
Through all the rugged roads of barren lore,
And gives to relish what their gen'rous taste
Would else refuse. But may not thirst of fame,
Nor love of knowledge, urge you to fatigue
With constant drudgery the lib'ral soul.
Toy with your books: and, as the various fits
Of humor seize you, from philosophy
To fable shift, from serious Antonine
To Rabelais' ravings, and from prose to song.

While reading pleases, but no longer, read;
And read aloud resounding Homer's strain,
And wield the thunder of Demosthenes.
The chest so exercis'd improves its strength;
And quick vibrations through the bowels drive
The restless blood, which in unactive days
Would loiter else through unelastic tubes.
Deem it not trifling while I recommend
What posture suits: to stand and sit by turns,
As nature prompts, is best. But o'er your leaves
To lean for ever, cramps the vital parts,
And robs the fine machinery of its play.

'Tis the great art of life to manage well
The restless mind. For ever on pursuit
Of knowledge bent, it starves the grosser pow'rs:
Quite unemploy'd, against its own repose
It turns its fatal edge, and sharper pangs
Than what the body knows imbitter life.
Chiefly where Solitude, sad nurse of Care,
To sickly musing gives the pensive mind,
There Madness enters; and the dim-eyed fiend,
Sour Melancholy, night and day provokes
Her own eternal wound. The sun grows pale;
A mournful visionary light o'erspreads
The cheerful face of nature; earth becomes
A dreary desert, and heav'n frowns above.
Then various shapes of curs'd illusion rise:
Whate'er the wretched fears, creating Fear
Forms out of nothing; and with monsters teems
Unknown in hell. The prostrate soul beneath
A load of huge imagination heaves;
And all the horrors that the murd'rer feels

With anxious flutt'ring wake the guiltless
breast.

Such phantoms Pride in solitary scenes,
Or Fear, on delicate self-love creates.
From other cares absolv'd, the busy mind
Finds in yourself a theme to pore upon;
It finds you miserable, or makes you so.
For while yourself you anxiously explore,
Timorous Self-love, with sick'ning Fancy's aid
Presents the danger that you dread the most,
And ever galls you in your tender part.
Hence come for love, and some for jealousy,
For grim religion some, and some for pride,
Have lost their reason; some for fear of want,
Want all their lives; and others ev'ry day,
For fear of dying, suffer worse than death.
Ah! from your bosoms banish, if you can,
Those fatal guests; and first the demon Fear,
That trembles at impossible events,
Lest aged Atlas should resign his load,
And heaven's eternal battlements rush down.
Is there an evil worse than Fear itself?
And what avails it that indulgent Heaven
From mortal eyes has wrapt the woes to come,
If we, ingenious to torment ourselves,
Grow pale at hideous fictions of our own?
Enjoy the present; nor with needless cares
Of what may spring from blind misfortune's
womb,

Appal the surest hour that life bestows.
Serene, and master of yourself, prepare
For what may come, and leave the rest to
Heaven.

Oft from the body, by long ails mistun'd,
These evils spring, the most important health,
That of the mind, destroy; and when the mind
They first invade, the conscious body soon
In sympathetic languishment declines.
These chronic passions, while from real woes
They rise, and yet without the body's fault
Infest the soul, admit one only cure;
Diversion, hurry, and a restless life.
Vain are the consolations of the wise; [pain.
In vain your friends would reason down your
O ye, whose souls relentless love has tam'd
To soft distress, or friends untimely slain,
Court not the luxury of tender thought!
Nor deem it impious to forget those pains
That hurt the living, nought avail the dead.
Go, soft enthusiast! quit the cypress groves,
Nor to the rivulet's lonely moanings tune
Your sad complaint. Go, seek the cheerful
haunts

Of men, and mingle with the bustling crowd;
Lay schemes for wealth, or pow'r, or fame, the
wish

Of noble minds, and push them night and day;
Or join the caravan in quest of scenes
New to your eyes, and shifting ev'ry hour,
Beyond the Alps, beyond the Apennines.
Or, more advent'rous, rush into the field
Where war grows hot; and, raging through the
sky,

The lofty trumpet swells the madd'ning soul;

And in the hardy camp and toilsome march
Forget all softer and less manly cares.

But most too passive, when the blood runs slow,
Too weakly indolent to strive with pain,
And bravely by resisting conquer Fate,
Try Circe's arts, and in the tempting bowl
Of poison'd nectar sweet oblivion drink.
Struck by the pow'rful charm, the gloom dis-
solves

In empty air; Elysium opens round;
A pleasing phrensy buoys the lighten'd soul,
And sanguine hopes dispel your fleeting care;
And what was difficult and what was dire
Yields to your prowess and superior stars:
The happiest you of all that e'er were mad,
Or are, or shall be, could this folly last.
But soon your heaven is gone: a heavier gloom
Shuts o'er your head: and, as the thund'ring
stream,

Swoln o'er its banks with sudden mountain rain,
Sinks from its tumult to a silent brook;
So, when the frantic raptures in your breast
Subside, you languish into mortal man:
You sleep, and, waking, find yourself undone.
For, prodigal of life, in one rash night
You lavish'd more than might support three days.
A heavy morning comes; your cares return
With tenfold rage. An anxious stomach well
May be endur'd; so may the throbbing heart:
But such a dim delirium, such a dream,
Involves you; such a dastardly despair
Unmans your soul, as madd'ning Pentheus felt
When, baited round Cithæron's cruel sides,
He saw two suns, and double Thebes, ascend.
You curse the sluggish Port; you curse the
wretch,

The felon, with unnat'ral mixture first
Who dar'd to violate the virgin wine.
Or on the fugitive Champaign you pour
A thousand curses; for to heaven it rapt
Your soul, to plunge you deeper in despair.
Perhaps you rue e'en that divinest gift,
The gay, serene, good-natur'd Burgundy,
Or the fresh fragrant vintage of the Rhine;
And wish that Heaven from mortals had with-
The grape, and all intoxicating bowls. [held

Besides, it wounds you sore to recollect
What follies in your loose unguarded hour
Escap'd. For one irrevocable word,
Perhaps that meant no harm, you lose a friend;
Or in the rage of wine your hasty hand
Performs a deed to haunt you to your grave.
Add, that your means, your health, your parts
decay:

Your friends avoid you; brutishly transform'd,
They hardly know you; or, if one remains
To wish you well, he wishes you in heaven.
Despis'd, unwept, you fall: who might have left
A sacred, cherish'd, sadly-pleasing name;
A name still to be utter'd with a sigh.
Your last ungraceful scene has quite effac'd
All sense and mem'ry of your former worth.

How to live happiest; how avoid the pains,
The disappointments, and disgusts of those

Who would in pleasure all their hours employ;
The precepts here of a divine old man
I could recite. Though old, he still retain'd
His manly sense and energy of mind.
Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe;
He still remember'd that he once was young;
His easy presence check'd no decent joy.
Him e'en the dissolute admir'd: for he
A graceful looseness, when he pleas'd, put on;
And laughing could instruct. Much had he
read,

Much more had seen; he studied from the life,
And in th' original perus'd mankind.

Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life,
He pitied Man: and much he pitied those
Whom falsely-smiling Fate has curs'd with
means

To dissipate their days in quest of joy.

Our aim is happiness: 'tis yours, 'tis mine,
He said; 'tis the pursuit of all that live:

Yet few attain it, if 't was e'er attain'd.

But they the widest wander from the mark,
Who through the flow'ry paths of saunt'ring joy
Seek this coy goddess; that from stage to stage
Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue.

For, not to name the pains that pleasure brings
To counterpoise itself, relentless Fate
Forbids that we through gay voluptuous wilds
Should ever roam; and were the fates more kind,
Our narrow luxuries would soon be stale.

Were these exhaustless, nature would grow
sick; [plain

And cloy'd with pleasure, squeamishly com-
That all was vanity, and life a dream.

Let nature rest: be busy for yourself,
And for your friend; be busy e'en in vain,
Rather than tease her sated appetites.

Who never fasts, no banquets e'er enjoys;
Who never toils or watches, never sleeps.

Let nature rest: and when the taste of joy
Grows keen, indulge; but shun satiety.

'Tis not for mortals always to be blest.

But him the least the dull or painful hours
Of life oppress, whom sober Sense conducts,
And Virtue, through this labyrinth we tread.

Virtue and Sense I mean not to disjoin;
Virtue and Sense are one: and, trust me, still
A faithless heart betrays the head unsound.

Virtue (for mere good nature is a fool)
Is Sense and Spirit, with Humanity:

'Tis sometimes angry, and its frown confounds;
'Tis e'en vindictive, but in vengeance just.

Knaves fain would laugh at it; some great ones
dare;

But at his heart the most undaunted son
Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.

To noblest uses this determines wealth;

This is the solid pomp of prosp'rous days,
The peace and shelter of adversity.

And, if you pant for glory, build for fame
On this foundation, which the secret shock
Defies of Envy and all-sapping Time.

The gaudy gloss of Fortune only strikes
The vulgar eye; the suff'rage of the wise,

The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,
Is the best gift of Heaven; a happiness
That e'en above the smiles and frowns of fate
Exalts great Nature's favorites; a wealth
That ne'er encumbers, nor to baser hands
Can be transferr'd: it is the only good
Man justly boasts of, or can call his own.
Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earn'd;
Or dealt by chance, to shield a lucky knave,
Or throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
But for one end, one much-neglected use,
Are riches worth your care; for Nature's wants
Are few, and without opulence supplied:
This noble end is, to produce the soul;
To show the virtues in the fairest light;
To make humanity the minister
Of bounteous Providence; and teach the breast
That gen'rous luxury the gods enjoy.

Thus, in his graver vein, the friendly sage
Sometimes declaim'd. Of right and wrong he
Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard; [taught
And (strange to tell!) he practis'd what he
preach'd.

Skill'd in the passions, how to check their sway
He knew, as far as reason can control
The lawless pow'rs. But other cares are mine:
Form'd in the school of Paan, I relate
What passions hurt the body, what improve:
Avoid them, or invite them, as you may.

Know then, whatever cheerful and serene
Supports the mind, supports the body too.
Hence, the most vital movement mortals feel
Is Hope, the balm and life-blood of the soul:
It pleases, and it lasts. Indulgent Heaven
Sent down the kind delusion, through the paths
Of rugged life to lead us patient on,
And make our happiest state no tedious thing.
Our greatest good, and what we least can spare
Is Hope; the last of all our evils, Fear.

But there are passions grateful to the breast,
And yet no friends to life: perhaps they please
Or to excess, and dissipate the soul; [clown,
Or while they please, torment. The stubborn
The ill-tamed ruffian, and pale usurer,
(If love's omnipotence such hearts could mould)
May safely mellow into love; and grow
Refin'd, humane, and gen'rous, if they can.
Love in such bosoms never to a fault
Or pains or pleasures. But, ye finer souls,
Form'd to soft luxury, and prompt to thrill
With all the tumults, all the joys and pains
That beauty gives; with caution and reserve
Indulge the sweet destroyer of repose, [cares.
Nor court too much the Queen of charming
For, while the cherish'd poison in your breast
Ferments and maddens; sick with jealousy,
Absence, distrust, or e'en with anxious joy,
The wholesome appetites and pow'rs of life
Dissolve in languor. The coy stomach loaths
The genial board; your cheerful days are gone;
The gen'rous bloom that flush'd your cheeks is
To sighs devoted, and to tender pains, [fled,

Pensive you sit, or solitary stray,
And waste your youth in musing. Musing first
Toy'd into care your unsuspecting heart:
It found a liking there, a sportful fire,
And that fomented into serious love;
Which musing daily strengthens and improves
Through all the heights of fondness and ro-
mance:

And you're undone, the fatal shaft has sped,
If once you doubt whether you love or no:
The body wastes away; th'infected mind,
Dissolv'd in female tenderness, forgets
Each manly virtue, and grows dead to fame.
Sweet Heaven! from such intoxicating charms
Defend all worthy breasts! Not that I deem
Love always dangerous, always to be shunn'd.
Love well repaid, and not too weakly sunk
In wanton and unmanly tenderness,
Adds bloom to health; o'er ev'ry virtue sheds
A gay, humane, and amiable grace,
And brightens all the ornaments of man.
But fruitless, hopeless, disappointed, rack'd
With jealousy, fatigu'd with hope and fear,
Too serious, or too languishingly fond,
Unnerves the body, and unmans the soul,
And some have died for love, and some run mad;
And some with desp'rate hand themselves have

Some to extinguish, others to prevent, [slain.
A mad devotion to one dang'rous fair,
Court all they meet; in hopes to dissipate
The cares of love amongst a hundred brides.
Th'event is doubtful: for there are who find
A cure in this; there are who find it not.

'Tis no relief, alas! it rather galls
The wound, to those who are sincerely sick:
For while from fev'rish and tumultuous joys
The nerves grow languid, and the soul subsides,
The tender fancy smarts with ev'ry sting,
And what was love before is madness now.

Who pines with love, or in lascivious flames
Consumes, is with his own consent undone:
He chooses to be wretched, to be mad,
And warn'd proceeds and wilful to his fate.
But there's a passion, whose tempestuous sway
Tears up each virtue planted in the breast,
And shakes to ruin proud philosophy:
For pale and trembling Anger rushes in,
With faltering speech, and eyes that wildly stare,
Fierce as the tiger, madder than the seas,
Desperate, and arm'd with more than human
strength.

How soon the calm, humane, and polish'd man
Forgets compunction, and starts up a fiend!
Who pines in love, or wastes with silent cares,
Envy, or ignominy, or tender grief,
Slowly descends, and ling'ring, to the shades.
But he whom anger stings, drops, if he dies,
At once, and rushes apoplectic down;
Or a fierce fever hurries him to hell.
For, as the body through unnumber'd strings
Reverberates each vibration of the soul;
As is the passion, such is still the pain
The body feels; or chronic, or acute.
And oft a sudden storm at once o'erpow'rs

The life, or gives your reason to the winds.
Such fates attend the rash alarm of fear,
And sudden grief, and rage, and sudden joy.

There are, meantime, to whom the boisterous
Is health, and only fills the sails of life; [fit
For where the mind a torpid winter leads,
Wrapt in a body corpulent and cold,
And each clogg'd function lazily moves on,
A generous sally spurns th' incumbent load,
Unlocks the breast, and gives a cordial glow.
But if your wrathful blood is apt to boil,
Or are your nerves too irritably strung,
Wave all dispute; be cautious if you joke,
Keep Lent for ever, and forswear the bowl;
For one rash moment sends you to the shades,
Or shatters ev'ry hopeful scheme of life,
And gives to horror all your days to come.
Fate, arm'd with thunder, fire, and ev'ry plague
That ruins, tortures, or distracts mankind,
And makes the happy wretched, in an hour
O'erwhelms you not with woes so horrible
As your own wrath, nor gives more sudden blows.

While choler works, good friend, you may be
wrong;

Distrust yourself, and sleep before you fight.
'Tis not too late to-morrow to be brave;
If honor bids, to-morrow kill or die.
But calm advice against a raging fit
Avails too little; and it braves the pow'r
Of all that ever taught in prose or song,
To tame the fiend that sleeps a gentle lamb,
And wakes a lion. Unprovok'd and calm,
You reason well, see as you ought to see,
And wonder at the madness of mankind;
Seiz'd with the common rage, you soon forget
The speculation of your wiser hours.
Beset with furies of all deadly shapes,
Fierce and insidious, violent and slow,
With all that urge or lure us on to fate,
What refuge shall we seek, what arms prepare?
Where reason proves too weak, or void of wiles,
To cope with subtle or impetuous pow'rs,
I would invoke new passions to your aid;
With indignation would extinguish fear,
With fear or generous pity vanquish rage,
And love with pride; and force to force op-
pose. [breast,

There is a charm, a pow'r that sways the
Bids every passion revel or be still;
Inspires with rage, or all your cares dissolves;
Can soothe distraction, and almost despair;
That pow'r is Music: far beyond the stretch
Of those unmeaning warblers on the stage;
Those clumsy heroes, those fat-headed gods,
Who move no passion justly but contempt;
Who, like our dancers (light indeed and strong!)
Do wondrous feats, but never heard of grace.
The fault is ours; we bear those monstrous
arts: [peals

Good Heaven! we praise them; we with loudest
Applaud the fool that highest lifts his heels,
And with insipid show of rapture die
Of idiot notes impertinently long.
But he the Muse's laurel justly shares,

A poet he, and touch'd with Heaven's own fire,
Who with bold rage, or solemn pomp of sounds,
Inflames, exalts, and ravishes the soul;
Now tender, plaintive, sweet almost to pain,
In love dissolves you; now in sprightly strains
Breathes a gay rapture through your thrilling
breast,

Or melts the heart with airs divinely sad,
Or wakes to horror the tremendous strings.
Such was the bard whose heavenly strains of old
Appeas'd the fiend of melancholy Saul.
Such was, if old and heathen fame say true,
The man who bade the Theban domes ascend,
And tam'd the savage nations with his song;
And such the Thracian whose harmonious lyre,
Tun'd to soft woe, made all the mountains
weep;

Sooth'd e'en th' inexorable pow'rs of Hell,
And half redeem'd his lost Eurydice.
Music exalts each joy, allays each grief,
Expels diseases, softens every pain,
Subdues the rage of poison, and the plague;
And hence the wise of ancient days ador'd
One pow'r of physic, melody, and song.

§ 50. *Ode on the Spring.* GRAY.

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Fair Venus' train, appear;
Disclose the long-expected flow'rs,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of spring;
While, whispering pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs through the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader, browner shade;
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade;
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think
(At ease reclin'd in rustic state)
How vain the ardor of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care;
The panting herds repose;
Yet, hark, how through the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!
The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honey'd spring,
And float amid the liquid noon:
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some show their gaily gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of man;
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.

Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter through life's little day,
In fortune's varying colors drest:
Brush'd by the hand of rough mischance,
Or chill'd by age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,
The sportive kind reply:
Poor moralist! and what art thou?
A solitary fly!
Thy joys no glitt'ring female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display;
On hasty wings thy youth is flown;
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
We frolic while 'tis May.

§ 51. *Ode on the Death of a favorite Cat,
drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes.* GRAY.

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dy'd
The azure flow'rs that blow;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima, reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the lake below.

Her conscious tale her joy declar'd;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws;
Her coat that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, her em'rald eyes,
She saw, and purr'd applause.

Still had she gaz'd; but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream:
Their scaly armor's Tyrian hue,
Through richest purple, to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw:
A whisker first, and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,
She stretch'd in vain to reach the prize:
What female heart can gold despise?
What cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous maid! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between;
(Malignant Fate sat by and smil'd;)
The slipp'ry verge her feet beguil'd,
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood,
She mew'd to ev'ry wat'ry god,
Some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd;
Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard:—
A fav'rite has no friend!

From hence, ye beauties, undeceiv'd,
Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,

And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes,
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize;
Nor all that glitters, gold.

§ 52. *Ode on a distant Prospect of Eton College.*
GRAY.

YE distant spires, ye antique tow'rs,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flow'rs among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way!

Ah happy hills! ah pleasing shade!
Ah fields below'd in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from you blow
A momentary bliss bestow;
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margin green,
The paths of pleasure trace;
Who foremost now delight to cleave,
With pliant arms, thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
Their murmuring labors ply
'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in ev'ry wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possess'd;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer, of vigor born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day:

Yet see, how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murder's band!
Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful anger, pallid fear
And shame that sculks behind;
Or pining love shall waste their youth,
Or jealousy with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart;
And envy wan, and faded care,
Grim-visag'd comfortless despair,
And sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise;
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning infamy.
And stings of falsehood those shall try,
And hard unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen remorse with blood defil'd,
And moody madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the vale of years, beneath,
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That ev'ry laboring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo! poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand:
And slow-consuming age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate?
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies,
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more—where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

§ 53. *Ode to Adversity.* GRAY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless pow'r,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamant chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain;
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy Sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.

Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore;
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learnt to melt at others' woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild laughter, noise, and thoughtless joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse; and with them go
The summer-friend, the flatt'ring foe;
By vain prosperity receiv'd, [liev'd.
To her they vow their truth, and are again be-

Wisdom in sable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend;
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread Goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
With screaming Horror's fun'ral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, O Goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart;
Thy philosophic train be there
To soften, not to wound, my heart.
The gen'rous spark extinct revive;
Teach me to love, and to forgive;
Exact my own defects to scan; [man.
What others are, to feel; and know myself a

§ 54. *The Progress of Poesy. A Pindaric Ode.* GRAY.

I. 1.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take:
The laughing flow'rs that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour; [roar.
The rocks and nodding groves re-bellow to the

I. 2.

O sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen cares
And frantic passions hear thy soft control.

On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightning of his eye.

I. 3.

Thee the voice, the dance obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay:
O'er Idalia's velvet green
The rosy-crowned loves are seen
On Cytherea's day,
With antic sports, and blue-eyed pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet;
To brisk notes in cadence beating,
Glance their many-twinkling feet. [declare:
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach
Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay;
With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way:
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
The bloom of young desire, and purple light of
love.

II. 1.

Man's feeble race what ills await!
Labor, and penury, the racks of pain,
Disease, and sorrow's weeping train;
And death, sad refuge from the storms of fate!
The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse?
Night and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky;
Till down the eastern cliffs afar [of war.
Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts

II. 2.

In climes beyond the solar road, [roam,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains
The Muse has broke the twilight gloom,
To cheer the shiv'ring native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the od'rous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
In loose numbers, wildly sweet,
Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs, and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursues, and gen'rous shame, [flame,
Th' unconquerable mind, and freedom's holy

II. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep;
Isles, that crown the Egean deep;
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Meander's amber waves
In ling'ring lab'rins creep,
How do your tuneful echoes languish,
Mute but to the voice of anguish!

Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breath'd around;
Ev'ry shade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains:
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant pow'r,
And coward vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost, [coast.
They sought, O Albion! next thy sea-encircled

III. 1.

Far from the sun and summer gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face; the dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms and smil'd.
This pencil take, (she said,) whose colors clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of joy;
Of horror, that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.

III. 2.

Nor second he, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph wings of ecstasy,
The secrets of th' abyss to spy. [time,
He pass'd the flaming bounds of space and
The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Clos'd his eyes in endless night.
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race, [sounding pace.
With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long re-

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eyed Fancy, hov'ring o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But ah! 'tis heard no more—
O lyre divine! what darling spirit
Wakes thee now? Though he inherit
Nor the pride nor ample pinion,
That the Theban eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun;
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate, [Great!
Beneath the Good how far—but far above the

§ 55. *The Bard. A Pindaric Ode.* GRAY.

I. 1.

"RuIN seize thee, ruthless king!
"Confusion on thy banners wait!
"Though fann'd by conquest's crimson wing,
"They mock the air with idle state,

"Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
 "Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
 "To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
 "From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!"
 Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
 Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
 As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
 He wound with toilsome march his long array.
 Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance:
 To arms! cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quivering lance.

I. 2.

On a rock whose haughty brow
 Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
 Rob'd in the sable garb of woe,
 With haggard eyes the poet stood,
 (Loose his beard, and hoary hair
 Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air;
 And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre:
 'Hark, how each giant oak and desert cave
 'Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
 'O'er thee, O king! their hundred arms they
 'wave,
 'Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
 'Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day, [lay.
 'To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's

I. 3.

'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
 'That hush'd the stormy main:
 'Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
 'Mountains, ye mourn in vain
 'Modred, whose magic song
 'Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd head.
 'On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
 'Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
 'Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;
 'The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.
 'Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
 'Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
 'Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my
 'heart,
 'Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
 'No more I weep. They do not sleep.
 'On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
 'I see them sit: they linger yet,
 'Avengers of their native land:
 'With me in dreadful harmony they join,
 'And weave with bloody hands the tissue of
 'thy line.

II. 1.

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
 "The winding sheet of Edward's race:
 "Give ample room, and verge enough
 "The characters of hell to trace.
 "Mark the year, and mark the night,
 "When Severn shall re-echo with affright
 "The shrieks of death, through Berkley's roofs
 "that ring:
 "Shrieks of an agonizing king!

"She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
 "That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
 "From thee be born, who o'er thy country
 "hangs [him wait!
 "The scourge of heaven. What terrors round
 "Amazement in his van, with Flight com-
 "bin'd, [hind.
 "And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude be-

II. 2.

"Mighty victor, mighty lord,
 "Low on his fun'ral couch he lies!
 "No pitying heart, no eye, afford
 "A tear to grace his obsequies.
 "Is the sable warrior fled?
 "Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
 "The swarm that in thy noon-tide beam were
 "Gone to salute the rising morn, [born?
 "Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr
 "blows,
 "While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
 "In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
 "Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
 "Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,
 "That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his
 "evening prey.

II. 3.

"Fill high the sparkling bowl,
 "The rich repast prepare,
 "Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
 "Close by the regal chair
 "Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
 "A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
 "Heard ye the din of battle bray,
 "Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
 "Long years of havoc urge their destin'd course,
 "And through their kindred squadrons mow
 "their way.
 "Ye tow'rs of Julius, London's lasting shame,
 "With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
 "Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
 "And spare the meek usurper's holy head.
 "Above, below, the rose of snow,
 "Twin'd with her blushing foe we spread;
 "The bristled boar in infant gore
 "Wallows beneath the thorny shade. [loom,
 "Now, brothers, bending o'er th' accursed
 "Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his
 "doom.

III. 1.

"Edward, lo! to sudden fate
 "(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
 "Half of thy heart we consecrate,
 "(The web is wove. The work is done.)"
 "Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn,
 "Leave me unblest, unpitied, here to mourn:
 "In yon bright track, that fires the western
 "They melt, they vanish from my eyes. [skies,
 "But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's
 "height
 "Descending slow their glitt'ring skirts unroll?
 "Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!

'Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
'No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
'All hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's issue,
'hail!

III. 2.

'Girt with many a baron bold
'Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
'And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
'In bearded majesty appear.
'In the midst a form divine!
'Her eye proclaims her of the Briton line;
'Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
'Attemper'd sweet to virgin grace.
'What strings symphonious tremble in the air!
'What strains of vocal transport round her play!
'Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear;
'They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
'Bright Rapture calls, and, soaring as she sings,
'Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-color'd
'wings.

III. 3.

'The verse adorn again
'Fierce War, and faithful Love,
'And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction dress'd.
'In buskin'd measures move
'Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
'With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
'A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
'Gales from the blooming Eden bear;
'And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
'That lost in long futurity expire. [cloud,
'Fond impious man! think'st thou yon sanguine
'Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of
'day?
'To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
'And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
'Enough for me: with joy I see
'The diff'rent doom our fates assign.
'Be thine despair, and sceptred care;
'To triumph, and to die, are mine.' [height,
'He spoke; and, headlong from the mountain's
Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless
night.

§ 56. *The fatal Sisters. An Ode.* GRAY.

Now the storm begins to low'r
(Haste, the loom of hell prepare);
Iron sleet of arrowy show'r
Hurtles in the darken'd air.

Glitt'ring lances are the loom
Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a soldier's doom,
Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane.

See the grisly texture grow!
(Tis of human entrails made),
And the weights that play below,
Each a gasping warrior's head.

Shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore,
Shoot the trembling cords along:
Sword, that once a monarch bore,
Keep the tissue close and strong.

Mista, black terrific maid,
Sangrida, and Hilda see!
Join the wayward work to aid:
'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy sun be set,
Pikes must shiver, jav'lins sing,
Blade with clatt'ring buckler meet,
Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war)
Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our friends the conflict share,
Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,
Wading through th' ensanguin'd field,
Gondula, and Geira, spread
O'er the youthful king your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give,
Ours to kill, and ours to spare:
Spite of danger he shall live.
(Weave the crimson web of war.)

They, whom once the desert beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample sway shall stretch
O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntless earl is laid,
Gor'd with many a gaping wound:
Fate demands a nobler head;
Soon a king shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Eirin weep,
Ne'er again his likeness see;
Long her strains in sorrow steep,
Strains of immortality!

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the sun.
Sisters, weave the web of death;
Sisters, cease! the work is done.

Hail the task, and hail the hands!
Songs of joy and triumph sing:
Joy to the victorious bands;
Triumph to the younger king.

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,
Learn the tenor of our song.
Scotland, through each winding vale,
Far and wide the notes prolong.

Sisters, hence with spurs of speed!
Each her thund'ring falchion wield;
Each bestride her sable steed;
Hurry, hurry, to the field!

§ 57. *The Descent of Odin. An Ode.* GRAY.

UPROSE the king of men with speed,
And saddled straight his coal-black steed:
Down the yawning steep he rode,
That leads to Hela's drear abode.
Him the dog of darkness spied:
His shaggy throat he open'd wide;
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore distill'd.

Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;
And long pursues with fruitless yell,
The father of the powerful spell.
Onward still his way he takes
(The groaning earth beneath him shakes),
Till full before his fearless eyes
The portals nine of hell arise.

Right against the eastern gate,
By the moss-grown pile he sate,
Where long of yore to sleep was laid
The dust of the prophetic Maid.
Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme;
Thrice pronounc'd in accents dread,
The thrilling verse that wakes the dead;
Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breath'd a sullen sound.

PROPHETESS.

What call unknown, what charms, presume
To break the quiet of the tomb?
Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
And drags me from the realms of night?
Long on these mould'ring bones have beat
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
The drenching dews, and driving rain!
Let me, let me sleep again.
Who is he, with voice unblest,
That calls me from the bed of rest?

ODIN.

A traveller, to thee unknown,
Is he that calls, a warrior's son.
Thou the deeds of light shalt know;
Tell me what is done below,
For whom yon glitt'ring board is spread?
Drest for whom yon golden bed?

PROPHETESS.

Mantling in the goblet see
The pure bev'rage of the bee;
O'er it hangs the shield of gold:
'Tis the drink of Balder bold.
Balder's head to death is given,
Pain can reach the Sons of Heaven!
Unwilling I my lips uncloze:
Leave me, leave me, to repose.

ODIN.

Once again my call obey;
Prophetess, arise, and say
What dangers Odin's child await,
Who the author of his fate?

PROPHETESS.

In Hoder's hand the hero's doom;
His brother sends him to the tomb.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me, to repose.

ODIN.

Prophetess, my spell obey;
Once again arise, and say
Who th' avenger of his guilt,
By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt?

PROPHETESS.

In the caverns of the West,
By Odin's fierce embrace comprest,
A wondrous boy shall Rinda bear,
Who ne'er shall comb his raven hair,
Nor wash his visage in the stream,
Nor see the sun's departing beam,
Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile,
Flaming on the funeral pile.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Yet a while my call obey;
Prophetess, awake, and say
What virgins these, in speechless wo,
That bend to earth their solemn brow,
That their flaxen tresses tear,
And snowy veils, that float in air?
Tell me whence their sorrows rose;
Then I leave thee to repose.

PROPHETESS.

Ha! no traveller art thou,
King of Men, I know thee now!
Mightiest of a mighty line——

ODIN.

No boding maid of skill divine
Art thou, nor prophetess of good,
But mother of the giant brood!

PROPHETESS.

Hie thee hence, and boast at home
That never shall inquirer come
To break my iron sleep again,
Till Lok has burst his tenfold chain:
Never, till substantial Night
Has re-assum'd her ancient right;
Till, wrapt in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

§ 53. *The Triumphs of Owen. A Fragment.*
GRAY.

OWEN's praise demands my song,
Owen swift, and Owen strong;
Fairest flow'r of Roderic's stem,
Gwyneth's shield, and Britain's gem.
He nor heaps his brooded stores,
Nor on all profusely pours;
Lord of ev'ry regal art,
Lib'ral hand and open heart.
Big with hosts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came;
This the force of Eirin hiding,
Side by side as proudly riding,
On her shadow long and gay
Lochlin ploughs the wat'ry way;
There the Norman sails afar
Catch the winds, and join the war:
Black and huge along they sweep,
Burthens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands
The dragon son of Mona stands;
In glitt'ring arms and glory drest,
High he rears his ruby crest.

There the thund'ring strokes begin,
 There the press, and there the din;
 Talymalfra's rocky shore
 Echoing to the battle's roar.
 Check'd by the torrent-tide of blood,
 Backward Menai rolls his flood;
 While, heap'd his master's feet around,
 Prostrate warriors gnaw the ground.
 Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
 Thousand banners round him burn;
 Where he points his purple spear,
 Hasty, hasty Rout is there;
 Marking with indignant eye
 Fear to stop, and shame to fly.
 There Confusion, Terror's child;
 Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild;
 Agony, that pants for breath;
 Despair, and honorable Death.

* * * * *

§ 59. *Ode on the Installation of the Duke of Grafton. Irregular.* GRAY.

"HENCE, avaunt, ('tis holy ground!)
 "Comus, and his midnight crew,
 "And Ignorance with looks profound,
 "And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue,
 "Mad Sedition's cry profane,
 "Servitude that hugs her chain;
 "Nor in these consecrated bow'rs
 "Let painted Flatt'ry hide her serpent-train in
 "Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain, [flow'rs.
 "Dare the Muse's walk to stain,
 "While bright-eyed Science watches round:
 "Hence away, 'tis holy ground!"
 From yonder realms of empyrean day
 Bursts on my ear th' indignant lay:
 There sit the sainted sage, the bard divine,
 The few whom Genius gave to shine
 Through ev'ry unborn age, and undiscover'd
 Rapt in celestial transport they; [clime.
 Yet hither oft a glance from high
 They send of tender sympathy,
 To bless the place where on their op'ning soul
 First the genuine ardor stole.
 'Twas Milton struck the deep-ton'd shell;
 And, as the choral warblings round him swell,
 Meek Newton's self bends from his state sublime,
 And nods his hoary head, and listens to the
 rhyme.

"Ye brown o'er-arching groves,
 "That contemplation loves,
 "Where Willowy Camus lingers with delight!
 "Oft at the blush of dawn
 "I trod your level lawn,
 "Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia silver bright
 "In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,
 "With Freedom by my side, and soft-eyed
 "Melancholy."

But, hark! the portals sound, and, pacing forth
 With solemn steps and slow,
 High Potentates, and Dames of royal birth,
 And mitred Fathers, in long order go:

Great Edward, with the lilies on his brow
 From haughty Gallia torn;
 And sad Chatillon, on her bridal morn
 That wept her bleeding love; and princely Clare;
 And Anjou's heroine; and the paler Rose,
 The rival of her crown and of her woes;
 And either Henry there;
 The murder'd saint, and the majestic lord
 That broke the bonds of Rome.
 (Their tears, their little triumphs o'er
 Their human passions now no more,
 Save Charity, that glows beyond the tomb.)
 All that on Granta's fruitful plain
 Rich streams of regal bounty pour'd,
 And bade these awful fanes and turrets rise,
 To hail their Fitzroy's festal morning come;
 And thus they speak in soft accord
 The liquid language of the skies:

"What is grandeur? what is pow'r?
 "Heavier toil, superior pain.
 "What the bright reward we gain?
 "The grateful memory of the good.
 "Sweet is the breath of vernal show'r,
 "The bee's collected treasures sweet,
 "Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
 "The still small voice of gratitude."
 Foremost, and leaning from her golden cloud,
 The venerable Margaret see!
 "Welcome, my noble son, (she cries aloud,)
 "To this thy kindred train, and me:
 "Pleas'd in thy lineaments we trace
 "A Tudor's fire, a Beaufort's grace.
 "Thy lib'ral heart, thy judging eye,
 "The flow'r unheeded shall descry,
 "And bid it round heaven's altar shed
 "The fragrance of its blushing head:
 "Shall raise from earth the latent gem
 "To glitter on the diadem.
 "Lo, Granta waits to lead her blooming band:
 "Not obvious, not obtrusive, she
 "No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings;
 "Nor dares with courtly tongue refin'd
 "Profane thy inborn royalty of mind:
 "She reveres herself and thee.
 "With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow,
 "The laureate wreath that Cecil wore, she
 brings,
 "And to thy just, thy gentle hand
 "Submits the fasces of her sway,
 "While spirits blest above, and men below,
 "Join with glad voice the loud symphonious lay.
 "Through the wild waves, as they roar,
 "With watchful eye and dauntless mien
 "Thy steady course of honor keep,
 "Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore:
 "The star of Brunswick smiles serene,
 "And gilds the horrors of the deep."

§ 60. *A Prayer for Indifference.* GREVILLE.

OFT I've implor'd the gods in vain,
 And pray'd till I've been weary;
 For once I'll try my wish to gain
 Of Oberon the Fairy.

Sweet airy being, wanton sprite,
That lurk'st in woods unseen,
And oft by Cynthia's silver light
Tripp'st gaily o'er the green;
If e'er thy pitying heart was mov'd,
As ancient stories tell,
And for th' Athenian maid who lov'd
Thou sought'st a wondrous spell;
Oh deign once more t' exert thy pow'r!
Haply some herb or tree,
Sov'reign as juice of western flow'r,
Conceals a balm for me.
I ask no kind return of love,
No tempting charm to please;
Far from the heart those gifts remove
That sighs for peace and ease:
Nor peace nor ease the heart can know,
Which, like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
But, turning, trembles too.
Far as distress the soul can wound,
'Tis pain in each degree:
'Tis bliss but to a certain bound;
Beyond, is agony.
Take, then, this treacherous sense of mine,
Which dooms me still to smart;
Which pleasure can to pain refine,
To pains new pangs impart.
Oh haste to shed the sacred balm!
My shatter'd nerves new-string;
And for my guest, serenely calm,
The nymph Indifference bring.
At her approach, see Hope, see Fear,
See Expectation fly;
And Disappointment in the rear,
That blasts the promis'd joy.
The tear which pity taught to flow
The eye shall then disown;
The heart that melts for others' woe
Shall then scarce feel its own.
The wounds which now each moment bleed,
Each moment then shall close;
And tranquil days shall still succeed
To nights of calm repose.
O fairy elf! but grant me this,
This one kind comfort send;
And so may never-fading bliss
Thy flow'ry paths attend!
So may the glow-worm's glimm'ring light
Thy tiny footsteps lead
To some new region of delight,
Unknown to mortal tread;
And be thy acorn goblet fill'd
With heaven's ambrosial dew;
From sweetest, freshest flow'rs distill'd,
That shed fresh sweets for you!
And what of life remains for me
I'll pass in sober ease;
Half-pleas'd, contented will I be,
Content but half to please.

§ 61. *The Fairy's Answer to Mr. Greville's
Prayer for Indifference.*

By the Countess of C—.

WITHOUT preamble, to my friend
These hasty lines I'm bid to send,
Or give, if I am able:
I dare not hesitate to say,
Though I have trembled all the day—
It looks so like a fable.

Last night's adventure is my theme;
And should it strike you as a dream,
Yet soon its high import
Must make you own the matter such,
So delicate, it were too much
To be compos'd in sport.

The moon did shine serenely bright,
And ev'ry star did deck the night,
While Zephyr fann'd the trees;
No more assail'd my mind's repose,
Save that yon stream, which murmuring flows,
Did echo to the breeze.

Enrapt in solemn thoughts I sate,
Revolving o'er the turns of fate,
Yet void of hope or fear;
When, lo! behold an airy throng,
With lightest steps, and jocund song,
Surpris'd my eye and ear.

A form superior to the rest
His little voice to me address'd,
And gently thus began:
"I've heard strange things from one of you,
"Pray tell me if you think 'tis true;
"Explain it if you can.

"Such incense has perfum'd my throne!

"Such eloquence my heart has won!

"I think I guess the hand:

"I know her wit and beauty too,

"But why she sends a pray'r so new,

"I cannot understand.

"To light some flames, and some revive,

"To keep some others just alive,

"Full oft I am implor'd;

"But, with peculiar pow'r to please,

"To supplicate for naught but ease!

"'Tis odd, upon my word!

"Tell her, with fruitless care I've sought;

"And tho' my realms, with wonder fraught,

"In remedies abound,

"No grain of cold indifference

"Was ever yet allied to sense

"In all my fairy round.

"The regions of the sky I'd trace,

"I'd ransack ev'ry earthly place,

"Each leaf, each herb, each flow'r,

"To mitigate the pangs of fear,

"Dispel the clouds of black despair,

"Or lull the restless hour.

"I would be generous as I'm just;

"But I obey, as others must,

"Those laws which fate has made.

" My tiny kingdom how defend,
 " And what might be the horrid end,
 " Should man my state invade?
 " 'T would put your mind into a rage,
 " And such unequal war to wage
 " Suits not my regal duty!
 " I dare not change a first decree:
 " She's doom'd to please, nor can be free:
 " Such is the lot of Beauty!"

This said, he darted o'er the plain,
 And after follow'd all his train;
 No glimpse of him I find:
 But sure I am, the little sprite
 These words, before he took his flight,
 Imprinted on my mind.

§ 62. *The Beggar's Petition.* ANON.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man,
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your
 door,
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
 Oh give relief, and Heaven will bless your store!
 These tatter'd clothes my poverty bespeak,
 These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years;
 And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
 Has been a channel to a flood of tears.
 Yon house, erected on the rising ground,
 With tempting aspect drew me from my road:
 For Plenty there a residence has found,
 And Grandeur a magnificent abode.
 Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!
 Here, as I crav'd a morsel of their bread,
 A pamper'd menial drove me from the door
 To seek a shelter in an humbler shed.
 Oh take me to your hospitable dome!
 Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold:
 Short is my passage to the friendly tomb!
 For I am poor, and miserably old.
 Should I reveal the sources of my grief,
 If soft humanity e'er touch'd your breast,
 Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
 And tears of pity would not be repress'd.
 Heaven sends misfortunes; why should we re-
 pine?
 'Tis Heaven has brought me to the state you see;
 And your condition may be soon like mine,
 The child of Sorrow and of Misery.
 A little farm was my paternal lot;
 Then like the lark I sprightly hail'd the morn;
 But, ah! oppression forc'd me from my cot;
 My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.
 My daughter, once the comfort of my age,
 Lur'd by a villain from her native home,
 Is cast abandon'd on the world's wide stage,
 And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.
 My tender wife, sweet soother of my care!
 Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
 Fell, ling'ring fell, a victim to despair,
 And left the world to wretchedness and me!

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man, [door,
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
 Oh give relief, and Heaven will bless your store!

§ 63. *Pollio. An Elegiac Ode; written in the
 Wood near R—— Castle, 1762.* MICKLE.

Hæc Jovem sentire, deosque cunctos,
 Spem bonam certamque domum reporto. HOR.

THE peaceful evening breathes her balmy store,
 The playful school-boys wanton o'er the green;
 Where spreading poplars shade the cottage-door,
 The villagers in rustic joy convene.

Amid the secret windings of the wood,
 With solemn Meditation let me stray;
 This is the hour when to the wise and good
 The heavenly maid repays the toils of day.

The river murmurs, and the breathing gale
 Whispers the gently-heaving boughs among:
 The star of evening glimmers o'er the dale,
 And leads the silent host of heaven along.

How bright, emerging o'er yon broom-clad
 height,
 The silver empress of the night appears!
 Yon limpid pool reflects a stream of light,
 And faintly in its breast the woodland bears.

The waters tumbling o'er their rocky bed,
 Solemn and constant, from yon dell resound;
 The lonely hearths blaze o'er the distant glade;
 The bat, low-wheeling, skims the dusky
 ground.

August and hoary, o'er the sloping dale,
 The Gothic abbey rears its sculptur'd tow'rs;
 Dull thro' the roofs resounds the whistling gale,
 Dark solitude among the pillars low'rs.

Where yon old trees bend o'er a place of graves,
 And solemn shade a chapel's sad remains,
 Where yon scath'd poplar through the win-
 dows waves,

And, twining round, the hoary arch sustains;
 There oft, at dawn, as one forgot behind,
 Who longs to follow, yet unknowing where,
 Some hoary shepherd, o'er his staff reclin'd,
 Pores on the graves, and sighs a broken pray'r.

High o'er the pines, that with their dark'ning
 shade

Surround yon craggy bank, the castle rears
 Its crumbling turrets; still its tow'ry head
 A warlike mien, a sullen grandeur wears.

So, 'midst the snow of age, a boastful air
 Still on the war-worn vet'ran's brow attends;
 Still his big bones his youthful prime declare,
 Though trembling o'er the feeble crutch he
 bends.

Wild round the gates the dusky wall-flow'rs
 creep, [have led;

Where oft the knights the beauteous dames
 Gone is the bow'r, the grot a ruin'd heap,
 Where bays and ivy o'er the fragments spread.

'Twas here our sires, exulting from the fight,
Great in their bloody arms, march'd o'er the
lea,
Eyeing their rescued fields with proud delight!
Now lost to them! and, ah! how chang'd
to me!

This bank, the river, and the fanning breeze,
The dear idea of my Pollio bring; [trees,
So shone the moon through these soft-nodding
When here we wander'd in the eves of spring.

When April's smiles the flow'ry lawn adorn,
And modest cowslips deck the streamlet's side;
When fragrant orchards to the roseate morn
Unfold their bloom, in heaven's own colors
dyed:

So fair a blossom gentle Pollio wore, [mind;
These were the emblems of his healthful
To him the letter'd page display'd its lore,
To him bright Fancy all her wealth resign'd;

Him with her purest flames the Muse endow'd,
Flames never to th' illiberal thought allied:
The sacred sisters led where Virtue glow'd
In all her charms; he saw, he felt, and died.

O partner of my infant griefs and joys! [flows;
Big with the scenes now past, my heart o'er-
Bids each endearment, fair as once, to rise,
And dwells luxurious on her melting woes.

Oft with the rising sun, when life was new,
Along the woodland have I roam'd with thee:
Oft by the moon have brush'd the evening dew,
When all was fearless innocence and glee.

The sainted well, where yon bleak hill declines,
Has oft been conscious of those happy hours;
But now the hill, the river crown'd with pines,
And sainted well have lost their cheering
powers;

For thou art gone. My guide, my friend! oh
where, [hind?

Where hast thou fled, and left me here be-
My tend'rest wish, my heart to thee was bare;
Oh, now cut off each passage to my mind!

How dreary is the gulf! how dark, how void,
The trackless shores that never were repass'd!
Dread separation! on the depth untried,
Hope falters, and the soul recoils aghast!

Wide round the spacious heavens I cast my eyes:
And shall these stars glow with immortal fire?
Still shine the lifeless glories of the skies?

And could thy bright, thy living soul expire?
Far be the thought! The pleasures most sub-
lime,

The glow of friendship, and the virtuous tear,
The tow'ring wish that scorns the bounds of
time,

Chill'd in this vale of death, but languish here.

So plant the vine in Norway's wintry land,
The languid stranger feebly buds, and dies;
Yet there's a clime where Virtue shall expand
With godlike strength beneath her native
skies!

The lonely shepherd on the mountain's side
With patience waits the rosy-op'ning day;
The mariner at midnight's darksome tide
With cheerful hope expects the morning ray:
Thus I, on life's storm-beaten ocean toss'd,
In mental vision view the happy shore,
Where Pollio beckons to the peaceful coast,
Where fate and death divide the friends no
more!

Oh that some kind, some pitying kindred shade,
Who now perhaps frequents this solemn
grove,

Would tell the awful secrets of the dead,
And from my eyes the mortal film remove!

Vain is the wish—yet surely not in vain
Man's bosom glows with that celestial fire
Which scorns earth's luxuries, which smiles at
pain,

And wings his spirit with sublime desire!

To fan this spark of heaven, this ray divine,
Still, O my soul! still be thy dear employ;
Still thus to wander thro' the shades be thine,
And swell thy breast with visionary joy!

So to the dark-brow'd wood, or sacred mount,
In ancient days, the holy seers retir'd;
And, led in vision, drank in Siloë's fount,
While rising ecstasies their bosoms fir'd.

Restor'd creation bright before them rose,
The burning deserts smil'd as Eden's plains;
One friendly shade the wolf and lambkin chose;
The flow'ry mountain sung, 'Messiah reigns!'

Tho' fainter raptures my cold breast inspire,
Yet let me oft frequent this solemn scene;
Oft to the abbey's shatter'd walls retire,
What time the moonshine dimly gleams be-
tween.

There, where the cross in hoary ruin nods,
And weeping yews o'ersshade the letter'd
stones, [abodes,
While midnight silence wraps these drear
And soothes me wandering o'er my kindred
bones;

Let kindled Fancy view the glorious morn,
When from the bursting graves the just shall
rise,

All Nature smiling; and by angels borne,
Messiah's cross far blazing o'er the skies!

§ 64. *The Tears of Scotland.* SMOLLET.

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valor long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground:
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees, afar,
His all become the prey of war:

Bethinks him of his babe and wife;
Then smites his breast, and curses life.
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks;
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it, then, in ev'ry clime,
Through the wide-spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze?
Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke;
Thy neck is bended to the yoke:
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancor fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay,
No more shall cheer the happy day:
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter-night;
No strains but those of sorrow flow,
And naught be heard but sounds of woe;
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

Oh baneful cause, oh fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their fathers stood;
The parent shed his children's blood!
Yet when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's soul was not appeas'd:
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames and murd'ring steel!

The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath;
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend;
And, stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes and dies.

Whilst the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns;
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow:
"Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
"Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!"

§ 65. *Ode to Mirth.* SMOLLET.

PARENT of joy! heart-easing Mirth!
Whether of Venus or Aurora born,
Yet Goddess sure of heavenly birth,
Visit benign a son of Grief forlorn:

Thy glitt'ring colors gay
Around him, Mirth, display;
And o'er his raptur'd sense
Diffuse thy living influence:

So shall each hill, in purer green array'd,
And flower-adorn'd in new-born beauty
glow; [the shade,

The grove shall smooth the horrors of
And streams in murmurs shall forget to
flow.

Shine, Goddess, shine with unremitted ray,
And gild (a second sun) with brighter beam our
day.

Labor with thee forgets his pain,
And aged Poverty can smile with thee;
If thou be nigh, Grief's hate is vain,
And weak th' uplifted arm of tyranny.

The morning opes on high
His universal eye;
And on the world doth pour
His glories in a golden show'r. [ray,
Lo! Darkness trembling 'fore the hostile
Shrinks to the cavern deep and wood forlorn:
The brood obscene, that own her gloomy

sway,
Troop in her rear, and fly th' approach of morn.
Pale shiv'ring ghosts, that dread th' all-cheering
light, [night.
Quick as the lightning's flash glide to sepulchral

But whence the gladd'ning beam
That pours his purple stream
O'er the long prospect wide?

'Tis Mirth. I see her sit
In majesty of light,

With Laughter at her side.
Bright-eyed Fancy hovering near
Wide waves her glancing wing in air;
And young Wit flings his pointed dart,
That guiltless strikes the willing heart.

Fear not now Affliction's pow'r,
Fear not now wild Passion's rage;
Nor fear ye aught, in evil hour,
Save the tardy hand of Age.

Now Mirth hath heard the suppliant Poet's
pray'r: [troubled air.
No cloud that rides the blast shall vex the

§ 66. *Ode to Leven Water.* SMOLLET.

ON Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love,
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod th' Arcadian plain.

Pure stream! in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
No torrents stain thy limpid source,
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread;
While, lightly pois'd, the scaly brood
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood:
The springing trout, in speckled pride;
The salmon, monarch of the tide;
The ruthless pike, intent on war;
The silver eel and mottled par.
Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bow'rs of birch, and groves of pine,
And hedges flower'd with eglantine.

Still on thy banks, so gaily green,
May num'rous herds and flocks be seen;
And lasses, chanting o'er the pail;
And shepherds, piping in the dale;

And ancient faith, that knows no guile;
And industry embrown'd with toil;
And hearts resolv'd, and hands prepar'd,
The blessings they enjoy to guard.

§ 67. *Songe to Ella, Lorde of the Castel of Brystowe ynne daies of yore. From CHATTERTON, under the name of ROWLEY.*

Oh thou, orr what remaynes of thee,
Ella, the darlynge of futurity,
Lett thys mie songe bolde as thie courage be,
As everlastynge to posteritye.

Whanne Dacya's sonnes, whose hayres of bloude-
redde hue [ing due,
Lyche kyng-cuppes brastyng wythe the morn-
Arraung'd ynne dreare arraie,
Upponne the lethale daie,
Spredde furre and wyde onne Watchets shore;
Than dyddst thou furieuse stande,
And bie thie valyant hande

Beesprengedd all the mees wythe gore,

Drawn bie thyne anlace felle,
Downe to the depthe of helle
Thousands of Dacyanns went;
Brystowannes, menne of myghte,
Ydar'd the bloudie fyght,
And actedd deeds full quent.

Oh thou, whereer (thie bones att reste)
Thye Spryte to haunte delyghteth beste,
Whetherr upponne the bloude-embrewedd
Or where thou kennst from furre [pleyne,
The dysmall crye of warre,

Or seest somme mountayne made of corse of
sleyne;

Orr seest the hatchedd stede,
Ypraunceynge o'er the mede,
And neighe to be amenged the poyntedd
speeres,

Orr ynne blacke armour staulke arounde
Embattel'd Brystowe, once thie grounde,
And glowe arduous onn the Castle steeres;

Or fierye round the mynsterr glare;
Let Brystowe styll be made thie care; [fyre;
Guarde ytt fromme foemenne and consumynge
Lyche Avones streme ensyrke ytt rounde,
Ne lette a flame enharne the grounde,
Tyll ynne one flame all the whole worlde expire.

68. *Bristowe Tragedie; or, The Dethe of Syr Charles Bawdin.*

CHATTERTON, under the name of ROWLEY.

THE feather'd songster chaunticleer
Had wounde hys bugle horne,
And told the earlie villager
The commynge of the morne;

Kynge Edward saw the rudie streakes
Of lyght eclipse the greie;
And herde the raven's crokynge throte
Proclayme the fated daie,

"Thou'rt right," quod hee, "for, by the Godde,
"That syttes enthron'd on hyghe,
"Charles Bawdin, and his fellows twaine,
"To-daie shall surelie die."

Then wythe a juggle of nappy ale
His knyghtes dydd onne hymn waite;
"Go tell the traytour thatt to-daie
"Hee leaves thys mortall state."

Syr Canterlone thenne bendedd lowe,
Wythe hart brymm-fulle of woe;
Hee journey'd to the castle-gate;
And to Sir Charles dydd goe.

But whenne hee came, his children twaine,
And eke hys lovyng wyfe,
Wythe brinie tears dydd wett the floore,
For goode Syr Charleses lyfe.

"O goode Syr Charles!" sayd Canterlone,
"Badde tydyngs I doe brynge."
"Speke boldlie, manne," sayd brave Syr Charles,
"What says thie traytour kynge?"

"I greeve to telle: Before yonne sonne
"Does fromme the welkinne flye,
"He hath uponne hys honnor sworne
"Thatt thou shalt surelie die."

"Wee all must die," quod brave Syr Charles;
"Of thatte I'm not affearde:
"What bootes to lyve a little space?
"Thanke Jesu, I'm prepar'd.

"Butte telle thie kynge, for myne hee's not,
"I'de sooner die to daie

"Thanne lyve hys slave, as manie are,
"Tho' I should lyve for aye."

Thenne Canterlone hee dydde goe out,
To telle the maior straite
To gett all thynges ynne redundancye
For goode Syr Charleses fate.

Thenne Maister Canynge saughte the kynge,
And felle down onne hys knee;
"I'm come," quoth hee, "unto your grace
"To move your clemencye."

Thenne quod the kynge, "Your tale speke out,
"You have been much oure friende;
"Whatever youre requeste may bee,
"We wyile to ytte attende."

"My nobile liege! all my request
"Ys for a nobile knyghte,
"Who, tho' may hap he has done wronge,
"Hee thoughte ytte styll was righte:

"Hee has a spouse and children twaine,
"Alle rewyn'd are for aie;
"Yff thatt you are resolv'd to lett
"Charles Bawdin die to daie."

"Speke nott of such a traytour vile,"
The kynge ynne fury sayde;
"Before the ev'ning starre doth sheene,
"Bawdin shall lose hys hedde:

"Justice does loudlie for hym calle
"And hee shall have his meede;

"Speke, Maister Canynge! whatte thyng else
"Atte present doe you neede?"

"My nobile liege!" goode Canynge sayde,
"Leave justice to our Godde,
"And laye the yronne rule asyde,
"Be thynne the olyve rodde.

"Was Godde to serche our hertes and reines,
"The best were synners grete;
"Christ's vycarr only knowes ne synne,
"Ynne alle thys mortall state.

"Let mercie rule thynne infante reigne,
"Twylle faste thy crowne fulle sure;
"From race to race thy familie
"Alle sov'reigns shall endure:

"But yff wythe bloode and slaughter thou
"Beginne thy infante reigne,
"Thy crowne uponne thy childrennes brows
"Wyll never lonng remayne."

"Canynge, awaie! thys traytour vile
"Has scorn'd my pow'r and mee;
"Howe canst thou thenne for such a manne
"Intreate my clemencye?"

"My nobile liege! the truly brave
"Wylle val'rous actions prize,
"Respect a brave and nobile mynde,
"Although ynne enemies."

"Canynge awaie! By Godde ynne heav'n
"That dydd mee beinge gyve,
"I will nott taste a bitt of breade
"Whilst thys Syr Charles dothe lyve.

"By Marie, and all Seinctes ynne heav'n,
"Thys sunne shall be hys laste."

Thenne Cannynge dropt a brinie teare,
And from the presence paste.

With herte brimm-fulle of gnawynge grief,
Hee to Sir Charles dydd goe,
And satte hymm down uponne a stoole,
And teares beganne to flow.

"We all must die," quod brave Syr Charles;
"Whatt bootes ytt howe or whenne?
"Dethe ys the sure, the certaine fate
"Of all wee mortall menne.

"Saye why, my friend, thie honest soul
"Runs overr att thyne eye;
"Is ytte for my most welcome doome
"Thatt thou dost child-lyke crye?"

Quod godlie Canynge, "I do weepe,
"That thou soe soone must dye,
"And leave thy sonnes and helpless wyfe;
"Tis thys thatt wettes myne eye."

"Thenne drie the teares thatt out thyne eye
"From godlie fountaines sprynge;
"Dethe I despise, and alle the pow'r
"Of Edward, traytour kynge.

"Whan through the tyrant's welcom means
"I shall resigne my lyfe,
"The Godde I serve wyll soone provyde
"For bothe my sonnes and wife.

"Before I sawe the lyghtsome sunne,
"Thys was appointed mee;
"Shall mortal manne repine or grudge
"What Godde ordeynes to bee?"

"Howe oft ynne battaile have I stooode,
"Whan thousands dy'd arounde;
"Whan smokyng streams of crimson bloode
"Imbrew'd the fatten'd grounde!

"Howe dydd I know that ev'ry darte,
"That cutte the airie waie,
"Myghte notte finde passage toe my harte,
"And close myne eyes for aie?"

"And shall I now, for feere of dethe,
"Looke wanne and bee dismay'd?
"Ne! fromm my herte flie childlyshe feere,
"Be alle the manne display'd.

"Ah, goddelyke Henrie! Godde forefende,
"And garde thee and thynne sonne,
"Yff'tis hys wyll; but yff'tis not,
"Why thenne hys wyll be donne.

"My honeste friende, my faulte has beene
"To serve Godde and mye prynces;
"And thatt I no tyme-server am,
"My dethe wyll soone convynce.

"Ynne London citye was I borne,
"Of parents of grete note;
"My fadre dydd a nobile arms
"Emblazon onne hys cote:

"I make no doubte butt he ys gone
"Where soone I hope to goe;
"Where wee for ever shall bee blest,
"From oute the reech of woe:

"He taught mee justice and the laws
"Wyth pitie to unite;
"And eke hee taughte mee howe to knowe
"The wronge cause fromm the ryghte:

"Hee taught mee wythe a prudent hande
"To feede the hungrie poore,
"Ne lette mye servants drive awaie
"The hungrie fromme my doore:

"And none can saye, butt all mye lyfe
"I have hys wordyes kept;
"And summ'd the actyonns of the daie
"Eche nyghte before I slept.

"I have a spouse, goe aske of her
"Yff I defyl'd her bedde?
"I have a kynge, and none can laie
"Blacke treason onne my hedde.

"Ynne Lent, and onne the holie eve,
"Fromm fleshe I dydd refrayne;
"Whie should I thenne appeare dismay'd
"To leave thys worlde of payne?"

"Ne! hapless Henrie! I rejoyce,
"I shall ne see thye dethe;
"Moste willynglie in thy just cause
"Do I resign my brethe.

"Oh fickle people! rewyn'd londe!
"Thou wylt kenne peace ne moe;

" While Richard's sonnes exalt themselves,
 " Thy brookes wythe bloude wylle flowe.
 " Saie, were ye tyr'd of godlie peace,
 " And godlie Henrie's reigne,
 " That you dydd choppe your easie daies
 " For those of bloude and peyne?
 " Whatte tho' I onne a sledde bee drawne,
 " And mangled by a hynde,
 " I do defye the traytour's pow'r,
 " He can ne harm my mynde:
 " Wyatte tho', uphoisted onne a pole,
 " Mye lymbes shall rotte ynne ayre,
 " And ne ryche monument of brasse
 " Charles Bawdin's name shall bear;
 " Yet ynne the holie booke above,
 " Whyche tyme can't eat awai,
 " There wythe the servants of the Lorde
 " Mye name shall lyve for aie.
 " Thenne welcome dethe! for lyfe eterne
 " I leve thys mortall lyfe;
 " Farewell, wayne worlde, and alle that's deare,
 " Mye sonnes and loving wyfe!
 " Now dethe as welcome to me comes,
 " As e'er the month of Maie;
 " Nor woulde I even wyshe to lyve,
 " Wyth my dere wyfe to staie."
 Quod Canynge, " 'Tys a goodlie thyng
 " To bee prepar'd to die;
 " And from thys worlde of peyne and grefe
 " To Godde ynne heaven to flie."
 And nowe the bell beganne to tolle,
 And claryonnes to sounde;
 Syr Charles hee herde the horsés feete
 A-pauncyng onne the grounde;
 And juste before the officers,
 Hys lovyng wyfe came ynne,
 Weepyng unfeigned teeres of woe,
 Wythe loude and dysmalle dynne.
 " Sweet Florence! nowe I praie forbere,
 " Ynne quiet lett mee die;
 " Praie Godde, that every Christian soule
 " Maye looke onne dethe as I.
 " Sweet Florence! why these brinie tears;
 " Theye washe my soule awaie,
 " And almost make mee wishe for lyfe,
 " Wyth thee, sweete dame, to staie.
 " 'Tys but a journie I shalle goe
 " Untoe the lande of blysse;
 " Nowe, as a prooffe of husbände's love,
 " Receive thys holie kysse."
 Thenne Florence, fault'ring ynne her saie,
 Tremblyng these wordyes spoke,
 " Ah, cruele Edward! bloudie kyng!
 " My herte ys welle nyghe broke:
 " Ah, sweete Syr Charles! why wylt thou goe,
 " Wythoute thy lovyng wyfe!
 " The cruelle axe that cuttes thy necke,
 " Ytt eke shall ende mye lyfe."

And nowe the officers came ynne
 To brynge Sir Charles awaie,
 Who turnedd toe hys lovyng wyfe,
 And thus too her dydd saye:
 " I goe to lyfe, and nott to dethe;
 " Truste thou ynne Godde above,
 " And teache thy sonnes to feare the Lorde,
 " And ynne theyre hertes hym love:
 " Teache them to runne the nobile race
 " Thatt I theyre fader runne:
 " Florence! should dethe thee take—adieu!
 " Yee officers, lead onne."
 Thenne Florence rav'd as anie madde,
 And dydd her treeses tere;
 " Oh! staie, my husbände! lorde! and lyfe!"
 Syr Charles thenne dropt a teare;
 'Till tyredd oute wyth ravynge loude,
 Shee fellen onne the flore;
 Syr Charles exerted alle hys myghte,
 And march'd fromm oute the dore.
 Uponne a sledde hee mounted thenne,
 Wythe lookes fulle brave and swete;
 Lookes, thatt enshoone ne moe concern
 Thanne anie ynné the strete.
 Before him went the council-menne,
 Ynne scarlette robes and golde,
 And tassils spanglyng ynne the sunne
 Muche glorious to beholde:
 The Freers of Seincte Augustyne next
 Appeared to the syghte,
 Alle cladd ynn homelie russett weedes,
 Of godlie monkysh plyghte:
 Ynn diffraunt partes a godlie psaume
 Most sweetlie theye dydd chaunt;
 Behynde theyre backes syx mynstrelles came,
 Who tun'd the strunge bataunt.
 Thenne fyve-and-twenty archers came;
 Echone the bowe dydd bende,
 From rescue of kyng Henries friends
 Syr Charles forr to defend:
 Bold as a lyon came Syr Charles,
 Drawn on a clothe-layd sledde,
 By two blacke stedes ynn trappynge white,
 With plumes upponne theyre hedde:
 Behynd hyme fyve-and-twenty moe
 Of archers stronge and stoute,
 Wyth bended bowe echone ynne hande,
 Marched ynne goodlie route:
 Seincte Jameses Freers marched next,
 Echone hys parte dydd chaunt;
 Behynde theyre backs syx mynstrelles came,
 Who tun'd the strunge bataunt:
 Thenne came the maior and eldermenne,
 Ynne clothe of scarlet dekt;
 And theyre attending menne echone,
 Lyke Easterne princes trickt:
 And after them a multitude
 Of citizens dydd thronge;

The wyndowes were all full of heddies,
 As hee dydd passe alonge.

And whenne hee came to the hyghe crosse,
 Syr Charles dydd turne and saie,
 "O Thou, thatt savest manne fromme synne,
 "Washe maye soule clean thys daye."

Att the grete mynster windowe sat
 The kynge ynn mycle state,
 To See Charles Bawdin goe alonge
 To his most welcom fate.

Soon as the shedde drewe nygh enowe,
 Thatt Edwarde hee myghte heare,
 The brave Syr Charles he dydd stande uppe,
 And thus hys wordes declare:

"Thou seest mee, Edwarde! traytour vile!
 "Expos'd to infamie!
 "But be assur'd, disloyall manne!
 "I'm greater now thanne thee.

"Bye foule proceedyngs, murdre, bloude,
 "Thou wearest nowe a crowne,
 "And hast appoynted mee to dye,
 "By power nott thyne owne.

"Thou thynkest I shall dye to-daie;
 "I have beene dede, till nowe,
 "And soon shall lyve to weare a crowne
 "For aie uponne my browe:

"Whyslt thou, perhapps for some few yeares,
 "Shalt rule thys fickle lande
 "To lett them knowe howe wyde the rule
 "Twixt kynge and tyrant hande:

Thye pow'r unjust, thou traytour slave!
 "Shall falle onne thy owne hedde."

Fromm out of hearyng of the kynge
 Departed thenne the slede.

Kynge Edwarde's soule rush'd to hys face;
 Hee turn'd hys head awaie,
 And to hys broder Gloucester
 Hee thus dydd speke and saie:

"To him that soe-much-dreaded dethe
 "Ne ghaistlie terrors brynge,
 "Behold the manne! hee spake the truthe,
 "Hee's greater than a kynge!"

"So lett hym die!" Duke Richard sayde;
 "And maye echone our foes
 "Bende downe theyre neckes to bloudie exe,
 "And feede the carryon crowes."

And now the horses gentlie drewe
 Syr Charles uppe the hyghe hylle!
 The exe dydd glister ynn the sunne,
 Hys pretious bloude to spylle.

Syr Charles dydd uppe the scaffold goe,
 As uppe a gilded carre
 Of victorie, bye val'rous chiefs
 Gain'd in the bloudie warre:

And to the people hee dydd saie,
 "Beholde you see mee dye
 "For servynge loyally mye kynge,
 "Mye kynge most rightfullie.

"As longe as Edwarde rules thys lande,
 "Ne quiet you wyll knowe;
 "Your sonnes and husbannes shall be slayne,
 "And brookes with bloude shalle flowe.

"You leave youre goode and lawfull kynge,
 "Whenne ynnne adversitey;
 "Lyke mee, untoe the true cause stycke,
 "And for the true cause dye."

Thenne hee, wyth preestes, uponne his knees,
 A pray'r to Godde dydd make,
 Beseechyng hym unto hymselfe
 Hys partyng soule to take.

Then kneelyng downe, he layd hys hede
 Most seemlie onne the blocke;
 Whyche fromme hys bodie fayre at once
 The able heddies manne each mann's eyne.

And oute the bloude beganne to flowe,
 And rounde the scaffolde twyne;
 And tears, enow to washe 't awaie,
 Dydd flowe fromme each mann's eyne.

The bloudie exe hys bodie fayre
 Ynn to foure parties cutte;
 And ev'ry parte, and eke hys hedde
 Up on a pole was putte.

One parte dydd rotte onne Kynwulph-hylle,
 One onne the mynster-tower,
 And one from off the castle-gate
 The crowen dydd devoure.

The other onne Seyncte Powle's goode gate,
 A dreery spectacle;
 His hedde was plac'd onne the hygh crosse,
 Ynnne hyghe-streete most nobile.

Thus was the end of Bawdin's fate;
 Godde prosper long our kynge,
 And grant hee may, with Bawdin's soule,
 Ynnne heaven Godd's mercie synge!

§ 69. *The Mynstrelles Songe in Aella, a Tragycal Enterlude.* CHATTERTON, &c.

O! synge untoe my roundelaie,
 O! droppe the brynne teare wythe mee,
 Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,
 Lycke a reynynge (a) ryver bee.
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe-tree.

Black hys cryne (b) as the wyntere nyght,
 Whyte hys rode (c) as the sommer snowe,
 Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte,
 Cale he lyes ynnne the grave belowe.
 Mie love ys dedde
 Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe-tree.

Swote hys tongue as the throstles note,
 Quicke ynnne daunce as thought cann bee,
 Defte his taboure, codgelle stote,
 O! hee lyes bie the wyllowe-tree.

(a) Running, (b) Hair, (c) Complexion.

Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe-trec.

Harke! the ravenne flappes hys wynges,
In the briered dell belowe;
Harke! the dethe-owle loude dothe synge,
To the nyghte-mares as theyie goe.

Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe-tree.

See! the whyte moone sheeves onne hie;
Whyterre ys mie true loves shroude;
Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie,
Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude.

Mie love ys dedde,
Gone to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe-tree.

Heere, upon mie true loves grave,
Schalle the baren fleurs be layde,
Ne one hallie seyncte to save
Al the celbess of a mayde.

Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe-tree.

Wythe mie hondes I'll dent the brieres
Rounde hys hallie corse to gre;
Ouphante fairie, lyghte your fyres,
Heere mie boddie stille schalle bee.

Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe-tree.

Comme, wythe acorne-coppe and thorne,
Drayne my bartys blodde awaie;
Lyfe and all yttes goode I scorne,
Daunce bie nete, or feaste by daie.

Mie love ys deddd,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe-tree.

Water wytyches, crownede wythe reytes (*d*)
Bere mee to yer leathalle tyde.
I die; I comme; mie true love waytes.
Thos the damselle spake, and dyed.

§ 70. *Chorus in Goddwyn, a Tragedie,*
CHATTERTON. &c.

WHAN Freedom, dreste yn blodde-steyned veste,
To everie knyghte her warre-songe sunge,
Uponne her hedde wylde wedes were spredde;
A gorie anlace by her honge.

She daunced onne the heathe;
She hearde the voice of deathe;

Pale-eyed Affryghte, hys harte of silver hue,
In wayne assayled (*e*) her bosom to acale (*f*);
She hearde onflemed (*g*) the shrieking voice of
woe,

And sadnesse ynnne the owlette shake the dale;

She shooke the burlid (*h*) speere,
On hie she jeste (*i*) her sheelde,
Her foemen (*j*) all appere,
And flizze (*k*) along the feeelde.
Power, wythe his heafod (*l*) straught (*m*) ynto
the skyes, [starre.
Hys speere a sonne-beame, and hys sheelde a
Alyche (*n*) twaie (*o*) brendeyng (*p*) gronfyres (*q*)
rolls hys eyes,
Chafes (*r*) with hys yronne feete, and soundes
She syttes upon a rocke, [to war.
She bendes before his speere,
She ryses from the shocke,
Wielding her own yn ayre.
Harde as the thonder dothe she drive ytte on,
Wyte scillye (*s*) wymped (*t*) gies (*u*) ytte to
hys crowne,
Hys longe sharpe speere, his spreddyng sheelde
ys gon,
He falles, and fallynge rolleth thousandes down.
War, goare-faced war, bie envie burlid (*x*)
arist (*y*),
Hys feyrie heaulme (*z*) noddynge to the ayre,
Tenne bloddie arrows ynnne hys streynynge fyst.

§ 71. *Grongar Hill.* DYER.

SILENT Nymph! with curious eye,
Who, the purple evening, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man,
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings;
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale;
Come, with all thy various hues,
Come, and aid thy sister Muse.
Now, while Phœbus riding high,
Gives lustre to the land and sky,
Grongar Hill invites my song,
Draw the landscape bright and strong;
Grongar! in whose mossy cells,
Sweetly musing Quiet dwells;
Grongar! in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made,
So oft I have, the evening still,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sat upon a flow'ry bed,
With my hand beneath my head,
While stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till contemplation had her fill.
About his chequer'd sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind;
And groves and grottos, where I lay,
And vistas, shooting beams of day.

(*d*) Water-flags. (*i*) Hoisted on high, raised.
(*e*) Endeavoured. (*j*) Foes, enemies.
(*f*) Freeze. (*k*) Fly. (*l*) Head.
(*g*) Undismayed. (*m*) Stretched.
(*h*) Armed, pointed. (*n*) Like.

(*o*) Two. (*t*) Mantled, covered.
(*p*) Flaming. (*u*) Guides.
(*q*) Meteors. (*x*) Armed.
(*r*) Beats, stamps. (*y*) Arose.
(*s*) Closely. (*z*) Helmet.

Wide and wider spreads the vale,
As circles on a smooth canal:
The mountains round, unhappy fate!
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise.
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads;
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly-risen hill.

Now I gain the mountain's brow;
What a landscape lies below!
No clouds, no vapors, intervene;
But the gay, the open scene
Does the face of nature show,
In all the hues of heaven's bow;
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly tow'ring in the skies;
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires:
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain heads,
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks.

Below me trees unnumber'd rise,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beach, the sable yew;
The slender fir that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs;
And, beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phillis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the op'ning dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wand'ring eye.
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood;
His sides are cloth'd with waving wood;
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps:
So both in safety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.

'Tis now the raven's bleak abode,
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad;
And there the fox securely feeds,
And there the pois'nous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds;
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state;
But transient is the smile of fate!
A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave,

And see the rivers, how they run
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun!
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go,
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life, to endless sleep!
Thus is Nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wand'ring thought,
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody valleys, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky!
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tow'r,
The naked rock, the shady bow'r;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.

See on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide,
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
A step, methinks may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem:
So we mistake the future's face,
Ey'd through Hope's deluding glass,
As yon summit's soft and fair,
Clad in colors of the air,
Which, to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the same coarse way;
The present's still a cloudy day.

O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see!
Content me with a humble shade,
My passions tam'd, my wishes laid:
For while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul:
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, e'en now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain turf I lie;
While the wanton Zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep;
While the shepherd charms his sheep;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, e'en now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts! be great who will;
Search for peace with all your skill;
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor;
In vain ye search, she is not there;
In vain ye search the domes of Care!
Grass and flower Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain heads,

Along with Pleasure close allied,
 Ever by each other's side;
 And often by the murmur'ing rill,
 Hears the thrush, while all is still,
 Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

§ 72. *A Monody on the Death of his Lady.*
 By George Lord Lyttelton.

"Ipse cava solans ægrum testudine amorem,
 "Te, dulcis conjux, te solo in littore secum,
 "Te veniente die, te decedente canebat."

At length escap'd from ev'ry human eye,
 From ev'ry duty, ev'ry care, [share,
 That in my mournful thoughts might claim a
 Or force my tears their flowing stream to dry;
 Beneath the gloom of this embow'ring shade,
 This lone retreat for tender sorrow made,
 I now may give my burthen'd heart relief,
 And pour forth all my stores of grief;
 Of grief surpassing every other woe,
 Far as the purest bliss, the happiest love
 Can on the ennobled mind bestow,
 Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
 Our gross desires, inelegant and low.

Ye tufted groves, ye gently-falling rills,
 Ye high o'ershadowing hills,
 Ye lawns gay smiling with eternal green,
 Oft have you my Lucy seen!
 But never shall you now behold her more:
 Nor will she now, with fond delight,
 And taste refin'd, your rural charms explore.
 Clos'd are those beauteous eyes in endless night,
 Those beauteous eyes, where, beaming, us'd to
 shine

Reason's pure light, and Virtue's spark divine.

Oft would the Dryads of these woods rejoice
 To hear her heavenly voice;
 For her despising, when she deign'd to sing,
 The sweetest songsters of the spring;
 The woodlark and the linnet pleas'd no more;
 The nightingale was mute,
 And ev'ry shepherd's flute
 Was cast in silent scorn away,
 While all attended to her sweeter lay.
 Ye larks and linnets, now resume your song;
 And thou, melodious Philomel,
 Again thy plaintive story tell;
 For death has stopp'd that tuneful tongue,
 Whose music could alone your warbling notes
 excel.

In vain I look around,
 O'er all the well-known ground,
 My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry:
 Where oft we us'd to walk;
 Where oft in tender talk
 We saw the summer sun go down the sky;
 Nor by yon fountain's side,
 Nor where its waters glide
 Along the valley can she now be found:
 In all the wide-stretch'd prospect's ample bound:

No more my mournful eye
 Can aught of her espy,
 But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.

O shades of Hagley, where is now your boast?
 Your bright inhabitant is lost.
 You she prefer'd to all the gay resorts
 Where female vanity might wish to shine,
 The pomp of cities and the pride of courts.
 Her modest beauties shunn'd the public eye:
 To your sequester'd dales,
 And flower-embroider'd vales,
 From an admiring world she chose to fly:
 With Nature there retir'd, and Nature's God,
 The silent paths of wisdom trod,
 And banish'd every passion from her breast,
 But those the gentlest and the best,
 Whose holy flames with energy divine
 The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
 The conjugal and the maternal love.

Sweet babes! who like the little playful fawns,
 Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns,
 By your delighted mother's side,
 Who now your infant steps shall guide?
 Ah! where is now the hand, whose tender
 care,
 To every virtue would have form'd your youth,
 And strew'd with flow'rs the thorny ways of
 truth?

O loss beyond repair!
 O wretched father! left alone,
 To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own!
 How shall thy weaken'd mind, oppress'd with
 woe,

And, drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
 Perform the duties that you doubly owe,
 Now she, alas! is gone, [save?
 From folly and from vice their helpless age to

Where were ye, Muses, when relentless Fate
 From these fond arms your fair disciple tore;
 From these fond arms, that vainly strove
 With hapless ineffectual love,
 To guard her bosom from the mortal blow?
 Could not your favoring pow'r, Aonian
 maids,
 Could not, alas! your pow'r prolong her
 date;
 For whom so oft, in these inspiring shades,
 Or under Camden's moss-clad mountains hoar,
 You open'd all your sacred store;
 Whate'er your ancient sages taught,
 Your ancient bards sublimely thought,
 And bade her raptur'd breast with all your spirit
 glow?

Nor then did Pindus or Castalia's plain,
 Or Aganippe's fount, your steps detain,
 Nor in the Thespian valleys did you play;
 Nor then on Mincio's * bank
 Beset with osiers dank,

* The Mincio runs by Mantua, the birth-place of Virgil.

Nor where Clitumnus * rolls his gentle stream,

Nor where, through hanging woods,

Steep Anio † pours his floods,

Nor yet where Meles ‡ or Ilissus § stray.

Ill does it now bescem,

That, of your guardian care bereft, [left.
To dire disease and death your darling should be

Now what avails it, that in early bloom,

When light fantastic toys

Are all her sex's joys,

With you she search'd the wit of Greece
and Rome;

And all that in her latter days,

To emulate her ancient praise,
Italia's happy genius could produce;

Or what the Gallic fire

Bright sparkling could inspire,

By all the Graces temper'd and refin'd;

Or what, in Britain's isle,

Most favor'd with your smile,

The pow'rs of Reason and of Fancy join'd

To full perfection have conspir'd to raise?

Ah! what is now the use

Of all those treasures that enrich'd her mind,
To black Oblivion's gloom for ever now con-
sign'd!

At least, ye Nine, her spotless name

'Tis yours from death to save,

And in the temple of immortal Fame

With golden characters her worth engrave.

Come then, ye virgin sisters, come,

And strew with choicest flowers her hal-
low'd tomb;

But foremost thou, in sable vestment clad,

With accents sweet and sad, [urn

Thou plaintive Muse, whom o'er his Laura's

Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn;

O come, and to this fairer Laura pay

A more impassion'd tear, a more pathetic lay!

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face

Was heighten'd by some sweet peculiar

How eloquent in ev'ry look [grace!

Through her expressive eyes her soul dis-
tinctly spoke!

Tell how her manners, by the world refin'd,

Left all the taint of modish vice behind,

And made each charm of polish'd courts

With candid Truth's simplicity, [agree

And uncorrupted Innocence!

Tell how to more than manly sense

She join'd the soft'ning influence

Of more than female tenderness:

How, in the thoughtless days of wealth and
joy,

Which off the care of others' good destroy;

Her kindly melting heart,

To every want, and every woe,

To guilt itself when in distress,

The balm of pity would impart;

And all relief that bounty could bestow!

E'en for the kid or lamb, that pour'd its life

Beneath the bloody knife,

Her gentle tears would fall; [to all.

Tears, from sweet Virtue's source, benevolent

Not only good and kind,

But strong and elevated was her mind!

A spirit that with noble pride

Could look superior down

On Fortune's smile or frown;

That could, without regret or pain,

To Virtue's lowest duty sacrifice

Or Interest or ambition's highest prize;

That, injured or offended, never tried

Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,

But by magnanimous disdain;

A wit that, temperately bright,

With inoffensive light

All pleasing shone; nor ever pass'd

The decent bounds that Wisdom's sober hand,

And sweet Benevolence's mild command,

And bashful Modesty, before it cast.

A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,

That nor too little nor too much believ'd;

That scorn'd unjust Suspicion's coward fear,

And, without weakness, knew to be sincere.

Such Lucy was, when in her fairest days,

Amidst th' acclaim of universal praise.

In life's and glory's freshest bloom, [tomb.
Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the

So, where the silent streams of Liris glide,

In the soft bosom of Campania's vale,

When now the wintry tempests all are fled,

And genial summer breathes her gentle gale,

The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head;

From ev'ry branch the balmy flow'rets rise;

On ev'ry bough the golden fruits are seen;

With odors sweet it fills the smiling skies,

The wood-nymphs tend it, and th' Idalian
queen:

But, in the midst of all its blooming pride,

A sudden blast from Apeninus blows,

Cold with perpetual snows; [and dies.

The tender blighted plant shrinks up its leaves,

Arise, O Petrarch! from th' Elysian bow'rs,

With never-fading myrtles twin'd,

And fragrant with ambrosial flow'rs,

Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd;

Arise, and hither bring the silver lyre;

Tun'd by thy skilful hand

To the soft notes of elegant desire,

With which o'er many a land

* The Clitumnus is a river of Umbria, the residence of Propertius.

† The Anio runs through Tibur or Tivoli, where Horace had a villa.

‡ The Meles is a river of Ionia, from whence Homer, supposed to be born on its banks, is called Melesigenes.

§ The Ilissus is a river at Athens.

Was spread the fame of thy disastrous love ;
 To me resign the vocal shell,
 And teach my sorrows to relate
 Their melancholy tale so well,
 As may e'en things inanimate,
 Rough mountain oaks, and desert rocks, to pity
 move.

What were, alas ! thy woes compar'd to mine ?
 To thee thy mistress in the blissful band
 Of Hymen never gave her hand ;
 The joys of wedded love were never thine.
 In thy domestic care,
 She never bore a share,
 Nor with endearing art
 Would heal thy wounded heart
 Of every secret grief that fester'd there :
 Nor did her fond affection on the bed
 Of sickness watch thee, and thy languid head
 Whole nights on her unwearied arm sus-
 tain,
 And charm away the sense of pain ;
 Nor did she crown your mutual flame
 With pledges dear, and with a father's tender
 name.

O best of wives ! O dearer far to me
 Than when thy virgin charms
 Were yielded to my arms :
 How can my soul endure the loss of thee ?
 How in the world, to me a desert grown,
 Abandon'd and alone,
 Without my sweet companion can I live !
 Without thy lovely smile,
 The dear reward of every virtuous toil,
 What pleasure now can pall'd ambition give ?
 E'en the delighted sense of well-earn'd praise,
 Unshar'd by thee, no more my lifeless thoughts
 could raise.

For my distracted mind
 What succour can I find ?
 On whom for consolation shall I call ?
 Support me, ev'ry friend ;
 Your kind assistance lend,
 To bear the weight of this oppressive woe.
 Alas ! each friend of mine,
 My dear departed love, so much was thine,
 That none has any comfort to bestow.
 My books, the best relief
 In every other grief,
 Are now with your idea sadden'd all :
 Each favorite author we together read
 My tortured memory wounds, and speaks of
 Lucy dead.

We were the happiest pair of human kind :
 The rolling year its various course perform'd,
 And back return'd again ;
 Another, and another, smiling came,
 And saw our happiness unchang'd remain.
 Still in her golden chain
 Harmonious concord did our wishes bind :
 Our studies, pleasures, taste the same.

O fatal, fatal stroke !
 That all this pleasing fabric Love had rais'd
 Of rare felicity,
 On which even wanton Vice with envy gaz'd,
 And every scheme of bliss our hearts had
 form'd,
 With soothing hope, for many a future day,
 In one sad moment broke !
 Yet, O my soul ! thy rising murmurs stay ;
 Nor dare th' all-wise Disposer to arraign,
 Or against his supreme decree
 With impious grief complain ; [fade,
 That all thy full-blown joys at once should
 Was his most righteous will—and be that will
 obey'd.

Would thy fond love his grace to her control,
 And, in these low abodes of sin and pain,
 Her pure exalted soul,
 Unjustly, for thy partial good, detain ?
 No—rather strive thy groveling mind to raise
 Up to that unclouded blaze,
 That heavenly radiance of eternal light,
 In which enthron'd she now with pity sees,
 How frail, how insecure, how slight,
 Is every mortal bliss !
 Even Love itself, if rising by degrees,
 Beyond the bounds of this imperfect state,
 Whose fleeting joys so soon must end,
 It does not to its sovereign good ascend.
 Rise then, my soul, with hope elate,
 And seek those regions of serene delight,
 Whose peaceful path, and ever-open gate,
 No feet but those of harden'd Guilt shall miss :
 There death himself thy Lucy shall restore ;
 There yield up all his pow'r ne'er to divide you
 more.

§ 73. *A Winter Piece.* ANON.

It was a winter's evening, and fast came down
 the snow, [did blow ;
 And keenly o'er the wide heath the bitter blast
 When a damsel all forlorn, quite bewild'rd in
 her way, [did say :
 Press'd her baby to her bosom, and sadly thus
 " Oh ! cruel was my father, that shut his door
 on me, [could see ;
 And cruel was my mother, that such a sight
 And cruel is the wintry wind, that chills my
 heart with cold ; [for gold !
 But crueller than all, the lad that left my love
 Hush, hush, my lovely baby, and warm thee in
 my breast ; [distrest !
 Ah, little thinks thy father how sadly we're
 For, cruel as he is, did he know but how we fare,
 He'd shield us in his arms from this bitter
 piercing air.
 Cold, cold, my dearest jewel ! thy little life is
 gone : [down ;
 Oh let my tears revive thee, so warm that trickle
 My tears that gush so warm, oh they freeze be-
 fore they fall : [bereft of all.
 Ah wretched, wretched mother ! thou'rt now

Then down she sunk despairing upon the drifted
snow, [her woe:
And, wrung with killing anguish, lamented loud
She kiss'd her babe's pale lips, and laid it by her
side;
Then cast her eyes to heaven, then bow'd her
head, and died.

§ 74. *The School-Mistress. In Imitation of
Spenser. SHENSTONE.*

— Auditæ voces, vagitus et ingens,
Infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo.
VIRG.

AN me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modest worth neglected lies,
While partial fame doth with her blasts adorn
Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise:
Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise:
Lend me thy clarion, Goddess! let me try
To sound the praise of merit ere it dies;
Such as I oft have chanced to espy,
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.
In ev'ry village, mark'd with little spire,
Embower'd in trees, and hardly known to
fame,
There dwells, in lowly shade and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we School-mistress
name;
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame:
They griev'd sore, in piteous durance pent,
Aw'd by the pow'r of this relentless dame,
And oft times, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are sorely
shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchin tree,
Which Learning near her little dome did
Whilome a twig of small regard to see, [stow,
Though now so wide its waving branches
flow,
And work the simple vassals mickle woe;
For not a wind might curl the leaves that
blew, [low;
But their limbs shudder'd, and their pulse beat
And, as they look'd, they found their horror
grew,
And shap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.

So have I seen (who has not, many conceive)
A lifeless phantom near a garden plac'd:
So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,
Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast:
They start, they stare, they wheel, they look
aghast!
Sad servitude! such comfortless annoy
May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste!
Ne superstition clog his dance of joy,
Ne vision, empty, vain, his native bliss destroy!

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gambols do display;
And at the door impris'ning board is seen,
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should
stray,

Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
The noises intermix'd, which thence re-
sound,
Do Learning's little tenement betray;
Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look pro-
found, [around.
And eyes her Fairy throng, and turns her wheel

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield;
Her apron dyed in grain, as blue, I trowe,
As is the hare-bell that adorns the field:
And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
Tway birchin sprays, with anxious fear en-
twi'n'd,
With dark distrust, and sad repentance fill'd,
And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction join'd,
And fury uncontrol'd and chastisement unkind.

Few but have kenn'd, in semblance meet
portray'd,
The childish faces of old Æol's train,
Libs, Notus, Auster:* these in frowns array'd,
How then would fare on earth, or sky, or
main,
Were the stern God to give his slaves the rein?
And were not she rebellious breasts to quell,
And were not she her statutes to maintain,
The cot no more, I ween, were deem'd
the cell [dwell.
Where comely peace of mind and decent order

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown;
A russet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air:
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own,
'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair;
'Twas her own labor did the fleece prepare,
And, sooth to say, her pupils, rang'd around,
Through pious awe did term it passing rare;
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest sight
on ground.

Albeit, ne flattery did corrupt her truth;
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;
Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;
Yet these she challeng'd, these she held right
dear;
Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,
Who should not honor'd eld with these revere;
For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title
love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the busy dame,
Which ever and anon, impell'd by need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came;
Such favor did her past deportment claim;
And if neglect had lavish'd on the ground
Fragment of bread, she would collect the
same;

* The south-west wind, south, &c.

For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb
she found.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak,
That in her garden sipp'd the silv'ry dew,
Where no vain flow'r disclos'd a gaudy streak,
But herbs for use and physic not a few,
Of grey renown, within those borders grew;
The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
Fresh baum, and marygold of cheerful hue,
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb,
And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues
around;
And pungent radish, biting infants' tongues;
And plantain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's
wound;
And mari'ram sweet, in shepherds' posie
found;
And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom
Shall be, erewhile, in arid bundles bound,
To lurk amidst the labors of her loom,
And crown her 'kerchiefs clean with mickle rare
perfume.

And here trim rosemarine, that whilom
crown'd
The daintiest garden of the proudest peer,
Ere, driven from its envied site, it found
A sacred shelter for its branches here,
Where edg'd with gold its glittering skirts
appear.
O wassel days! O customs meet and well!
Ere this was banish'd from its lofty sphere;
Simplicity then sought this humble cell,
Nor ever would she more with thane and lord-
lings dwell.

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth
did mete.
If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave;
But in her garden found a summer seat:
Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat
How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foe-men did a song entreat,
All for the nonce untuning every string,
Uphung their useless lyres—small heart had
they to sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
And pass'd much time in truly virtuous
deed;
And in those elfins' ears would oft deplore
The times when Truth by popish rage did
bleed,
And tortious death was true Devotion's meed;
And simple Faith in iron chains did mourn,
That nought on wooden image place her creed;

And lawny saints in mould'ring flames
did burn:
Ah! dearest Lord! forefend thilk days should
e'er return.

In elbow chair, like that of Scottish stem,
By the sharp tooth of cank'ring Eld defac'd,
In which, when he receives his diadem,
Our sov'reign prince and liefest liege is
plac'd, [grac'd,
The matron sate; and some with rank she
The source of children's and of courtier's
pride! [pass'd)
Redress'd affronts (for vile affronts there
And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry,
To thwart the proud, and the submit to
raise;
Some with vile copper prize exalt on high,
And some entice with pittance small of
praise;
And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays;
E'en absent, she the reins of power doth
hold, [sways;
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she
Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks be-
hold, [fold.
'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene un-

Lo! now with state she utters the command!
Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair;
Their books of stature small, they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn secured are,
To save from finger wet the letters fair.
The work so gay that on their back is seen
St. George's high achievements does declare,
On which thilk wight that has ygazing
been, [ween!
Kens the forth-coming rod, unpleasing sight, I

Ah! luckless he, and born beneath the beam
Of evil star! it irks me whilst I write!
As erst the bard * by Mulla's silver stream,
Oft as he told of deadly dolorous plight,
Sigh'd as he sung, and did in tears indite;
For, brandishing the rod, she doth begin
To loose the brogues, the stripling's late de-
light! [skin,
And down they drop; appears his dainty
Fair as the furry coat of whitest ermin.

O ruthful scene! when from a nook obscure
His little sister doth his peril see:
All playful as she sate, she grows demure,
She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee;
She meditates a pray'r to set him free:
Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny
(If gentle pardon could with dames agree)
To her sad grief that swells in either eye,
And wrings her so, that all for pity she could die.

* Spenser.

No longer can she now her shrieks command,
 And hardly she forbears, through awful fear,
 To rushen forth, and, with presumptuous
 hand,
 To stay harsh justice in its mid career.
 On thee she calls, on thee, her parent dear;
 (Ah! too remote to ward the shameful
 blow!)

She sees no kind domestic visage near,
 And soon a flood of tears begins to flow,
 And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.

But ah! what pen his piteous plight may
 trace!
 Or what device his loud laments explain?
 The form uncouth of his disguised face?
 The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain?
 The plenteous show'r that does his cheek
 disdain?

When he in abject wise implores the dame,
 Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain;
 Or when from high she levels well her aim,
 And, through the thatch, his cries each falling
 stroke proclaim.

The other tribe, aghast with sore dismay,
 Attend, and conn their tasks with mickle
 care,
 By turns, astonied, ev'ry twig survey,
 And from their fellow's hateful wounds be-
 ware, [share;
 Knowing, I wist, how each the same may
 Till fear has taught them a performance
 meet,
 And to the well-known chest the dame repair,
 Whence oft with sugar'd cates she doth
 'em greet,
 And gingerbread y-rare; now, certes, doubly
 sweet!

See, to their seats they hie with merry glee,
 And in beseemly order sitten there,
 All but the wight of bum y-galled; he
 Abhorreth bench, and stool, and form, and
 chair; [hair;)
 (This hand in mouth y-fixed, that rends his
 And eke with snubs profound, and heaving
 breast,
 Convulsions intermitting! does declare
 His grievous wrong, his dame's unjust be-
 hest; [caress'd.
 And scorns her offer'd love, and shuns to be

His face besprent with liquid crystal shines;
 His blooming face, that seems a purple
 flow'r, [clines,
 Which low to earth his drooping head de-
 All smear'd and sullied by a vernal show'r.
 Oh the hard bosoms of despotic pow'r!
 All, all but she, the author of his shame,
 All, all but she, regret this mournful hour:
 Yet hence the youth, and hence the flow'r
 shall claim,
 If so, I deem aright, transcending worth and
 fame.

Behind some door in melancholy thought,
 Mindless of food, he, dreary caitiff! pines;
 Ne for his fellows joyaunce careth ought,
 But to the wind all merriment resigns,
 And deems it shame if he to peace inclines;
 And many a sullen look askaunce is sent,
 Which for his dame's annoyance he designs;
 And still the more to pleasure him she's
 bent, [resent.
 The more doth he, perverse, her 'haviour past

Ah me! how much I fear lest pride it be!
 But if that pride it be which thus inspires,
 Beware, ye dames! with nice discernment
 see, [fires:
 Ye quench not too the sparks of nobler
 Ah! better far than all the Muse's lyres
 (All coward arts) is valor's gen'rous heat,
 The firm fix'd breast which fit and right re-
 quires, [great
 Like Vernon's patriot soul, more justly
 Than craft that pimps for ill, or flow'ry false
 deceit.

Yet, nurs'd with skill, what dazzling fruits
 appear!
 E'en now sagacious foresight points to show
 A little bench of heedless bishops here,
 And there a chancellor in embryo,
 Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so;
 As Milton, Shakspeare, names that ne'er
 shall die! [low;
 Though now he crawl along the ground so
 Nor weeting how the Muse should soar on
 high, [fly.
 Wisheth, poor starv'ling elf! his paper kite may

And this perhaps, who cens'ring the design,
 Low lays the house which that of cards
 doth build,
 Shall Dennis be, if rigid Fates incline;
 And many an epic to his rage shall yield,
 And many a poet quit th' Aonian field:
 And, sour'd by age, profound he shall
 appear,
 As he who now, with 'sdainful fury thrill'd,
 Surveys mine work, and levels many a
 sneer, [stuff is here!"
 And furls his wrinkly front, and cries, "What

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle sky,
 And liberty unbars the prison-door;
 And like a rushing torrent out they fly,
 And now the grassy cirque han cover'd o'er
 With boist'rous ravel-rout and wild uproar.
 A thousand ways in wanton rings they run,
 Heaven shield their short-liv'd pastimes, I
 implore!
 For well may Freedom, erst so dearly won,
 Appear to British elf more gladsome than the
 sun.

Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your sportive trade,
 And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest
 flow'ts,

For when my bones in grass green sods are
laid,
For never may ye taste more careless hours
In knightly castles, or in ladies' bow'rs.
O vain, to seek delight in earthly things!
But most in courts, where proud Ambition
tow'rs; [spring
Deluded wight! who weens fair peace can
Beneath the pompous dome of kesar or of king.

See in each sprite some various bent appear!
These rudely carol most incondite lay;
Those saunt'ring on the green, with jocund
leer,
Salute the stranger passing on his way:
Some builden fragile tenements of clay;
Some to the standing lake their courses
bend, [play;
With pebbles smooth, at duck and drake to
Thilk to the huxter's sav'ry cottage tend,
In pasty kings and queens th' allotted mite to
spend.

Here, as each season yields a different store,
Each season's stores in order ranged been;
Apples with cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er,
Galling full sore th' unmonied wight, are
seen;
And gooseb'rie, clad in liv'ry red or green:
And here of lovely dye the Cath'rine pear;
Fine pear! as lovely for thy juice I ween;
O may no wight e'er pennyless come there,
Lest, smit with ardent love, he pine with hope-
less care!

See cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,
With thread so white in tempting posies
tied, [round,
Scatt'ring like blooming maid their glances
With pamper'd look draw little eyes aside,
And must be bought, though penury betide;
The plum all azure, and the nut all brown;
And here each season do those cakes abide,
Whose honor'd names th' inventive city
own,
Rend'ring through Britain's isle Salopia's*
praises known.

Admir'd Salopia! that with venial pride
Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient
wave,
Fam'd for her loyal cares in perils tried;
Her daughters lovely, and her striplings
brave:
Amidst the rest, may flow'rs adorn his grave,
Whose art did first these dulcet cates dis-
play!
A motive fair to Learning's imps he gave,
Who cheerless o'er her darkling region stray
Till Reason's morn arise, and light them on
their way.

§ 75. *Oriental Eclogues.* By Mr. COLLINS.

ECLOGUE I.

Selim; or the Shepherd's Moral.

Scene, a Valley, near Bagdat.—Time, the
Morning.

"YE Persian maids, attend your Poet's lays,
" And hear how shepherds pass their golden
" days. [tains
" Not all are blest whom Fortune's hand sus-
" With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the
" plains:
" Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell;
" 'Tis virtue makes the bliss, where'er we
" dwell."

Thus Selim sung, by sacred Truth inspir'd;
Nor praise but such as Truth bestow'd, desir'd:
Wise in himself, his meaning songs convey'd
Informing morals to the shepherd maid;
Or taught the swains that surest bliss to find,
What groves nor streams bestow, a virtuous
mind. [bride,

When sweet and blushing, like a virgin
The radiant morn resum'd her orient pride;
When wanton gales along the vallies play,
Breathe on each flow'r, and bear their sweets
away;

By Tigris' wandering waves he sat, and sung
This useful lesson for the fair and young:

"Ye Persian dames," he said, "to you be-
" long [song:
" (Well may they please) the morals of my
" No fairer maids, I trust, than you are found,
" Grac'd with soft arts, the peopled world
" around! [plies
" The morn that lights you to your loves sup-
" Each gentler ray, delicious to your eyes;
" For you those flow'rs her fragrant hands
" bestow;
" And yours the love that kings delight to know.
" Yet think not these, all beauteous as they are,
" The best kind blessings Heaven can grant the
" fair:

" Who trust alone in beauty's feeble ray,
" Boast but the worth Bassora's† pearls display!
" Drawn from the deep, we own the surface
" bright: [light.
" But, dark within, they drink no lustrous
" Such are the maids, and such their charms
" they boast,
" By sense unaided, or to virtue lost.
" Self-flatt'ring sex! your hearts believe in vain
" That Love shall blind, when once he fires the
" swain;
" Or hope a lover by your faults to win,
" As spots on ermine beautify the skin:
" Who seeks secure to rule, be first her care
" Each softer virtue that adorns the fair;

* Shrewsbury Cakes.

† The Gulf of that name, famous for the pearl fishery.

" Each tender passion man delights to find,
 " The lov'd perfections of a female mind!
 " Blest were the days when Wisdom held
 " her reign,
 " And shepherds sought her on the silent plain;
 " With Truth she wedded in the secret grove,
 " Immortal Truth! and daughters blest their
 " love.
 " O haste, fair maids! ye Virtues, come
 " away! [way!
 " Sweet Peace and Plenty lead you on your
 " The balmy shrub for you shall love our shore,
 " By Ind excell'd, or Araby, no more.
 " Lost to our fields, for so the fates ordain,
 " The dear deserters shall return again.
 " Come thou, whose thoughts as limpid springs
 " are clear,
 " To lead the train, sweet Modesty, appear:
 " Here make thy court amidst our rural scene,
 " And shepherd girls shall own thee for their
 " With thee be Chastity, of all afraid, [queen:
 " Distrusting all, a wise suspicious maid;
 " But man the most—not more the mountain
 " doe
 " Holds the swift falcon for her deadly foe.
 " Cold is her breast, like flow'rs that drink the
 " dew;
 " A silken veil conceals her from the view.
 " No wild desires amidst thy train be known,
 " But Faith, whose heart is fix'd on one alone:
 " Desponding Meekness, with her down-cast
 " eyes,
 " And friendly Pity, full of tender sighs;
 " And Love the last. By these your hearts
 " approve;
 " These are the virtues that must lead to love."
 Thus sung the swain; and ancient legends say,
 The maids of Bagdat verified the lay:
 Dear to the plains, the Virtues came along;
 The shepherds lov'd, and Selim bless'd his song.

ECLOGUE II.

Hassan; or the Camel-Driver.

Scene, the Desert.—Time, Mid-day.

IN silent horror o'er the boundless waste,
 The driver Hassan with his camels pass'd:
 One cruse of water on his back he bore,
 And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store;
 A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
 To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
 The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,
 And not a tree, and not an herb, was nigh:
 The beasts with pain their dusty way pursue,
 Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view!
 With desperate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man
 Thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus
 began:

" Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 " When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my
 " way!

" Ah! little thought I of the blasting wind,
 " The thirst or pinching hunger that I find!
 " Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst
 " assuage,
 " When fails this cruse, his unrelenting rage?
 " Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign;
 " Then what but tears and hunger shall be
 " thine?
 " Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
 " In all my griefs a more than equal share!
 " Here, where no springs in murmurs break
 " away,
 " Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
 " In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
 " Which plains more blest, or verdant vales
 " bestow: [found,
 " Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are
 " And faint and sickly winds for ever howl
 " around.
 " Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 " When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my
 " way!
 " Curs'd be the gold and silver which persuade
 " Weak men to follow far-fatiguing trade!
 " The lily Peace outshines the silver store,
 " And life is dearer than the golden ore:
 " Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
 " To ev'ry distant mart and wealthy town.
 " Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea;
 " And are we only yet repaid by thee?
 " Ah! why was ruin so attractive made?
 " Or why, fond man, so easily betray'd?
 " Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
 " The gentle voice of Peace, or Pleasure's song?
 " Or wherefore think the flow'ry mountain's
 " side, [pride;
 " The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's
 " Why think we these less pleasing to behold
 " Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold?
 " Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 " When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my
 " way!
 " O cease, my fears!—all frantic as I go,
 " When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of
 " What if the lion in his rage I meet! [woe,
 " Oft in the dust I view his printed feet:
 " And, fearful! oft, when day's declining light
 " Yields her pale empire to the mourner Night,
 " By hunger rous'd, he scours the groaning
 " plain,
 " Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train;
 " Before them Death, with shrieks, directs
 " their way! [prey.
 " Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their
 " Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 " When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my
 " way!
 " At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
 " If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep:
 " Or some swoln serpent twist his scales
 " around,
 " And wake to anguish with a burning wound.

"Thrice happy they, the wise, contented poor,
"From lust of wealth, and dread of death se-
"cure! [find;

"They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they
"Peace rules the day, where reason rules the
"mind.

"Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
"When first from Schiraz' walls I took my
"way!

"O hapless youth! for she thy love hath
"won,

"The tender Zara, will be most undone!

"Big swell'd my heart, and own'd the pow'rful
"maid,

"When fast she dropp'd her tears, as thus she
"said: [detain,

"Farewell the youth, whom sighs could not

"Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain;

"Yet as thou go'st, may ev'ry blast arise

"Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs!

"Safe o'er the wild, no perils mayst thou see;

"No griefs endure; nor weep, false youth,
"like me!"

"O let me safely to the Fair return; [mourn!

"Say, with a kiss, she must not, shall not

"O let me teach my heart to lose its fears,

"Recall'd by Wisdom's voice, and Zara's
"tears!" [day

He said; and call'd on heaven to bless the
When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

ECLOGUE III.

Abra; or, the Georgian Sultana.

Scene, a Forest.—Time, the Evening.

IN Georgia's land, where Tefflis' tow'rs are seen
In distant view along the level green:
While evening dews enrich the glitt'ring glade,
And the tall forests cast a longer shade;
What time 'tis sweet o'er fields of rice to stray,
Or scent the breathing maize at setting day;
Amidst the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove,
Emyra sung the pleasing cares of love.

Of Abra first began the tender strain,
Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain;
At morn she came, those willing flocks to lead,
Where lilies rear them in the wat'ry mead:
From early dawn the live-long hours she told,
Till late at silent eve she penn'd the fold.
Deep in the grove, beneath the secret shade,
A various wreath of od'rous flowers she made.
Gay motley'd pinks and sweet jonquils she
chose,*

The violet blue, that on the moss-bank grows;
All sweet to sense, the flaunting rose was there;
The finish'd chaplet well adorn'd her hair.

Great Abbas chanc'd that fated morn to stray,
By love conducted from the chase away:
Among the vocal vales he heard her song,
And sought, the vales and echoing groves among.

At length he found, and woo'd the rural maid;
She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.

"Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
"And ev'ry Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"

The royal lover bore her from the plain;
Yet still her crook and bleating flock remain:
Oft as she went she backward turn'd her view,
And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu.
Fair, happy maid! to other scenes remove;
To richer scenes of golden pow'r and love!
Go, leave the simple pipe, and shepherd's strain;
With love delight thee, and with Abbas reign.

"Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
"And ev'ry Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"

Yet, midst the blaze of courts, she fix'd her
love

On the cool fountain, or the shady grove;
Still, with the shepherd's innocence, her mind
To the sweet vale and flow'ry mead inclin'd;
And oft as Spring renew'd the plains with
flowers, [hours,

Breath'd his soft gales, and led the fragrant
With sure return she sought the sylvan scene,
The breezy mountains, and the forests green.
Her maids around her mov'd, a duteous band!
Each bore a crook all-rural in her hand:
Some simple lay of flocks and herds they sung;
With joy the mountain and the forest rung.

"Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
"And ev'ry Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"

And oft the royal lover left the care
And thorns of state, attendant on the Fair;
Oft to the shades and low-roof'd cots retir'd,
Or sought the vale where first his heart was
A russet mantle, like a swain, he wore; [fir'd:
And thought of crowns and busy courts no more.

"Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
"And ev'ry Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"

Blest was the life that royal Abbas led:
Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.
What if in wealth the noble maid excel;
The simple shepherd-girl can love as well.
Let those who rule on Persia's jewell'd throne
Be fam'd for love, and gentlest love alone;
Or wreath, like Abbas, full of fair renown,
The lover's myrtle with the warrior's crown.
"O happy days!" the maids around her say;
"O haste, profuse of blessings, haste away!
"Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
"And ev'ry Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"

ECLOGUE IV.

Agib and Secander; or, the Fugitives.

Scene, a Mountain in Circassia.—Time, Mid-
night.

IN fair Circassia, where, to love inclin'd,
Each swain was blest, for ev'ry maid was kind;

* That these flowers are found in very great abundance in some of the provinces of Persia, see the Modern History of the ingenious Mr. Salmon.

At that still hour when awful midnight reigns,
 And none but wretches haunt the twilight
 plains,
 What time the moon had hung her lamp on
 high, [sky;
 And pass'd in radiance through the cloudless
 Sad o'er the dews two brother shepherds fled;
 Where 'wild'ring fear and desp'rate sorrow led:
 Fast as they press'd their flight, behind them lay
 Wide ravag'd plains, and valleys stole away.
 Along the mountain's bending sides they ran;
 Till, faint and weak, Secander thus began:

SECANDER.

Oh stay thee, Agib; for my feet deny,
 No longer friendly to my life, to fly.
 Friend of my heart, oh turn thee, and survey,
 Trace our sad flight through all its length of
 way!
 And first review that long extended plain,
 And yon wide groves, already pass'd with pain!
 Yon ragged cliff, whose dang'rous path we tried!
 And, last, this lofty mountain's weary side!

AGIB.

Weak as thou art, yet hapless must thou
 know
 The toils of flight, or some severer woe!
 Still as I haste, the Tartar shouts behind,
 And shrieks and sorrows load the sadd'ning
 wind;
 In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,
 He blasts our harvests, and deforms our land.
 Yon citron grove, whence first in fear we came,
 Droops its fair honors to the conquering flame:
 Far fly the swains, like us, in deep despair;
 And leave to ruffian bands their fleecy care.

SECANDER.

Unhappy land! whose blessings tempt the
 sword;
 In vain, unheard, thou call'st thy Persian lord!
 In vain thou court'st him, helpless, to thine aid,
 To shield the shepherd, and protect the maid!
 Far off, in thoughtless indolence resign'd,
 Soft dreams of love and pleasure soothe his
 'Midst fair Sultanas lost in idle joy, [mind:
 No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.

AGIB.

Yet these green hills, in summer's sultry heat,
 Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.
 Sweet to the sight is Zabra's flow'ry plain,
 And once by maids and shepherds lov'd in vain!
 No more the virgins shall delight to rove
 By Sargis' banks, or, Irwan's shady grove;
 On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
 Or breathe the sweets of Aly's flow'ry vale;
 Fair scenes! but ah! no more with peace
 possest,
 With ease alluring, and with plenty blest.
 No more the shepherds' whit'ning tents appear,
 Nor the kind products of a bounteous year;

No more the date, with snowy blossoms
 crown'd;
 But Ruin spreads her baleful fires around.

SECANDER.

In vain Circassia boasts her spicy groves,
 For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves:
 In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair;
 Their eyes' blue languish, and their golden hair!
 Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief must send;
 Those hairs the Tartar's cruel hand shall rend.

AGIB.

Ye Georgian swains, that piteous learn from far
 Circassia's ruin, and the waste of war;
 Some weightier arms than crooks and staffs
 prepare,
 To shield your harvest, and defend your fair:
 The Turk and Tartar like designs pursue,
 Fix'd to destroy, and stedfast to undo.
 Wild as his land, in native deserts bred,
 By lust incited, or by malice led,
 The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,
 Oft marks with blood and wasting flames the
 Yet none so cruel as the Tartar foe, [way;
 To death inur'd, and nurs'd in scenes of woe.

He said; when loud along the vale was heard
 A shriller shriek, and nearer fires appear'd;
 The affrighted shepherds, through the dews of
 night, [flight.
 Wide o'er the moon-light hills renew'd their

§ 76. *The Splendid Shilling.* J. PHILIPS.

" — Sing heavenly Muse!
 " Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme;"
 A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimeras dire.

HAPPY the man, who, void of cares and strife,
 In silken or in leathern purse retains
 A splendid shilling. He nor hears with pain
 New oysters cried, nor sighs for cheerful ale:
 But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
 To Juniper's Magpie, or Town Hall,* repairs;
 Where, mindful of the nymph whose wanton eye
 Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
 Chloe or Phillis, he each circling glass
 Wishes her health, and joy, and equal love.
 Meanwhile he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,
 Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
 But I, whom griping penury surrounds,
 And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
 With scanty offals, and small acid tiff,
 (Wretched repast!) my meagre corse sustain:
 Then solitary walk, or doze at home
 In garret vile, and with a warming puff
 Regale chill'd fingers; or from tube as black
 As winter chimney, or well-polish'd jet,
 Exhale mundungus, ill perfuming scent;
 Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
 Smokes Cambro-Briton (vers'd in pedigree,
 Sprung from Cadwallader and Arthur, kings,

* Two noted alehouses in Oxford, 1700.

Full famous in romantic tale) when he
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of fam'd Cestrian cheese,
High overshadowing rides, with a design
To vend his wares, or at th' Arvonian mart,
Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
Yclep'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil!
Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may
With Massic, Setin, or renown'd Falern. [vie

Thus, while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure, and silent pace, a Dun,
Horrible monster! hated by Gods and men,
To my ærial citadel ascends:
With vocal heel, thrice thund'ring at my gate,
With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
What should I do? or whither turn? Amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
Of wood-hole; straight my bristling hairs erect
Through sudden fear; a chilly sweat bedews
My shudd'ring limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My tongue forgets her faculty of speech;
So horrible he seems! His faded brow
Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
And spreading band, admir'd by modern saints,
Disastrous acts forbode; in his right hand
Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inscrib'd,
Grievous to mortal eyes (ye gods, avert
Such plagues from righteous men!). Behind him
Another monster not unlike himself, [stalks
Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd
A Catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods
With force incredible, and magic charms,
Erst have endued: if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
Of debtor, straight his body, to the touch
Obsequious (as whilom knights were wont),
To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains,
In durance strict detain him! till, in form
Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.

Beware ye debtors! when ye walk beware,
Be circumspect: oft with insidious ken
This caitiff eyes your steps aloof; and oft
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets sing),
Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn
An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
Sure ruin. So her disembowell'd web
Arachne in a hall or kitchen spreads,
Obvious to vagrant flies: she secret stands
Within her woven cell; the humming prey,
Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue;
The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly, proud of expanded wings
Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
Useless resistance make: with eager strides,

She tow'ring flies to her expected spoils;
Then with envenom'd jaws the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcasses triumphant drags.
So pass my days. But when nocturnal shades
This world envelop, and th' inclement air
Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze of
wood;

Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friends, delights; distress'd, forlorn,
Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
My anxious mind; or sometimes mournful verse
Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
Or desprate lady near a purling stream,
Or lover pendant on a willow-tree,
Meanwhile I labor with eternal drought,
And restless wish, and rave; my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose:
But if a slumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake,
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
In vain: awake, I find the settled thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse:
Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarr'd,
Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
Mature —john-apple, nor the downy peach,
Nor walnut in rough furrow'd coat secure,
Nor medlar fruit delicious in decay.
Afflictions great! yet greater still remain:
My galligaskins, that have long withstood
The winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,
By time subdued (what will not time subdue?)
A horrid chasm disclose, with orifice
Wide, discontinuous; at which the winds,
Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,
Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship,
Long sail'd secure, or through th' Ægean deep,
Or the Ionian, till cruising near
The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush
On Scylla or Charybdis (dang'rous rocks)
She strikes rebounding; whence the shatter'd
So fierce a shock unable to withstand, [oak,
Admits the sea; in at the gaping side
The crowding waves rush with impetuous rage,
Resistless, overwhelming! Horrors seize
The mariners; death in their eyes appears;
They stare, they rave, they pump, they swear,
they pray;
(Vain efforts!) still the batt'ring waves rush in,
Implacable; till, delug'd by the foam,
The ship sinks found'ning in the vast abyss.

§ 77. *Alexander's Feast; or the Power of Music.*
An Ode on St. Cecilia's Day. DRYDEN.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won,
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate

On his imperial throne :
 His valiant peers were plac'd around ;
 Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound ;
 So should desert in arms be crown'd.
 The lovely Thais by his side
 Sat, like a blooming eastern bride,
 In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.
 Happy, happy, happy pair ;
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, plac'd on high
 Amid the tuneful choir,
 With flying fingers touch'd the lyre :
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heavenly joys inspire.
 The song began from Jove :
 Who left his blissful seats above,
 Such is the pow'r of mighty love !
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god :
 Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
 When he to fair Olympia press'd,
 And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign
 of the world.—
 The list'ning crowd admires the lofty sound ;
 A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound :
 With ravish'd ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician
 sung ;
 Of Bacchus, ever fair and ever young :
 The jolly god in triumph comes ;
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums ;
 Flush'd with a purple grace
 He shows his honest face.
 Now give the hautboys breath ; he comes, he
 Bacchus, ever fair and young, [comes !
 Drinking joys did first ordain :
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure ;
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure ;
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain ;
 Fought all his battles o'er again ;
 And thrice he routed all his foes ; and thrice
 he slew the slain.

The master saw the madness rise ;
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
 And, while he heaven and earth defied,
 Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.
 He chose a mournful Muse,
 Soft pity to infuse :
 He sung Darius great and good,
 By too severe a fate,
 Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
 Fall'n from his high estate,
 And welt'ring in his blood ;

Deserted at his utmost need
 By those his former bounty fed,
 On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes.
 With downcast look the joyless victor sate,
 Revolving in his alter'd soul
 The various turns of fate below :
 And now and then a sigh he stole ;
 And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smil'd to see
 That love was in the next degree :
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move ;
 For pity melts the mind to love.
 Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
 Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
 War he sung is toil and trouble ;
 Honor but an empty bubble ;
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying :
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, O think it worth enjoying ;
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
 Take the good the gods provide thee.
 The many rend the skies with loud applause ;
 So love was crown'd, but music won the cause.
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gaz'd on the fair
 Who caus'd his care,
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :
 At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again ;
 And louder, yet, and yet a louder strain.
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,
 And rouse him, like a rattling peel of thunder.
 Hark, hark, the horrid sound
 Has rais'd up his head,
 As awak'd from the dead,
 And amaz'd, he stares around !
 Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
 See the furies arise,
 See the snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in the air,
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !
 Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand, [slain,
 These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were
 And unburied remain
 Inglorious on the plain ;
 Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew :
 Behold how they toss their torches on high,
 How they point to the Persian abodes,
 And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods !—
 The princes applaud, with a furious joy ;
 And the King seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to
 Thais led the way, [destroy ;
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

Thus, long ago,
 Ere heavenly bellows learnt to blow,

While organs yet were mute;
 Timotheus with his breathing flute
 And sounding lyre [sire.
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft de-
 At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize, [before.
 Or both divide the crown;
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies,
 She drew an angel down.

§ 78. *The Man of Sorrow.* GREVILLE.

Ah! what avails the lengthening mead,
 By Nature's kindest bounty spread
 Along the vale of flow'rs!
 Ah! what avails the darkening grove,
 Or Philomel's melodious love,
 That glads the midnight hours!

For me, alas! the god of day
 Ne'er glitters on the hawthorn spray,
 Nor night her comfort brings:
 I have no pleasure in the rose;
 For me no vernal beauty blows,
 Nor Philomela sings.

See how the sturdy peasants stride
 Adown yon hillock's verdant side,
 In cheerful ign'rance blest!
 Alike to them the rose or thorn,
 Alike arises every morn,
 By gay contentment drest.

Content, fair daughter of the skies,
 Or gives spontaneous, or denies,
 Her choice divinely free:
 She visits oft the hamlet cot,
 When Want and Sorrow are the lot
 Of Avarice and me.

But see—or is it Fancy's dream?
 Methought a bright celestial gleam
 Shot sudden through the groves;
 Behold, behold, in loose array,
 Euphrosyne, more bright than day,
 More mild than Paphian doves!

Welcome, oh welcome, Pleasure's queen!
 And see, along the velvet green
 The jocund train advance:
 With scatter'd flow'rs they fill the air;
 The wood-nymph's dew-bespangled hair
 Plays in the sportive dance.

Ah! baneful grant of angry Heaven,
 When to the feeling wretch is given
 A soul alive to joy!
 Joys fly with every hour away,
 And leave th' unguarded heart a prey
 To cares that peace destroy.

And see, with visionary haste
 (Too soon) the gay delusion past,
 Reality remains!

Despair has seiz'd my captive soul;
 And horror drives without control,
 And slackens still the reins.

Ten thousand beauties round me throng;
 What beauties, say, ye nymphs, belong
 To the distemper'd soul?
 I see the lawn of hideous dye;
 The towering elm nods misery;
 With groans the waters roll.

Ye gilded roofs, Palladian domes,
 Ye vivid tints of Persia's looms,
 Ye were for misery made.—
 'Twas thus, the Man of Sorrow spoke;
 His wayward step then pensive took
 Along th' unhallow'd shade.

§ 79. *Monody to the Memory of a Young Lady.*
 SHAW.

YET do I live? Oh how shall I sustain
 This vast unutterable weight of woe?
 This worse than hunger, poverty, or pain,
 Or all the complicated ills below?
 She, in whose life my hopes were treasur'd all,
 Is gone—for ever fled—
 My dearest Emma's dead;
 These eyes, these tear-swoln eyes beheld her fall.
 Ah no—she lives on some far happier shore,
 She lives—but (cruel thought!) she lives for me
 no more.

I who, the tedious absence of a day [sight;
 Remov'd, would languish for my charmer's
 Would chide the lingering moments for delay,
 And fondly blame the slow return of night;
 How, how shall I endure
 (O misery past a cure!)

Hours, days, and years, successively to roll,
 Nor ever more behold the comfort of my soul?

Was she not all my fondest wish could frame?
 Did ever mind so much of heaven partake?
 Did she not love me with the purest fate?

And give up friends and fortune for my sake?
 Though mild as evening skies,
 With downcast, streaming eyes,
 Stood the stern frown of supercilious brows,
 Deaf to their brutal threats, and faithful to her
 vows.

Come then, some Muse, the saddest of the train
 (No more your bard shall dwell on idle lays),
 Teach me each moving melancholy strain,
 And oh discard the pageantry of phrase:
 Ill suits the flow'rs of speech with woes like mine!

Thus, haply, as I paint
 The source of my complaint,
 My soul may own th' impassion'd line:
 A flood of tears may gush to my relief,
 And from my swelling heart discharge this load
 of grief.

Forbear, my fond officious friends, forbear
 To wound my ears with the sad tales you tell;
 "How good she was, how gentle, and how fair!"
 In pity cease—alas! I know too well

How in her sweet expressive face
Beam'd forth the beauties of her mind,
Yet heighten'd by exterior grace,
Of manners most engaging, most refin'd!

No piteous object could she see,
But her soft bosom shar'd the woe,
While smiles of affability
Endear'd whatever boon she might bestow.
Whate'er th' emotions of her heart,
Still shone conspicuous in her eyes,
Stranger to every female art,
Alike to feign or to disguise:

And, oh the boast how rare!
The secret in her faithful breast repos'd
She ne'er with lawless tongue disclos'd,
In secret silence lodg'd inviolate there.
Oh feeble words—unable to express
Her matchless virtues, or my own distress!

Relentless death! that, steel'd to human woe,
With murderous hands deals havoc on mankind,

Why (cruel!) strike this deprecated blow,
And leave such wretched multitudes behind?
Hark! groans come wing'd on ev'ry breeze!
The sons of grief prefer their ardent vow,
Oppress'd with sorrow, want, or dire disease,
And supplicate thy aid, as I now do:
In vain—perverse, still on th' unweeeting head
'Tis thine thy vengeful darts to shed;
Hope's infant blossoms to destroy,
And drench in tears the face of joy.

But oh, fell tyrant! yet expect the hour
When Virtue shall renounce thy pow'r;
When thou no more shalt blot the face of day,
Nor mortals tremble at thy rigid sway.
Alas the day!—where'er I turn my eyes,

Some sad memento of my loss appears;
I fly the fatal house—suppress my sighs,
Resolv'd to dry my unavailing tears:
But, ah! in vain—no change of time or place

The memory can efface
Of all that sweetness, that enchanting air,
Now lost; and naught remains but anguish
and despair.

Where were the delegates of Heav'n, oh where,
Appointed Virtue's children safe to keep?

Had Innocence or Virtue been their care,
She had not died, nor had I liv'd to weep:
Mov'd by my tears, and by her patience mov'd,
To see or force th' endearing smile,
My sorrows to beguile,

When Torture's keenest rage she prov'd;
Sure they had ward'd that untimely dart,
Which broke her thread of life, and rent a
husband's heart.

How shall I e'er forget that dreadful hour,
When, feeling Death's resistless pow'r,
My hand she press'd, wet with her falling tears,
And thus, in falt'ring accents, spoke her fears:

"Ah, my lov'd lord, the transient scene is o'er,
"And we must part, alas! to meet no more!"

"But oh! if e'er thy Emma's name was dear,
"If e'er thy vows have charm'd my ravish'd
"ear;

"If, from thy lov'd embrace my heart to gain,
"Proud friends have frown'd, and Fortune
"smil'd in vain;

"If it has been my sole endeavour still
"To act in all obsequious to thy will;
"To watch thy very smiles, thy wish to know,
"Then only truly blest when thou wert so;
"If I have doted with that fond excess,
"Nor Love could add, nor Fortune make it less;
"If this I've done, and more—oh then be kind
"To the dear lovely babe I leave behind.

"When time my once-lov'd memory shall efface,
"Some happier maid may take thy Emma's
"place,

"With envious eyes thy partial fondness see,
"And hate it, for the love thou bor'st to me:
"My dearest Shaw, forgive a woman's fears;
"But one word more—I cannot bear thy tears—
"Promise—and I will trust thy faithful vow
"(Oft have I tried, and ever found thee true),
"That to some distant spot thou wilt remove
"This fatal pledge of hapless Emma's love,
"Where safe thy blandishments it may partake,
"And, oh! be tender, for its mother's sake.
"Wilt thou?—

"I know thou wilt—sad silence speaks assent,
"And, in that pleasing hope, thy Emma dies
"content."

I, who with more than manly strength have bore
The various ills impos'd by cruel Fate,
Sustain the firmness of my soul no more,

But sink beneath the weight: [day
Just Heaven! I cried, from memory's earliest
No comfort has thy wretched suppliant
known;

Misfortune still, with unrelenting sway,
Has claim'd me for her own.
But oh! in pity to my grief, restore
This only source of bliss; I ask—I ask no more—
Vain hope—th' irrevocable doom is past,
E'en now she looks—she sighs her last—
Vainly I strive to stay her fleeting breath,
And, with rebellious heart, protest against her
death.

When the stern tyrant clos'd her lovely eyes,
How did I rave, untaught to bear the blow,
With impious wish to tear her from the skies,
How curse my fate in bitterness of woe!

But whither would this dreadful phrenzy
Fond man, forbear, [lead?
Thy fruitless sorrow spare,

Dare not to ask what Heaven's high will de-
creed;

In humble rev'rence kiss th' afflictive rod,
And prostrate bow to an offended God.
Perhaps kind Heaven in mercy dealt the blow,
Some saving truth thy roving soul to teach;
To wean thy heart from grovelling views below,
And point out bliss beyond misfortune's reach:

To show that all the flattering schemes of joy,
Which tow'ring Hope so fondly builds in air,
One fatal moment can destroy,
And plunge th' exulting maniac in despair.
Then, oh! with pious fortitude sustain
Thy present loss—haply thy future gain;
Nor let thy Emma die in vain:
Time shall administer its wonted balm, [calm.
And hush this storm of grief to no unpleasing

Thus the poor bird, by some disastrous fate
Caught, and imprison'd in a lonely cage,
Torn from its native fields, and dearer mate,
Flutters a while, and spends its little rage:
But finding all its efforts weak and vain,
No more it pants and rages for the plain;
Moping a while, in sullen mood
Droops the sweet mourner—but ere long
Prunes its light wings, and pecks its food,
And meditates the song:
Serenely sorrowing, breathes its piteous case,
And with its plaintive warblings saddens all
the place.

Forgive me, Heaven,—yet, yet the tears will flow,
To think how soon my scene of bliss is past!
My budding joys, just promising to blow,
All nipp'd and wither'd by one envious blast!
My hours, that laughing went to fleet away,
Move heavily along;
Where's now the sprightly jest, the jocund song?
Time creeps, unconscious of delight:
How shall I cheat the tedious day;
And oh—the joyless night!
Where shall I rest my weary head?
How shall I find repose on a sad widow'd bed?

Come, Theban drug*, the wretch's only aid,
To my torn heart its former peace restore;
Thy votary, wrapp'd in thy Lethæan shade,
Awake shall cease his sorrows to deplore:
Haply, when lock'd in sleep's embrace,
Again I shall behold my Emma's face,
Again with transport hear
Her voice soft whispering in my ear;
May steal once more a balmy kiss,
And taste at least of visionary bliss.

But, ah! th' unwelcome morn's obtruding light
Will all my shadowy schemes of bliss depose,
Will tear the dear illusion from my sight,
And wake me to the sense of all my woes:
If to the verdant fields I stray,
Alas! what pleasures now can these convey?
Her lovely form pursues where'er I go,
And darkens all the scene with woe.
By Nature's lavish bounties cheer'd no more,
Sorrowing I rove
Through valley, grot, and grove;
Naught can their beauties or my loss restore;
No herb, no plant, can med'cine my disease,
And my sad sighs are borne on ev'ry passing
breeze.

* Laudanum.

Sickness and sorrow hov'ring round my bed,
Who now with anxious haste shall bring relief,
With lenient hand support my drooping head,
Assuage my pains, and mitigate my grief?
Should worldly business call away,
Who now shall in my absence fondly mourn,
Count ev'ry minute of the loit'ring day,
Impatient for my quick return?
Should aught my bosom discompose,
Who now, with sweet complacent air,
Shall smooth the rugged brow of Care,
And soften all my woes?
Too faithful Memory—cease, oh cease—
How shall I e'er regain my peace?
(Oh, to forget her!)—but how vain each art,
Whilst ev'ry virtue lives imprinted on my heart!

And thou, my little cherub, left behind,
To hear a father's plaints, to share his woes,
When reason's dawn informs thy infant mind,
And thy sweet lisping tongue shall ask the
cause,
How oft with sorrow shall mine eyes run o'er,
When, twining round my knees, I trace
Thy mother's smile upon thy face!
How oft to my full heart shalt thou restore
Sad memory of my joys—ah, now no more!
By blessings once enjoy'd now more distress'd,
More beggar by the riches once possess'd,
My little darling!—dearer to me grown
By all the tears thou'st caus'd—oh, strange
to hear!

Bought with a life yet dearer than thy own,
Thy cradle purchas'd with thy mother's bier:
Who now shall seek, with fond delight,
Thy infant steps to guide aright?
She, who with doting eyes would gaze
On all thy little artless ways,
By all thy soft endearments blest,
And clasp thee oft with transport to her breast,
Alas! is gone—yet shalt thou prove
A father's dearest, tenderest love;
And, O sweet senseless smiler, (envied state!)
As yet unconscious of thy hapless fate,
When years thy judgment shall mature,
And Reason shows those ills it cannot cure,
Wilt thou, a father's grief t' assuage,
For virtue prove the Phoenix of the earth,
(Like her, thy mother died to give thee birth)
And be the comfort of my age?

When sick and languishing I lie,
Wilt thou my Emma's wonted care supply?
And oft as to thy listening ear
Thy mother's virtues and her fate I tell,
Say, wilt thou drop the tender tear,
Whilst on the mournful theme I dwell?
Then, fondly stealing to thy father's side,
Whene'er thou seest the soft distress,
Which I would vainly seek to hide,
Say, wilt thou strive to make it less?
To soothe my sorrows all thy cares employ,
And in my cup of grief infuse one drop of joy?

80. *An Evening Address to a Nightingale.*

SHAW.

SWEET bird! that, kindly perching near,
 Pourest thy plaints melodious in mine ear;
 Not, like base worldlings, tutor'd to forego
 The melancholy haunts of woe;
 Thanks for thy sorrow-soothing strain:
 For, surely, thou hast known to prove,
 Like me, the pangs of hapless love;
 Else why so feelingly complain,
 And with thy piteous notes thus sadden all the
 grove?
 Say, dost thou mourn thy ravish'd mate,
 That oft enamour'd on thy strains has hung?
 Or has the cruel hand of Fate
 Bereft thee of thy darling young?
 Alas! for both I weep:
 In all the pride of youthful charms,
 A beauteous bride torn from my circling arms;
 A lovely babe, that should have liv'd to bless,
 And fill my doting eyes with frequent tears,
 At once the source of rapture and distress,
 The flattering prop of my declining years!
 In vain from death to rescue I essay'd,
 By ev'ry art that science could devise;
 Alas! it languish'd for a mother's aid,
 And wing'd its flight to seek her in the skies.
 Then, oh! our comforts be the same,
 At evening's peaceful hour,
 To shun the noisy paths of wealth and fame,
 And breathe our sorrows in this lonely bow'r.
 But why, alas! to thee complain,
 To thee—unconscious of my pain?
 Soon shalt thou cease to mourn thy lot severe,
 And hail the dawning of a happier year:
 The genial warmth of joy-renewing spring
 Again shall plume thy shatter'd wing;
 Again thy little heart shall transport prove, [love.
 Again shall flow thy notes responsive to thy
 But oh! for me in vain may seasons roll,
 Naught can dry up the fountain of my tears:
 Deploring still the comfort of my soul,
 I count my sorrows by increasing years.
 Tell me, thou Syren Hope, deceiver, say,
 Where is thy promis'd period of my woes?
 Full three long ling'ring years have roll'd away,
 And yet I weep a stranger to repose:
 O what delusion did thy tongue employ!
 "That Emma's fatal pledge of love,
 "Her last bequest, with all a mother's care,
 "The bitterness of sorrow should remove,
 "Soften the horrors of despair,
 "And cheer a heart long lost to joy!"
 How oft, when fondling in my arms,
 Gazing enraptur'd on its angel-face,
 My soul the maze of Fate would vainly trace,
 And burn with all a father's fond alarms!
 And oh what flatt'ring scenes had fancy feign'd!
 How did I rave of blessings yet in store!

* Lord Lyttelton.

† The Moravian missionaries in Greenland. Vide Krantz.

Till ev'ry aching sense was sweetly pain'd,
 And my full heart could bear, nor tongue
 could utter more.

"Just Heaven!" I cried, with recent hopes elate,
 "Yet will I live—will live though Emma's
 dead: [fate,
 "So long bow'd down beneath the storms of
 "Yet will I raise my woe-dejected head!
 "My little Emma, now my all,
 "Will want a father's care;
 "Her looks, her wants, my rash resolves recall,
 "And, for her sake, the ills of life I'll bear:
 "And oft together we'll complain,
 "Complaint the only bliss my soul can know:
 "From me my child shall learn the mournful
 "And prattle tales of woe. [strain,
 "And oh! in that auspicious hour,
 "When fate resigns her persecuting pow'r,
 "With duteous zeal her hand shall close,
 "No more to weep, my sorrow-streaming
 "When death gives misery repose, [eyes,
 "And opes a glorious passage to the skies."

Vain thought! it must not be—she too is dead,
 The flattering scene is o'er;
 My hopes for ever, ever fled;
 And vengeance can no more.
 Crush'd by misfortune, blasted by disease,
 And none—none left to bear a friendly part!
 To meditate my welfare, health, or ease,
 Or soothe the anguish of an aching heart!
 Now all one gloomy scene, till welcome death,
 With lenient hand (oh falsely deem'd severe),
 Shall kindly stop my grief-exhausted breath,
 And dry up ev'ry tear.
 Perhaps, obsequious to my will,
 But ah! from my affections far remov'd!
 The last sad office strangers may fulfil,
 As if I ne'er had been below'd;
 As if unconscious of poetic fire,
 I ne'er had touch'd the trembling lyre;
 As if my niggard hand ne'er dealt relief,
 Nor my heart melted at another's grief.
 Yet, while this weary life shall last, [strain,
 While yet my tongue can form th' impassion'd
 In piteous accents shall the muse complain,
 And dwell with fond delay on blessings past:
 For oh, how grateful to a wounded heart
 The tale of misery to impart!
 From others' eyes bid artless sorrows flow,
 And raise esteem upon the base of woe!
 E'en he,* the noblest of the tuneful throng,
 Shall deign my love-lorn tale to hear,
 Shall catch the soft contagion of my song,
 And pay my pensive Muse the tribute of a tear.

§ 81. *The Propagation of the Gospel in Greenland.* COWPER.

AND still it spreads. See Germany send forth
 Her sons, to pour it on the farthest north:†

Fir'd with a zeal peculiar, they defy
 The rage and rigor of a polar sky,
 And plant successfully sweet Sharon's rose
 On icy plains, and in eternal snows.
 Oh, blest within th' enclosure of your rocks,
 Nor herds have ye to boast, nor bleating flocks;
 No fertilizing streams your fields divide,
 That show revers'd the villas on their side;
 No groves have ye; no cheerful sound of bird,
 Or voice of turtle, in your land is heard;
 Nor grateful eglantine regales the smell
 Of those that walk at ev'ning where you dwell:
 But winter, arm'd with terrors here unknown,
 Sits absolute on his unshaken throne;
 Piles up his stores amidst the frozen waste,
 And bids the mountains he has built stand fast;
 Beckons the legions of his storms away
 From happier scenes, to make your land a prey;
 Proclaims the soil a conquest he has won,
 And scorns to share it with the distant sun.

Yet truth is yours, remote, unenvied isle;
 And peace, the genuine offspring of her smile:
 The pride of letter'd ignorance, that binds
 In chains of error our accomplish'd minds;
 That decks with all the splendor of the true
 A false religion—is unknown to you.
 Nature indeed vouchsafes for our delight
 The sweet vicissitudes of day and night;
 Soft airs and genial moisture feed and cheer
 Field, fruit, and flow'r, and ev'ry creature here.
 But brighter beams than his who fires the skies
 Have ris'n at length on your admiring eyes,
 That shoot into your darkest caves the day
 From which our nicer optics turn away.

§ 82. *On Slavery, and the Slave Trade.*

COWPER.

BUT, ah! what wish can prosper, or what pray'r,
 For merchants, rich in cargoes of despair,
 Who drive a loathsome traffic, gage and span,
 And buy the muscles and the bones of man?
 The tender ties of father, husband, friend,
 All bonds of nature in that moment end;
 And each endures while yet he draws his breath,
 A stroke as fatal as the sithe of death.
 The sable warrior, frantic with regret
 Of her he loves, and never can forget,
 Loses in tears the far receding shore, [more.
 But not the thought, that they must meet no
 Depriv'd of her and freedom at a blow,
 What has he left that he can yet forego?
 Yes, to deep sadness sullenly resign'd,
 He feels his body's bondage in his mind;
 Puts off his gen'rous nature, and to suit
 His manners with his fate, puts on the brute.
 Oh most degrading of all ills that wait
 On man, a mourner in his best estate!
 All other sorrows virtue may endure,
 And find submission more than half a cure;
 Grief is itself a med'cine, and bestow'd
 T' improve the fortitude that bears a load;
 To teach the wand'rer, as his woes increase,
 The path of wisdom, all whose paths are peace.

But slav'ry!—virtue dreads it as her grave;
 Patience itself is meanness in a slave:
 Or if the will and sovereignty of God
 Bid suffer it awhile, and kiss the rod;
 Wait for the dawning of a brighter day,
 And snap the chain the moment when you may.
 Nature imprints upon whate'er we see,
 That has a heart, and life in it, Be free!
 The beasts are charter'd—neither age nor force
 Can quell the love of freedom in a horse:
 He breaks the cord that held him at the rack,
 And, conscious of an unencumber'd back,
 Snuffs up the morning air, forgets the rein,
 Loose fly his forelock and his ample mane;
 Responsive to the distant neigh he neighs,
 Nor stops till, overleaping all delays,
 He finds the pasture where his fellows graze.

§ 83. *On Liberty, and in praise of Mr. Howard.*
 COWPER.

ON could I worship aught beneath the skies
 That earth had seen, or fancy could devise,
 Thine altar, sacred Liberty, should stand,
 Built by no mercenary, vulgar hand.
 With fragrant turf, and flow'rs as wild and fair
 As ever dress'd a bank, or scented summer air,
 Duly as ever on the mountain's height
 The peep of morning shed a dawning light;
 Again, when evening in her sober vest
 Drew the grey curtain of the fading West;
 My soul should yield thee willing thanks and
 praise

For the chief blessings of my fairest days.
 But that were sacrilege—praise is not thine,
 But his who gave thee, and preserves thee mine:
 Else I would say, and as I spake bid fly
 A captive bird into the boundless sky,
 This triple realm adores thee—thou art come
 From Sparta hither, and art here at home.
 We feel thy force still active, at this hour
 Enjoy immunity from priestly pow'r;
 While conscience, happier than in ancient years,
 Owns no superior but the God she fears.
 Propitious Spirit! yet expunge a wrong
 Thy rites have suffer'd, and our land, too long;
 Teach mercy to ten thousand hearts that share
 The fears and hopes of a commercial care:
 Prisons expect the wicked, and were built
 To bind the lawless, and to punish guilt;
 But shipwreck, earthquake, battle, fire, and flood,
 Are mighty mischiefs, not to be withstood:
 And honest merit stands on slipp'ry ground
 Where covert guile, and artifice abound:
 Let just restraint, for public peace design'd,
 Chain up the wolves and tigers of mankind;
 The foe of virtue has no claim to thee,
 But let insolvent innocence go free.

Patron of else the most despid'd of men,
 Accept the tribute of a stranger's pen;
 Verse, like the laurel, its immortal meed,
 Should be the guerdon of a noble deed:
 I may alarm thee, but I fear the shame
 (Charity chosen as my theme and aim)
 I must incur, forgetting Howard's name.

Blest with all wealth can give thee—to resign
 Joys, doubly sweet to feelings quick as thine;
 To quit the bliss thy rural scenes bestow
 To seek a nobler, amidst scenes of woe;
 To traverse seas, range kingdoms, and bring
 home,
 Not the proud monuments of Greece and Rome,
 But knowledge, such as only dungeons teach,
 And only sympathy like thine could reach;
 That grief, sequester'd from the public stage,
 Might smooth her feathers, and enjoy her cage—
 Speaks a divine ambition, and a zeal
 The boldest patriot might be proud to feel.
 Oh that the voice of clamor and debate,
 That pleads for peace till it disturbs the state,
 Were hush'd, in favor of thy gen'rous plea,
 The poor thy clients, and Heaven's smile thy fee!

§ 34. *On Domestic Happiness, as the Friend
 of Virtue; and of the false Good-nature of
 the Age.* COWPER.

DOMESTIC happiness, thou only bliss
 Of Paradise that has surviv'd the fall!
 Though few now taste thee unimpair'd and pure,
 Or, tasting, long enjoy thee; too infirm
 Or too incautious to preserve thy sweets
 Unmix'd with drops of bitter, which neglect
 Or temper sheds into thy crystal cup.
 Thou art the nurse of virtue. In thine arms
 She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,
 Heav'n-born, and destin'd to the skies again.
 Thou art not known where Pleasure is ador'd,
 That reeling goddess with the zoneless waist
 And wand'ring eyes, still leaning on the arm
 Of Novelty, her fickle, frail support;
 For thou art meek and constant, hating change,
 And finding in the calm of truth-tied love
 Joys that her stormy raptures never yield.
 Forsaking thee, what shipwreck have we made
 Of honor, dignity, and fair renown,
 Till prostitution elbows us aside
 In all our crowded streets, and senates seem
 Conven'd for purposes of empire less
 Than to release th' adult'ress from her bond!
 Th' adult'ress! what a theme for angry verse,
 What provocation to the indignant heart
 That feels for injur'd love! But I disdain
 The nauseous task to paint her as she is,
 Cruel, abandon'd, glorying in her shame.
 No. Let her pass; and, charioted along,
 In guilty splendor shake the public ways:
 The frequency of crimes has wash'd them white;
 And verse of mine shall never brand the wretch
 Whom matrons now, of character unsmirch'd,
 And chaste themselves, are not asham'd to own.
 Virtue and vice had bound'ries in old time
 Not to be pass'd: and she that had renounc'd
 Her sex's honor, was renounc'd herself
 By all that priz'd it; not for Prudery's sake,
 But Dignity's resentful of the wrong.
 'Twas hard, perhaps, on here and there a wif
 Desirous to return, and not receiv'd;
 But was a wholesome rigor in the main,

And taught th' unblemished to preserve with
 That purity, whose loss was loss of all. [care
 Men too were nice in honor in those days,
 And judg'd offenders well: and he that sharp'd
 And pocketed a prize by fraud obtain'd, [sold
 Was mark'd, and shunn'd as odious. He that
 His country, or was slack when she requir'd
 His ev'ry nerve in action and at stretch,
 Paid with the blood that he had basely spar'd
 The price of his default. But now—yes, now,
 We are become so candid and so fair,
 So liberal in construction and so rich
 In Christian charity, a good-natur'd age!
 That they are safe: sinners of either sex
 Transgress what laws they may. Well dress'd,
 well bred,
 Well equipag'd, is ticket good enough
 To pass us readily through ev'ry door.
 Hypocrisy, detest her as we may,
 (And no man's hatred ever wrong'd her yet)
 May claim this merit still, that she admits
 The worth of what she mimics with such care,
 And thus gives virtue indirect applause:
 But she has burnt her masks, not needed here,
 Where vice has such allowance, that her shifts
 And specious semblances have lost their use.

§ 35. *On the Employments of what is called an
 Idle Life.* COWPER.

How various his employments whom the world
 Calls idle, and who justly, in return,
 Esteems the busy world an idler too!
 Friends, books, a garden, and perhaps his pen,
 Delightful industry enjoy'd at home,
 And nature in her cultivated trim
 Dress'd to his taste, inviting him abroad—
 Can he want occupation who has these?
 Will he be idle who has much t' enjoy?
 Me therefore, studious of laborious ease,
 Not slothful; happy to deceive the time,
 Nor waste it; and aware that human life
 Is but a loan to be repaid with use,
 When He shall call his debtors to account
 From whom are all our blessings—business finds
 E'en here. While sedulous I seek t' improve,
 At least neglect not, or leave unemploy'd
 The mind he gave me; driving it, though slack
 Too oft, and much impeding in its work
 By causes not to be divulg'd in vain,
 To its just point—the service of mankind.
 He that attends to his interior self,
 That has a heart, and keeps it; has a mind
 That hungers, and supplies it; and who seeks
 A social, not a dissipated life—
 Has business; feels himself engag'd t' achieve
 No unimportant, though a silent task.
 A life all turbulence and noise may seem,
 To him that leads it, wise, and to be prais'd;
 But wisdom is a pearl with most success
 Sought in still water, and beneath clear skies.
 He that is ever occupied in storms,
 Or dives not for it, or brings up instead,
 Vainly industrious, a disgraceful prize.

§ 86. *The Post comes in—the Newspaper is read
—the World contemplated at a distance.*

COWPER.

HARK! 'tis the twanging horn! o'er yonder
bridge,

That with its wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkl'd face reflected bright,
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spatter'd boots, strapp'd waist, and frozen
locks,

News from all nations lumb'ring at his back.
True to his charge, the close-pack'd load behind,
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destin'd inn;

And, having dropp'd th' expected bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold, and yet cheerful; messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;
To him indiff'rent whether grief or joy.

Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, marriages, epistles wet
With tears that trickled down the writer's cheeks
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charg'd with am'rous sighs of absent swains,
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.

But oh th' important budget! usher'd in
With such heart-shaking music, who can say
What are its tidings: have our troops awak'd?
Or do they still, as if with opium drugg'd,
Snore to the murmurs of th' Atlantic wave?

Is India free? and does she wear her plum'd
And jewell'd turban with a smile of peace,
Or do we grind her still? The grand debate,
The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,

And the loud laugh—I long to know them all;
I burn to set th' imprison'd wranglers free,
And give them voice and utterance once again.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer not to inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful ev'ning in.

Not such his ev'ning, who, with shining face,
Sweats in the crowded theatre, and squeez'd,
And bor'd with elbow-points through both his
sides,

Outscolds the ranting actor on the stage.
Nor his, who patient stands till his feet throb,
And his head thumps, to feed upon the breath
Of patriots bursting with heroic rage,
Or placemen all tranquillity and smiles.

This folio of four pages, happy work!
Which not e'en critics criticise, that holds
Inquisitive attention, while I read,
Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,
Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break—

What is it but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns?

Here runs the mountainous and craggy ridge

That tempts ambition. On the summit, see
The seals of office glitter in his eyes;
He climbs, he pants, he grasps them. At his
heels,

Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
And with a dext'rous jerk soon twists him down,
And wins them, but to lose them in his turn.

Here rills of oily eloquence in soft
Meanders lubricate the course they take:
The modest speaker is asham'd and griev'd
T' engross a moment's notice: and yet begs,
Begs a propitious ear for his poor thoughts,
However trivial all that he conceives.

Sweet bashfulness! it claims at least this praise:
The dearth of information and good sense
That it foretels us, always comes to pass.
Cataracts of declamation thunder here;

The forests of no-meaning spread the page
In which all comprehension wanders lost;
While fields of pleasantry amuse us there
With merry descants on a nation's woes.

The rest appears a wilderness of strange
But gay confusion—roses for the cheeks
And lilies for the brows of faded age,
Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,
Heaven, earth, and ocean plunder'd of their
sweets,

Nectarous essences, Olympian dews;
Sermons, and city feasts, and fav'rite airs,
Æthereal journeys, submarine exploits,
And Katterfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wond'ring for his bread.

'Tis pleasant through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world: to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd:
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on th' uninjur'd ear.

Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease
The globe and its concerns, I seem advanc'd
To some secure and more than mortal height,
That lib'rates and exempts me from them all.

It turns submitted to my view, turns round
With all its generations; I behold
The tumult, and am still; the sound of war
Has lost its terrors ere it reaches me;

Grieves, but alarms me not. I mourn the pride
And av'rice that make man a wolf to man,
Hear the faint echo of those brazen throats
By which he speaks the language of his heart,

And sigh, but never tremble at the sound.
He travels and expatiates, as the bee
From flow'r to flow'r, so he from land to land;

The manners, customs, policy of all
Pay contribution to the store he gleans;
He sucks intelligence in ev'ry clime,
And spreads the honey of his deep research

At his return, a rich repast for me!
He travels, and I too. I tread his deck,
Ascend his topmast, through his peering eyes
Discover countries, with a kindred heart
Suffer his woes, and share in his escapes:

While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home,

§ 87. *A Fragment.* MALLET.

FAIR morn ascends: fresh zephyr's breath
Blows lib'ral o'er yon bloomy heath,
Where, sown profusely, herb and flow'r,
Of balmy smell, of healing pow'r,
Their souls in fragrant dews exhale,
And breathe fresh life in ev'ry gale.
Here spreads a green expanse of plains,
Where, sweetly pensive, Silence reigns;
And there, at utmost stretch of eye,
A mountain fades into the sky;
While winding round, diffus'd and deep,
A river rolls with sounding sweep.
Of human art no traces near,
I seem alone with nature here!

Here are thy walks, O sacred Health!
The monarch's bliss, the beggar's wealth,
The seas'ning of all good below,
The sovereign's friend in joy or woe.
O thou, most courted, most despis'd,
And but in absence duly priz'd!
Pow'r of the soft and rosy face!
The vivid pulse, the vermeil grace,
The spirits, when they gayest shine,
Youth, beauty, pleasure, all are thine!
O sun of life, whose heavenly ray
Lights up and cheers our various day,
The turbulence of hopes and fears,
The storm of fate, the cloud of years,
Till nature with thy parting light,
Reposes late in Death's calm night:
Fled from the trophied roofs of state,
Abodes of splendid pain and hate;
Fled from the couch, where, in sweet sleep,
Hot Riot would his anguish steep,
But tosses through the midnight shade,
Of death, of life, alike afraid;
For ever fled to shady cell,
Where Temp'rance, where the Muses dwell,
Thou oft art seen at early dawn,
Slow-pacing o'er the breezy lawn;
Or, on the brow of mountain high,
In silence feasting ear and eye
With song and prospect, which abound
From birds, and woods, and waters round.

But when the sun, with noon-tide ray,
Flames forth intolerable day;
While Heat sits fervent on the plain,
With Thirst and Languor in his train
(All nature sick'ning in the blaze),
Thou in the wild and woody maze
That clouds the vale with umbrage deep,
Impendent from the neighb'ring steep,
Wilt find betimes a calm retreat,
Where breathing Coolness has her seat.

There plung'd amid the shadows brown,
Imagination lays him down;
Attentive in his airy mood,
To ev'ry murmur of the wood:
The bee in yonder flow'ry nook;
The chidings of the headlong brook;
The green leaf quiv'ring in the gale;
The warbling hill, the lowing vale;

The distant woodman's echoing stroke;
The thunder of the falling oak.
From thought to thought in vision led,
He holds high converse with the dead;
Sages or poets. See, they rise!
And shadowy skim before his eyes,
Hark! Orpheus strikes the lyre again,
That soften'd savages to men:
Lo! Socrates, the Sent of Heaven,
To whom its moral will was given.
Fathers and friends of human kind!
They form'd the nations, or refin'd,
With all that mends the head and heart,
Enlight'ning truth, adorning art.

Thus musing in the solemn shade,
At once the sounding breeze was laid:
And nature, by the unknown law,
Shook deep with reverential awe;
Dumb silence grew upon the hour;
A brighter night involv'd the bower:
When issuing from the inmost wood,
Appear'd fair Freedom's Genius good.
O Freedom! sov'reign boon of Heav'n,
Great charter with our being giv'n;
For which the patriot and the sage
Have plann'd, have bled, through ev'ry age!
High privilege of human race,
Beyond a mortal monarch's grace:
Who could not give, who cannot claim,
What but from God immediate came!

* * * * *

§ 88. *Ode to Evening.* Dr. JOS. WARTON.

HAIL, meek-ey'd maiden, clad in sober grey,
Whose soft approach the weary woodman
loves;

As homeward bent to kiss his prattling babes
Jocund he whistles through the twilight groves.

When Phœbus sinks behind the gilded hills,
You lightly o'er the misty meadows walk;
The drooping daisies bathe in dulcet dews,
And nurse the nodding violet's tender stalk.

The panting Dryads, that in day's fierce heat
To inmost bow'rs and cooling caverns ran,
Return, to trip in wanton ev'ning dance;
Old Sylvan too returns, and laughing Pan.

To the deep wood the clamorous rooks repair,
Light swims the swallow o'er the wat'ry scene;
And from the sheep-cot, and fresh-furrow'd field,
Stout ploughmen meet, to wrestle on the green.

The swain, that artless sings on yonder rock,
His supping sheep and length'ning shadow spies,
Pleas'd with the cool, the calm, refreshing hour,
And with hoarse humming of unnumber'd flies.

Now ev'ry Passion sleeps: desponding Love,
And pining Envy, ever-restless Pride;
And holy Calm creeps o'er my peaceful soul,
Anger and mad Ambition's storm subside.

O modest Evening! oft let me appear
A wandering votary in thy pensive train;
List'ning to every wildly-warbling note
That fills with farewell sweet thy dark'ning plain.

§ 89. *Isis. An Elegy. By Mr. MASON, of Cambridge.*

FAR from her hallow'd grot, where, mildly bright,
The pointed crystals shot their trembling light;
From dripping moss, where sparkling dewdrops fell,
Where coral glow'd, where twin'd the wreathed shell,

Pale Isis lay; a willow's lowly shade
Spread its thin foliage o'er the sleeping maid;
Clos'd was her eye, and from her heaving breast
In careless folds loose flow'd her zoneless vest;
While down her neck her vagrant tresses flow,
In all the awful negligence of woe;
Her urn sustain'd her arm, that sculptur'd vase
Where Vulcan's art had lavish'd all his grace.
Here, full with life, was heaven-taught Science seen,

Known by the laurel-wreath and musing mien;
There cloud-crown'd Fame, here Peace, sedate and bland, [wand;
Swell'd the loud trump, and wav'd the olive
While solemn domes, arch'd shades, and vistas green,

At well-mark'd distance close the sacred scene.
On this the goddess cast an anxious look,
Then dropp'd a tender tear, and thus she spoke:
Yes, I could once with pleas'd attention trace
The mimic charms of this prophetic vase;
Then lift my head, and with enraptur'd eyes
View on yon plain the real glories rise.
Yes, Isis! oft hast thou rejoic'd to lead
Thy liquid treasures o'er yon fav'rite mead:
Oft hast thou stopp'd thy pearly car to gaze,
While ev'ry Science nurs'd its growing bays;
While ev'ry Youth, with fame's strong impulse fir'd,

Press'd to the goal, and at the goal untir'd,
Snatch'd each celestial wreath to bind his brow
The Muses, Graces, Virtues, could bestow.

E'en now fond Fancy leads th' ideal train,
And ranks her troops on Memory's ample plain;
See! the firm leaders of my patriot line,
See! Sidney, Raleigh, Hampden, Somers, shine.
See Hough, superior to a tyrant's doom,
Smile at the menace of the slave of Rome:
Each soul whom truth could fire, and virtue move, [love,

Each breast strong panting with its country's
All that to Albion gave their heart or head,
That wisely counsell'd, or that bravely bled,
All, all appear; on me they grateful smile,
The well-earn'd prize of ev'ry virtuous toil
To me with filial reverence they bring,
And hang fresh trophies o'er my honor'd spring.
Ah! I remember well yon beechen spray,
There Addison first tun'd his polish'd lay;
'Twas there great Cato's form first met his eye,
In all the pomp of free-born majesty;
"My son," he cried, "observe this mien with
"awe,

"In solemn lines the strong resemblance draw;

"The piercing notes shall strike each British
"ear,

"Each British eye shall drop the patriot tear!
"And, rous'd to glory by the nervous strain,
"Each youth shall spurn at slavery's abject
"reign,

"Shall guard with Cato's zeal Britannia's laws,
"And speak, and act, and bleed, in freedom's
"cause."

The hero spoke; the bard assenting bow'd;
The lay to Liberty and Cato flow'd;
While Echo, as she rov'd the vale along,
Join'd the strong cadence of his Roman song.

But, ah! how Stillness slept upon the ground,
How mute attention check'd each rising sound,
Scarce stole a breeze to wave the leafy spray,
Scarce trill'd sweet Philomel her softest lay,
When Locke walk'd musing forth! e'en now I view

Majestic Wisdom thron'd upon his brow;
View Candor smile upon his modest cheek,
And from his eye all Judgment's radiance break.
'Twas here the sage his manly zeal express'd,
Here stripp'd vain Falsehood of her gaudy vest:
Here Truth's collected beams first fill'd his mind,
Ere long to burst in blessings on mankind;
Ere long to show to reason's purged eye,
That "Nature's first best gift was Liberty."

Proud of this wondrous son, sublime I stood,
(While louder surges swell'd my rapid flood;)
Then, vain as Niobe, exulting cried,
Ilissus! roll thy fam'd Athenian tide;
Though Plato's steps oft mark'd thy neighb'ring
glade,
Though fair Lycæum lent its awful shade,
Though ev'ry Academic green impress'd
Its image full on thy reflecting breast,
Yet my pure stream shall boast as proud a name,
And Britain's Isis flow with Attic fame.

Alas! how chang'd! where now that Attic
boast?

See! Gothic Licence rage o'er all my coast;
See! Hydra Faction spread its impious reign,
Poison each breast, and madden ev'ry brain:
Hence frontless crowds that, not content to
fright

The blushing Cynthia from her throne of night,
Blast the fair face of day; and, madly bold,
To Freedom's foes infernal orgies hold;
To Freedom's foes, ah! see the goblet crown'd,
Hear plausive shouts to Freedom's foes resound;
The horrid notes my reflux waters daunt,
The Echoes groan, the Dryads quit their haunt;
Learning, that once to all diffus'd her beam,
Now sheds, by stealth, a partial private gleam
In some lone cloister's melancholy shade,
Where a firm few support her sickly head,
Despis'd, insulted, by the barb'rous train,
Who scour, like Thracia's moon-struck rout,
the plain,

Sworn foes, like them, to all the Muse approves,
All Phœbus favors, or Minerva loves.

Are these the sons my fost'ring breast must rear,
Grac'd with my name, and nurtur'd by my care!

Must these go forth from my maternal hand
To deal their insults through a peaceful land;
And boast, while Freedom bleeds, and Virtue
groans,

That Isis taught Rebellion to her Sons?
Forbid it, Heaven! and let my rising waves
Indignant swell, and whelm the recreant slaves!
In England's cause their patriot floods employ,
As Xanthus delug'd in the cause of Troy.
Is this denied; then point some secret way
Where far, far hence these guiltless streams
may stray; [spreads

Some unknown channel lend, where Nature
Inglorious vales, and unfrequented meads:
There, where a hind scarce tunes his rustic
strain,

Where scarce a pilgrim treads the pathless plain,
Content I'll flow; forget that e'er my tide
Saw yon majestic structures crown its side;
Forget that e'er my wrapt attention hung
Or on the Sage's or the Poet's tongue;
Calm and resign'd my humbler lot embrace,
And, pleas'd, prefer oblivion to disgrace.

§ 90. *Epistolary Verses to George Colman, Esq.*
written in the Year 1756.

By Mr. ROBERT LLOYD.

You know, dear George, I'm none of those
That condescend to write in prose:
Inspir'd with pathos and sublime,
I always soar—in doggerel rhyme;
And scarce can ask you how you do,
Without a jingling line or two.
Besides, I always took delight in
What bears the name of easy writing;
Perhaps the reason makes it please
Is, that I find 'tis writ with ease.

I vent a notion here in private,
Which public taste can ne'er connive at,
Which thinks no wit or judgment greater
Than Addison, and his Spectator;
Who says (it is no matter where,
But that he says it I can swear)
With easy verse most bards are smitten,
Because they think it's easy written;
Whereas, the easier it appears,
The greater marks of care it wears;
Of which to give an explanation,
Take this, by way of illustration:
The fam'd Mat. Prior, it is said,
Oft bit his nails, and scratch'd his head,
And chang'd a thought a hundred times,
Because he did not like the rhymes:
To make my meaning clear, and please ye,
In short, he labor'd to write easy.
And yet no Critic e'er defines
His poems into labor'd lines.
I have a simile will hit him;
His verse, like clothes, was made to fit him;
Which (as no tailor e'er denied)
The better fit the more they're tried.

Though I have mention'd Prior's name,
Think not I aim at Prior's fame.

'Tis the result of admiration
To spend itself in imitation;
If imitation may be said,
Which is in me by nature bred,
And you have better proofs than these
That I'm idolater of Ease.

Who, but a madman would engage
A poet in the present age?
Write what we will, our works bespeak us
Imitatores, servum pecus.

Tale, Elegy, or lofty Ode,
We travel in the beaten road:
The proverb still sticks closely by us,
Nil dictum, quod non dictum prius.

The only comfort that I know
Is, that 'twas said an age ago,
Ere Milton soar'd in thought sublime,
Ere Pope refin'd the chink of rhyme,
Ere Colman wrote in style so pure,
Or the great Town the Connoisseur;
Ere I burlesqu'd the rural cit,
Proud to hedge in my scraps of wit,
And, happy in the close connexion,
T' acquire some name from their reflexion:
So (the similitude is trite)

The moon still shines with borrow'd light;
And, like the race of modern beaux,
Ticks with the sun for her lac'd clothes.

Methinks there is no better time
To show the use I make of rhyme,
Than now, when I, who from beginning
Was always fond of couplet-sinning,
Presuming on good-nature's score,
Thus lay my bantling at your door.

The first advantage which I see
Is, that I ramble loose and free:
The bard indeed full oft complains
That rhymes are fetters, links, and chains;
And, when he wants to leap the fence,
Still keeps him pris'n'r to the sense.
Howe'er in common-place he rage,
Rhyme's like your fetters on the stage,
Which, when the player once hath wore,
It makes him only strut the more,
While, raving in pathetic strains,
He shakes his legs to clank his chains.

From rhyme, as from a handsome face,
Nonsense acquires a kind of grace;
I therefore give it all its scope,
That sense may, unperceiv'd, elope.
So M——rs of basest tricks
(I love a fling at politics)
Amuse the nation, court, and king,
With breaking F—kes, and hanging Byng;
And make each puny rogue a prey,
While they, the greater, slink away.
This simile, perhaps, would strike,
If match'd with something more alike;
Then take it dress'd a second time
In Prior's ease, and *my* sublime.
Say, did you never chance to meet
A mob of people in the street,
Ready to give the robb'd relief,
And in all haste to catch a thief;

While the sly rogue who filch'd the prey,
Too close beset to run away,
Stop thief! stop thief! exclaims aloud,
And so escapes among the crowd?
So Ministers, &c.

O England, how I mourn thy fate!
For sure thy losses now are great;
Two such what Briton can endure?
Minorca, and the Connoisseur!

To-day,* or e'er the sun goes down,
Will die the *Censor*, Mr. Town!
He dies, whoe'er take pains to con him,
With "blushing honours thick upon him:"
O may his name these verses save,
Be these inscrib'd upon his grave:
"Know, Reader, that on Thursday died
"The Connoisseur, a suicide!
"Yet think not that his soul is fled,
"Nor rank him 'mongst the vulgar dead,
"Howe'er defunct you set him down,
"He's only going out of *Town*."

§ 91. *Ode to the Genius of Shakspeare.*
OGILVIE.

I. 1.

Rapt from the glance of mortal eye,
Say, bursts thy Genius to the world of light?
Seeks it yon star-bespangled sky?
Or skims its fields with rapid flight?
Or, mid yon plains where Fancy strays,
Courts it the balmy breathing gale?
Or where the violet pale
Drops o'er the hegreen-embroider'd stream;
Or where young Zephyr stirs the rustling sprays,
Lies all dissolv'd in fairy dream?
O'er yon bleak desert's unfrequented round
Seest thou where Nature treads the deep'ning
gloom,
Sitt'st on yon hoary tow'r with ivy crown'd,
Or wildly wail'st o'er thy lamented tomb?
Hear'st thou the solemn music wind along,
Or thrills the warbling note in thy mellifluous
song?

I. 2.

Oft, while on earth, 'twas thine to rove
Where'er the wild-ey'd goddess lov'd to roam,
To trace serene the gloomy grove,
Or haunt meek Quiet's simple dome;
Still hovering round the Nine appear,
That pour the soul-transporting strain;
Join'd to the Loves' gay train,
The loose-rob'd Graces, crown'd with flow'rs,
The light-wing'd gales that lead the vernal year,
And wake the rosy-featur'd hours.
O'er all bright Fancy's beamy radiance shone;
How flam'd thy bosom as her charms reveal!
Her fire-clad eye sublime, her starry zone,
Her tresses loose, that wanton'd on the gale:

On thee the goddess fix'd her ardent look,
Then, from her glowing lips these melting ac-
cents broke:

I. 3.

"To thee, my favorite son, belong
"The lays that steal the list'ning hour;
"To pour the rapture-darting song,
"To paint gay Hope's Elysian bower,
"From Nature's hand to snatch the dart,
"To cleave with pangs the bleeding heart;
"Or lightly sweep the trembling string,
"And call the Loves, with purple wing,
"From the blue deep, where they dwell
"With Naiads in the pearly cell;
"Soft on the sea-born goddess gaze,†
"Or in the loose robes' floating maze,
"Dissolv'd in downy slumbers rest;
"Or flutter o'er her panting breast.
"Or wild to melt the yielding soul,
"Let sorrow, clad in sable stole,
"Slow to thy musing thought appear;
"Or pensive Pity, pale;
"Or Love's desponding tale [tear."
"Call from th' intender'd heart the sympathetic

II. 1.

Say, whence the magic of thy mind?
Why thrills thy music on the springs of thought?
Why, at thy pencil's touch refin'd,
Starts into life the glowing draught?
On yonder fairy carpet laid,
Where beauty pours eternal bloom,
And Zephyr breathes perfume;
There nightly to the tranced eye
Profuse the radiant goddess stood display'd,
With all her smiling offspring nigh.
Sudden the mantling cliff, the arching wood,
The broider'd mead, the landscape and the grove,
Hills, vales, and sky-dipt seas, and torrents rude,
Grotts, rills, and shades, and bow'rs, that breath'd
of love,
All burst to sight! while glancing on the view,
Titania's sporting train brush'd lightly o'er the
dew.

II. 2.

The pale-eyed Genius of the shade
Led thy bold step to Prosper's magic bow'r;
Whose voice the howling winds obey'd,
Whose dark spell chain'd the rapid hour;
Then rose serene the sea-girt isle;
Gay scenes, by Fancy's touch refin'd,
Glow'd to the musing mind:
Such visions bless the hermit's dream,
When hovering angels prompt his placid smile,
Or paint some high ecstatic theme.
Then flam'd Miranda on th' enraptur'd gaze,
Then sail'd bright Ariel on the bat's fleet wing:
Or starts the list'ning throng in still amaze,
The wild note trembling on the aerial string!

* September 30th, 1756, when Mr. Town, author of the *Connoisseur*, a periodical Essay (since published in four volumes, printed for R. Baldwin, London), took leave of his readers, with an humorous account of himself.

† Venus.

The form in heav'n's resplendent vesture gay,
Floats on the mantling cloud, and pours the
melting lay.*

II. 3.

Oh lay me near yon limpid stream,
Whose murmur soothes the ear of woe!
There in some sweet poetic dream
Let Fancy's bright Elysium glow!
'Tis done—o'er all the blushing mead
The dark wood shakes his cloudy head:
Below, the lily-fringed dale
Breathes its mild fragrance on the gale;
While, in pastime all unseen,
Titania, rob'd in mantle green,
Sports on the mossy bank: her train
Skims right along the gleaming plain;
Or to the flutt'ring breeze unfold
The blue wing streak'd with beamy gold;
Its pinions op'ning to the light!—
Say, bursts the vision on my sight?
Ah, no! by Shakspeare's pencil drawn,
The beauteous shapes appear;
While meek-eyed Cynthia near [lawn.†
Illumes with streamy ray the silver mantled

III. 1.

But hark! the tempest howls afar, [waste!
Bursts the loud whirlwind o'er the pathless
What cherub blows the trump of war?
What demon rides the stormy blast?
Red from the lightning's livid blaze,
The bleak heath rushes on the sight;
Then, wrapt in sudden night
Dissolves.—But, ah! what kingly form
Roams the lone desert's desolated maze †
Unaw'd, nor heeds the sweeping storm?
Ye pale-ey'd lightnings, spare the cheek of age!
Vain wish! though anguish heaves the bursting
groan,
Deaf as the flint, the marble ear of rage
Hears not the mourner's unavailing moan;
Heart-pierc'd he bleeds; and, stung with wild
despair, [hair.
Bares his time-blasted head, and tears his silver

III. 2.

Lo! on yon long-resounding shore,
Where the rock totters o'er the headlong deep;
What phantoms bath'd in infant gore
Stand mutt'ring on the dizzy steep!
Their murmurs shake the zephyr's wing!
The storm obeys their powerful spell;
See from this gloomy cell
Fierce Winter starts! his scowling eye
Blots the fair mantle of the breathing Spring,
And lowers along the ruffled sky,
To the deep vault the yelling harpies run; §
Its yawning mouth receives th' infernal crew,
Dim through the black gloom winks the glim-
mering sun,
And the pale furnace gleams with brimstone blue.

Hell howls; and fiends, that join the dire ac-
claim, [flame.
Dance on the bubbling tide, and point the livid

III. 3.

But, ah! on Sorrow's cypress bough
Can Beauty breathe her genial bloom?
On Death's cold cheek will passion glow?
Or Music warble from the tomb?
There sleeps the bard, whose tuneful tongue
Pour'd the full stream of mazy song.
Young Spring, with lip of ruby, here
Shows from her lap the blushing year;
While, along the turf reclin'd,
The loose wing swimming on the wind,
The Loves, with forward gesture bold,
Sprinkle the sod with spangling gold;
And oft the blue-ey'd Graces trim
Dance lightly round on downy limb;
Oft too, when eve, demure and still,
Chequers the green dale's purling rill,
Sweet Fancy pours the plaintive strain;
Or, wrapt in soothing dream,
By Avon's ruffled stream, [the plain.
Hears the low-murmuring gale that dies along

§ 92. *Ode to Time; occasioned by seeing the
Ruins of an old Castle.* OGILVIE.

I. 1.

O thou, who mid the world-involving gloom,
Sitt'st on yon solitary spire!
Or slowly shak'st the sounding dome,
Or hear'st the wildly-warbling lyre;
Say, when thy musing soul
Bids distant times unroll,
And marks the flight of each revolving year,
Of years whose slow-consuming pow'r
Has clad with moss yon leaning tow'r
That saw the race of Glory run,
That mark'd Ambition's setting sun,
That shook old Empires' tow'ring pride,
That swept them down the floating tide—
Say, when these long-unfolding scenes appear,
Streams down thy hoary cheek the pity-darting
tear?

I. 2.

Cast o'er yon trackless waste thy wand'ring eye
Yon hill, whose gold-illum'd brow,
Just trembling through the bending sky,
O'erlooks the boundless wild below,
Once bore the branching wood
That o'er yon murmuring flood
Hung wildly waving to the rustling gale;
The naked heath with moss o'ergrown,
That hears the lone owl's nightly moan,
Once bloom'd with summer's copious store,
Once rais'd the lawn-bespangled flow'r;
Or heard some lover's plaintive lay,
When, by pale Cynthia's silver ray,

* Ariel: see the Tempest.

† See the Midsummer Night's Dream.

‡ Lear.

§ The Witches in Macbeth.

All wild he wander'd o'er the lonely dale,
And taught the list'ning moon the melancholy
tale.

I. 3.

Ye wilds, where heaven-rapt Fancy roves !
Ye sky-crown'd hills, and solemn groves !
Ye low-brow'd vaults, ye gloomy cells !
Ye caves where night-bred Silence dwells !
Ghosts that in yon lonely hall
Lightly glance along the wall ;
Or beneath yon ivy'd tow'r,
At the silent midnight hour,
Stand array'd in spotless white,
And stain the dusky robe of Night ;
Or with slow solemn pauses roam
O'er the long-sounding hollow dome !
Say, mid yon desert solitary round,
When darkness wraps the boundless spheres,
Does ne'er some dismal, dying sound
On Night's dull serious ear rebound ;
That mourns the ceaseless lapse of life-con-
suming years ?

II. 1.

O call th' inspiring glorious hour to view,
When Caledonia's martial train
From yon steep rock's high-arching brow
Pour'd on the heart-struck flying Dane !
When War's blood-tinctur'd spear
Hung o'er the trembling rear ; [flight ;
When light-heel'd Terror wing'd their headlong
Yon tow'rs then rung with wild alarms !
Yon desert gleam'd with shining arms !
While on the bleak hill's bright'ning spire
Bold Victory flam'd, with eyes of fire ;
Her limbs celestial robes enfold,
Her wings were ting'd with spangling gold,
She spoke : her words infus'd resistless might,
And warm'd the bounding heart, and rous'd
the soul of fight.

II. 2.

But, ah ! what hand the smiling prospect brings :
What voice recalls th' expiring day ?
See, darting swift on eagle-wings,
The glancing moment bursts away !
So, from some mountain's head,
In mantling gold array'd,
While bright-ey'd Fancy stands in sweet surprise:
The vale where musing Quiet treads,
The flow'r-clad lawns, and blooming meads,
Or streams where Zephyr loves to stray
Beneath the pale eve's twinkling ray ;
Or waving woods detain the sight—
When from the gloomy cave of night
Some cloud sweeps shadowy o'er the duskyskies,
And wraps the flying scene, that fades, and
swims, and dies.

II. 3.

Lo ! rising from yon dreary tomb,
What spectres stalk across the gloom !
With haggard eyes, and visage pale,
And voice that moans with feeble wail !

O'er yon long resounding plain
Slowly moves the solemn train ;
Wailing wild with shrieks of woe
O'er the bones that rest below !
While the dull Night's startled ear
Shrinks aghast with thrilling fear !
Or stand with thin robes wasting soon,
And eyes that blast the sick'ning moon !
Yet these, ere Time had roll'd their years away,
Ere Death's fell arm had mark'd its aim,
Rul'd yon proud tow'rs with ample sway,
Beheld the trembling swains obey,
And wrought the glorious deed that swell'd the
trump of Fame.

III. 1.

But why o'er these indulge the bursting sigh ?
Feels not each shrub the tempest's pow'r ?
Rocks not the dome when whirlwinds fly ?
Nor shakes the hill when thunders roar ?
Lo ! mould'ring, wild, unknown,
What fanes, what tow'rs o'erthrown,
What tumbling chaos marks the waste of Time !
I see Palmyra's temples fall ;
Old Ruin shakes the hanging wall !
Yon waste where roaming lions howl,
Yon aisle where moans the grey-eyed owl,
Shows the proud Persian's great abode ;*
Where sceptred once, an earthly god ! [clime,
His pow'r-clad arm controll'd each happier
Where sports the warbling Muse, and Fancy
soars sublime.

III. 2.

Hark ! what dire sound rolls murmur'ing on the
Ah ! what soul-thirsting scene appears ? [gale?
I see the column'd arches fail !
And structures hoar, the boast of years !
What mould'ring piles, decay'd,
Gleam through the moon-streak'd shade,
Where Rome's proud genius rear'd her awful
Sad monument !—Ambition near [brow !
Rolls on the dust, and pours a tear ;
Pale Honor drops the flutt'ring plume,
And Conquest weeps o'er Cæsar's tomb ;
Slow Patience sits, with eye deprest,
And Courage beats his sobbing breast ; [flow,
E'en War's red cheek the gushing streams o'er-
And Fancy's list'ning ear attends the plaint of
woe.

III. 3.

Lo, on yon pyramid sublime,
Whence lies old Egypt's desert clime,
Bleak, naked, wild ! where Ruin low'rs,
'Mid fanes, and wrecks, and tumbling tow'rs,
On the steep height, waste and bare,
Stands the Pow'r with hoary hair !
O'er his sithe he bends ; his hand
Slowly shakes the flowing sand,
While the hours, in airy ring,
Lightly flit, with downy wing,
And sap the works of man, and shade
With silver locks his furrow'd head ;

* Persepolis.

Thence rolls the mighty Pow'r his broad survey,
And seals the nations' awful doom:
He sees proud grandeur's meteor ray;
He yields to joy the festive day;
Then sweeps the length'ning shade, and marks
them for the tomb.

§ 93. *A Description of a Parish Poor House.*
CRABBE.

THERE is yon house that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door;
There, where the putrid vapors flagging play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the
day: [care;

There children dwell, who know no parents'
Parents, who know no children's love, dwell
there:

Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed;
Dejected widows, with unheeded tears, [fears!
And crippled age, with more than childhood
The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they!
The moping idiot, and the madman gay.

Here too the sick their final doom receive,
Here brought, amid the scenes of grief, to grieve:
Where the loud groans from some sad chamber
flow,

Mix'd with the clamors of the crowd below:
Here, sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,
And the cold charities of man to man:
Whose laws indeed for ruin'd age provide,
And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from
pride;

But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,
And pride imbitters what it can't deny.

Say, ye oppress'd by some fantastic woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose;
Who press the downy couch, while slaves ad-
vance

With timid eye, to read the distant glance;
Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease
To name the nameless ever-new disease;
Who with mock patience dire complaints en-
dure,

Which real pain, and that alone, can cure;
How would ye bear in real pain to lie,
Despis'd, neglected, left alone to die?
How would ye bear to draw your latest breath,
Where all that's wretched paves the way for
death. [vides,

Such is that room which one rude beam di-
And naked rafters form the sloping sides;
Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are
seen,

And lath and mud are all that lie between;
Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patch'd, gives
To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day: [way
Here, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
The drooping wretch reclines his languid head;
For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
Nor wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes;
No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,
Nor promise hope till sickness wears a smile.

§ 94. *Description of a Country Apothecary.*
CRABBE.

BUT soon a loud and hasty summons calls,
Shakes the thin roof, and echoes round the
Anon a figure enters, quaintly neat, [walls:
All pride and business, bustle and conceit;
With looks unalter'd by these scenes of woe,
With speed that, entering, speaks his haste to go;
He bids the gazing throng around him fly,
And carries fate and physic in his eye;
A potent quack, long vers'd in human ills,
Who first insults the victim whom he kills;
Whose murd'rous hand a drowsy bench protect,
And whose most tender mercy, is neglect.

Paid by the parish for attendance here,
He wears contempt upon his sapient sneer;
In haste he seeks the bed where misery lies,
Impatience mark'd in his averted eyes;
And, some habitual queries hurried o'er,
Without reply, he rushes on the door;
His drooping patient, long inur'd to pain,
And long unheeded, knows remonstrance vain;
He ceases now the feeble help to crave
Of man, and mutely hastens to the grave.

§ 95. *Description of a Country Clergyman visit-
ing the Sick.* CRABBE

BUT, ere his death, some pious doubts arise,
Some simple fears which "bold bad" men de-
spise:

Fain would he ask the parish priest to prove
His title certain to the joys above; [calls
For this he sends the murmuring nurse, who
The holy stranger to these dismal walls:
And doth not he, the pious man, appear,
He, "passing rich with forty pounds a-year?"
Ah no! a shepherd of a different stock,
And far unlike him, feeds this little flock:
A jovial youth, who thinks his Sunday's task
As much as God or man can fairly ask;
The rest he gives to loves, and labors light,
To fields the morning, and to feasts the night;
None better skill'd the noisy pack to guide,
To urge their chace, to cheer them, or to chide;
Sure in his shot, his game he seldom miss'd,
And seldom fail'd to win his game at whist;
Then, while such honours bloom around his
Shall he sit sadly by the sick man's bed, [head,
To raise the hope he feels not, or with zeal
To combat fears that e'en the pious feel?

§ 96. *The Reason for describing the Vices of the
Village.* CRABBE.

YET why, you ask, these humble crimes relate?
Why make the poor as guilty as the great?
To show the great, those mightier sons of pride,
How near in vice the lowest are allied:
Such are their natures, and their passions such,
But these disguise too little, those too much:
So shall the man of pow'r and pleasure see
In his own slave as vile a wretch as he;
In his luxuriant lord the servant find
His own low pleasures and degenerate mind:

And each in all the kindred vices trace
 Of a poor, blind, bewilder'd, erring race;
 Who, a short time in varied fortune past,
 Die, and are equal in the dust at last.
 And you, ye poor, who still lament your fate,
 Forbear to envy those you reckon great;
 And know, amid those blessings they possess,
 They are, like you, the victims of distress;
 While Sloth with many a pang torments her
 slave, [brave.
 Fear waits on guilt, and Danger shakes the

§ 97. *Apology for Vagrants.* ANON.

For him, who, lost to ev'ry hope of life,
 Has long with fortune held unequal strife,
 Known to no human love, no human care,
 The friendless, homeless object of despair;
 For the poor vagrant feel, while he complains,
 Nor from sad freedom send to sadder chains.
 Alike, if folly or misfortune brought
 Those last of woes his evil days have wrought;
 Relieve with social mercy, and, with me,
 Folly's misfortune in the first degree.

Perhaps on some inhospitable shore
 The houseless wretch a widow'd parent bore;
 Who, then no more by golden prospects led,
 Of the poor Indian begg'd a leafy bed.
 Cold, on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
 Perhaps that parent mourn'd her soldier slain;
 Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolv'd in dew,
 The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
 Gave the sad presage of his future years,
 The child of misery, baptiz'd in tears!

§ 98. *Epistle to a young Gentleman, on his leaving Eton School.* By DR. ROBERTS.

SINCE now a nobler scene awakes thy care,
 Since manhood dawning, to fair Granta's tow'rs,
 Where once in life's gay spring I lov'd to roam,
 Invites thy willing steps; accept, dear youth,
 This parting strain; accept the fervent pray'r
 Of him who loves thee with a passion pure
 As ever friendship dropp'd in human heart;
 The pray'r, That he who guides the hand of
 youth

Through all the puzzled and perplexed round
 Of life's meand'ring path, upon thy head
 May shower down every blessing, every joy
 Which health, which virtue, and which fame
 can give!

Yet think not I will deign to flatter thee:
 Shall he, the guardian of thy faith and truth,
 The guide, the pilot of thy tender years,
 Teach thy young heart to feel a spurious glow
 At undeserved praise? Perish the slave
 Whose venal breath in youth's unpractis'd ear
 Pours poison'd flattery, and corrupts the soul
 With vain conceit; whose base ungenerous art
 Fawns on the vice, which some with honest hand
 Have torn for ever from the bleeding breast!

Say, gentle youth, remember'st thou the day
 When o'er thy tender shoulders first I hung
 The golden lyre, and taught thy trembling hand

To touch th' accordant strings? From that
 blest hour

I've seen thee panting up the hill of fame;
 Thy little heart beat high with honest praise,
 Thy cheek was flush'd, and oft thy sparkling eye
 Shot flames of young ambition. Never quench
 That generous ardor in thy virtuous breast.
 Sweet is the concord of harmonious sounds,
 When the soft lute or pealing organ strikes
 The well-attemper'd ear; sweet is the breath
 Of honest love, when nymph and gentle swain
 Waft sighs alternate to each other's heart:
 But not the concord of harmonious sounds,
 When the soft lute or pealing organ strikes
 The well-attemper'd ear; nor the sweet breath
 Of honest love, when nymph and gentle swain
 Waft sighs alternate to each other's heart,
 So charm with ravishment the raptur'd sense,
 As does the voice of well-deserv'd report
 Strike with sweet melody the conscious soul.

On ev'ry object through the giddy world
 Which fashion to the dazzled eye presents,
 Fresh is the gloss of newness; look, dear youth,
 O look, but not admire: O let not these
 Rise from thy noble heart the fair records
 Which youth and education planted there:
 Let not affection's full, impetuous tide,
 Which riots in thy generous breast, be check'd
 By selfish cares; nor let the idle jeers
 Of laughing fools make thee forget thyself.
 When didst thou hear a tender tale of woe,
 And feel thy heart at rest? Have I not seen
 In thy swoln eye the tear of sympathy,
 The milk of human kindness? When didst thou,
 With envy rankling, hear a rival prais'd?
 When didst thou slight the wretched? when
 The modest humble suit of poverty? [despise
 These virtues still be thine; nor ever learn
 To look with cold eye on the charities
 Of brother, or of parents; think on those
 Whose anxious care through childhood's slip-
 pery path
 Sustain'd thy feeble steps; whose every wish
 Is wafted still to thee; remember those,
 Even in thy heart, while memory holds her seat.
 And oft as to thy mind thou shalt recal
 The sweet companions of thy earliest years,
 Mates of thy sport, and rivals in the strife
 Of every generous art, remember me.

§ 99. *London.* A Poem.

By DR. JOHNSON.

In Imitation of the third Satire of Juvenal, 1733.

"—— Quis ineptæ

"Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat
 "se?" JUV.

THOUGH grief and fondness in my breast rebel
 When injur'd Thales bids the town farewell,
 Yet still my calmer thoughts his choice com-
 mend,

I praise the hermit, but regret the friend;
 Who now resolves, from vice and London far,
 To breathe in distant fields a purer air;

And fix'd on Cambria's solitary shore,
 Give to St. David one true Briton more.
 For who would leave, unbrib'd, Hibernia's land,
 Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand?
 There none are swept by sudden fate away,
 But all whom hunger spares, with age decay;
 Here malice, rapine, accident, conspire,
 And now a rabble rages, now a fire;
 Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay,
 And here the fell attorney prowls for prey;
 Here falling houses thunder on your head,
 And here a female atheist talks you dead.
 While Thales waits the wherry that contains
 Of dissipated wealth the small remains,
 On Thames's banks in silent thought we stood,
 Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood;
 Struck with the seat that gave Eliza* birth,
 We kneel and kiss the consecrated earth;
 In pleasing dreams the blissful age renew,
 And call Britannia's glories back to view;
 Behold her cross triumphant on the main,
 The guard of commerce, and the dread of Spain;
 Ere masquerades debauch'd, excise oppress'd,
 Or English honor grew a standing jest.

A transient calm the happy scenes bestow,
 And for a moment lull the sense of woe.
 At length awaking, with contemptuous frown,
 Indignant Thales eyes the neighbouring town.
 Since worth, he cries, in these degenerate days,
 Wants e'en the cheap reward of empty praise;
 In those curs'd walls, devote to vice and gain,
 Since unrewarded science toils in vain;
 Since hope but soothes to double my distress,
 And ev'ry moment leaves my little less,
 While yet my steady steps no staff sustains,
 And life, still vig'rous, revels in my veins;
 Grant me, kind Heaven, to find some happier
 Where honesty and sense are no disgrace; place,
 Some pleasing bank where verdant osiers play,
 Some peaceful vale with nature's painting gay,
 Where once the harass'd Briton found repose,
 And safe in poverty defy'd his foes;
 Some secret cell, ye pow'rs indulgent, give;
 Let — live here, for — has learn'd to live.
 Here let those reign whom pensions can incite
 To vote a patriot black, a courtier white;
 Explain their country's dear-bought rights away,
 And plead for pirates in the face of day;
 With slavish tenets taint our poison'd youth,
 And lend a lie the confidence of truth.
 Let such raise palaces; and manors buy,
 Collect a tax, or farm a lottery;
 With warbling eunuchs fill a licens'd stage,
 And lull to servitude a thoughtless age.
 Heroes, proceed! what bounds your pride shall
 hold? [gold?
 What check restrain your thirst of power and
 Behold rebellious virtue quite o'erthrown,
 Behold our fame, our wealth, our lives your own.

To such a groaning nation's spoils are given,
 When public crimes inflame the wrath of Hea-
 ven.

But what, my friend, what hope remains for me,
 Who start at theft, and blush at perjury?
 Who scarce forbear, though Britain's court he
 To pluck a titled poet's borrow'd wing; [sing,
 A statesman's logic unconvinc'd can hear,
 And dare to slumber o'er the Gazetteer;
 Despise a fool in half his pension dress'd,
 And strive in vain to laugh at H—y's jest.

Others, with softer smiles, and subtler art,
 Can sap the principles, or taint the heart;
 With more address a lover's note convey,
 Or bribe a virgin's innocence away. [tongue
 Well may they rise, while I, whose rustic
 Ne'er knew to puzzle right, or varnish wrong
 Spurn'd as a beggar, dreaded as a spy,
 Live unregarded, unlamented die.
 For what but social guilt the friend endears?
 Who shares Orgelio's crimes, his fortune
 shares.

But thou, should tempting villany present
 All Marlborough hoarded, or all Villiers spent,
 Turn from the glitt'ring bribe thy scornful eye,
 Nor sell for gold what gold could never buy,
 The peaceful slumber, self-approving day,
 Unsullied fame, and conscience ever gay.

The cheated nation's happy fav'rites see!
 Mark whom the great caress, who frown on me!
 London, the needy villain's gen'ral home,
 The common-sewer of Paris and of Rome;
 With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,
 Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.
 Forgive my transports on a theme like this,
 I cannot bear a French metropolis.

Illustrious Edward, from the realms of day,
 The land of heroes and of saints survey;
 Nor hope the British lineaments to trace,
 The rustic grandeur or the surly grace,
 But lost in thoughtless ease and empty show,
 Behold the warrior dwindled to a beau;
 Sense, freedom, piety, refin'd away,
 Of France the mimic, and of Spain the prey.

All that at home no more can beg or steal,
 Or like a gibbet better than a wheel;
 Hiss'd from the stage, or hooted from the court,
 Their air, their dress, their politics import;
 Obsequious, artful, voluble, and gay,
 On Britain's fond credulity they prey.
 No gainful trade their industry can 'scape.
 They sing, they dance, clean shoes, or cure a
 clap.

All sciences a fasting Monsieur knows,
 And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.
 Ah! what avails it, that from slav'ry far,
 I drew the breath of life in English air;
 Was early taught a Briton's right to prize,
 And lisp the tale of Henry's victories;
 If the gull'd conqueror receives the chain,
 And flattery subdues when arms are vain?

Studious to please, and ready to submit,
 The subtle Gaul was born a parasite:
 Still to his int'rest true where'er he goes,
 Wit, brav'ry, worth, his lavish tongue bestows;

In ev'ry face a thousand graces shine,
From ev'ry tongue flows harmony divine.
These arts in vain our rugged natives try,
Strain out, with falt'ring diffidence, a lie,
And gain a kick for awkward flattery.

Besides, with justice, this discerning age
Admires their wondrous talents for the stage :
Well may they venture on the mimic's art,
Who play from morn to night a borrow'd part ;
Practis'd their master's notions to embrace ;
Repeat his maxims, and reflect his face ;
With ev'ry wild absurdity comply,
And view each object with another's eye ;
To shake with laughter e'er the jest they hear,
To pour at will the counterfeited tear ;
And as their patron hints the cold or heat,
To shake in dog-days, in December sweat.

How, when competitors like these contend,
Can surly virtue hope to fix a friend ?
Slaves that with serious impudence beguile,
And lie without a blush, without a smile ;
Exalt each trifle, ev'ry vice adore,
Your taste in snuff, your judgment in a whore :
Can Balbo's eloquence applaud, and swear
He gapes his breeches with a monarch's air.

For arts like these preferr'd, admir'd, caress'd,
They first invade your table, then your breast ;
Explore your secrets with insidious art,
Watch the weak hour, and ransack all the heart ;
Then soon your ill-plac'd confidence repay,
Commence your lords, and govern or betray.

By numbers here from shame and censure free,
All crimes are safe but hated poverty.
This, only this, the rigid law pursues,
This, only this, provokes the snarling Muse.
The sober trader at a tatter'd cloak,
Wakes from his dream, and labors for a joke ;
With brisker air the silken courtiers gaze,
And turn the varied taunt a thousand ways.
Of all the griefs that harass the distress'd,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest ;
Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart,
Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.

Has Heaven reserv'd, in pity to the poor,
No pathless waste or undiscover'd shore ?
No secret island in the boundless main ?
No peaceful desert yet unclaim'd by Spain ?
Quick let us rise, the happy seats explore,
And bear oppression's insolence no more.
This mournful truth is every where confess'd,
Slow rises worth, by poverty depress'd :
But here more slow, where all are slaves to gold,
Where looks are merchandise, and smiles are
sold ;

Where won by bribes, by flatteries implor'd,
The groom retails the favors of his lord.
But hark ! the affrighted crowd's tumultuous
cries [skies :
Roll through the streets, and thunder to the
Rais'd from some pleasing dream of wealth and
pow'r,

Some pompous palace, or some blissful bow'r,
Aghast you start, and scarce with aching sight
Sustain the approaching fire's tremendous light ;

Swift from pursuing horrors take your way,
And leave your little *all* to flames a prey ;
Then through the world a wretched vagrant
roam,

For where can starving merit find a home ?
In vain your mournful narrative disclose,
While all neglect, and most insult your woes.
Should Heaven's just bolts, Orgilio's wealth
confound,

And spread his flaming palace on the ground,
Swift o'er the land the dismal rumor flies,
And public mournings pacify the skies :
The laureat tribe in servile verse relate,
How virtue wars with persecuting fate ;
With well-feign'd gratitude the pension'd band
Refund the plunder of the beggar'd land.
See ! while he builds, the gaudy vassals come,
And crowd with sudden wealth the rising
dome ;

The price of boroughs and of souls restore ;
And raise his treasure higher than before.
Now bless'd with all the baubles of the great,
The polish'd marble, and the shining plate,
Orgilio sees the golden pile aspire,
And hopes from angry Heaven another fire.

Couldst thou resign the park and play content,
For the fair banks of Severn or of Trent ;
There mightst thou find some elegant retreat,
Some hireling senator's deserted seat ;
And stretch thy prospects o'er the smiling land,
For less than rent the dungeons of the Strand ;
There prune thy walks, support thy drooping
flow'rs,

Direct thy rivulets, and twine thy bow'rs ;
And, while thy grounds a cheap repast afford,
Despise the dainties of a venal lord.
There ev'ry bush with nature's music rings,
There ev'ry breeze bears health upon its wings ;
On all thy hours security shall smile,
And bless thine evening walk and morning toil.

Prepare for death if here at night you roam,
And sign your will before you sup from home.
Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man ;
Some frolic drunkard, reeling from a feast,
Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.
Yet e'en these heroes, mischievously gay,
Lords of the street, and terrors of the way ;
Flush'd as they are with folly, youth, and wine,
Their prudent insults to the poor confine ;
Aloof they mark the flambeaux's bright ap-
proach,

And shun the shining train, and golden coach.

In vain, these dangers past, your doors you
And hope the balmy blessings of repose : [close,
Cruel with guilt, and daring with despair,
The midnight murd'rer bursts the faithless bar ;
Invades the sacred hour of silent rest,
And plants, unseen, a dagger in your breast.

Scarce can our fields, such crowds at Tyburn
die,

With hemp tne gallows and the fleet supply.
Propose your schemes, ye senatorian band
Whose ways and means support the sinking land ;

Lest ropes be wanting in the tempting spring,
To rig another convoy for the king.*

A single gaol in Alfred's golden reign,
Could half the nation's criminals contain;
Fair justice then, without constraint ador'd,
Held high the steady scale, but sheath'd the sword;

No spies were paid, no special juries known,
Blest age! but ah! how diff'rent from our own!

Much could I add—but see the boat at hand,
The tide retiring, calls me from the land:
Farewell!—When youth, and health, and fortune spent,

Thou fly'st for refuge to the wilds of Kent;
And tir'd like me with follies and with crimes,
In angry numbers warn'st succeeding times;
Then shall thy friend, nor thou refuse his aid,
Still foe to vice, forsake his Cambrian shade;
In virtue's cause once more exert his rage,
Thy satire point, and animate thy page.

§ 100. *Great Cities, and London in particular, allowed their due Praise.* COWPER.

BUT though true worth and virtue in the mild
And genial soil of cultivated life
Thrive most, and may perhaps thrive only there,
Yet not in cities oft; in proud and gay,
And gain-devoted cities. Thither flow,
As to a common and most noisome sewer,
The dregs and feculence of ev'ry land.
In cities, foul examples on most minds
Begets its likeness. Rank abundance breeds
In gross and pamper'd cities sloth and lust,
And wantonness, and gluttonous excess.
In cities, vice is hidden with most ease,
Or seen with least reproach; and virtue, taught
By frequent lapse, can hope no triumph there
Beyond th' achievement of successful flight.
I do confess them nurs'ries of the arts,
In which they flourish most; where, in the beams
Of warm encouragement, and in the eye
Of public note, they reach their perfect size.
Such London is, by taste and wealth proclaim'd
The fairest capital of all the world,
By riot and incontinence the worst.
There, touch'd by Reynolds, a dull blank becomes
A lucid mirror, in which Nature sees
All her reflected features. Bacon there
Gives more than female beauty to a stone,
And Chatham's eloquence to marble lips.
Nor does the chisel occupy alone
The powers of sculpture, but the style as much;
Each province of her art her equal care.
With nice incision of her guided steel
She ploughs a brazen field, and clothes a soil
So sterile with what charms soe'er she will,
The richest scenery, and the loveliest forms.
Where finds Philosophy her eagle eye,
With which she gazes at yon burning disk

Undazzled, and detects and counts his spots?
In London. Where her implements exact,
With which he calculates, computes, and scans
All distance, motion, magnitude; and now
Measures an atom, and now girds a world?
In London. Where has commerce such a mart,
So rich, so throng'd, so drain'd, and so supplied
As London, opulent, enlarg'd, and still
Increasing London? Babylon of old
Not more the glory of the earth, than she
A more accomplish'd world's chief glory now.

She has her praise. Now mark a spot or two
That so much beauty would do well to purge;
And show this queen of cities, that so fair,
May yet be foul, so witty, yet not wise.
It is not seemly, nor of good report,
That she is slack in discipline; more prompt
T' avenge than to prevent the breach of law;
That she is rigid in denouncing death
On petty robbers, and indulges life
And liberty, and oft-times honor too,
To speculators of the public good.

That thieves at home must hang; but he that puts
Into his overgorg'd and bloated purse
The wealth of Indian provinces, escapes.
Nor is it well, nor can it come to good,
That, through profane and infidel contempt
Of holy writ, she has presum'd t' annul
And abrogate, as roundly as she may,
The total ordinance and will of God;
Advancing fashion to the post of truth,
And cent'ring all authority and modes
And customs of our own, till Sabbath rites
Have dwindled into unrespected forms,
And knees and hassocks are well-nigh divore'd.

God made the country, and man made the town.
What wonder then that health and virtue, gifts
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all, should most abound,
And least be threaten'd, in the fields and groves?
Possess ye therefore, ye who, borne about
In chariots and sedans, know no fatigue
But that of idleness, and taste no scenes
But such as art contrives, possess ye still
Your element; there only ye can shine,
There only minds like yours can do no harm.
Our groves were planted to console at noon
The pensive wand'rer in their shades. At eve
The moon-beam, sliding softly in between
The sleeping leaves, is all the sight they wish;
Birds warbling, all the music. We can spare
The splendor of your lamps; they but eclipse
Our softer satellite. Your songs confound
Our more harmonious notes. The thrush departs
Scar'd, and th' offended nightingale is mute.
There is a public mischief in your mirth;
It plagues your country. Folly such as yours,
Grac'd with a sword, and worthier of a fan,
Has made, which enemies could ne'er have done,
Our arch of empire, steadfast but for you,
A mutilated structure, soon to fall.

The nation was discontented at the visits made by George II. to Hanover.

§ 101. *The Want of Discipline in the English Universities.* COWPER.

IN colleges and halls, in ancient days,
When learning, virtue, piety, and truth
Were precious, and inculcated with care,
There dwelt a sage call'd Discipline. His head,
Not yet by time completely silver'd o'er,
Bespoke him past the bounds of freakish youth,
But strong for service still, and unimpair'd.
His eye was meek and gentle, and a smile
Play'd on his lips, and in his speech was heard
Paternal sweetness, dignity, and love.
The occupation dearest to his heart
Was to encourage goodness. He would stroke
The head of modest and ingenuous worth
That blush'd at its own praise, and press the youth
Close to his side that pleas'd him. Learning grew,
Beneath his care, a thriving vigorous plant;
The mind was well inform'd, the passions held
Subordinate, and diligence was choice.

If e'er it chanc'd, as sometimes chance it must,
That one, among so many, overleap'd
The limits of control, his gentle eye
Grew stern, and darted a severe rebuke;
His frown was full of terror, and his voice
Shook the delinquent with such fits of awe
As left him not, till penitence had won
Lost favor back again, and clos'd the breach.
But Discipline, a faithful servant long,
Declin'd at length into the vale of years:
A palsy struck his arm; his sparkling eye
Was quench'd in rheums of age; his voice un-
strung,

Grew tremulous, and mov'd derision more
Than rev'rence in perverse rebellious youth.
So colleges and halls neglected much
Their good old friend; and Discipline at length,
O'erlook'd and unemploy'd, fell sick and died.
Then Study languish'd, Emulation slept,
And Virtue fled. The schools became a scene
Of solemn farce, where Ignorance on stilts,
His cap well lin'd with logic not his own,
With parrot tongue perform'd the scholar's part,
Proceeding soon a graduated dunce.
Then compromise had place, and Scrutiny
Became stone blind, Precedence went in truck,
And he was competent whose purse was so.
A dissolution of all bonds ensued:
The curbs invented for the mulish mouth
Of headstrong youth were broken; bars and bolts
Grew rusty by disuse; and massy gates
Forgot their office, op'ning with a touch;
Till gowns at length are found mere masquerade;
The tassell'd cap and the spruce band a jest,
A mock'ry of the world. What need of these
For gamblers, jockeys, brothellers impure,
Spendthrifts, and booted sportsmen, oft'ner seen
With belted waist, and pointers at their heels,
Than in the bounds of duty? What was learn'd,
If aught was learn'd in childhood, is forgot;
And such expense as pinches parents blue,
And mortifies the lib'ral hand of love,
Is squander'd in pursuit of idle sports

And vicious pleasures; buys the boy a name
That sits a stigma to his father's house,
And cleaves through life inseparably close
To him that wears it. What can after-games
Of riper joys, and commerce with the world,
The lewd vain world that must receive him soon,
Add to such erudition thus acquir'd,
Where science and where virtue are profess'd?
They may confirm his habits, rivet fast
His folly; but to spoil him is a task
That bids defiance to th' united pow'rs
Of fashion, dissipation, taverns, stews.
Now, blame we most the nurslings or the nurse?
The children, crook'd, and twisted, and deform'd
Through want of care, or her, whose winking eye
And slumb'ring oscitancy mars the brood?
The nurse, no doubt. Regardless of her charge,
She needs herself correction; needs to learn,
That it is dang'rous sporting with the world,
With things so sacred as a nation's trust,
The nurture of her youth, her dearest pledge.

§ 102. *Happy the Freedom of the Man whom Grace makes free—His Relish of the Works of God—Address to the Creator.* COWPER.

HE is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain
That hellish foes confed'rate for his harm
Can wind around him, but he casts it off
With as much ease as Samson his green withes.
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of Nature; and though poor, perhaps, compar'd
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scen'ry all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers; his t' enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel
But who, with filial confidence inspir'd,
Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say—My Father made them all:
Are they not his by a peculiar right?
And by an emphasis of int'rest his,
Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy, [mind
Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love
That plann'd, and built, and still upholds a
world

So cloth'd with beauty, for rebellious man?
Yes—ye may fill your garners; ye that reap
The loaded soil, and ye may waste much good
In senseless riot; but ye will not find
In feast, or in the chace, in song or dance,
A liberty like his, who, unimpeach'd
Of usurpation, and to no man's wrong,
Appropriates nature as his Father's work,
And has a richer use of yours than you.
He is indeed a freeman; free by birth
Of no mean city, plann'd or ere the hills
Were built, the fountains open'd, or the sea,
With all his roaring multitude of waves.
His freedom is the same in ev'ry state;
And no condition of this changeful life,
So manifold in cares, whose ev'ry day

Brings its own evil with it, makes it less :
 For he has wings that neither sickness, pain,
 Nor penury can cripple or confine ;
 No nook so narrow but he spreads them there
 With ease, and is at large. Th' oppressor holds
 His body bound, but knows not what a range
 His spirit takes, unconscious of a chain,
 And that to bind him is a vain attempt,
 Whom God delights in, and in whom he dwells.
 Acquaint thyself with God, if thou wouldst taste
 His works. Admitted once to his embrace,
 Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before :
 Thine eye shall be instructed ; and thine heart,
 Made pure, shall relish with divine delight,
 Till then unfelt, what hands divine have
 wrought.

Brutes graze the mountain-top with faces prone,
 And eyes intent upon the scanty herb
 It yields them ; or, recumbent on its brow,
 Ruminates, heedless of the scene outspread
 Beneath, beyond, and stretching far away
 From inland regions to the distant main.
 Man views it and admires, but rests content
 With what he views. The landscape has his
 praise,

But not its Author. Unconcern'd who form'd
 The paradise he sees, he finds it such ;
 And, such well-pleas'd to find it, asks no more.
 Not so the mind that has been touch'd from
 heav'n

And in the school of sacred wisdom taught
 To read his wonders, in whose thought the world,
 Fair as it is, existed ere it was :

Not for its own sake merely, but for his
 Much more who fashion'd it, he gives it praise ;
 Praise that, from earth resulting, as it ought,
 To earth's acknowledg'd Sovereign, finds at once
 Its only just proprietor in Him.

The soul that sees him, or receives sublim'd
 New faculties, or learns at least t' employ
 More worthily the pow'rs she own'd before,
 Discerns in all things, what with stupid gaze
 Of ignorance, till then she overlook'd,
 A ray of heavenly light gilding all forms
 Terrestrial, in the vast and the minute,
 The unambiguous footsteps of the God
 Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,
 And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds.
 Much conversant with Heaven, she often holds
 With those fair ministers of light to man,
 That fills the skies nightly with silent pomp,
 Sweet conference ! inquires what strains were
 they [haste

With which heaven rang, when ev'ry star, in
 To gratulate the new-created earth,
 Sent forth a voice, and all the sons of God
 Shouted for joy—"Tell me, ye shining hosts,
 "That navigate a sea that knows no storms,
 "Beneath a vault unsullied by a cloud,
 "If from your elevation whence ye view
 "Distinctly scenes invisible to man,
 "And systems, of whose birth no tidings yet
 "Have reach'd this nether world, ye spy a race
 "Favor'd as ours, transgressors from the womb,

"And hasting to a grave, yet doom'd to rise,
 "And to possess a brighter heaven than yours ?
 "As one who, long detain'd on foreign shores,
 "Pants to return, and when he sees afar
 "His country's weather-bleach'd and batter'd
 "rocks

"From the green wave emerging, darts an eye
 "Radiant with joy towards the happy land ;
 "So I, with animated hopes behold,
 "And many an aching wish, your beamy fires,
 "That show like beacons in the blue abyss,
 "Ordain'd to guide th' embodied spirit home
 "From toilsome life to never-ending rest.
 "Love kindles as I gaze. I feel desires
 "That give assurance of their own success,
 "And that infus'd from heav'n must thither
 "tend."

So reads he Nature, whom the lamp of truth
 Illuminates ; thy lamp, mysterious Word !
 Which whoso sees no longer wanders lost,
 With intellects bemaz'd, in endless doubt,
 But runs the road of wisdom. Thou hast built,
 With means that were not, till by thee employ'd,
 Worlds that had never been, hadst thou in
 strength

Been less, or less benevolent than strong.
 They are thy witnesses, who speak thy pow'r
 And goodness infinite, but speak in ears
 That hear not, or receive not their report.

In vain thy creatures testify of thee
 Till thou proclaim thyself. Theirs is indeed
 A teaching voice ; but 'tis the praise of thine,
 That whom it teaches it makes prompt to learn,
 And with the boon gives talents for its use.
 Till thou art heard, imaginations vain
 Possess the heart, and fables false as hell,
 Yet deem'd oracular, lure down to death
 The uninstruct'd and heedless sons of men.
 We give to chance, blind chance, ourselves as
 The glory of thy work, which yet appears [blind,
 Perfect and unimpeachable of blame,
 Challenging human scrutiny, and prov'd
 Then skilful most when most severely judg'd.

But chance is not, or is not where thou reign'st :
 Thy providence forbids that fickle pow'r
 (If pow'r she be that works but to confound)
 To mix her wild vagaries with thy laws.
 Yet thus we dote, refusing, while we can,
 Instruction, and inventing to ourselves
 Gods such as guilt makes welcome, gods that
 Or disregard our follies, or that sit [sleep,
 Amus'd spectators of this bustling stage.
 Thee we reject, unable to abide

Thy purity, till pure as thou art pure,
 Made such by thee, we love thee for that cause
 For which we shunn'd and hated thee before.
 Then we are free : then liberty, like day,
 Breaks on the soul, and by a flash from heaven
 Fires all the faculties with glorious joy.
 A voice is heard, that mortal ears hear not
 Till thou hast touch'd them ; 'tis the voice of song,
 A loud Hosanna sent from all thy works,
 Which he that hears it with a shout repeats,
 And adds his rapture to the gen'ral praise.

In that blest moment, Nature throwing wide
Her veil opaque, discloses with a smile
The Author of her beauties, who retir'd
Behind his own creation, works unseen
By the impure, and hears his pow'r denied.
Thou art the source and centre of all minds,
Their only point of rest, Eternal Word!
From thee departing, they are lost, to rove
At random, without honor, hope, or peace.
From thee is all that soothes the life of man,
His high endeavour, and his glad success,
His strength to suffer, and his will to serve.
But, Oh! thou bounteous Giver of all good,
Thou art of all thy gifts thyself the crown!
Give what thou canst, without thee we are poor;
And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away.

§ 103. *That Philosophy which stops at Secondary Causes reproved.* COWPER.

HAPPY the man who sees a God employ'd
In all the good and ill that chequer life!
Resolving all events, with their effects
And manifold results, into the will
And arbitration wise of the Supreme.
Did not his eye rule all things and intend
The least of our concerns (since from the least
The greatest oft originate); could chance
Find place in his dominion, or dispose
One lawless particle to thwart his plan;
Then God might be surpris'd, and unforeseen
Contingence might alarm him, and disturb
The smooth and equal course of his affairs.
This truth, Philosophy, though eagle-eyed
In nature's tendencies, oft overlooks;
And having found his instrument, forgets
Or disregards, or, more presumptuous still,
Denies the pow'r that wields it. God proclaims
His hot displeasure against foolish men
That live an atheist life; involves the heaven
In tempests; quits his grasp upon the winds,
And gives them all their fury; bids a plague
Kindle a fiery bile upon the skin,
And putrify the breath of blooming health.
He calls for Famine, and the meagre fiend
Blows mildew from between his shrivell'd lips,
And taints the golden ear: he springs his mines,
And desolates a nation at a blast.
Forth steps the spruce philosopher, and tells
Of homogeneal and discordant springs
And principles; of causes, how they work
By necessary laws their sure effects,
Of action, and re-action. He has found
The source of the disease that nature feels,
And bids the world take heart and banish fear.
Thou fool! will thy discovery of the cause
Suspend th' effect, or heal it? Has not God
Still wrought by means since first he made the
And did he not of old employ his means [world?
To drown it? What is his creation less
Than a capacious reservoir of means
Form'd for his use, and ready at his will?
Go, dress thine eyes with eye-salve; ask of him;
Or ask of whomsoever he has taught,
And learn, though late, the genuine cause of all.

§ 104. *Rural Sounds as well as Sights delightful.* COWPER.

NOR rural sights alone, but rural sounds
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid nature. Mighty winds,
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind;
Unnumber'd branches waving in the blast,
And all their leaves fast flutt'ring all at once.
Nor less composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
Of neighb'ring fountain, or of rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and chiming as they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
In matted grass, that with a livelier green
Betrays the secret of their silent course.
Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,
But animated nature sweeter still,
To soothe and satisfy the human ear.
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The live-long night: nor these alone, whose notes
Nice-finger'd art must emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites, that swim sublime
In still repeated circles, screaming loud,
The jay, the pie, and e'en the boding owl
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
Yet, heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,
And only there, please highly for their sake.

§ 105. *The Wearisomeness of what is commonly called a Life of Pleasure.* COWPER.

THE spleen is seldom felt where Flora reigns;
The low'ring eye, the petulance, the frown,
And sullen sadness, that o'ershade, distort,
And mar the face of beauty, where no cause
For such immeasurable woe appears;
These Flora banishes, and gives the fair
Sweet smiles and blooms, less transient than her
It is the constant revolution, stale [own.
And tasteless, of the same repeated joys,
That palls and sates; and makes languid life
A pedlar's pack, that bows the bearer down.
Health suffers, and the spirits ebb; the heart
Recoils from its own choice—at the full feast
Is famish'd—finds no music in the song,
No smartness in the jest, and wonders why.
Yet thousands still desire to journey on,
Though halt, and weary of the path they tread.
The paralytic, who can hold her cards,
But cannot play them, borrows a friend's hand
To deal and shuffle, to divide and sort
Her mingled suits and sequences, and sits
Spectatress both and spectacle, a sad
And silent cipher, while her proxy plays.
Others are dragg'd into the crowded room
Between supporters; and, once seated, sit,
Through downright inability to rise,
Till the stout bearers lift the corpse again.
These speak a loud memento. Yet even these
Themselves love life, and cling to it; as he

That overhangs a torrent, to a twig.
They love it, and yet loath it; fear to die,
Yet scorn the purposes for which they live.
Then wherefore not renounce them! No—
the dread,

The slavish dread of solitude, that breeds
Reflection and remorse, the fear of shame,
And their invet'rate habits—all forbid.

Whom call we gay? That honor has been long
The boast of mere pretenders to the name.
The innocent are gay—the lark is gay,
That dries his feathers, saturate with dew,
Beneath the rosy cloud, while yet the beams
Of day-spring overshoot his humble nest.
The peasant too, a witness of his song,
Himself a songster, is as gay as he.
But save me from the gaiety of those
Whose head-achs nail them to a noon-day bed;
And save me too from theirs whose haggard eyes
Flash desperation, and betray their pangs
For property stript off by cruel chance;
From gaiety that fills the bones with pain,
The mouth with blasphemy, the heart with woe.

§ 106. *Satirical Review of our Trips to France.*
COWPER.

Now hoist the sail, and let the streamers float
Upon the wanton breezes. Strew the deck
With lavender, and sprinkle liquid sweets,
That no rude savor maritime invade
The nose of nice nobility. Breathe soft,
Ye clarionets, and softer still ye flutes,
That winds and waters, lull'd by magic sounds,
May bear us smoothly to the Gallic shore.
True, we have lost an empire—let it pass.
True, we may thank the perfidy of France,
That pick'd the jewel out of England's crown,
With all the cunning of an envious shrew:
And let that pass—'twas but a trick of state.
A brave man knows no malice, but at once
Forgets in peace the injuries of war,
And gives his distress foe a friend's embrace.
And sham'd as we have been, to the very beard
Brav'd and defied, and in our own sea prov'd
Too weak for those decisive blows that once
Insur'd us mast'ry there, we yet retain
Some small pre-eminence: we justly boast
At least superior jockeyship, and claim
The honors of the turf as all our own.
Go then, well worthy of the praise ye seek,
And show the shame ye might conceal at home,
In foreign eyes!—be grooms, and win the plate,
Where once your nobler fathers won a crown!

§ 107. *The Pulpit the Engine of Reformation.*
COWPER.

THE Pulpit therefore (and I name it, fill'd
With solemn awe, that bids me well beware
With what intent I touch the holy thing)—
The Pulpit (when the sat'rist has at last,
Strutting and vap'ring in an empty school,
Spent all his force and made no proselyte)—
I say the Pulpit (in the sober use

Of its legitimate peculiar pow'rs)
Must stand acknowledg'd while the world shall
stand

The most important and effectual guard,
Support and ornament of virtue's cause.
There stands the messenger of truth; there
stands

The legate of the skies: his theme divine,
His office sacred, his credentials clear.
By him the violated law speaks out
Its thunders, and by him, in strains as sweet
As angels use, the Gospel whispers peace.
He establishes the strong, restores the weak,
Reclaims the wand'r'er, binds the broken heart,
And, arm'd himself in panoply complete
Of heavenly temper, furnishes with arms
Bright as his own; and trains, by ev'ry rule
Of holy discipline, to glorious war,
The sacramental host of God's elect.

§ 108. *The Petit-Maitre Clergyman.*
COWPER.

I VENERATE the man whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof [whose life
That he is honest in the sacred cause.
To such I render more than mere respect,
Whose actions say that they respect themselves:
But, loose in morals, and in manners vain,
In conversation frivolous, in dress
Extreme, at once rapacious and profuse;
Frequent in park, with lady at his side,
Ambling and prattling scandal as he goes;
But rare at home, and never at his books,
Or with his pen, save when he scrawls a card;
Constant at routs, familiar with a round
Of ladyships, a stranger to the poor;
Ambitious of preferment, for its gold,
And well prepar'd by ignorance and sloth,
By infidelity and love o' th' world,
To make God's work a sinecure: a slave
To his own pleasures, and his patron's pride—
From such apostles, O ye mitred heads,
Preserve the church! and lay not careless hands
On sculls that cannot teach, and will not learn.

§ 109. *Armene and Elvira, a Legendary Tale.*
CARTWRIGHT.

PART I.

A HERMIT on the banks of Trent,
Far from the world's bewildering maze,
To humbler scenes of calm content
Had fled, from brighter, busier days.

If haply from his guarded breast
Should steal the unsuspected sigh;
And Memory, an unbidden guest,
With former passions fill'd his eye:

Then pious hope and duty prais'd
The wisdom of th' unerring sway;
And while his eye to heaven he rais'd,
Its silent waters sunk away.

Life's gayer ensigns once he bore—

Ah! what avails the mournful tale?

Suffice it, when the scene was o'er,

He fled to the sequester'd vale.

"What though the joys I lov'd so well,

"The charms," he cry'd "that youth has

"Fly from the hermit's lonely cell! [known,

"Yet is not Armine still my own?

"Yes, Armine, yes, thou valued youth!

"'Midst every grief thou still art mine!

"Dear pledge of Winifreda's truth,

"And solace of my life's decline.

"Though from the world and worldly care

"My wearied mind I mean to free,

"Yet ev'ry hour that heaven can spare,

"My Armine, I devote to thee.

"And sure that heaven my hopes shall bless,

"And make thee fam'd for virtues fair,

"And happy too, if happiness

"Depend upon a parent's prayer:

"Last hope of life's departing day,

"In whom its future scenes I see!

"No truant thought shall ever stray

"From this lone hermitage and thee."

Thus, to his humble fate resign'd,

His breast each anxious care foregoes;

All but the care of Armine's mind,

The dearest task a parent knows!

And well were all his cares repaid;

In Armine's future scenes I grew,

In full maturity display'd

To fond Affection's anxious view.

Nor yet neglected were the charms

To polish'd life that grace impart:

Virtue, he knew, but feebly warms

Till science humanize the heart.

And, when he saw the lawless train

Of passions in the youthful breast,

He curb'd them not with rigid rein,

But strove to soothe them into rest.

"Think not, my son, in this," he cry'd

"A father's precept shall displease;

"No—be each passion gratify'd

"That tends to happiness or ease.

"Nor shall th' ungrateful task be mine

"Their native gen'rous warmth to blame;

"That warmth, if reason's suffrage join,

"To point the object and the aim.

"This suffrage wanting, know, fond boy,

"That every passion proves a foe:

"Though much it deal in promis'd joy,

"It pays, alas! in certain woe.

"Complete Ambition's wildest scheme;

"In Power's most brilliant robes appear;

"Indulge in Fortune's golden dream;

"Then ask thy breast if peace be there.

"No: it shall tell thee, Peace retires

"If once of her lov'd friends depriv'd;

"Contentment calm, subdu'd desires,

"And happiness that's self-deriv'd."

To temper thus the stronger fires

Of youth he strove; for well he knew,

Boundless as thought though man's desires,

The real wants of life were few.

And oft revolving in his breast

Th' insatiate lust of wealth or fame,

He, with no common care oppress,

To fortune thus would oft exclaim:

"O Fortune! at thy crowded shrine

"What wretched worlds of suppliant bow!

"For ever hail'd thy power divine,

"For ever breath'd the serious vow.

"With tottering pace and feeble knee,

"See age advance in shameless haste,

"The palsied hand is stretch'd to thee

"For wealth he wants the power to taste.

"See, led by Hope, the youthful train,

"Her fairy dreams their hearts have won;

"She points to what they ne'er shall gain,

"Or dearly gain—to be undone.

"Must I too form the votive prayer,

"And wilt thou hear one suppliant more?

"His prayer, O Fortune! deign to hear,

"To thee who never pray'd before.

"O may one dear, one favor'd youth,

"May Armine still thy power disclaim;

"Kneel only at the shrine of Truth,

"Count freedom wealth, and virtue fame!"

Lo! to his utmost wishes blest,

The prayer was heard; and freedom's flame,

And truth, the sunshine of the breast,

Were Armine's wealth, were Armine's fame.

His heart no selfish cares confin'd,

He felt for all that feel distress;

And, still benevolent and kind,

He bless'd them, or he wish'd to bless.

For what though Fortune's frown deny

With wealth to bid the sufferer live,

Yet Pity's hand can oft supply

A balm she never knew to give:

Can oft with lenient drops assuage

The wounds no ruder hand can heal,

When grief, despair, distraction, rage,

While Death the lips of love shall seal.

Ah then, his anguish to remove,

Depriv'd of all his heart holds dear,

How sweet the still surviving love

Of Friendship's smile, of Pity's tear!

This knew the sire: he oft would cry,

"From these, my son, O ne'er depart!

"These tender charities that tie

"In mutual league the human heart.

"Be thine those feelings of the mind,

"That wake at Honor's, Friendship's call;

"Benevolence, that unconfin'd

"Extends her liberal hand to all.

"By Sympathy's untutor'd voice

"Be taught her social laws to keep;

"Rejoice if human heart rejoice,

"And weep if human eye shall weep."

"The heart that bleeds for others' woes
 "Shall feel each selfish sorrow less;
 "His breast, who happiness bestows,
 "Reflected happiness shall bless.
 "Each ruder passion still withstood
 "That breaks o'er virtue's sober line,
 "The tender, noble, and the good,
 "To cherish and indulge be thine.
 "And yet, my Armine, might I name
 "One passion as a dangerous guest,
 "Well mayst thou wonder when I blame
 "The tenderest, noblest, and the best.
 "Nature, 'tis true, with love design'd
 "To smooth the race our fathers ran;
 "The savage of the human kind
 "By love was soften'd into man.
 "As feels the ore the searching fire,
 "Expanding and refining too,
 "So fairer glow'd each fair desire,
 "Each gentle thought so gentler grew.
 "How chang'd, alas! those happy days!
 "A train how different now succeeds!
 "While sordid Avarice betrays,
 "Or empty Vanity misleads.
 "Fled from the heart each nobler guest,
 "Each genuine feeling we forego;
 "What nature planted in the breast
 "The flowers of love, are weeds of woe.
 "Hence all the pangs the heart must feel
 "Between contending passions tost,
 "Wild Jealousy's avenging steel,
 "And life, and fame, and virtue lost!
 "Yet falling life, yet fading fame,
 "Compar'd to what his heart annoy
 "Who cherishes a hopeless flame,
 "Are terms of happiness and joy.
 "Ah, then, the soft contagion fly!
 "And timely shun th' alluring bait!"
 The rising blush, the downcast eye,
 Proclaim'd—the precept was too late.

PART II.

DEEP in the bosom of a wood,
 Where art had form'd the moated isle,
 An antique castle tow'ring stood,
 In Gothic grandeur rose the pile.
 Here Raymond, long in arms renown'd,
 From scenes of war would oft repair;
 His bed an only daughter crown'd,
 And smil'd away a father's care.
 By Nature's happiest pencil drawn,
 She wore the vernal morning's ray;
 The vernal morning's blushing dawn
 Breaks not so bounteous into day.
 Her breast, impatient of control,
 Scorn'd in its silken chains to lie,
 And the soft language of the soul
 Flow'd from her never-silent eye.

The bloom that open'd on her face
 Well seem'd the emblem of her mind,
 Where snowy innocence we trace
 With blushing modesty combin'd.
 To these resistless grace impart
 That look of sweetness form'd to please,
 That elegance devoid of art,
 That dignity that's lost in ease.
 What youth so cold could view unmov'd
 The maid that ev'ry beauty shar'd?
 Her Armine saw; he saw; he lov'd;
 He lov'd—alas! and he despair'd!
 Unhappy youth! he sunk oppress;
 For much he labor'd to conceal
 That gentle passion of the breast,
 Which all can feign, but few can feel.
 Ingenuous fears suppress'd the flame,
 Yet still he own'd its hidden power;
 With transport dwelling on her name,
 He sooth'd the solitary hour.
 "How long," he cried, "must I conceal
 "What yet my heart could wish were known?
 "How long the truest passion feel,
 "And yet that passion fear to own?
 "Ah! might I breathe my humble vow!
 "Might she too deign to lend an ear!
 "Elvira's self should then allow
 "That Armine was at least sincere.
 "Wild wish! to deem the matchless maid
 "Would listen to a youth like me,
 "Or that my vows could e'er persuade,
 "Sincere and constant though they be!
 "Ah! what avail my love or truth?
 "She listens to no lowly swain;
 "Her charms must bless some happier youth,
 "Some youth of Fortune's titled train.
 "Then go, fallacious Hope! adieu!
 "The flattering prospect I resign;
 "And bear from my deluded view
 "The bliss that never must be mine!
 "Yet will the youth, whoe'er he be,
 "In truth or tenderness excel?
 "Or will he on thy charms like me
 "With fondness never-dying dwell?
 "Will he with thine his hopes unite?
 "With ready zeal thy joys improve?
 "With fond attention and delight
 "Each wish prevent, each fear remove?
 "Will he, still faithful to thy charms,
 "For constant love be long rever'd?
 "Nor quit that heaven within thy arms
 "By ev'ry tender tie endear'd?
 "What though his boastful heart be vain
 "Of all that birth or fortune gave,
 "Yet is not mine, though rude and plain,
 "At least as noble and as brave?
 "Then be its gentle suit prefer'd!
 "Its tender sighs Elvira hear!
 "In vain—I sigh—but sigh unheard;
 "Unpitied falls this lonely tear!

Twice twelve revolving moons had pass'd,
 Since first he caught the fatal view;
 Unchang'd by time his sorrows last,
 Uncheer'd by hope his passion grew.
 That passion to indulge, he sought
 In Raymond's groves the deepest shade;
 There fancy's haunting spirit brought
 The image of his long-lov'd maid.
 But hark! what more than mortal sound
 Steals on Attention's raptur'd ear?
 The voice of harmony around
 Swells in wild whispers soft and clear.
 Can human hand a tone so fine
 Sweep from the string with touch profane?
 Can human lip with breath divine
 Pour on the gale so sweet a strain?
 'Tis she—the source of Armine's woe—
 'Tis she—whence all his joy must spring—
 From her lov'd lips the numbers flow,
 Her magic hand awakes the string.
 Now, Armine, now, thy love proclaim,
 Thy instant suit the time demands;
 Delay not—Tumult shakes his frame,
 And lost in ecstasy he stands.
 What magic chains thee to the ground?
 What star malignant rules the hour,
 That thus in fix'd delirium drown'd
 Each sense entranc'd hath lost its pow'r?
 The trance dispel! awake! arise!
 Speak what untutor'd love inspires!
 The moment's past—thy wild surprise
 She sees, nor unalarm'd retires.
 "Stay, sweet illusion! stay thy flight!
 "'Tis gone—Elvira's form it wore—
 "Yet one more glimpse of short delight!
 "'Tis gone, to be beheld no more!
 "Fly, loitering feet! the charm pursue
 "That plays upon my hopes and fears!
 "Hah!—no illusion mocks my view!
 "'Tis she—Elvira's self appears!
 "And shall I on her steps intrude?
 "Alarm her in these lonely shades?
 "O stay, fair nymph! no ruffian rude
 "With base intent your walk invades.
 "Far gentler thoughts"—his faltering tongue,
 "By humble diffidence restrain'd,
 Paus'd in suspense—but thus ere long,
 As love impell'd, its power regain'd:
 "Far gentler thoughts that form inspires;
 "With me far gentler passions dwell;
 "This heart hides only blameless fires,
 "Yet burns with what it fears to tell.
 "The faltering voice that fears control,
 "Blushes that inward fires declare,
 "Each tender tumult of the soul
 "In silence owns Elvira there."
 He said; and as the trembling dove
 Sent forth t' explore the wat'ry plain,
 Soon fear'd her flight might fatal prove,
 And sudden sought her ark again,

His heart recoil'd; as one that rued
 What he too hastily confess'd,
 And all the rising soul subdued
 Sought refuge in his inmost breast.
 The tender strife Elvira saw
 Distrest; and as some parent mild,
 When arm'd with words and looks of awe,
 Melts o'er the terrors of her child,
 Reproof prepar'd and angry fear
 In soft sensations died away;
 They felt the force of Armine's tear,
 And fled from pity's rising sway.
 "That mournful voice, that modest air,
 "Young stranger, speak the courteous breast;
 "Then why to these rude scenes repair,
 "Of shades the solitary guest?
 "And who is she whose fortunes bear
 "Elvira's melancholy name?
 "O may those fortunes prove more fair
 "Than hers who sadly owns the same!"
 "Ah gentle maid, in mine survey
 "A heart," he cries, "that's yours alone;
 "Long has it own'd Elvira's sway,
 "Though long unnotic'd and unknown.
 "On Sherwood's old heroic plain
 "Elvira grac'd the festal day;
 "There, foremost of the youthful train,
 "Her Armine bore the prize away.
 "There first that form my eyes survey'd,
 "With future hopes that fill'd my heart;
 "But ah! beneath that frown they fade—
 "Depart, vain, vanquish'd hope! depart!"
 He said; and on the ground his eyes
 Were fix'd abash'd; th' attentive maid,
 Lost in the tumult of surprise,
 The well-remember'd youth survey'd.
 The transient color went and came;
 The struggling bosom sunk and rose;
 The trembling tumults of her frame
 The strong conflicting soul disclose.
 The time, the scene she saw with dread,
 Like Cynthia setting glanc'd away;
 But scatter'd blushes as she fled,
 Blushes that spoke a brighter day.
 A friendly shepherd's neighbouring shed
 To pass the live-long night he sought:
 And Hope, the lover's downy bed,
 A sweeter charm than slumber brought.
 On every thought Elvira dwelt,
 The tender air, the aspect kind,
 The pity that he found she felt,
 And all the angel in her mind.
 No self-plum'd vanity was there,
 With fancied consequence elate;
 Unknown to her the haughty air
 That means to speak superior state.
 Her brow no stern resentments arm,
 No swell of empty pride she knew,
 In trivial minds that takes th' alarm,
 Should humble Love aspire to sue.

Such Love, by flattering charms betray'd,
 Shall yet, indignant, soon rebel,
 And, blushing for the choice he made,
 Shall fly where gentler virtues dwell.

'Tis then the mind, from bondage free,
 And all its former weakness o'er,
 Asserts its native dignity,
 And scorns what folly priz'd before.

The scanty pane the rising ray
 On the plain wall in diamonds threw,
 The lover hail'd the welcome day,
 And to his favorite scene he flew.

There soon Elvira bent her way,
 Where long her lonely walks had been;
 Nor less had the preceding day,
 Nor Armine less endear'd the scene.

Of, as she pass'd, her rising heart
 Its stronger tenderness confess'd,
 And oft she linger'd to impart
 To some soft shade her secret breast.

"How slow the heavy hours advance,"
 She cried, "since that eventful day,
 "When first I caught the fatal glance
 "That stole me from myself away!"

"Ah, youth below'd! though low thy birth,
 "The noble air, the manly grace,
 "That look that speaks superior worth,
 "Can fashion, folly, fear erase?"

"Yet sure from no ignoble stem
 "Thy lineage springs, though now unknown:
 "The world censorious may condemn,
 "But, Armine, I am thine alone.

"To splendor only do we live?
 "Must pomp alone our thoughts employ?
 "All, all that pomp and splendor give
 "Is dearly bought with love and joy!"

"But oh!—the favor'd youth appears—
 "In pensive grief he seems to move:
 "My heart forebodes unnumber'd fears;
 "Support it Pity, Virtue, Love!"

"Hither his footsteps seem to bend—
 "Come, Resolution, to my aid!
 "My breast, what varying passions rend!
 "Averse to go—to stay afraid!"

"Dear object of each fond desire
 "That throbs tumultuous in my breast!
 "Why with averted glance retire?
 "At Armine's presence why distress?"

"What though he boast no titled name,
 "No wide extent of rich domain,
 "Yet must he feed a hopeless flame?
 "Must truth and nature plead in vain?"

"Think not," she said, "by forms betray'd,
 "To humbler worth my heart is blind;
 "For soon shall every splendor fade,
 "That beams not from thy gifted mind.

"But first thy heart explore with care,
 "With faith its fond emotions prove;
 "Lurks no unworthy passion there?
 "Prompts not ambition bold to love?"

"Yes, lovely maid," the youth replies,
 "A bold ambition prompts my breast,
 "The towering hope that love supplies,
 "The wish in blessing to be blest.

"The meaner prospects I despise
 "That wealth, or rank, or power bestow;
 "Be yours the grovelling bliss ye prize,
 "Ye sordid minds that stoop so low!"

"Be mine the more refin'd delights
 "Of love that banishes control,
 "When the fond heart with heart unites,
 "And soul's in unison with soul."

Elvira blush'd the warm reply,
 (To love a language not unknown),
 The milder glories fill'd her eye,
 And there a softer lustre shone.

The yielding smile that's half suppress'd,
 The short quick breath, the trembling tear,
 The swell tumultuous of the breast,
 In Armine's favor all appear.

At each kind glance their souls unite,
 While love's soft sympathy imparts
 That tender transport of delight
 That beats in undivided hearts.

Respectful to his lips he press'd
 Her yielded hand; in haste away
 Her yielded hand she drew distress'd,
 With looks that witness'd wild dismay.

"Ah whence, fair excellence, those fears?
 "What terror, unforeseen, alarms?"
 "See! where a father's frown appears"—
 She said, and sunk into his arms.

"My daughter! heavens! it cannot be—
 "And yet it must—O dire disgrace!"
 "Elvira have I liv'd to see
 "Clasp'd in a peasant's vile embrace!"

"This daring guilt let death repay"—
 His vengeful arm the javelin threw,
 With erring aim it wing'd its way,
 And far, by Fate averted, flew.

Elvira breathes—her pulses beat,
 Returning life illumines her eye:
 Trembling her father's view to meet,
 She spies a reverend hermit nigh.

"Your wrath," she cries, "let tears assuage—
 "Unheeded must Elvira pray?
 "O let an injur'd father's rage
 "This hermit's sacred presence stay!"

"Yet deem not, lost in guilty love,
 "I plead to save my virgin fame;
 "My weakness Virtue might approve,
 "And smile on Nature's holy flame."

"O welcome to my hopes again,
 "My son!" the raptur'd hermit cries;
 "I sought thee sorrowing on the plain:"
 And all the father fill'd his eyes.

"Art thou," the raging Raymond said,
 "Of this audacious boy the sire?
 "Curse on the dart that idly sped,
 "Nor bade his peasant soul expire!"

"His peasant soul!"—indignant fire
Flash'd from the conscious father's eye:
"A gallant earl is Armine's sire,
"And know, proud chief, that earl am I.
"Though here, within the hermit's cell,
"I long have liv'd unknown to fame,
"Yet crowded camps and courts can tell—
"Thou too hast heard of Egbert's name."
"Hah! Egbert! he, whom tyrant rage
"Forc'd from his country's bleeding breast?
"The patron of my orphan age,
"My friend, my warrior stands confest!
"But why?"—"The painful story spare:
"That prostrate youth," said Egbert, "see;
"His anguish asks a parent's care,
"A parent, once who pitied thee!"
Raymond, as one who, glancing round,
Seems from some sudden trance to start,
Snatch'd the pale lovers from the ground,
And held them trembling to his heart.
Joy, Gratitude, and Wonder shed
United tears o'er Hymen's reign,
And nature her best triumph led,
For Love and Virtue join'd her train.

§ 110. *Pleasures of Memory: a Poem.*
By SAMUEL ROGERS, Esq.

Down by yon hazel copse, at evening blaz'd
The Gipsy's faggot—there we stood and gaz'd;
Gaz'd on her sun-burnt face with silent awe,
Her tatter'd mantle, and her hood of straw;
Her moving lips, her caldron brimming o'er;
The drowsy brood that on her back she bore,
Imps, in the barn with mousing owl bred,
From rifled roost at nightly revel fed;
Whose dark eyes flash'd through locks of black-
est shade, [bay'd:
When in the breeze the distant watch-dog
And heroes fled the Sibyl's mutter'd call,
Whose elfin prowess scal'd the orchard-wall.
As o'er my palm the silver piece she drew,
And trac'd the line of life with searching view,
How throb'd my fluttering pulse with hopes
and fears,
To learn the color of my future years! [breast!
Ah, then what honest triumph flush'd my
This truth once known—To bless is to be blest!
We led the bending beggar on his way
(Bare were his feet, his tresses silver gray);
Sooth'd the keen pangs his aged spirit felt,
And on his tale with mute attention dwelt.
As in his scrip we dropt our little store,
And wept to think that little was no more,
He breath'd his pray'r; "Long may such
"goodness live!"
'Twas all he gave, 'twas all he had to give.
But hark! through those old firs, with sullen
swell [well!
The church-clock strikes! ye tender scenes fare-
It calls me hence, beneath their shade to trace
The few fond lines that Time may soon efface.

On yon gray stone that fronts the chancel-
door,
Worn smooth by busy feet now seen no more,
Each eve we shot the marble through the ring,
When the heart danc'd, and life was in its
spring;
Alas! unconscious of the kindred earth,
That faintly echoed to the voice of mirth.

§ 111. *From the Same.*

ORT has the aged tenant of the vale
Lean'd on his staff to lengthen out the tale;
Oft have his lips the grateful tribute breath'd,
From sire to son with pious zeal bequeath'd.
When o'er the blasted heath the day declin'd,
And on the scath'd oak warr'd the winter wind:
When not a distant taper's twinkling ray
Gleam'd o'er the furze to light him on his way;
When not a sheep-bell sooth'd his list'ning ear,
And the big rain-drops told the tempest near;
Then did his horse the homeward track descry,
The track that shunn'd his sad inquiring eye;
And win each wavering purpose to relent,
With warmth so mild, so gently violent,
That his charm'd hand the careless rein resign'd,
And doubts and terrors vanish'd from his mind.

Recall the traveller, whose alter'd form
Has borne the buffet of the mountain storm;
And who will first his fond impatience meet?
His faithful dog's already at his feet!
Yes, though the porter spurn him from his door,
Though all, that knew him, know his face no
more,

His faithful dog shall tell his joy to each,
With that mute eloquence which passes speech.
And see, the master but returns to die!
Yet who shall bid the watchful servant fly?
The blasts of heaven, the drenching dews of
The wanton insults of unfeeling mirth; [earth,
These, when to guard misfortune's sacred grave,
Will firm Fidelity exalt to brave.

Led by what chart, transports the timid dove
The wreaths of conquest, or the vows of love?
Say through the clouds what compass points her
flight? [sight.

Monarchs have gaz'd, and nations blest the
Pile rocks on rocks, bid woods and mountains
rise,

Eclipse her native shades, her native skies;—
'Tis vain! through ether's pathless wilds she
goes,

And lights at last where all her cares repose.

Sweet bird! thy truth shall Harlem's walls
And unborn ages consecrate thy nest. [attest,
When with the silent energy of grief,
With looks that ask'd, yet dar'd not hope relief,
Want, with her babes, round generous valor
clung,

To wring the slow surrender from his tongue,
'Twas thine to animate her closing eye:
Alas! 'twas thine perchance the first to die,
Crush'd by her meagre hand, when welcom'd
from the sky.

§ 112. *From the Same.*

WHEN the blithe son of Savoy, roving round
 With humble wares and pipe of merry sound,
 From his green vale and shelter'd cabin hies,
 And scales the Alps to visit foreign skies;
 Though far below the forked lightnings play,
 And at his feet the thunder dies away,
 Oft, in the saddle rudely rock'd to sleep,
 While his mule browses on the dizzy steep,
 With Memory's aid, he sits at home, and sees
 His children sport beneath their native trees,
 And bends, to hear their cherub voices call,
 O'er the loud fury of the torrent's fall. [dwell?]

But can her smile with gloomy Madness
 Say, can she chase the horrors of his cell?
 Each fiery flight on phrensy's wing restrain,
 And mould the coinage of the fever'd brain?
 Pass but that grate, which scarce a gleam sup-
 plies,

There in the dust the wreck of Genius lies!
 He, whose arresting hand sublimely wrought
 Each bold conception in the sphere of thought;
 Who from the quarried mass, like Phidias, drew
 Forms ever fair, creations ever new!
 But as he fondly snatch'd the wreath of Fame,
 The spectre Poverty unnerv'd his frame.
 Cold was her grasp, a withering scowl she wore;
 And Hope's soft energies were felt no more.
 Yet still how sweet the soothing of his art!
 From the rude stone what bright ideas start!
 E'en now he claims the amaranthine wreath,
 With scenes that glow, with images that
 breathe!

And whence these scenes, these images, declare;
 Whence but from her who triumphs o'er despair?

Awake, arise! with grateful fervor fraught,
 Go spring the mine of elevated thought.
 He who, through Nature's various walk, surveys
 The good and fair her faultless line portrays;
 Whose mind, profaned by no unhallow'd guest,
 Culls from the crowd the purest and the best;
 May range, at will, bright Fancy's golden clime,
 Or musing, mount where Science sits sublime,
 Or wake the spirit of departed Time.

Who acts thus wisely, mark the moral Muse,
 A blooming Eden in his life reviews!
 So richly cultur'd ev'ry native grace,
 Its scanty limits he forgets to trace:
 But the fond fool, when evening shades the sky,
 Turns but to start, and gazes but to sigh!
 The weary waste, that lengthen'd as he ran,
 Fades to a blank, and dwindles to a span!

Ah! who can tell the triumphs of the mind,
 By truth illumin'd, and by taste refin'd?
 When age has quench'd the eye and clos'd the
 ear,

Still nerv'd for action in her native sphere,
 Oft will she rise—with searching glance pursue
 Some long-lov'd image vanish'd from her view;
 Dart through the deep recesses of the past,
 O'er dusky forms in chains of slumber cast;
 With giant-grasp fling back the folds of night,
 And snatch the faithless fugitive to light.

So through the grove th' impatient mother
 flies,
 Each sunless glade, each secret pathway tries;
 Till the light leaves the truant-boy disclose,
 Long on the wood-moss stretch'd in sweet re-
 pose.

§ 113. *From the Same.*

OFT may the spirits of the dead descend,
 To watch the silent slumbers of a friend;
 To hover round his evening walk unseen,
 And hold sweet converse on the dusky green;
 To hail the spot where first their friendship
 grew,
 And heaven and nature open'd to their view!
 Oft, when he trims his cheerful hearth, and sees
 A smiling circle emulous to please;
 There may these gentle guests delight to dwell,
 And bless the scene they lov'd in life so well!

O thou! with whom my heart was wont to
 share
 From Reason's dawn each pleasure and each
 care;

With whom, alas! I fondly hop'd to know
 The humble walk of happiness below;
 If thy blest nature now unites above
 An angel's pity with a brother's love,
 Still o'er my life preserve thy mild control,
 Correct my views, and elevate my soul:
 Grant me thy peace and purity of mind,
 Devout yet cheerful, active yet resign'd;
 Grant me, like thee, whose heart knew no dis-
 guise,

Whose blameless wishes never aim'd to rise,
 To meet the changes Time and Chance present,
 With modest dignity and calm content.
 When thy last breath, ere Nature sunk to rest,
 Thy meek submission to thy God express'd;
 When thy last look, ere thought and feeling
 fled,

A mingled gleam of hope and triumph shed;
 What to thy soul its glad assurance gave,
 Its hope in death, its triumph o'er the grave?
 The sweet remembrance of unblemish'd youth,
 The inspiring voice of Innocence and Truth!

Hail, Memory, hail! in the exhaustless
 mine

From age to age unnumber'd treasures shine!
 Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
 And Place and Time are subject to thy sway!
 Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone;
 The only pleasures we can call our own.

Lighter than air, Hope's summer-visions die,
 If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;
 If but a beam of sober Reason play,
 Lo, Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away!
 But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power,
 Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?
 These, when the trembling spirit wings her
 flight,

Pour round her path a stream of living light;
 And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
 Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest.

§ 114. *Verses on a Tear. From the Same.*

Oh! that the Chemist's magic art
 Could crystallize this sacred treasure!
 Long should it glitter near my heart,
 A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,
 Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye;
 Then trembling, left its coral cell—
 The spring of sensibility!

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light,
 In thee the rays of Virtue shine;
 More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
 Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul!
 Who ever fly'st to bring relief,
 When first she feels the rude control
 Of Love or Pity, Joy or Grief.

The sage's and the poet's theme,
 In every clime, in every age;
 Thou charm'st in Fancy's idle dream,
 In Reason's philosophic page.

That very law* which moulds a tear,
 And bids it trickle from its source,
 That law preserves the earth a sphere,
 And guides the planets in their course.

§ 115. *A Sketch of the Alps at Day-break. From the Same.*

The sunbeams streak the azure skies,
 And line with light the mountain's brow:
 With hounds and horns the hunters rise,
 And chase the roebuck through the snow.

From rock to rock, with giant bound,
 High on their iron poles they pass;
 Mute, lest the air, convuls'd by sound,
 Rend from above a frozen mass.†

The goats wind slow their wonted way,
 Up craggy steepes and ridges rude;
 Mark'd by the wild wolf for his prey,
 From desert cave or hanging wood.

And while the torrent thunders loud,
 And as the echoing cliffs reply,
 The huts peep o'er the morning cloud,
 Perch'd like an eagle's nest, on high.

§ 116. *A Wish. From the Same.*

MINE be a cot beside the hill;
 A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;
 A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
 With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch,
 Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
 Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
 And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
 Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
 And Lucy at her wheel shall sing,
 In russet gown and apron blue.

The village-church, among the trees,
 Where first our marriage vows were giv'n,
 With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
 And point with taper spire to heav'n.

§ 117. *An Ode on Classic Education.† ANON.*

Down the steep abrupt of hills
 Furious foams the headlong tide,
 Through the meads the streamlet trills,
 Swelling slow in gentle pride.
 Ruin vast and dread dismay
 Mark the clam'rous cataract's way;
 Glad increase and sweets benign
 Round the riv'let's margin shine.

Youth! with stedfast eye peruse
 Scenes to lesson thee display'd;
 Yes—in these the moral Muse
 Bids thee see thyself portray'd.
 Thou with headstrong wasteful force
 Mayst reflect the torrent's course;
 Or resemble streams, that flow
 Blest and blessing as they go.

Infant sense to all our kind
 Pure the young idea brings,
 From within the fountain mind
 Issuing at a thousand springs.
 Who shall make the current stray
 Smooth along the channell'd way?
 Who shall, as it runs, refine?
 Who? but CLASSIC DISCIPLINE.

She, whatever fond desire,
 Stubborn deed or guileful speech,
 Inexperience might inspire,
 Or absurd indulgence teach,
 Timely cautious shall restrain,
 Bidding childhood hear the rein;
 She with sport shall labor mix,
 She excursive fancy fix.

Prime support of learned lore,
 PERSEVERANCE joins her train,
 Pages oft turn'd o'er and o'er
 Turning o'er and o'er again;
 Giving, in due form of school,
 Speech its measure, pow'r, and rule:
 Meanwhile memory's treasures grow
 Great, though gradual; sure, though slow.

Patient CARE by just degrees
 Word and image learns to class;
 Those compounds, and separates these,
 As in strict review they pass;

* The law of Gravitation.

† There are passes in the Alps, where the guides tell you to move on with speed, and say nothing, lest the agitation of the air should loosen the snows above. GRAY, sect. v. let. 4.

‡ Spoken in the year 1794, at the annual Visitation of Dr. Knox's school at Tunbridge.

§ *Audit currus habenas.* VIRGIL.

Joins, as various features strike,
Fit to fit and like to like,
Till in meek array advance
Concord, Method, Elegance.

Time meanwhile, from day to day,
Fixes deeper Virtue's root;
Whence, in long succession gay,
Blossoms many a lively shoot:
Meek Obedience, following still,
Frank and glad, a Master's will;
Modest Candor, hearing prone
Any judgment save its own:

Emulation, whose keen eye
Forward still and forward strains,
Nothing ever deeming high
While a higher hope remains;
Shame ingenuous, native, free,
Source of conscious dignity:
Zeal impartial to pursue
Right, and just, and good, and true.

These and ev'ry kindred grace
More and more perfection gain;
While Attention toils to trace
Grave record or lofty strain;
Learning how, in Virtue's pride,
Sages liv'd or heroes died;
Marking how in Virtue's cause
Genius gave and won applause.

Thus with EARLY CULTURE blest,
Thus to early rule inur'd,
Infancy's expanding breast
Glow with sense and pow'rs matur'd,
Whence, if future merit raise
Private love or public praise,
Thine is all the work—be thine
The glory—CLASSIC DISCIPLINE.

§ 118. *Autumn.* THOMSON.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed.—Addressed to Mr. Onslow.

—*A prospect of the fields ready for harvest.—Reflections in praise of industry raised by that view.—Reaping.—A tale relative to it.—A harvest storm.—Shooting and hunting, their barbarity.—A ludicrous account of fox-hunting.—A view of an orchard.—Wall-fruit.—A vineyard.—A description of fogs, frequent in the latter part of Autumn: whence a digression, inquiring into the rise of fountains and rivers.—Birds of season considered, that now shift their habitation.—The prodigious number of them that cover the northern and western isles of Scotland.—Hence a view of the country.—A prospect of the discolored, fading woods.—After a gentle dusky day, moon-light.—Autumnal meteors.—Morning: to which succeeds a calm, pure, sun-shiny day, such as usually shuts up the season.—The harvest being gathered in, the country dissolved in joy.—The whole concludes with a panegyric on a philosophical country life.*

Crown'd with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
While *Autumn*, nodding o'er the yellow plain
Comes jovial on; the Doric reed once more,
Well-pleas'd I tune. Whate'er the Wintry frost
Nitrous prepar'd; the various blossom'd Spring
Put in white promise forth; and Summer suns
Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view,
Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme:

Onslow! the Muse, ambitious of thy name,
To grace, inspire, and dignify her song,
Would from the public voice thy gentle ear
Awhile engage. Thy noble cares she knows,
The patriot virtues that distend thy thought,
Spread on thy front, and in thy bosom glow;
While list'ning senates hang upon thy tongue,
Devolving through the maze of eloquence,
A roll of periods, sweeter than her song.
But she too pants for public virtue, she, [will,
Though weak of power, yet strong in ardent
Whene'er her country rushes on her heart,
Assumes a bolder note, and fondly tries
To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame. [days,

When the bright Virgin gives the beauteous
And *Libra* weighs in equal scales the year;
From heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence
Of parting Summer, a serener blue, [shook,
With golden light enliven'd, wide invests
The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise,
Sweet-beam'd, and shedding off through lucid
clouds

A pleasing calm; while broad and brown below,
Extensive harvests hang the heavy head:
Rich, silent, deep, they stand: for not a gale
Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain:
A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air
Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow.
Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky;
The clouds fly different; and the sudden sun
By fits effulgent gilds the illumin'd field,
And black by fits the shadows sweep along.

A gaily chequer'd heart-expanding view,
Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn. [power!

These are thy blessings, *Industry!* rough
Whom labor still attends, and sweat and pain;
Yet the kind source of every gentle art,
And all the soft civility of life;
Raiser of human kind! by Nature cast,
Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods
And wilds, to rude inclement elements!
With various seeds of art deep in the mind
Implanted, and profusely pour'd around
Materials infinite; but idle all.
Still unexerted in the unconscious breast,
Slept the lethargic powers; corruption still,
Voracious, swallow'd what the liberal hand
Of bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year;
And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd
With beasts of prey; or for his acorn-meal
Fought the fierce tusky boar; a shivering wretch!
Aghast and comfortless, when the bleak north,
With Winter charg'd, let the mix'd tempest fly,
Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost:
Then to the shelter of the hut he fled;

And the wild season, sordid, pin'd away:
 For home he had not; home is the resort
 Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
 Supporting and supported, polish'd friends,
 And dear relations mingle into bliss.
 But this the rugged savage never felt,
 E'en desolate in crowds; and thus his days
 Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along:
 A waste of time! till *Industry* approach'd,
 And rous'd him from his miserable sloth;
 His faculties unfolded; pointed out,
 Where lavish Nature the directing hand
 Of Art demanded; show'd him how to raise
 His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
 To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth;
 On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
 On what the torrent, and the gather'd blast;
 Gave the tall ancient forest to his axe; [stone,
 Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the
 Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose;
 Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
 And wrapt them in the woolly-vestment warm,
 Or bright in glossy silk, and flowing lawn;
 With wholesome viands fill'd his table, pour'd
 The generous glass around, inspir'd to wake
 The life-refining soul of decent wit:
 Nor stopp'd at barren bare necessity;
 But still advancing bolder, led him on
 To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace;
 And, breathing high ambition through his soul,
 Set science, wisdom, glory in his view,
 And bade him be the lord of all below.

Then, gathering men their natural pow'rs
 combin'd,

And form'd a Public; to the general good
 Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
 For this the Patriot Council met, the full,
 The free, and fairly-represented whole;
 For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws,
 Distinguish'd orders, animated arts,
 And with joint force, Oppression chaining, set
 Imperial justice at the helm; yet still
 To them accountable: nor slavish dream'd
 That toiling millions must resign their weal,
 And all the honey of their search, to such
 As for themselves alone themselves have rais'd.

Hence every form of cultivated life
 In order set, protected, and inspir'd,
 Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,
 Society grew numerous, high, polite,
 And happy. Nurse of art! the city rear'd
 In beauteous pride her tower-encircled head;
 And, stretching street on street, by thousands
 drew,

From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew
 To bows strong-straining, her aspiring sons.

Then *Commerce* brought into the public walk
 The busy merchant; the big warehouse built;
 Rais'd the strong crane; chok'd up the loaded
 street

With foreign plenty; and thy stream, O *Thames*!
 Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods!
 Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,
 Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts

Shot up their spires; the belling sheet between
 Possess'd the breezy void; the sooty hulk
 Steer'd sluggish on: the splendid barge along
 Row'd, regular, to harmony; around, [wings;
 The boat light-skimming, stretch'd its oary
 While deep the various voice of fervent toil
 From bank to bank increas'd; whence ribb'd
 with oak,

To bear the *British Thunder*, black, and bold,
 The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.

Then too the pillar'd dome, magnificent, heav'd
 Its ample roof; and luxury within [smooth,
 Pour'd out her glittering stores: the canvass
 With glowing life protuberant, to the view
 Embodied rose; the statue seem'd to breathe,
 And soften into flesh, beneath the touch
 Of forming art, imagination-flush'd.

All is the gift of *Industry*; whate'er
 Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
 Delightful. Pensive Winter cheer'd by him
 Sits at the social fire, and happy hears
 Th' excluded tempest idly rave along.
 His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring;
 Without him Summer were an arid waste, [mit
 Nor to th' Autumnal months could thus trans-
 Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,
 That waving round, recall my wandering song.

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
 And, unperceiv'd unfolds the spreading day;
 Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand,
 In fair array; each by the lass he loves,
 To bear the rougher part, and mitigate
 By nameless gentle offices her toil.
 At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves;
 While through their cheerful band the rural
 The rural scandal, and the rural jest, [talk,
 Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,
 And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.
 Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks;
 And, conscious, glancing off' on every side
 His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
 The gleaners spread around, and here and there,
 Spike after spike, their scanty harvest, pick.
 Be not too narrow, husbandmen! but fling
 From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
 The liberal handful. Think, oh grateful think!
 How good the *God of Harvest* is to you:
 Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;
 While these unhappy partners of your kind
 Wide-hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,
 And ask their humble dole. The various turns
 Of fortune ponder; that your sons may want
 What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

The lovely young *Lavinia* once had friends;
 And fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth.
 For, in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
 Of every stay, save Innocence and *Heav'n*,
 She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
 And poor, liv'd in a cottage far retir'd
 Among the windings of a woody vale:
 By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
 But more by bashful modesty conceal'd.
 Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
 Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet

From giddy passion and low-minded pride :
 Almost on Nature's common bounty fed :
 Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
 Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
 Her form was fresher than the morning-rose,
 When the dew wets its leaves ; unstain'd and
 As is the lily, or the mountain-snow. [pure
 The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
 Still on the ground dejected, darting all
 Their humid beams into the blooming flowers :
 Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
 Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
 Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
 Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
 Sat fair proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
 Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
 Beyond the pomp of dress ; for loveliness
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
 But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.
 Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
 Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.
 As in the hollow breast of Apennine,
 Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
 A myrtle rises far from human eye,
 And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild ;
 So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
 The sweet *Lavinia* ; till, at length, compell'd
 By strong necessity's supreme command,
 With smiling patience in her looks, she went
 To glean *Palemon*'s field. The pride of swains
Palemon was, the generous, and the rich ;
 Who led the rural life in all its joy
 And elegance, such as Arcadian song
 Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times ;
 When tyrant custom had not shackled man,
 But free to follow nature was the mode.
 He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
 Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper train
 To walk, when poor *Lavinia* drew his eye :
 Unconscious of her power, and turning quick
 With unaffected blushes from his gaze ;
 He saw her charming, but he saw not half
 The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd.
 That very moment love and chaste desire
 Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown :
 For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
 (Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,)
 Should his heart own a gleaner in the field,
 And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd :

"What pity ! that so delicate a form,
 "By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense
 "And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
 "Should be devoted to the rude embrace
 "Of some indecent clown ! She looks, methinks,
 "Of old *Acasto*'s line : and to my mind
 "Recalls that patron of my happy life,
 "From whom my liberal fortune took its rise ;
 "Now to the dust gone down ; his houses, lands,
 "And once fair-spreading family, dissolv'd.
 "'Tis said, that in some lone obscure retreat,
 "Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
 "Far from those scenes which knew their bet-
 "ter days,
 "His aged widow and his daughter live

"Whom yet my fruitless search could never
 "find. [were !"
 "Romantic wish ! would this the daughter
 When, strict inquiring, from herself he found
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
 Of bountiful *Acasto* ; who can speak
 The mingled passions that surpris'd his heart,
 And through his nerves in shivering transport
 ran ! [bold ;
 Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and
 And as he view'd her ardent, o'er and o'er,
 Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once.
 Confus'd, and frighten'd at his sudden tears,
 Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
 As thus *Palemon*, passionate and just,
 Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul :
 "And art thou then *Acasto*'s dear remains ?
 "She, whom my restless gratitude has sought
 "So long in vain ? O heavens ! the very same,
 "The soften'd image of my noble friend :
 "Alive his every look, his every feature,
 "More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring !
 "Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
 "That nourish'd up my fortune ! Say, ah
 "where,
 "In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn
 "The kindest aspect of delighted *Heaven* ?
 "Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair ;
 "Though poverty's cold wind, and crushing
 "rain,
 "Beat keen, and heavy on thy tender years ?
 "O let me now, into a richer soil, [showers
 "Transplant thee safe ; where vernal suns and
 "Diffuse their warmest, largest influence :
 "And of my garden be the pride, and joy !
 "Ill it befits thee, oh it ill befits
 "*Acasto*'s daughter, his whose open stores,
 "Though vast, were little to his ample heart,
 "The father of a country, thus to pick
 "The very refuse of those harvest-fields,
 "Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
 "Then throw that shameful pittance from thy
 "But ill applied to such a rugged task ! [hand,
 "The fields, the master, all, my Fair ! are
 "thine !
 "If to the various blessings which thy house
 "Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
 "That dearest bliss, the power of blessing
 "thee !" [eye
 Here ceas'd the youth : yet still his speaking
 Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,
 With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
 Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
 Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
 Of goodness irresistible, and all
 In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.
 The news immediate to her mother brought,
 While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd
 The lonely moments for *Lavinia*'s fate : [away,
 Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
 Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright
 gleam
 Of setting life shone on her evening hours :
 Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair ;

Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.

Defeating off the labors of the year,
The sultry south collects a potent blast.
At first the groves are scarcely seen to stir
Their trembling tops; and a still murmur runs
Along the soft inclining fields of corn.
But as the aerial tempest fuller swells,
And in one mighty stream, invisible,
Immense, the whole excited atmosphere
Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world;
Strain'd to the root, the stooping forest pours
A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves.
High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in,
From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,
And send it in a torrent down the vale.
Expos'd, and naked, to its utmost rage,
Through all the sea of harvest rolling round,
The billowy plain floats wide; nor can evade,
Though pliant to the blast, its seizing force;
Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff
Shook waste. And sometimes too a burst of rain,
Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends
In one continuous flood. Still over head [still
The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and
The deluge deepens; till the fields around
Lie sunk, and flatted, in the sordid wave.
Sudden the ditches swell; the meadows swim;
Red, from the hills, innumerable streams
Tumultuous roar; and high above its banks
The river lift; before whose rushing tide,
Herds, flocks, and harvest, cottages, and swains,
Roll mingled down; all that the winds had spar'd
In one wild moment ruin'd; the big hopes,
And well-earn'd treasures of the painful year.
Fled to some eminence, the husbandman
Helpless beholds the miserable wreck
Driving along; his drowning ox at once
Descending, with his labors scatter'd round,
He sees; and instant o'er his shiv'ring thought
Comes winter unprovided, and a train
Of claimant children dear. Ye masters, then,
Be mindful of the rough laborious hand,
That sinks you soft in elegance and ease;
Be mindful of those limbs in russet clad,
Whose toil to yours is warmth, and graceful
pride.

And, oh! be mindful of that sparing board,
Which covers yours with luxury profuse,
Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice;
Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains,
And all-involving winds have swept away.

Here the rude clamor of the sportsman's joy,
The gun fast-thundering, and the winded horn,
Would tempt the Muse to sing the rural game:
How, in his mid-career, the spaniel struck,
Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open nose,
Outstretch'd, and finely sensible, draws full,
Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey;
As in the sun the circling covey back
Their varied plumes, and watchful every way,
Through the rough stubble turn the secret eye.
Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat

Their idle wings, intangled more and more:
Nor on the surges of the boundless air, [gun,
Though borne triumphant, are they safe: the
Glanc'd just, and sudden, from the fowler's eye
O'ertakes their sounding pinions; and again,
Immediate, brings them from the towering
wing, [pers'd,
Dead to the ground: or drives them wide-dis-
Wounded; and wheeling various, down the
wind.

These are not subjects for the peaceful Muse,
Nor will she stain with such her spotless song:
Then most delighted, when she social sees
The whole mix'd animal creation round
Alive, and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,
This falsely-cheerful barbarous game of death;
This rage of pleasure which the restless youth
Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn;
When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,
Urg'd by necessity, had rang'd the dark,
As if their conscious savage shunn'd the light,
Asham'd. Not so the steady tyrant man,
Who with the thoughtless insolence of power
Inflam'd, beyond the most infuriate wrath
Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the waste,
For sport alone pursues the cruel chase,
Amid the beamings of the gentle day.
Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,
For hunger kindles you, and lawless want;
But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,
Is what your horrid bosoms never knew.

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare!
Scar'd from the corn, and now to some lone seat
Retir'd: the rushy fen; the ragged furze,
Stretch'd o'er the stony heath; the stubble
chapt;

The thistly lawn; the thick-entangled broom;
Of the same friendly hue, the wither'd fern;
The fallow ground laid open to the sun,
Concoctive; and the nodding sandy bank,
Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook.
Vain is her best precaution; though she sits
Conceal'd with folded ears, unsleeping eyes,
By nature rais'd to take the horizon in;
And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,
In act to spring away. The scented dew
Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep,
In scatter'd sullen op'nings, far behind,
With every breeze she hears the coming storm,
But nearer and more frequent, as it loads
The sighing gale, she springs amaz'd, and all
The savage soul of game is up at once:
The pack full-opening, various; the shrill horn
Resounding from the hills; the neighing steed,
Wild for the chase; and the loud hunter's shout:
O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all
Mix'd in mad tumult, and discordant joy.

The stag, too, singled from the herd, where
long

He rang'd the branching monarch of the shades,
Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed
He, sprightly, puts his faith; and, rous'd by fear,
Gives all his swift aerial soul to flight;

Against the breeze he darts, that way the more
To leave the lessening murderous cry behind:
Deception short! though fleetier than the winds
Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountain by the
north, [glades,

He bursts the thickets, glances through the
And plunges deep into the wildest wood:
If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track
Hot-steaming up behind him come again
Th' inhuman rout, and from the shady depth
Expel him, circling through his every shift.
He sweeps the forest oft, and sobbing sees
The glades mild-opening to the golden day;
Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends
He went to struggle, or his loves enjoy.
Oft in the full-descending flood he tries
To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides:
Oft seeks the herd; the watchful herd alarm'd,
With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.
What shall he do? His once so vivid nerves,
So full of buoyant spirit, now no more
Inspire the course; but fainting breathless toil,
Sick, seizes on his heart: he stands at bay;
And puts his last weak refuge in despair.
The big round tears run down his dappled face;
He groans in anguish; while the growling pack,
Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,
And mark his beauteous chequer'd sides with
gore.

Of this enough. But if the sylvan youth,
Whose fervent blood boils into violence,
Must have the chase; behold, despising flight,
The rous'd-up lion, resolute, and slow,
Advancing full on the protended spear,
And coward-band, that circling wheel aloof.
Slunk from the cavern, and the troubled wood,
See the grim wolf, on him his shaggy foe
Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die:
Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar
Grins fell destruction, to the monster's heart
Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.

These Britain knows not: give, ye Britons,
Your sportive fury, pitiless to pour [then,
Loose on the nightly robber of the fold:
Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,
Let all the thunder of the chase pursue.
Throw the broad ditch behind you; o'er the
hedge

High bound, resistless; nor the deep morass
Refuse, but through the shaking wilderness
Pick your nice way; into the perilous flood
Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full:
And as you ride the torrent, to the banks,
Your triumph sounds sonorous, running round,
From rock to rock, in circling echoes toss'd;
Then scale the mountains to their woody tops;
Rush down the dangerous steep; and o'er the
lawn,

In fancy swallowing up the space between,
Pour all your speed into the rapid game:
For happy he! who stops the wheeling chase;
Has every maze evol'd, and every guile
Disclos'd; who knows the merits of the pack;
Who saw the villain seiz'd, and dying hard,

Without complaint, though by an hundred
mouths

Relentless torn. O glorious he, beyond
His daring peers! when the retreating horn
Calls them to ghostly halls of grey renown,
With woodland honors grac'd, the fox's fur,
Depending decent from the roof; and spread
Round the drear walls, with antic figures fierce,
The stag's large front: he then is loudest heard,
When the night staggers with severer toils,
With feats Thessalian Centaurs never knew,
And their repeated wonders shake the dome.

But first the fuel'd chimney blazes wide;
The tankards foam; and the strong table groans
Beneath the smoking sirloin, stretch'd immense
From side to side; in which, with desperate
knife,

They deep incision make, and talk the while
Of *England's* glory, ne'er to be defac'd,
While hence they borrow vigor: or amain
Into the pasty plung'd; at intervals,
If stomach keen can intervals allow,
Relating all the glories of the chase.
Then sated Hunger bids his brother Thirst
Produce the mighty bowl; the mighty bowl,
Swell'd high with fiery juice, steams liberal round
A potent gale, delicious as the breath
Of Maia to the love-sick shepherdess,
On violets diffus'd, while soft she bears
Her panting shepherd stealing to her arms.
Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn,
Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat
Of thirty years; and now his honest front
Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid
Even with the vineyard's best produce to vie.
To cheat the thirsty moments, whist awhile
Walks his dull round beneath a cloud of smoke,
Wreath'd, fragrant, from the pipe; or the quick
In thunder leaping from the box, awake [dice
The sounding gammon: while romp-loving miss
Is hauled about, in gallantry robust.
At last these puling idlenesses laid
Aside, frequent and full, the dry divan
Close in firm circle; and set, ardent, in
For serious drinking. Nor evasion sly,
Nor sober shift is to the puking wretch
Indulg'd apart; but earnest, brimming bowls
Lave every soul, the table floating round,
And pavement, faithless to the fuddled foot.
Thus as they swim in mutual swill, the talk,
Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,
Reels fast from theme to theme; from horses,
hounds,

To church or mistress, politics or ghost,
In endless mazes, intricate, perplex'd.
Meantime, with sudden interruption, loud,
Th' impatient catch bursts from the joyous heart;
That moment touch'd is every kindred soul;
And, opening in a full-mouth'd cry of joy,
The laugh, the slap, the jocund curse go round;
While, from their slumbers shook, the kennel'd
Mix in the music of the day again. [hounds
As when the tempest, that has vex'd the deep
The dark night long, with fainter murmurs falls:

So gradual sinks their mirth. Their feeble
 Unable to take up the cumbrous word, [tongues,
 Lie quite dissolv'd. Before their maudlin eyes
 Seen dim, and blue, the double tapers dance,
 Like the sun wading through the misty sky.
 Then, sliding soft, they drop. Confus'd above,
 Glasses and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,
 As if the table even itself was drunk,
 Lie a wet broken scene; and wide, below,
 Is heap'd the social slaughter: where astride
 The lubber Power in filthy triumph sits.
 Slumbrous, inclining still from side to side,
 And steeps them drench'd in potent sleep till
 morn.

Perhaps some doctor, of tremendous paunch,
 Awful and deep, a black abyss of drink,
 Outlives them all; and from his bury'd flock
 Retiring, full of rumination sad,
 Laments the weakness of these latter times.

But if the rougher sex by this fierce sport
 Is hurried wild, let not such horrid joy
 E'er stain the bosom of the *British Fair*.
 Far be the spirit of the chase from them!
 Uncomely courage, unbecoming skill;
 To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed;
 The cap, the whip, the masculine attire;
 In which they roughen to the sense, and all
 The winning softness of their sex is lost.
 In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe;
 With every motion, every word to wave
 Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush;
 And from the smallest violence to shrink
 Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears;
 And by this silent adulation, soft,
 To their protection more engaging Man,
 O may their eyes no miserable sight,
 Save weeping lovers, see! a nobler game, [fled,
 Through Love's enchanting wiles pursu'd, yet
 In chase ambiguous. May their tender limbs
 Float in the loose simplicity of dress!
 And, fashion'd all to harmony, alone
 Know they to seize the captivated soul,
 In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips;
 To teach the lute to languish; with smooth step,
 Disclosing motion in its every charm;
 To swim along, and swell the mazy dance;
 To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn;
 To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page;
 To lend new flavor to the fruitful year,
 And heighten Nature's dainties: in their race
 To rear their graces into second life;
 To give Society its highest taste;
 Well-order'd home Man's best delight to make;
 And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
 With every gentle care-eluding art,
 To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
 And sweeten all the toils of human life:
 This be the female dignity and praise.

Ye swains now hasten to the hazel-bank;
 Where down yon dale, the wildly-winding brook
 Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array,
 Fit for the thickets and the tangling shrub,
 Ye virgins come. For you their latest song
 The woodlands raise; the clustering nuts for you

The lover finds amid the secret shade;
 And, where they burnish on the top-most bough,
 With active vigor crushes down the tree;
 Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk,
 A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown,
 As are the ringlets of *Melinda's* hair:
Melinda! form'd with every grace complete,
 Yet these neglecting, above beauty wise,
 And far transcending such a vulgar praise.

Hence from the busy joy-resounding fields,
 In cheerful error, let us tread the maze
 Of Autumn, unconfin'd; and taste, reviv'd,
 The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.
 Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,
 From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower
 Incessant melts away. The juicy pear
 Lies, in a soft profusion, scatter'd round.
 A various sweetness swells the gentle race,
 By Nature's all-refining hand prepar'd,
 Of temper'd sun, and water, earth, and air,
 In ever-changing composition mix'd.
 Such, falling frequent thro' the chiller night,
 The fragrant stores, the wide-projected heaps
 Of apples, which the lusty-handed year,
 Innumeros, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.
 A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen,
 Dwells in their gelid pores; and, active, points
 The piercing cider for the thirsty tongue:
 Thy native theme, and boon inspirer too,
Philips, Pomona's bard, the second thou
 Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfetter'd verse,
 With *British* freedom sing the *British* song:
 How, from Silurian vats, high-sparkling wines*
 Foam in transparent floods: some strong, to
 The wintry revels of the laboring hind; [cheer
 And tasteful some, to cool the summer hours.

In this glad season, while his sweetest beams
 The sun sheds equal o'er the meeken'd day;
 Oh lose me in the green delightful walks
 Of, *Dodding*, thy seat, serene and plain;
 Where simple Nature reigns; and every view,
 Diffusive spreads the pure Dorsetian downs,
 In boundless prospect; yonder shagg'd with
 wood, [flocks!
 Here rich with harvest, and there white with
 Meantime the grandeur of thy lofty dome,
 Far splendid, seizes on the ravish'd eye.
 New beauties rise with each revolving day;
 New columns swell; and still the fresh Spring
 finds

New plants to quicken, and new groves to green.
 Full of thy genius all! the Muses' seat:
 Where in the secret bower, and winding walk,
 For virtuous *Young* and thee they twine the bay.
 Here wand'ring oft, fir'd with the restless thirst
 Of thy applause, I solitary court
 Th' inspiring breeze; and meditate the book
 Of Nature ever open; aiming thence,
 Warm from the heart, to learn the moral song.
 Here, as I steal along the sunny wall,
 Where Autumn basks with fruit-empurpled
 deep, [thought:
 My pleasing theme continual prompts my
 Presents the downy peach; the shining plum;

The ruddy, fragrant nectarine; and dark,
Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.
The vine too here her curling tendrils shoots,
Hangs out her clusters, glowing to the south,
And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky.

Turn we a moment Fancy's rapid flight
To vigorous soils, and climes of fair extent;
Where, by the potent sun elated high,
The vineyard swells refulgent on the day;
Spreads o'er the vale, or up the mountain climbs
Profuse, and drinks amid the sunny rocks;
From cliff to cliff, increas'd, the heighten'd
blaze. [clear,

Low bend the weighty boughs, the clusters
Half through the foliage seen, or ardent flame,
Or shine transparent; while perfection breathes
White o'er the turgent film the living dew.
As thus they brighten with exalted juice,
Touch'd into flavor by the mingling ray;
The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,
Each fond for each to cull th' autumnal prime,
Exulting rove, and speak the vintage night.
Then comes the crushing swain; the country
floats,

And foams unbounded with the mashy flood;
That by degrees fermented, and refin'd,
Round the rais'd nations pours the cup of joy;
The claret smooth, red as the lip we press
In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl;
The mellow-tasted Burgundy, and quick,
As is the wit it gives, the gay Champaigne.

Now by the cool declining year condens'd,
Descend the copious exhalations, check'd
As up the middle sky unseen they stole,
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides,
And high between contending kingdoms rears
The rocky long division, fills the view
With great variety; but in a night
Of gathering vapor, from the baffled sense
Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far,
The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain:
Vanish the woods; the dim-seen river seems
Sullen, and slow, to roll the misty wave.
Even in the height of noon oppress, the sun
Sheds weak, and blunt his wide-refracted ray;
Whence glaring oft with many a broadened orb,
He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,
Seen through the turbid air, beyond the life
Objects appear; and wilder'd, o'er the waste
The shepherd stalks gigantic. Till at last
Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles still
Successive closing, sits the general fog
Unbounded, o'er the world; and, mingling thick,
A formless grey confusion covers all:
As when of old (so sung the *Hebrew Bard*)
Light, uncollected, through the chaos urg'd
Its infant way; nor order yet had drawn
His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.

These roving mists, that constant now begin

To smoke along the hilly country, these,
With weighty rains, and melted Alpine snows
The mountain cisterns fill, those ample stores
Of water scoop'd among the hollow rocks;
Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless foun-
tains play,

And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw.
Some sages say, that where the numerous wave
For ever lashes the resounding shore,
Drill'd through the sandy stratum every way,
The waters with the sandy stratum rise;
Amid whose angles infinitely strain'd,
They joyful leave their jaggy salts behind,
And clear and sweeten, as they soak along.
Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,
Though oft amidst th' irriguous vale it springs;
But to the mountain courted by the sand,
That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,
Far from the parent-main, it boils again
Fresh into day; and all the glittering hill
Is bright with spouting rills. But hence this vain
Amusive dream! why should the waters love
To take so far a journey to the hills,
When the sweet valleys offer to their toil
Inviting quiet, and a nearer bed?
Or if, by blind ambition led astray,
They must aspire; why should they sudden stop
Among the broken mountain's rushy dells,
And, ere they gain its highest peak, desert
Th' attractive sand that charm'd their course
so long?

Besides, the hard agglomerating salts,
The spoil of ages, would impervious choke
Their secret channels; or, by slow degrees,
High as the hills protrude the swelling vales:
Old ocean too suck'd through the porous globe,
Had long ere now forsook his horrid bed,
And brought Deucalion's wat'ry times again.

Say then, where lurk the vast eternal springs,
That like *Creating Nature*, lie conceal'd
From mortal eye, yet with their lavish stores
Refresh the globe and all its joyous tribes?
O thou pervading Genius, given to man,
To trace the secrets of the dark abyss,
O lay the mountains bare! and wide display
Their hidden structure to th' astonish'd view!
Strip from the branching Alps their piny load;
The huge incumbance of horrid woods
From Asian Taurus, from Imaus stretch'd
Athwart the roving Tartar's sullen bounds!
Give opening Hemus to my searching eye,
And high Olympus pouring many a stream!
O from the sounding summits of the north,
The Dofrine hills, through Scandinavia roll'd
To farthest Lapland and the frozen main!
From lofty Caucasus, far seen by those
Who in the Caspian and Black Euxine toil;
From cold Riphean rocks, which the wild Russ
Believes the stony girdle of the world.*
And all the dreadful mountains wrapt in storm,
Whence wide Siberia draws her lonely floods;

* The Muscovites call the Riphean mountains Weliki Camenypoy, that is, the great stony girdle; because they suppose them to encompass the whole earth.

O sweep th' eternal snows! Hung o'er the deep,

That ever works beneath his sounding base,
 Bid Atlas, propping heaven, as Poets feign,
 His subterranean wonders spread! unveil
 The miny caverns, blazing on the day
 Of Abyssinia's cloud-compelling cliffs,
 And of the bending Mountains of the Moon!*
 O'ertopping all these giant sons of earth.
 Let the dire Andes, from the radiant line
 Stretch'd to the stormy seas that thunder round
 The southern pole, their hideous deeps unfold!
 Amazing scene! Behold! the glooms disclose!
 I see the rivers in their infant beds!
 Deep, deep, I hear them laboring to get free!
 I see the leaning strata, artful rang'd;
 The gaping fissures to receive the rains,
 The melting snows, and ever-dripping fogs.
 Strow'd bibulous above, I see the sands,
 The pebbly gravel next, the layers then
 Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,
 The gutter'd rocks, and mazy-running clefts;
 That, while the stealing moisture they transmit,
 Retard its motion, and forbid its waste.
 Beneath the incessant weeping of these drains,
 I see the rocky siphons stretch'd immense,
 The mighty reservoirs of harden'd chalk,
 Or stiff-compacted clay; capacious form'd.
 O'erflowing thence the congregated stores,
 The crystal treasures of the liquid world,
 Through the stirr'd sands a bubbling passage
 burst;

And welling out, around the middle steep,
 Or from the bottoms of the bosom'd hills,
 In pure effusion flow. United thus,
 Th' exhaling sun, the vapor-burden'd air,
 The gelid mountains, that to rain condens'd,
 These vapors in continual current draw,
 And send them o'er the fair-divided earth,
 In bounteous rivers to the deep again,
 A social commerce hold, and firm support
 The full-adjusted harmony of things.

When Autumn scatters his departing gleams,
 Warn'd of approaching Winter, gather'd, play
 The swallow-people; and toss'd wide around,
 O'er the calm sky, in convulsion swift,
 The feather'd eddy floats; rejoicing once,
 Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire;
 In clusters clung, beneath the mould'ring bank,
 And where, unpierc'd by frost, the cavern sweats,
 Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,
 With other kindred birds of season, there
 They twitter cheerful, till the vernal months
 Invite them welcome back: for thronging, now
 Innumerable wings are in commotion all.

Where the Rhine loses its majestic force
 In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,
 By diligence amazing, and the strong
 Unconquerable hand of Liberty,
 The stork assembly meets; for many a day,
 Consulting deep, and various, ere they take
 Their arduous voyage through the liquid sky.

And now their route design'd, their leaders chose,

Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous [wings;
 And many a circle, many a short essay,
 Wheel'd round, and round in congregation full,
 The figur'd flight ascends; and, riding high
 The aerial billows, mixes with the clouds.

Or where the Northern ocean, in vast whirls,
 Boils round the naked melancholy isles
 Of farthest Thule, and the Atlantic surge
 Pours in among the stormy Hebrides;
 Who can recount what transmigrations there
 Are annual made? what nations come and go?
 And how the living clouds on clouds arise?
 Infinite wings! till all the plume-dark air,
 And rude resounding shore are one wild cry.

Here the plain harmless native his small flock,
 And herd diminutive of many hues,
 Tends on the little island's verdant swell,
 The shepherd's sea-girt reign; or, to the rocks
 Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious food;
 Or sweeps the fishy shore; or treasures up
 The plumage, rising full, to form the bed
 Of luxury. And here awhile the Muse,
 High-hovering o'er the broad cerulean scene,
 Sees *Caledonia* in romantic view:
 Her airy mountains, from the waving main,
 Invested with a keen diffusive sky,
 Breathing the soul acute; her forests huge,
 Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature's hand
 Planted of old; her azure lakes between,
 Pour'd out extensive, and of wat'ry wealth
 Full; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales;
 With many a cool translucent brimming flood
 Wash'd lovely, from the Tweed (pure parent
 stream,

Whose pastoral banks first heard my Doric reed,
 With sylvan Jed, thy tributary brook)
 To where the north-inflated tempest foams
 O'er Orca's or Betubium's highest peak:
 Nurse of a people in misfortune's school
 Train'd up to hardy deeds; soon visited
 By Learning, when before the Gothic rage
 She took her western flight. A manly race,
 Of unsubmitting spirit, wise and brave;
 Who still through bleeding ages struggled hard,
 (As well unhappy *Wallace* can attest,
 Great patriot hero! ill-requited chief!)
 To hold a generous undiminish'd state;
 Too much in vain! Hence of unequal bounds
 Impatient, and by tempting glory borne
 O'er every land, for every land their life
 Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plann'd,
 And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil:
 As from their own clear north, in radiant streams,
 Bright over Europe bursts the Boreal morn.

Oh is there not some patriot, in whose power
 That best, that godlike luxury is plac'd,
 Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn
 Through late posterity? some, large of soul,
 To cheer dejected industry; to give
 A double harvest to the pining swain,

A range of mountains in Africa, that surround almost all Monomotapa.

And teach the lab'ring hand the sweets of toil ?
How, by the finest art, the native robe
To weave ; how, white as hyperborean snow,
To form the lucid lawn ; with venturous oar
How to dash wide the billow ; nor look on,
Shamefully passive, while Batavian fleets
Defraud us of the glittering finny swarms,
That heave our friths, and crowd upon our shores ;
How all-enlivening trade to rouse, and wing
The prosperous sail, from every growing port,
Uninjur'd, round the sea-encircled globe ;
And thus, in soul united as in name,
Bid *Britain* reign the mistress of the deep.

Yes, there are such. And full on thee, *Argyle*,
Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast,
From her first patriots and her heroes sprung,
Thy fond imploring country turns her eye ;
In thee, with all a mother's triumph, sees
Her every virtue, every grace combin'd,
Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn,
Her pride of honor, and her courage tried,
Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat
Of sulphurous war, on *Tenier's* dreadful field.
Nor less the palm of peace inwreaths thy brow :
For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue
Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate ;
While mix'd in thee combine the charms of
youth,

The force of manhood, and the depth of age.
Thee, *Forbes*, too, whom every worth attends,
As truth sincere, as weeping friendship kind,
Thee, truly generous, and in silence great,
Thy country feels through her reviving arts,
Plann'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd ;
And seldom has she known a friend like thee.

But see the fading many-color'd woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country round
Imbrown'd : a crowded umbrage, dusk and dun,
Of every hue, from wan-declining green
To sooty dark. These now the lonesome Muse,
Low whispering, lead into their leaf-strown
walks,

And give the season in its latest view.

Meantime, light shadowing all, a sober calm
Fleeces unbounded ether ; whose least wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current : while illumin'd wide,
The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
And through their lucid veil his soften'd force
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time
For those whom wisdom and whom Nature
charm

To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things ;
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet ;
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace ;
And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.

Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
And through the sadden'd grove, where scarce
is heard

One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.
Haply some widow'd songster pours his plaint,
Far, in faint warblings, thro' the tawny copse.

While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,
Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock ;
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
And naught save chattering discord in their note.
O let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,
The gun the music of the coming year
Destroy, and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
Lay the weak tribes, a miserable prey,
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground !

The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
A gentler mood inspires ; for now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove ;
Oft startling such as studious walk below,
And slowly circles through the waving air.
But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams ;
Till chok'd, and matted with the dreary shower,
The forest-walks, at every rising gale,
Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak.
Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields ;
And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
Their sunny robes resign. Even what remain'd
Of stronger fruits falls from the naked tree ;
And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around
The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

He comes ! he comes ! in every breeze the *Power*
Of *Philosophic Melancholy* comes !

His near approach the sudden-starting tear,
The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,
The soften'd feature, and the beating heart,
Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.
O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes !
Inflames imagination ; through the breast
Infuses every tenderness ; and far
Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.
Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such
As never mingled with the vulgar dream,
Crowd fast into the mind's creative eye.
As fast the correspondent passions rise,
As varied, and as high : Devotion rais'd
To rapture, and divine astonishment ;
The love of Nature, unconfin'd, and, chief,
Of human race ; the large ambitious wish,
To make them blest ; the sigh for suffering worth
Lost in obscurity ; the noble scorn
Of tyrant-pride ; the fearless great resolve ;
The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
Inspiring glory through remotest time ;
Th' awaken'd throb for virtue, and for fame ;
The sympathies of love, and friendship dear ;
With all the social offspring of the heart.

Oh bear me then to vast embowering shades,
To twilight groves and visionary vales,
To weeping grottos and prophetic glooms ;
Where angel-forms athwart the solemn dusk
Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along ;
And voices more than human, through the void
Deep-sounding, seize th' enthusiastic ear !

Or is this gloom too much ? Then lead, ye
powers,

That o'er the garden and the rural seat

Preside, which shining thro' the cheerful land
 In countless numbers blest *Britannia* sees ;
 O lead me to the wide-extended walks,
 The fair majestic paradise of *Stowe* ! *
 Not Persian *Cyrus* on *Ionia's* shore
 E'er saw such sylvan scenes ; such various art
 By genius fir'd, such ardent genius tam'd
 By cool judicious art ; that, in the strife,
 All-beauteous Nature fears to be outdone.
 And there, O *Pitt*, thy country's early boast,
 There let me sit beneath the shelter'd slopes,
 Or in that Temple† where, in future times,
 Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd name ;
 And, with thy converse blest, catch the last smiles
 Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.
 While there with thee th' enchanted round I walk,
 The regulated wild, gay Fancy then
 Will tread in thought the groves of Attic land ;
 Will from thy standard taste refine her own,
 Correct her pencil to the purest truth
 Of nature, or, the unimpassion'd shades
 Forsaking, raise it to the human mind.
 Or if hereafter she, with juster hand,
 Shall draw the tragic scene, instruct her thou,
 To mark the varied movements of the heart,
 What every decent character requires,
 And every passion speaks : O through her strain
 Breathe thy pathetic eloquence ! that moulds
 Th' attentive senate, charms, persuades, exalts ;
 Of honest zeal th' indignant lightning throws,
 And shakes corruption on her venal throne.
 While thus we talk, and through Elysian vales
 Delighted rove, perhaps a sigh escapes :
 What pity, *Cobham*, thou thy verdant files
 Of order'd trees shouldst here inglorious range,
 Instead of squadrons flaming o'er the field,
 And long-embattled hosts ! when the proud foe,
 The faithless vain disturber of mankind,
 Insulting Gaul, has rous'd the world to war ?
 When keen, once more, within their bounds to
 press

Those polish'd robbers, those ambitious slaves,
 The *British Youth* would hail thy wise command,
 Thy temper'd ardor, and thy veteran skill.

The western sun withdraws the shorten'd day ;
 And humid evening, gliding o'er the sky,
 In her chill progress, to the ground condens'd
 The vapors throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
 Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
 Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along
 The dusky-mantled lawn. Meanwhile the moon
 Full-orb'd, and breaking through the scatter'd
 clouds,
 Shows her broad visage in the crimson'd east,
 Turn'd to the sun direct, her spotted disk,
 Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,

And caverns deep, as optic tube descries,
 A smaller earth, gives us his blaze again,
 Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.
 Now through the passing cloud she seems to
 stoop,

Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.

Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild
 O'er the sky'd mountain to the shadowy vale,
 While rocks and floods reflect the quivering
 gleam,

The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
 Of silver radiance, trembling round the world.
 But when half-blotted from the sky her light,
 Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn
 With keener lustre thro' the depth of heaven :
 Or near extinct her deaden'd orb appears,
 And scarce appears, of sickly beamless white ;
 Oft in this season, silent from the north
 A blaze of meteors shoots : ensweeping first
 The lower skies, they all at once converge
 High to the crown of heaven, and all at once
 Relapsing quick, as quickly re-ascend,
 And mix, and thwart, extinguish, and renew,
 All ether coursing in a maze of light.

From look to look, contagious through the
 crowd,

The panic runs, and into wondrous shapes
 Th' appearance throws : Armies in meet array,
 Throng'd with aerial spears, and steeds of fire ;
 Till the long lines of full-extended war
 In bleeding fight commix'd, the sanguine flood
 Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.
 As thus they scan the visionary scene,
 On all sides swells the superstitious din,
 Incontinent ; and busy phrensy talks
 Of blood and battle ; cities overturn'd, [sunk,
 And late at night in swallowing earthquake
 Or hideous wrapt in fierce ascending flame ;
 Of sallow famine, inundation, storm ;
 Of pestilence, and every great distress ;
 Empires subvers'd, when ruling fate has struck
 Th' unalterable hour : e'en Nature's self
 Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time.
 Not so the man of philosophic eye,
 And inspect sage ; the waving brightness he
 Curious surveys, inquisitive to know
 The causes, and materials, yet unfix'd,
 Of this appearance beautiful and new.

Now black, and deep, the night begins to fall,
 A shade immense ! sunk in the quenching
 gloom,

Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth.
 Order confounded lies ; all beauty void ;
 Distinction lost ; and gay variety
 One universal blot : such the fair power
 Of light, to kindle and create the whole.
 Drear is the state of the benighted wretch,
 Who then, bewilder'd, wanders thro' the dark,
 Full of pale fancies, and chimeras huge ;
 Nor visited by one directive ray,
 From cottage streaming, or from airy hall.
 Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on,
 Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue,
 The wild-fire scatters round, or, gather'd trails
 A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss :
 Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,
 Now lost and now renew'd, he sinks absorpt,

* The seat of the Lord Viscount Cobham.

† The Temple of Virtue in Stowe Gardens.

Rider and horse, amid the miry gulf:
While still, from day to day, his pining wife
And plaintive children his return await,
In wild conjecture lost. At other times,
Sent by the better Genius of the night,
Innoxious, gleaming on the horse's mane,
The meteor sits; and shows the narrow path,
That winding leads thro' pits of death, or else
Instructs him how to take the dangerous ford.

The lengthen'd night elaps'd, the morning
shines

Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
Unfolding fair the last autumnal day.
And now the mounting sun dispels the fog;
The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam;
And hung on ev'ry spray, on ev'ry blade
Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.

Ah, see where robb'd, and murder'd, in
that pit

Lies the still heaving hive! at evening snatch'd,
Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,
And fix'd o'er sulphur: while, not dreaming ill,
The happy people, in their waxen cells,
Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes
Of temperance, for Winter poor; rejoiced
To mark, full-flowing round, their copious
stores.

Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends;
And, us'd to milder scents, the tender race,
By thousands, tumble from their honey'd domes
Convolv'd, and agonizing in the dust.
And was it then for this you roam'd the Spring,
Intent from flower to flower? for this you toil'd
Ceaseless the burning Summer-heats away?
For this in Autumn search'd the blooming waste,
Nor lost one sunny gleam? for this sad fate?
O man! tyrannic lord! how long, how long,
Shall prostrate Nature groan beneath your rage,
Awaiting renovation? When oblig'd,
Must you destroy? Of their ambrosial food
Can you not borrow; and, in just return,
Afford them shelter from the wintry winds;
Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own
Again regale them on some smiling day?
See where the stony bottom of their town
Looks desolate and wild; with here and there
A helpless number, who the ruin'd state
Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.
Thus a proud city, populous and rich,
Full of the works of peace, and high in joy,
At theatre or feast, or sunk in sleep,
(As late, Palermo, was thy fate) is seiz'd
By some dread earthquake, and convulsive hurl'd
Sheer from the black foundation, stench-involv'd,
Into a gulf of blue sulphureous flame.

Hence every harsher sight! for now the day,
O'er heaven and earth diffus'd, grows warm and
Infinite splendor! wide investing all. [high;
How still the breeze! save what the filmy threads
Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain.
How clear the cloudless sky! how deeply ting'd
With a peculiar blue! the ethereal arch
How swell'd immense! amid whose azure
thron'd,

The radiant sun how gay! how calm below
The gilded earth! the harvest-treasures all
Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,
Sure to the swain; the circling fence shut up;
And instant Winter's utmost rage defied:
While loose to festive joy, the country round
Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth,
Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-strung
youth,

By the quick sense of music taught alone,
Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.
Her every charm abroad, the village-toast,
Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,
Darts not unmeaning looks; and, where her eye
Points an approving smile, with double force
The cudgel rattles, and the wrestler twines.
Age too shines out; and, garrulous, recounts
The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice; nor think
That, with to-morrow's sun, their annual toil
Begins again the never-ceasing round.

Oh knew he but his happiness, of men
The happiest he! who, far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd,
Drinks the pure pleasures of the *Rural Life*.
What though the dome be wanting, whose proud
gate,

Each morning vomits out the sneaking crowd
Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd?
Vile intercourse! What though the glittering
Of every hue reflected light can give, [robe,
Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools! oppress him not?
What tho' from utmost land and sea purvey'd,
For him each rarer tributary life
Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
With luxury, and death? What tho' his bowl
Flames not with costly juice; nor sunk in beds,
Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,
Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state?
What tho' he knows not those fantastic joys,
That still amuse the wanton, still deceive;
A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;
Their hollow moments undelighted all?
Sure peace is his: a solid life, estrang'd
To disappointment, and fallacious hope:
Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the Spring,
When heaven descends in showers; or bends
the bough [beams;
When Summer reddens, and when Autumn
Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies
Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap:
These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;
Nor bleating mountains, nor the chide of
streams,

And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;
Nor aught beside of prospect, grove, or song,
Dim grottos, gleaming lakes, and fountains clear.
Here too dwells simple truth; plain innocence;
Unsullied beauty; sound unbroken youth
Patient of labor, with a little pleased;

Health ever-blooming; unambitious toil;
Calm contemplation and poetic ease.

Let others brave the flood in quest of gain,
And beat for joyless months the gloomy wave.
Let such as deem it glory to destroy,
Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek;
Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail,
The virgin's shriek, and th' infant's trembling cry.
Let some, far distant from their native soil,
Urg'd on by want, or harden'd avarice,
Find other lands beneath another sun.
Let this through cities work his eager way,
By legal outrage, and establish'd guile,
The social sense extinct; and that ferment
Mad into tumult the seditious herd,
Or melt them down to slavery. Let these
Insnare the wretched in the toils of law,
Fomenting discord, and perplexing right,
An iron race! and those of fairer front,
But equal inhumanity, in courts,
Delusive pomp, and dark cabals, delight;
Wreathe the deep bow, diffuse the lyng smile,
And tread the weary labyrinth of state.
While he, from all the stormy passions free
That restless men involve, hears, and but hears,
At distance safe, the human tempest roar,
Wrapt close in conscious peace. The fall of
kings,

The rage of nations, and the crush of states,
Move not the Man, who from the world escap'd,
In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,
To Nature's voice attends from month to month,
And day to day, through the revolving year;
Admiring, sees her in her every shape;
Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart;
Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of
more. [gems,

He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting
Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale
Into his freshen'd soul; her genial hours
He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,
And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.
In Summer he, beneath the living shade,
Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave,
Or Hemus cool, reads what the Muse, of these
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung;
Or what she dictates writes: and, oft an eye
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,
And tempts the sickled swain into the field,
Seiz'd by the gen'ral joy, his heart distends
With gentle throes; and thro' the tepid gleams
Deep musing, then he best exerts his song.
Even Winter wild to him is full of bliss;
The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,
Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,
Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,
Disclos'd, and kindled, by refining frost,
Pour ev'ry lustre on th' exalted eye.
A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,
And mark them down for wisdom. With swift
O'er land and sea imagination roams; [wing,
Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
Elates his being, and unfolds his powers;

Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.
The touch of kindred too and love he feels;
The modest eye, whose beams on his alone
Ecstatic shine; the little strong embrace
Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,
And emulous to please him, calling forth
The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,
Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns;
For happiness and true philosophy
Are of the social still, and smiling kind.
This is the life which those who fret in guilt,
And guilty cities, never knew; the life,
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
When angels dwelt, and God himself, with man.

Oh, *Nature!* all sufficient! over all!
Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works!
Snatch me to heaven; thy rolling wonders there,
World beyond world, in infinite extent,
Profusely scatter'd o'er the blue immense,
Show me; their motions, periods, and their laws,
Give me to scan; through the disclosing deep
Light my blind way; the mineral strata there;
Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world;
O'er that the rising system, more complex,
Of animals; and higher still, the mind,
The varied scene of quick-compounded thought,
And where the mixing passions endless shift;
These ever open to my ravish'd eye;
A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust!
But if to that unequal; if the blood,
In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid
That best ambition; under closing shades,
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
And whisper to my dreams. From *Thee* begin,
Dwell all on *Thee*, with *Thee* conclude my
song;

And let me never, never stray from *Thee*!

§ 119. *From the Shipwreck.* FALCONER.

Now, borne impetuous o'er the boiling deeps,
Her course to Attic shores the vessel keeps:
The pilots, as the waves behind her swell,
Still with the wheeling stern their force repel.
For this assault should either quarter feel,
Again to flank the tempest she might reel.
The steersmen every bidden turn apply;
To right and left the spokes alternate fly.
Thus when some conquer'd host retreats in fear,
The bravest leaders guard the broken rear;
Indignant they retire, and long oppose
Superior armies that around them close;
Still shield the flanks; the routed squadrons join;
And guide the flight in one embodied line:
So they direct the flying bark before
Th' impelling floods that lash her to the shore.
As some benighted traveller, through the shade,
Explores the devious path with heart dismay'd;
While prowling savages behind him roar,
And yawning pits and quagmires lurk before—
High o'er the poop the audacious seas aspire,
Uproll'd in hills of fluctuating fire.
As some fell conqueror, frantic with success,
Sheds o'er the nations ruin and distress;

So while the wat'ry wilderness he roams,
Incens'd to sevenfold rage the tempest foams;
And o'er the trembling pines, above, below,
Shrill through the cordage howls, with notes of
woe.

Now thunders, wafted from the burning zone,
Growl from afar, a deaf and hollow groan!
The ship's high battlements, to either side
For ever rocking, drink the briny tide:
Her joints unning'd, in palsied languors play,
As ice dissolves beneath the noon-tide ray.
The skies, asunder torn, a deluge pour;
The impetuous hail descends in whirling
shower.

High on the masts, with pale and livid rays,
Amid the gloom portentous meteors blaze.
Th' etherial dome, in mournful pomp array'd,
Now lurks behind impenetrable shade;
Now, flashing round intolerable light,
Redoubles all the terrors of the night.
Such terror Sinai's quaking hill o'erspread,
When heaven's loud trumpet sounded o'er his
head.

It seem'd, the wrathful angel of the wind
Had all the horrors of the skies combin'd;
And here to one ill-fated ship oppos'd,
At once the dreadful magazine disclos'd.
And lo! tremendous o'er the deep he springs,
Th' inflaming sulphur flashing from his wings!
Hark! his strong voice the dismal silence
breaks!

Mad chaos from the chains of death awakes!
Loud and more loud the rolling peals enlarge,
And blue on deck their blazing sides discharge:
There, all aghast, the shivering wretches stood,
While chill suspense and fear congeal'd their
blood.

Now in a deluge bursts the living flame,
And dread concussion rends th' etherial frame:
Sick earth convulsive groans from shore to
shore,

And nature shuddering feels the horrid roar.
Still the sad prospect rises on my sight,
Reveal'd in all its mournful shade and light.
Swift through my pulses glides the kindling fire,
As lightning glances on th' electric wire.
But ah! the force of numbers strives in vain,
The glowing scene unequal to sustain.

But lo! at last, from tenfold darkness born,
Forth issues o'er the wave the weeping morn.
Hail, sacred vision! who, on orient wing,
The cheering dawn of light propitious bring!
All nature smiling hail'd the vivid ray,
That gave her beauties to returning day:
All but our ship, that, groaning on the tide,
No kind relief, no gleam of hope descri'd.
For now in front, her trembling inmates see
The hills of Greece emerging on the lee.
So the lost lover views that fatal morn,
On which, for ever from his bosom torn,
The nymph ador'd resigns her blooming charms
To bless with love some happier rival's arms.
So to Eliza dawn'd that cruel day,
That tore Æneas from her arms away;

That saw him parting, never to return,
Herself in funeral flames decreed to burn.
O yet in clouds, though genial source of light,
Conceal thy radiant glories from our sight!
Go, with thy smile adorn the happy plain,
And gild the scenes where health and pleasure
reign;

But let not here, in scorn, thy wanton beam
Insult the dreadful grandeur of my theme!

While shoreward now the bounding vessel flies,
Full in her van St. George's cliffs arise:
High o'er the rest a pointed crag is seen,
That hung projecting o'er a mossy green.
Nearer and nearer now the danger grows,
And all their skill relentless fates oppose.
For, while more eastward they direct the prow,
Enormous waves the quivering deck o'erflow.
While, as she wheels, unable to subdue
Her sallies, still they dread her broaching-to.
Alarming thought! for now no more a-lee
Her riven side could bear th' invading sea;
And if the following surge she scuds before,
Headlong she runs upon the dreadful shore;
A shore where shelves and hidden rocks abound,
Where death in secret ambush lurks around.
Far less dismay'd, Anchises' wandering son
Was seen the straits of Sicily to shun;
When Palinurus, from the helm, descri'd
The rocks of Scylla on his eastern side;
While in the west, with hideous yawn disclos'd,
His onward path Charybdis' gulf oppos'd;
The double danger as by turns he view'd,
His wheeling bark her arduous track pursu'd.
Thus, while to right and left destruction lies,
Between th' extremes the daring vessel flies.
With boundless involution, bursting o'er
The marble cliffs, loud-dashing surges roar.
Hoarse through each winding creek the tempest
raves,

And hollow rocks repeat the groan of waves.
Destruction round th' insatiate coast prepares,
To crush the trembling ship, unnumber'd snares.
But haply now she 'scapes the fatal strand,
Though scarce ten fathoms distant from the land.
Swift as the weapon issuing from the bow,
She cleaves the burning waters with her prow;
And forward leaping with tumultuous haste,
As on the tempest's wing the isle she past.
With longing eyes, and agony of mind,
The sailors view this refuge left behind;
Happy to bribe with India's richest ore,
A safe accession to that barren shore!

When in the dark Peruvian mine confin'd,
Lost to the cheerful commerce of mankind,
The groaning captive wastes his life away,
For ever exil'd from the realms of day;
Not equal pangs his bosom agonize,
When far above the sacred light he eyes,
While, all forlorn, the victim pines in vain,
For scenes he never shall possess again.

But now Athenian mountains they descry,
And o'er the surge Colonna frowns on high.
Beside the cape's projecting verge is plac'd
A range of columns, long by time defac'd;

First planted by devotion to sustain,
In elder times, Tritonia's sacred fane.
Foams the wild beach below with madd'ning
rage, [wage,

Where waves and rocks a dreadful combat
The sickly heaven, fermenting with its freight,
Still vomits o'er the main the feverish weight:
And now, while wing'd with ruin from on high,
Through the rent cloud the ragged lightnings fly,
A flash, quick-glancing on the nerves of light,
Struck the pale helmsman with eternal night:
Rodmond, who heard a piteous groan behind,
Touch'd with compassion gaz'd upon the blind;
And while around his sad companions crowd,
He guides th' unhappy victim to the shroud.
Hie thee aloft, my gallant friend! he cries;
Thy only succour on the mast relies!
The helm, bereft of half its vital force,
Now scarce subdu'd the wild unbridled course:
Quick to th' abandon'd wheel Arion came,
The ship's tempestuous sallies to reclaim.
Amaz'd he saw her, o'er the sounding foam
Upborne, to right and left distracted roam.
So gaz'd young Phaeton, with pale dismay,
When mounted on the flaming car of day,
With rash and impious hand the stripling try'd
Th' immortal coursers of the sun to guide.—
The vessel, while the dread event draws nigh,
Seems more impatient o'er the waves to fly:
Fate spurs her on.—Thus issuing from afar,
Advances to the sun some blazing star;
And, as it feels th' attraction's kindling force,
Springs onward with accelerated course.

With mournful look the seamen ey'd the
strand,

Where death's inexorable jaws expand:
Swift from their minds elaps'd all dangers past,
As, dumb with terror, they beheld the last.
Now on the trembling shrouds, before, behind,
In mute suspense they mount into the wind.—
The Genius of the deep, on rapid wing,
The black eventful moment seem'd to bring.
The fatal sisters on the surge before,
Yok'd their infernal horses to the prore.—
The steersmen now receiv'd their last command
To wheel the vessel sidelong to the strand.
Twelve sailors, on the foremast who depend,
High on the platform of the top ascend;
Fatal retreat! for while the plunging prow
Immerges headlong in the wave below,
Down-press'd by wat'ry weight the bowsprit bends,
And from above the stem deep crashing rends.
Beneath her beak the floating ruins lie;
The foremast totters, unsustain'd on high:
And now the ship, fore-lifted by the sea,
Hurls the tall fabric backward o'er her lee,
While, in the general wreck, the faithful stay
Drags the main-topmast from its post away.
Flung from the mast, the seamen strive in vain
Through hostile floods their vessel to regain.
The waves they buffet, till, bereft of strength,
O'erpower'd they yield to cruel fate at length.
The hostile waters close around their head,
They sink for ever number'd with the dead!

Those who remain their fearful doom await,
Nor longer mourn their lost companions' fate.
The heart that bleeds with sorrows all its own,
Forgets the pangs of friendship to bemoan.—
Albert and Rodmond and Palemon here,
With young Arion, on the mast appear;
E'en they amid th' unspeakable distress,
In every look distracting thoughts confess;
In every vein the reflux blood congeals,
And every bosom fatal terror feels.
Enclos'd with all the demons of the main, [vain.
They view'd th' adjacent shore, but view'd in
Such torments in the drear abodes of hell,
Where sad despair laments with rueful yell,
Such torments agonize the damned breast,
While fancy views the mansions of the blest.
For Heaven's sweet help their suppliant cries
implore;

But Heaven, relentless, deigns to help no more!
And now, lash'd on by destiny severe,
With horror fraught, the dreadful scene drew
near!—

The ship hangs hovering on the verge of death,
Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar be-
neath!—

In vain, alas! the sacred shades of yore
Would arm the mind with philosophic lore;
In vain they'd teach us, at the latest breath,
To smile serene amid the pangs of death.
E'en Zeno's self, and Epictetus old,
This fell abyss had shudder'd to behold.
Had Socrates, for godlike virtue fam'd,
And wisest of the sons of men proclaim'd,
Beheld this scene of phrensy and distress,
His soul had trembled to its last recess!—
O yet confirm my heart, ye powers above,
This last tremendous shock of fate to prove;
The tottering frame of reason yet sustain,
Nor let this total ruin whirl my brain!

In vain the cords and axes were prepar'd,
For now the audacious seas insult the yard;
High o'er the ship they throw a horrid shade,
And o'er her burst, in terrible cascade.
Uplifted on the surge, to heaven she flies,
Her shatter'd top half buried in the skies.
Then headlong plunging thunders on the ground;
Earth groans! air trembles! and the deeps re-
sound!

Her giant bulk the dread concussion feels,
And, quivering with the wound, in torment reels.
So reels, convuls'd with agonizing throes,
The bleeding bull beneath the murd'rer's blows.
Again she plunges! hark! a second shock
Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock!
Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries,
The fated victims shuddering roll their eyes
In wild despair! while yet another stroke,
With deep convulsion, rends the solid oak:
Till like the mine, in whose infernal cell
The lurking demons of destruction dwell,
At length asunder torn her frame divides,
And crashing spreads in ruin o'er the tides.

O were it mine with tuneful Maro's art
To wake to sympathy the feeling heart,

Like him the smooth and mournful verse to dress
In all the pomp of exquisite distress !
Then, too severely taught by cruel fate,
To share in all the perils I relate,
Then might I with unrivall'd strains deplore
The impervious horrors of a leeward shore.

As o'er the surge the stooping mainmast hung,
Still on the rigging thirty seamen clung :
Some, struggling, on a broken crag were cast,
And there by oozy tangles grappled fast :
Awhile they bore o'erwhelming billows' rage,
Unequal combat with their fate to wage ;
Till all benumb'd and feeble they forego
Their slippery hold, and sink to shades below.
Some, from the main-yard-arm impetuous
On marble ridges, die without a groan. [thrown
Three with Palemon on their skill depend,
And from the wreck on oars and rafts descend.
Now on the mountain-wave on high they ride,
Then downward plunge beneath the involving
Till one, who seems in agony to strive, [tide,
The whirling breakers heave on shore alive ;
The rest a speedier end of anguish knew,
And press'd the stony beach, a lifeless crew !

Next, O unhappy chief ! the eternal doom
Of Heaven decreed thee to the briny tomb !
What scenes of misery torment thy view !
What painful struggles of thy dying crew !
Thy perish'd hopes all buried in the flood,
O'erspread with corpses, red with human blood !
So pierc'd with anguish hoary Priam gaz'd,
When Troy's imperial domes in ruin blaz'd ;
While he, severest sorrow doom'd to feel,
Expir'd beneath the victor's murdering steel.
Thus with his helpless partners till the last,
Sad refuge ! Albert hugs the floating mast ;
His soul could yet sustain the mortal blow,
But droops, alas ! beneath superior woe :
For now soft nature's sympathetic chain
Tugs at his yearning heart with powerful strain ;
His faithful wife for ever doom'd to mourn
For him, alas ! who never shall return ;
To black adversity's approach expos'd,
With want and hardships unforeseen enclos'd :
His lovely daughter left without a friend,
Her innocence to succour and defend ;
By youth and indigence set forth a prey
To lawless guilt, that flatters to betray—
While these reflections rack his feeling mind,
Rodmond, who hung beside, his grasp resign'd ;
And, as the tumbling waters o'er him roll'd,
His outstretch'd arms the master's legs enfold.
Sad Albert feels his dissolution near,
And strives in vain his fetter'd limbs to clear ;
For death bids every clinching joint adhere.
All faint, to heaven he throws his dying eyes,
And, " O protect my wife and child ! " he cries :
The gushing streams roll back th' unfinished
sound !

He gasps, he dies, and tumbles to the ground !

Five only left of all the perish'd throng,
Yet ride the pine which shoreward drives along ;
With these Arion still his hold secures,
And all the assaults of hostile waves endures.

O'er the dire prospect as for life he strives,
He looks if poor Palemon yet survives.
Ah wherefore, trusting to unequal art,
Didst thou, incautious, from the wreck depart ?
Alas ! these rocks all human skill defy,
Who strikes them once beyond relief must die ;
And now, sore wounded, thou perhaps art lost
On these, or in some oozy cavern lost.
Thus thought Arion, anxious gazing round
In vain, his eyes no more Palemon found.
The demons of destruction hover nigh,
And thick their mortal shafts commission'd fly.
And now a breaking surge, with forceful sway,
Two next Arion furious tears away.
Hurl'd on the crags, behold, they gasp, they bleed !
And, groaning, cling upon th' elusive weed !
Another billow bursts in boundless roar !
Arion sinks ! and Memory views no more !

Ha ! total night and horror here preside !
My stunn'd ear tingles to the whizzing tide !
It is the funeral knell ! and gliding near,
Methinks the phantoms of the dead appear !

But lo ! emerging from the watery grave,
Again they float incumbent on the wave !
Again the dismal prospect opens round,
The wreck, the shores, the dying, and the
drown'd !

And see ! enfeebled by repeated shocks,
Those two who scramble on the adjacent rocks,
Their faithless hold no longer can retain,
They sink o'erwhelm'd and never rise again !

Two with Arion yet the mast upbore,
That now above the ridges reach'd the shore :
Still trembling to descend, they downward gaze,
With horror pale, and torpid with amaze ;
The floods recoil ! the ground appears below !
And life's faint embers now rekindling glow :
Awhile they wait th' exhausted waves' retreat,
Then climb slow up the beach with hands and
feet.

O Heaven ! deliver'd by whose sovereign hand,
Still on the brink of hell they shuddering stand,
Receive the languid incense they bestow,
That damp with death appears not yet to glow.
To thee each soul the warm oblation pays,
With trembling ardor of unequal praise ;
In every heart dismay with wonder strives,
And Hope the sicken'd spark of life revives ;
Her magic powers their exil'd health restore,
Till horror and despair are felt no more.

A troop of Grecians who inhabit nigh,
And oft these perils of the deep descry,
Rous'd by the blustering tempest of the night,
Anxious had climb'd Colonna's neighbouring
height ;

When gazing downward on th' adjacent flood,
Full to their view the scene of ruin stood ;
The surf with mangled bodies strew'd around,
And those yet breathing on the sea-wash'd
ground !

Though lost to science and the nobler arts,
Yet nature's lore inform'd their feeling hearts ;
Straight down the vale with hastening steps they
Th' unhappy sufferers to assist and guide. [hied,

Meanwhile those three escap'd beneath ex-
 plore [shore:
 The first advent'rous youth who reach'd the
 Panting, with eyes averted from the day,
 Prone, helpless, on the tangly beach he lay—
 It is Palemon:—oh! what tumults roll
 With hope and terror in Arion's soul!
 If yet unhurt he lives again to view
 His friend and this sole remnant of our crew!
 With us to travel through this foreign zone,
 And share the future good or ill unknown.
 Arion thus; but ah, sad doom of fate!
 That bleeding Memory sorrows to relate,
 While yet afloat on some resisting rock,
 His ribs were dash'd and fractur'd with the
 shock: [ray'd,
 Heart-piercing sight! those cheeks so late ar-
 In beauty's bloom, are pale with mortal shade!
 Distilling blood his lovely breast o'erspread,
 And clogg'd the golden tresses of his head!
 Nor yet the lungs by this pernicious stroke
 Were wounded, or the vocal organs broke.
 Down from his neck, with blazing gems array'd,
 Thy image, lovely Anna, hung portray'd;
 Th' unconscious figure smiling all serene,
 Suspended in a golden chain was seen.
 Hadst thou, soft maiden, in this hour of woe,
 Beheld him writhing from the deadly blow,
 What force of art, what language could express
 Thine agony? thine exquisite distress?
 But thou, alas! art doom'd to weep in vain
 For him thine eyes shall never see again!
 With dumb amazement pale, Arion gaz'd,
 And cautiously the wounded youth uprais'd;
 Palemon then, with cruel pangs oppress,
 In faltering accents thus his friend address'd:
 "O rescued from destruction late so nigh,
 "Beneath whose fatal influence doom'd I lie:
 "Are we then exil'd to this last retreat
 "Of life, unhappy! thus decreed to meet?
 "Ah! how unlike what yester-morn enjoy'd,
 "Enchanting hopes, for ever now destroy'd!
 "For wounded far beyond all healing power,
 "Palemon dies, and this his final hour;
 "By those fell breakers, where in vain I strove,
 "At once cut off from fortune, life, and love!
 "Far other scenes must soon present my sight,
 "That lie deep-buried yet in tenfold night.
 "Ah! wretched father of a wretched son,
 "Whom thy paternal prudence has undone!
 "How will remembrance of this blinded care
 "Bend down thy head with anguish and
 "despair!
 "Such dire effects from avarice arise,
 "That, deaf to nature's voice, and vainly wise,
 "With force severe endeavours to control
 "The noblest passions that inspire the soul.
 "But O, thou sacred Power! whose law con-
 "nects
 "Th' eternal chain of causes and effects,
 "Let not thy chastening ministers of rage
 "Afflict with sharp remorse his feeble age!
 "And you, Arion! who with these the last
 "Of all our crew survive the shipwreck past—

"Ah! cease to mourn! those friendly tears re-
 "strain!
 "Nor give my dying moments keener pain!
 "Since heaven may soon thy wandering steps
 "restore, [shore;
 "When parted hence, to England's distant
 "Shouldst thou, th' unwilling messenger of fate,
 "To him the tragic story first relate,
 "Oh! friendship's generous ardor then suppress!
 "Nor hint the fatal cause of my distress;
 "Nor let each horrid incident sustain
 "The lengthen'd tale to aggravate his pain.
 "Ah! then remember well my last request
 "For her who reigns for ever in my breast;
 "Yet let him prove a father and a friend,
 "The helpless maid to succour and defend.
 "Say, I this suit implor'd with parting breath,
 "So heaven befriending him at his hour of
 "death!
 "But oh! to lovely Anna shouldst thou tell
 "What dire untimely end thy friend befel,
 "Draw o'er the dismal scene soft pity's veil,
 "And lightly touch the lamentable tale:
 "Say that my love, inviolably true,
 "No change, no diminution ever knew.
 "Lo! her bright image, pendent on my neck,
 "Is all Palemon rescu'd from the wreck;
 "Take it, and say, when panting in the wave,
 "I struggled, life and this alone to save!
 "My soul that fluttering hastens to be free,
 "Would yet a train of thoughts impart to
 "thee,
 "But strives in vain!—the chilling ice of death
 "Congeals my blood, and chokes the stream of
 "breath:
 "Resign'd she quits her comfortless abode,
 "To course that long, unknown, eternal road.
 "O sacred source of ever-living light!
 "Conduct the weary wanderer in her flight!
 "Direct her onward to that peaceful shore,
 "Where peril, pain, and death, are felt no
 "more! [hear,
 "When thou some tale of hapless love shalt
 "That steals from pity's eye the melting tear,
 "Of two chaste hearts, by mutual passion
 "join'd,
 "To absence, sorrow, and despair, consign'd;
 "Oh! then, to swell the tides of social woe,
 "That heal th' afflicted bosom they o'erflow,
 "While Memory dictates, this sad shipwreck
 "tell,
 "And what distress thy wretched friend befel!
 "Then, while in streams of soft compassion
 "drown'd,
 "The swains lament, and maidens weep around;
 "While lisping children, touch'd with infant
 "fear, [tear;
 "With wonder gaze, and drop th' unconscious
 "Oh! then this moral bid their souls retain,
 "All thoughts of happiness on earth are vain."
 The last faint accents trembled on his tongue,
 That now inactive to the palate clung;
 His bosom heaves a mortal groan—he dies!
 And shades eternal sink upon his eyes!

As thus defac'd in death Palemon lay,
Arion gaz'd upon the lifeless clay;
Transfix'd he stood, with awful terror fill'd,
While down his cheek the silent drops distill'd.

Oh, ill-starr'd vot'ry of unspotted truth!
Untimely perish'd in the bloom of youth,
Should e'er thy friend arrive on Albion's land,
He will obey, though painful, thy command:
His tongue the dreadful story shall display,
And all the horrors of this dismal day!
Disastrous day! what ruin hast thou bred!
What anguish to the living and the dead!
How hast thou left the widow all forlorn,
And ever doom'd the orphan child to mourn,
Through life's sad journey hopeless to complain!
Can sacred Justice these events ordain?
But, O my soul! avoid that wondrous maze,
Where, reason, lost in endless error, strays!
As through this thorny vale of life we run,
Great Cause of all effects, "thy will be done!"

Now had the Grecians on the beach arriv'd,
To aid the helpless few who yet surviv'd:
While passing they behold the waves o'erspread
With shatter'd rafts and corpses of the dead,
Three still alive, benumb'd and faint they find,
In mournful silence on a rock reclin'd.
The generous natives, mov'd with social pain,
The feeble strangers in their arms sustain;
With pitying sighs their hapless lot deplore,
And lead them trembling from the fatal shore.

§ 120. *Lewesdon Hill.* CROWE.

Up to thy summit, Lewesdon, to the brow
Of yon proud rising, where the lonely thorn
Bends from the rude South-east with top cut
sheer

By his keen breath, along the narrow track,
By which the scanty-pastured sheep ascend
Up to thy furze-clad summit, let me climb,—
My morning exercise,—and thence look round
Upon the variegated scene, of hills
And woods and fruitful vales, and villages
Half hid in tufted orchards, and the sea
Boundless, and studded thick with many a sail.

Ye dew-fed vapors, nightly balm, exhaled
From earth, young herbs and flowers, that in the
Ascend as incense to the Lord of day, [morn
I come to breathe your odors; while they float
Yet near this surface, let me walk embathed
In your invisible perfumes, to health
So friendly, nor less grateful to the mind,
Administering sweet peace and cheerfulness.

How chang'd is thy appearance, beauteous
hill!

Thou hast put off thy wintry garb, brown heath
And russet fern, thy seemly-coloured cloak
To bide the hoary frosts and dripping rains
Of chill December, and art gaily robed
In livery of the spring: upon thy brow
A cap of flowery hawthorn, and thy neck
Mantled with new-sprung furze and spangles
thick

Of golden bloom: nor lack thee tufted woods
Adown thy sides: tall oaks of lusty green,

The darker fir, light ash, and the nesh tops
Of the young hazel join, to form thy skirts
In many a wavy fold of verdant wreath:—
So gorgeously hath Nature drest thee up
Against the birth of May: and, vested so,
Thou dost appear more gracefully array'd
Than fashion-mongering fops, whose gaudy
Fantastical as are a sick man's dreams, [shows,
From vanity to costly vanity
Change oft than the moon. Thy comely dress,
From sad to gay returning with the year,
Shall grace thee still till Nature's self shall
change.

These are the beauties of thy woodland scene
At each return of spring: yet some delight
Rather to view the change; and fondly gaze
On fading colours, and the thousand tints
Which Autumn lays upon the varying leaf:
I like them not, for all their boasted hues
Are kin to Sickliness; mortal decay
Is drinking up their vital juice; that gone,
They turn to sear and yellow. Should I praise
Such false complexions, and for beauty take
A look consumption-bred? As soon, if gray
Were mixt in young Louisa's tresses brown,
I'd call it beautiful variety,
And therefore doat on her. Yet I can spy
A beauty in that fruitful change, when comes
The yellow Autumn, and the hopes o' the year
Brings on to golden ripeness; nor dispraise
The pure and spotless form of that sharp time,
When January spreads a pall of snow
O'er the dead face of th' undistinguish'd earth.
Then stand I in the hollow comb beneath,
And bless this friendly mount, that weather-
fends

My reed-roof'd cottage, while the wintry blast
From the thick north comes howling: till the
Spring

Return, who leads my devious steps abroad,
To climb, as now, to Lewesdon's airy top.
Above the noise and stir of yonder fields
Uplifted, on this height I feel the mind
Expand itself in wider liberty.

The distant sounds break gently on my sense,
Soothing to meditation: so methinks,
Even so, sequester'd from the noisy world,
Could I wear out this transitory being
In peaceful contemplation and calm ease.
But conscience, which still censures on our acts,
That awful voice within us, and the sense
Of an hereafter, wake and rouse us up
From such unshaped retirement; which were
A blest condition on this earthy stage. [else
For who would make his life a life of toil
For wealth, o'erbalanced with a thousand cares;
Or power, which base compliance must uphold;
Or honour, lavish'd most on courtly slaves;
Or fame, vain breath of a misjudging world;
Who for such perishable gaudes would put
A yoke upon his free unbroken spirit,
And gall himself with trammels and the rubs
Of this world's business; so he might stand clear
Of judgment and the tax of idleness

In that dread audit, when his mortal hours
(Which now with soft and silent stealth pace by)
Must all be counted for? But, for this fear,
And to remove, according to our power,
The wants and evils of our brother's state,
'Tis meet we juggle with the world; content,
If by our sovereign Master we be found
At last not profitless: for worldly meed,
Given or withheld, I deem of it alike.

From this proud eminence on all sides round
Th' unbroken prospect opens to my view,
On all sides large; save only where the head
Of Pillesdon rises, Pillesdon's lofty Pen:
So call (still rendering to his ancient name
Observance due) that rival height south-west,
Which like a rampire bounds the vale beneath.
There woods, there blooming orchards, there
are seen

Herds ranging, or at rest beneath the shade
Of some wide-branching oak; there goodly fields
Of corn, and verdant pasture, whence the kine
Returning with their milky treasure home
Store the rich dairy: such fair plenty fills
The pleasant vale of Marshwood, pleasant now,
Since that the Spring has deck'd anew the meads
With flowery vesture, and the warmer sun
Their foggy moistness drain'd; in wintry days
Cold, vapourish, miry, wet, and to the flocks
Unfriendly, when autumnal rains begin
To drench the spongy turf: but e'er that time
The careful shepherd moves to healthier soil,
Rechasing, lest his tender ewes should coath*
In the dank pasturage. Yet not the fields
Of *Evesham*, nor that ample valley named
Of the *White Horse*, its antique monument
Carved in the chalky bourne, for beauty and
wealth

Might equal, though surpassing in extent,
This fertile vale, in length from Lewesdon's base
Extended to the sea, and water'd well
By many a rill; but chief with thy clear stream,
Thou nameless rivulet, who, from the side
Of Lewesdon softly welling forth, dost trip
Adown the valley, wandering sportively.
Alas, how soon thy little course will end!
How soon thy infant stream shall lose itself
In the salt mass of waters, ere it grow
To name or greatness! yet it flows along
Untainted with the commerce of the world,
Nor passing by the noisy haunts of men;
But through sequester'd meads, a little space,
Winds secretly, and in its wanton path
May cheer some drooping flower, or minister
Of its cool water to the thirsty lamb:
Then falls into the ravenous sea, as pure
As when it issued from its native hill.

So to thine early grave didst thou run on,
Spotless Francesca, so, after short course,
Thine innocent and playful infancy
Was swallowed up in death, and thy pure spirit
In that illimitable gulf which bounds
Our mortal continent. But not there lost,

Not there extinguish'd, as some falsely teach,
Who can talk much and learnedly of life,
Who know our frame and fashion, who can tell
The substance and the properties of man,
As they had seen him made,—aye and stood by
Spies on Heaven's work. They also can discourse
Wisely, to prove that what must be must be,
And show how thoughts are jogg'd out of the
By a mechanical impulse; pushing on [brain
The minds of us, poor unaccountables,
To fatal resolution. Know they not,
That in this mortal life, whate'er it be,
We take the path that leads to good or evil,
And therein find our bliss or misery?
And this includes all reasonable ends
Of knowledge or of being; farther to go
Is toil unprofitable, and th' effect
Most perilous wandering. Yet if this be sure;
Where freedom is not, there no virtue is:
If there be none, this world is all a cheat,
And the divine stability of heaven
(That assured seat for good men after death)
Is but a transient cloud, display'd so fair
To cherish virtuous hope, but at our need
Eludes the sense, and fools our honest faith,
Vanishing in a lie. If this be so,
Were it not better to be born a beast,
Only to feel what is, and thus to 'scape
The aguish fear that shakes the afflicted breast
With sore anxiety of what shall be—
And all for naught? since our most wicked act
Is not our sin, and our religious awe
Delusion, if that strong Necessity
Chains up our will. But that the mind is free,
The mind herself, best judge of her own state,
Is feelingly convinced; nor to be moved
By subtle words, that may perplex the head,
But ne'er persuade the heart. Vain argument,
That with false weapons of philosophy
Fights against hope, and sense, and nature's
strength!

See how the sun, here clouded, afar off
Pours down the golden radiance of his light
Upon the enridged sea; where the black ship
Sails on the phosphor-seeming waves. So fair,
But falsely-flattering, was yon surface calm,
When forth for India sail'd, in evil time,
That vessel, whose disastrous fate, when told,
Fill'd every breast with horror, and each eye
With piteous tears, so cruel was the loss.†
Methinks I see her, as, by the wintry storm
Shatter'd and driven along past yonder Isle,
She strove, her latest hope, by strength or art,
To gain the port within it, or at worst
To shun that harbourless and hollow coast
From Portland eastward to the promontory,
Where still St. Alban's high built chapel stands.
But art nor strength avail her—on she drives,
In storm and darkness to the fatal coast; [cliffs
And there 'mong rocks and high-o'ercharging
Dash'd piteously, with all her precious freight
Was lost, by Neptune's wild and foamy jaws

* To coath, signifies to faint.

† The *Halswell*.

Swallow'd up quick! The richest-laden ship
Of spicy Ternate, or that annual, sent
To the Philippines o'er the southern main
From Acapulco, carrying massy gold, [youth,
Were poor to this;—freighted with hopeful
And beauty, and high courage undismayed
By mortal terrors, and paternal love
Strong, and unconquerable even in death—
Alas, they perish'd all, all in one hour!

Now yonder high-way view, wide-beaten,
bare [track
With ceaseless tread of men and beasts, and
Of many indenting wheels, heavy and light,
That violently rush with unsafe speed,
Or slowly turn, oft-resting, up the steep.
Mark how that road, with mazes serpentine,
From Shipton's bottom to the lofty down
Winds like a path of pleasure, drawn by art
Through park or flowery garden for delight,
Nor less delightful this—if, while he mounts
Not wearied, the free journeyer will pause
To view the prospect oft, as oft to see
Beauty still changing: yet not so contrived
By fancy, or choice, but of necessity,
By soft gradations of ascent to lead
The laboring and way-worn feet along,
And make their toil less toilsome. Half way up,
Or nearer to the top, behold a cot,
O'er which the branchy trees, those sycamores,
Wave gently: at their roots a rustic bench
Invites to short refreshment, and to taste
What grateful beverage the house may yield
After fatigue, or dusty heat; thence call'd
The Traveller's Rest. Welcome, embower'd
Friendly repose to the slow passenger [seat,
Ascending, ere he takes his sultry way
Along th' interminable road, stretch'd out
Over th' unshelter'd down; or when at last
He has that hard and solitary path
Measur'd by painful steps. And blest are they,
Who in life's toilsome journey may make pause
After a march of glory: yet not such
As rise in causeless war, troubling the world
By their mad quarrel, and in fields of blood
Hail'd victors, thence renown'd, and call'd on
earth

Kings, heroes, demi-gods, but in high heaven
Thieves, ruffians, murderers; these find no re-
Thee rather, patriot conqueror, to thee [pose:
Belongs such rest; who in the western world,
Thine own deliver'd country, for thyself
Hast planted an immortal grove, and there
Upon the glorious mount of Liberty
Reposing, sitt'st beneath the palmy shade.

* * * * *
But what is yonder hill, whose dusky brow
Wears, like a regal diadem, the round
Of ancient battlements and ramparts high,
And frowns upon the vales? I know thee not—
Thou hast no name, no honorable note,
No chronicle of all thy warlike pride,
To testify what once thou wert, how great,
How glorious, and how fear'd. So perish all,
Who seek their greatness in dominion held

Over their fellows, or the pomp of war,
And be as thou forgotten, and their fame
Cancell'd like thine! But thee in aftertimes
Reclaim'd to culture, shepherds visited,
And call'd thee Orgarston; so thee they call'd
Of Orgar, Saxon earl, the wealthy sire
Of fair Elfrida; she, whose happy bard
Has with his gentle witchery so wrought
Upon our sense, that we can see no more
Her mad ambition, treacherous cruelty,
And purple robes of state with royal blood
Inhospitably stain'd; but in their place
Pure faith, soft manners, filial duty meek,
Connubial love, and stoles of saintly white.

Sure 'tis all false what poets fondly tell
Of rural innocence and village-love;
Else had thy simple annals, Nethercombe,
Who bosom'd in the vale below dost look
This morn so cheerful, been unstain'd with
crimes,

Which the pale rustic shudders to relate.
There liv'd, the blessing of her father's age,—
I fable not, nor will with fabled names
Varnish a melancholy tale all true,—
A lowly maid; lowly, but like that flower,
Which grows in lowly place, and thence has
Lily o' the vale, within her parent leaves [name,
As in retreat she lives; yet fair and sweet
Above the gaudiest blooms, that flaunt abroad,
And play with every wanton breath of heaven.
Thus innocent, her beauties caught the eye
Of a young villager, whose vows of love
Soon won her easy faith: her sire meantime,
Alas! nor knowing nor suspecting aught,
Till that her shape, erewhile so graceful seen,
(Dian first rising after change was not
More delicate) betrayed her secret act,
And grew to guilty fulness: then farewell
Her maiden dignity, and comely pride,
And virtuous reputation. But this loss
Worse follow'd, loss of shame, and wilful wreck
Of what was left her yet of good, or fair,
Or decent: now her meek and gentle voice
To petulant turn'd; her simply neat attire
To sluttish tawdry: her once timid eye
Grew fix'd, and parley'd wantonly with those
It look'd on. Change detestable! for she,
Erewhile the light of her fond father's house,
Became a grievous darkness: but his heart
Endured not long; all in despair he went
Into the chambers of the grave, to seek
A comfortless repose from sorrow and shame.
What then befel this daughter desolate?
For he, the partner of her earliest fault,
Had left her, false perhaps, or in dislike
Of her light carriage. What could then befall,
What else, but of her self-injurious life
The too sad penance—hopeless penury,
Loathsome disease unpitied, and thereto
The brand of all-avoided infamy
Set on her, like the fearful token o'er
A plague-infested house:—at length to death
Impatient and distract she made bold way.

* * * * *

How is it vanish'd in a hasty spleen,
The Tor of Glastonbury! Even but now
I saw the hoary pile cresting the top
Of that north-western hill; and in this now
A cloud hath past on it, and its dim bulk
Becomes annihilate, or if not, a spot
Which the strain'd vision tires itself to find.

And even so fares it with the things of earth
Which seem most constant: there will come the
cloud

That shall infold them up, and leave their place
A seat for Emptiness. Our narrow ken
Reaches too far, when all that we behold
Is but the havoc of wide-wasting Time,
Or what he soon shall spoil. His outspread wings
(Which bear him like an eagle o'er the earth)
Are plumed in front so downy soft, they seem
To foster what they touch, and mortal fools
Rejoice beneath their hovering: woe the while!
For in that indefatigable flight
The multitudinous strokes incessantly
Bruise all beneath their cope, and mark on all
His secret injury; on the front of man
Gray hairs and wrinkles; still as Time speeds on
Hard and more hard his iron pennons beat
With ceaseless violence; nor overpass,
Till all the creatures of this nether world
Are one wide quarry: following dark behind,
The cormorant Oblivion swallows up
The carcasses that Time has made his prey.

But hark! the village clock strikes nine—the
Merrily follow, tuneful to the sense [chimes
Of the pleased clown attentive, while they make
False-measured melody on crazy bells.
O wondrous power of modulated sound!
Which like the air (whose all-obedient shape
Thou mak'st thy slave) canst subtly pervade
The yielded avenues of sense, unlock
The close affections, by some fairy path
Winning an easy way through every ear,
And with thine unsubstantial quality
Holding in mighty chains the hearts of all;
All, but some cold and sullen-temper'd spirits,
Who feel no touch of sympathy or love.

Yet what is music, and the blended power
Of voice with instruments of wind and string?
What but an empty pageant of sweet noise?
'Tis past: and all that it has left behind
Is but an echo dwelling in the ear
Of the toy-taken fancy, and beside,
A void and countless hour in life's brief day.

But ill accords my verse with the delights
Of this gay month:—and see the villagers
Assembling jocund in their best attire
To grace this genial morn. Now I descend
To join the worldly crowd; perchance to talk,
To think, to act as they: then all these thoughts
That lift th' expanded heart above this spot
To heavenly musing, these shall pass away
(Even as this goodly prospect from my view)
Hidden by near and earthy-rooted cares.

So passeth human life—our better mind
Is as a Sunday's garment, then put on
When we have naught to do; but at our work
We wear a worse for thrift. Of this enough:
To-morrow for severer thought; but now
To breakfast, and keep festival to-day.

§ 121. *The Last Minstrel.*

(From the Lay of the Last Minstrel.)

SCOTT.

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek, and tresses gray,
Seemed to have known a better day;
The harp his sole remaining joy
Was carried by an orphan boy;
The last of all the Bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry.
For well-a-day! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead;
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them, and at rest.
No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
He carolled, light as lark at morn;
No longer courted and caressed,
High-placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay;
Old times were changed, old manners gone,
A stranger filled the Stuart's throne;
The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime.
A wandering Harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door;
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp, a king had loved to hear.

He passed where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower:
The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye—
No humbler resting place was nigh.
With hesitating step, at last,
The embattled portal-arch he passed,
Whose ponderous grate and massy bar
Had oft rolled back the tide of war,
But never closed the iron door
Against the desolate and poor.
The duchess* marked his weary pace,
His timid mien, and reverend face,
And bade her page the menials tell,
That they should tend the old man well:
For she had known adversity,
Though born in such a high degree;
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb!

When kindness had his wants supplied,
And the old man was gratified,
Began to rise his minstrel pride:

* Anne, duchess of Buccleugh and Monmouth, representative of the ancient lords of Buccleugh, and widow of the unfortunate James, duke of Monmouth, who was beheaded in 1685.

And he began to talk anon,
Of good earl Francis,* dead and gone,
And of earl Walter,† rest him God!
A braver ne'er to battle rode:
And how, full many a tale he knew,
Of the old warriors of Buccleugh;
And, would the noble duchess deign
To listen to an old man's strain,
Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak,
He thought even yet, the sooth to speak,
That, if she loved the harp to hear,
He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtained;
The aged minstrel audience gained.
But, when he reached the room of state,
Where she, with all her ladies, sate,
Perchance he wished his boon denied:
For, when to tune his harp he tried,
His trembling hand had lost the ease,
Which marks security to please;
And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,
Came wildering o'er his aged brain—
He tried to tune his harp in vain.
The pitying duchess praised its chime,
And gave him heart, and gave him time,
Till every string's according glee
Was blended into harmony.
And then, he said, he would full fain
He could recal an ancient strain,
He never thought to sing again.
It was not framed for village churls,
But for high dames and mighty earls;
He had played it to King Charles the Good,
When he kept court in Holyrood;
And much he wished, yet feared, to try
The long forgotten melody.

Amid the strings his fingers strayed,
And an uncertain warbling made,
And oft he shook his hoary head.
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face, and smiled;
And lightened up his faded eye,
With all a poet's ecstasy!
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along:
The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot:
Cold diffidence, and age's frost,
In the full tide of song were lost;
Each blank, in faithless memory void,
The poet's glowing thought supplied;
And, while his harp responsive rung,
'Twas thus the Latest Minstrel sung.

* * * * *

§ 122. *Melrose Abbey, and the Charm of the Wizard, Michael Scott.*

(From the Same.)

I.

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moon-light;

* Francis Scott, earl of Buccleugh, father of the duchess.

† Walter, earl of Buccleugh, grandfather of the duchess, and a celebrated warrior.

‡ *Aventayle*, visor of the helmet.

For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St. David's ruined pile;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair!

II.

Short halt did Deloraine make there;
Little recked he of the scene so fair.
With dagger's hilt, on the wicket strong,
He struck full loud, and struck full long.
The porter hurried to the gate—
“Who knocks so loud, and knocks so late?”
“From Branksome I,” the warrior cried;
And straight the wicket opened wide:
For Branksome's chiefs had in battle stood,
To fence the rights of fair Melrose;
And lands and livings, many a rood,
Had gifted the shrine for their souls' repose.

III.

Bold Deloraine his errand said;
The porter bent his humble head;
With torch in hand, and feet unshod,
And noiseless step, the path he trode:
The arched cloisters, far and wide,
Rang to the warrior's clanking stride;
Till, stooping low his lofty crest,
He entered the cell of the ancient priest,
And lifted his barred aventayle,‡
To hail the Monk of St. Mary's aisle.

IV.

“The ladye of Branksome greets thee by me;
Says, that the fated hour is come,
And that to-night I shall watch with thee,
To win the treasure of the tomb.”—
From sackcloth couch the monk arose,
With toil his stiffened limbs he reared;
A hundred years had flung their snows
On his thin locks and floating beard.

V.

And strangely on the knight looked he,
And his blue eyes gleamed wild and wide;
“And dar'st thou, warrior! seek to see
What heaven and hell alike would hide?
My breast, in belt of iron pent,
With shirt of hair and scourge of thorn,
For threescore years, in penance spent,
My knees those flinty stones have worn;

Yet all too little to atone
 For knowing what should ne'er be known :
 Wouldst thou thy every future year
 In ceaseless prayer and penance dree,
 Yet wait thy latter end with fear—
 Then, daring warrior, follow me !”

VI.

“ Penance, father, will I none ;
 Prayer know I hardly one ;
 For mass or prayer can I rarely tarry,
 Save to patter an Ave Mary,
 When I ride on a border foray ;
 Other prayer can I none ;
 So speed me my errand, and let me begone.”—

VII.

Again on the knight looked the churchman old,
 And again he sighed heavily ;
 For he had himself been a warrior bold,
 And fought in Spain and Italy ;
 And he thought on the days that were long
 since by, [high:—
 When his limbs were strong and his courage was
 Now, slow and faint, he led the way
 Where, cloistered round, the garden lay ;
 The pillar'd arches were over their head,
 And beneath their feet were the bones of the dead.

VIII.

Spreading herbs, and flowerets bright,
 Glistened with the dew of night ;
 Nor herb, nor floweret, glistened there,
 But was carved in the cloister-arches as fair.
 The monk gazed long on the lovely moon,
 Then into the night he looked forth ;
 And red and bright the streamers light
 Were dancing in the glowing north.
 So had he seen, in fair Castile,
 The youth in glittering squadrons start ;
 Sudden the flying jennet wheel,
 And hurl the unexpected dart.
 He knew, by the streamers that shot so bright,
 That spirits were riding the northern light.

IX.

By a steel-clenched postern door,
 They entered now the chancel tall ;
 The darkened roof rose high aloof
 On pillars, lofty, and light, and small ;
 The key-stone, that locked each ribbed aisle,
 Was a fleur-de-lys, or a quatre-feuille ;
 The corbells * were carved grotesque and grim ;
 And the pillars with clustered shafts so trim,
 With base and with capital flourished around,
 Seemed bundles of lances which garlands had
 bound.

X.

Full many a scutcheon and banner, riven,
 Shook to the cold night-wind of heaven,

Around the screened altar's pale
 And there the dying lamps did burn,
 Before thy low and lonely urn,
 O gallant chief of Otterburne,
 And thine, dark knight of Liddesdale !
 O fading honours of the dead !
 O high ambition, lowly laid !

XI.

The moon on the east oriel shone,
 Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
 By foliage tracery combined ;
 Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand
 'Twixt poplars straight the ozier wand,
 In many a freakish knot, had twined ;
 Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
 And changed the willow wreaths to stone.
 The silver light so pale and faint,
 Showed many a prophet, and many a saint,
 Whose image on the glass was dyed ;
 Full in the midst, his cross of red
 Triumphant Michael brandished
 And trampled the apostate's pride.
 The moon-beam kissed the holy pane,
 And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

XII.

They sate them down on a marble stone,
 A Scottish monarch slept below ;
 Thus spoke the monk, in solemn tone :—
 “ I was not always a man of woe ;
 For Paynim countries I have trod,
 And fought beneath the Cross of God ;
 Now, strange to mine eyes thine arms appear,
 And their iron clang sounds strange to my ear.

XIII.

“ In these fair climes, it was my lot
 To meet the wondrous Michael Scott ;
 A wizard of such dreaded fame,
 That when, in Salamanca's cave,
 Him listed his magic wand to wave,
 The bells would ring in Notre Dame !
 Some of his skill he taught to me ;
 And, warrior, I could say to thee
 The words that cleft Eildon hills in three,
 And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone :
 But to speak them were a deadly sin ;
 And for having but thought them my heart
 A treble penance must be done. [within,

XIV.

“ When Michael lay on his dying bed,
 His conscience was awakened ;
 He bethought him of his sinful deed,
 And he gave me a sign to come with speed :
 I was in Spain when the morning rose,
 But I stood by his bed ere evening close.
 The words may not again be said,
 That he spoke to me, on death-bed laid ;
 They would rend this abbaye's massy nave,
 And pile it in heaps above his grave.

* Corbells, the projections from which the arches spring, usually cut in a fantastic face, or mask.

XV.

"I swore to bury his Mighty Book,
That never mortal might therein look;
And never to tell where it was hid,
Save at his chief of Branksome's need;
And when that need was past and o'er,
Again the volume to restore.
I buried him on St. Michael's night, [bright;
When the bell tolled one, and the moon was
And I dug his chamber among the dead,
When the floor of the chancel was stained red,
That his patron's cross might over him wave,
And scare the fiends from the wizard's grave.

XVI.

"It was a night of woe and dread,
When Michael in the tomb I laid!
Strange sounds along the chancel past,
The banners waved without a blast."—
Still spoke the monk, when the bell tolled One!
"I tell you that a braver man
Than William of Deloraine, good at need,
Against a foe ne'er spurred a steed;
Yet somewhat was he chilled with dread,
And his hair did bristle upon his head.

XVII.

"Lo, warrior! now the Cross of Red
Points to the grave of the mighty dead;
Within it burns a wonderous light,
To chase the spirits that love the night:
That lamp shall burn unquenchably,
Until the eternal doom shall be."—
Slow mov'd the monk to the broad flag-stone,
Which the bloody cross was traced upon:
He pointed to a secret nook;
An iron bar the warrior took;
And the monk made a sign with his wither'd
The grave's huge portal to expand. [hand,

XVIII.

With beating heart to the task he went;
His sinewy frame o'er the grave-stone bent;
With bar of iron heaved amain,
Till the toil-drops fell from his brows, like rain.
It was by dint of passing strength,
That he moved the massy stone at length.
I would you had been there, to see
How the light broke forth so gloriously,
Stream'd upward to the chancel roof,
And through the galleries far aloof!
No earthly flame blazed e'er so bright;
It shone like heaven's own blessed light;
And issuing from the tomb,
Showed the monk's cowl, and visage pale,
Danced on the dark-brow'd warrior's mail,
And kissed his waving plume.

XIX.

Before their eyes the wizard lay,
As if he had not been dead a day.
His hoary beard in silver rolled,
He seemed some seventy winters old;
A palmer's amice wrapped him round,
With a wrought Spanish baldric bound,

Like a pilgrim from beyond the sea:
His left hand held his Book of Might;
A silver cross was in his right;
The lamp was placed beside his knee:
High and majestic was his look,
At which the fellest fiends had shook,
And all unruffled was his face:—
They trusted his soul had gotten grace.

XX.

Often had William of Deloraine
Rode through the battle's bloody plain,
And trampled down the warriors slain,
And neither known remorse or awe;
Yet now remorse and awe he own'd;
His breath came thick, his head swam round,
When this strange scene of death he saw.
Bewilder'd and unnerv'd he stood,
And the priest prayed fervently and loud;
With eyes averted prayed he;
He might not endure the sight to see,
Of the man he had loved so brotherly.

XXI.

And when the priest his death-prayer had prayed,
Thus unto Deloraine he said:—
"Now, speed thee what thou hast to do,
Or, warrior, we may dearly rue;
For those thou mayest not look upon,
Are gathering fast round the yawning stone!"
Then Deloraine, in terror, took
From the cold hand the Mighty Book,
With iron clasped, and with iron bound:
He thought as he took it the dead man frowned:
But the glare of the sepulchral light
Perchance had dazzled the warrior's sight.

XXII.

When the huge stone sunk o'er the tomb,
The night return'd in double gloom;
For the moon had gone down, and the stars
were few;
And, as the knight and the priest withdrew,
With wavering steps and dizzy brain,
They hardly might the postern gain.
'Tis said, as through the aisles they passed,
They heard strange noises on the blast;
And through the cloister-galleries small,
Which at mid-height thread the chancel wall,
Loud sobs, and laughter louder, ran,
And voices unlike the voice of man;
As if the fiends kept holiday,
Because these spells were brought to day.
I cannot tell how the truth may be;
I say the tale as 'twas said to me.

§ 123. *The Force of Love.*

(From the Same.)

I.

AND said I that my limbs were old;
And said I that my blood was cold,
And that my kindly fire was fled,
And my poor withered heart was dead,

And that I might not sing of love?—
 How could I to the dearest theme,
 That ever warmed a minstrel's dream,
 So foul, so false, a recreant prove!
 How could I name love's very name,
 Nor wake my heart to notes of flame!

II.

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
 In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
 In halls, in gay attire is seen;
 In hamlets, dances on the green.
 Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
 And men below, and saints above;
 For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

§ 124. *The Twa Corbies.*

(From the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.)

By WALTER SCOTT.

As I was walking all alane,
 I heard twa corbies making a mane,
 The tane unto the t'other say,
 "Where sall we gang and dine to-day?"

"In behint yon auld fail * dyke,
 I wot there lies a new slain knight;
 And nae body kens that he lies there,
 But his hawk, his hound, and lady fair.

"His hound is to the hunting gane,
 His hawk to fetch the wild fowl hame,
 His lady is ta'en another mate,
 So we may mak our dinner sweet.

"Ye'll sit on his white hause bane,
 And I'll pike out his bonny blue een:
 Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair,
 We'll theek † our nest when it grows bare.

"Mony a one for him makes mane,
 But nane sall ken where he is gane:
 O'er his white banes, when they are bare,
 The wind sall blaw for evermair."

§ 125. *The Douglas Tragedy.*

(From the Same.)

"Rise up, rise up, now, lord Douglas," she
 "And put on your armour so bright," [says,
 Let it never be said, that a daughter of thine
 Was married to a lord under night.

"Rise up, rise up, my seven bold sons,
 And put on your armour so bright,
 And take better care of your youngest sister,
 For your eldest's awa the last night."

He 's mounted her on a milk-white steed,
 And himself on a dapple gray,
 With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,
 And lightly they rode away.

* *Fail*, turf.

† *Theek*, thatch.

Lord William lookit o'er his left shoulder,
 To see what he could see,
 And there he spy'd her seven brethren bold
 Come riding o'er the lee.

"Light down, light down, lady Marg'ret," he
 "And hold my steed in your hand," [said,
 Until that against your seven brethren bold,
 And your father, I make a stand."

She held his steed in her milk-white hand,
 And never shed one tear,
 Until that she saw her seven brethren fa',
 And her father hard fighting, who lov'd her
 so dear.

"O hold your hand, lord William!" she said,
 "For your strokes they are wond'rous sair;
 True lovers I can get many a ane,
 But a father I can never get mair."

O she 's ta'en out her handkerchief,
 It was o' the Holland sae fine,
 And ay she dighted her father's bloody wounds,
 That were redder than the wine.

"O chuse, O chuse, lady Marg'ret," he said,
 "O whether will ye gang or bide?"
 "I'll gang, I'll gang, lord William," she said,
 "For ye have left me no other guide."

He 's lifted her on a milk-white steed,
 And himself on a dapple gray,
 With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,
 And slowly they baith rade away.

O they rade on, and on they rade,
 And a' by the light of the moon,
 Until they came to yon wan water,
 And there they lighted down.

They lighted down to tak a drink,
 Of the spring that ran sae clear:
 And down the stream ran his gude heart's blood,
 And sair she gan to fear.

"Hold up, hold up, lord William," she says,
 "For I fear that you are slain!"
 'Tis naething but the shadow of my scarle
 That shines in the water sae plain." [cloak,

O they rade on, and on they rade,
 And a' by the light of the moon,
 Until they cam' to his mother's ha' door,
 And there they lighted down.

"Get up, get up, lady mother," he says,
 "Get up, and let me in!"
 Get up, get up, lady mother," he says,
 "For this night my fair lady I've win.

"O mak my bed, lady mother," he says,
 "O mak it braid and deep!"
 And lay lady Marg'ret close at my back,
 And the sounder I will sleep."

Lord William was dead lang ere midnight,
 Lady Marg'ret lang ere day—
 And all true lovers that go thegither,
 May they have mair luck than they!

Lord William was buried in St. Marie's kirk,
 Lady Marg'ret in Mary's quire,
 Out o' the lady's grave grew a bonny red rose,
 And out o' the knight's a brier.

And they twa met, and they twa plat,
 And fain they wad be near;
 And a' the warld might ken right weel
 They were twa lovers dear.

But bye and rade the Black Douglas,
 And wow but he was rough!
 For he pull'd up the bonny brier,
 And flang'd in St. Mary's loch.

§ 126. *Young Benjie.*

(From the Same.)

Or a' the maids o' fair Scotland,
 The fairest was Marjorie;
 And young Benjie was her ae true love,
 And a dear true love was he.

And wow! but they were lovers dear,
 And loved fu' constantlie;
 But ay the mair when they fell out,
 The sairer was their plea*.

And they hae quarrelled on a day,
 Till Marjorie's heart grew wae,
 And she said she'd chuse another love,
 And let young Benjie gae.

And he was stout†, and proud hearted,
 And thought o't bitterlie,
 And he's ga'en by the wan moon-light,
 To meet his Marjorie.

"O open, open, my true love,
 O open and let me in!"

"I dare na open, young Benjie,
 My three brothers are within."

"Ye lied, ye lied, ye bonny burd,
 Sae loud's I hear ye lie;
 As I came by the Lowden banks,
 They bade gude e'en to me.

"But fare ye weel, my ae fause love,
 That I hae loved sae lang!

It sets ye‡ chuse another love,
 And let young Benjie gang."

Then Marjorie turned her round about,
 The tear blinding her ee,

"I dare na, dare na, let thee in,
 But I'll come down to thee."

Then saft she smiled, and said to him,
 "O what ill hae I done?"

He took her in his armis twa,
 And threw her o'er the linn.

The stream was strang, the maid was stout,
 And laith laith to be dang,§
 But, ere she wan the Lowden banks,
 Her fair colour was wan.

Then up bespak her eldest brother,

"O see na ye what I see?"

And out then spak her second brother,

"It's our sister Marjorie!"

Out then spak her eldest brother,

"O how shall we her ken?"

And out then spak her youngest brother,

"There's a honey-mark on her chin."

Then they've ta'en up the comely corpse,

And laid it on the ground—

"O wha has killed our ae sister,

And how can he be found?"

"The night it is her low lykewake,

The morn her burial day,

And we maun watch at mirk midnight,

And hear what she will say?"

Wi' doors ajar, and candle light,

And torches burning clear,

The streikit corpse, till still midnight,

They waked, but naething hear.

About the middle o' the night,

The cocks began to crow,

And at the dead hour o' the night,

The corpse began to thraw.

"O wha has done thee wrang, sister,

Or dared the deadly sin?"

Wha was sae stout, and feared nae doubt,

As thraw ye o'er the linn?"

"Young Benjie was the first ae man,

I laid my love upon;

He was sae stout and proud-hearted,

He threw me o'er the linn."

"Sall we young Benjie head, sister,

Sall we young Benjie hang,

Or, sall we pike out his twa gray een,

And punish him ere he gang!"

"Ye mauna Benjie head, brothers,

Ye mauna Benjie hang,

But ye maun pike out his twa gray een,

And punish him e'er he gang.

"Tie a green gravat round his neck,

And lead him out and in,

And the best ae servant about your house,

To wait young Benjie on.

"And ay, at every seven years' end,

Ye'll tak him to the linn;

For that's the penance he maun drie,

To scugg|| his deadly sin."

§ 127. *Introduction to Canto Second of Marmion.*

SCOTT.

WHEN musing on companions gone,
 We doubly feel ourselves alone,
 Something, my friend, we yet may gain,
 There is a pleasure in this pain:
 It soothes the love of lonely rest,
 Deep in each gentler heart impressed.

* *Plea*, used obliquely for dispute.

† *Sets ye*—Becomes you—ironical.

† *Stout*, through this whole ballad, signifies haughty.

§ *Dang*—defeated. || *Scugg*—shelter or expiate.

'Tis silent amid worldly toils,
 And stifled soon by mental broils;
 But, in a bosom thus prepared,
 Its still small voice is often heard,
 Whispering a mingled sentiment,
 'Twixt resignation and content.
 Oft in my mind such thoughts awake,
 By lone St. Mary's silent lake;
 Thou know'st it well,—nor fen, nor sedge,
 Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge;
 Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink
 At once upon the level brink;
 And just a trace of silver sand
 Marks where the water meets the land.
 Far in the mirror, bright and blue,
 Each hill's huge outline you may view;
 Shaggy with heath, but lonely bare,
 Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake is there,
 Save where, of land, yon slender line
 Bears thwart the lake the scatter'd pine.
 Yet even this nakedness has power,
 And aids the feeling of the hour:
 Nor thicket, dell, nor copse you spy,
 Where living thing conceal'd might lie;
 Nor point retiring hides a dell,
 Where swain, or woodman lone, might
 dwell,

There's nothing left to fancy's guess,
 You see that all is loneliness:
 And silence aids—though the steep hills
 Send to the lake a thousand rills;
 In summer tide, so soft they weep,
 The sound but lulls the ear asleep;
 Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude,
 So stilly is the solitude.

Naught living meets the eye or ear,
 But well I ween the dead are near;
 For though, in feudal strife, a foe
 Hath laid Our Lady's chapel low,
 Yet still, beneath the hallowed soil,
 The peasant rests him from his toil,
 And dying, bids his bones be laid
 Where erst his simple fathers prayed.

If age had tamed the passions' strife,
 And fate had cut my ties to life,
 Here, have I thought, 'twere sweet to dwell,
 And rear again the chaplain's cell,
 Like that same peaceful hermitage,
 Where Milton longed to spend his age.
 'Twere sweet to mark the setting day
 On Bourhope's lonely top decay;
 And, as it faint and feeble died,
 On the broad lake, and mountain's side,
 To say "Thus pleasures fade away;
 Youth, talents, beauty, thus decay,
 And leave us dark, forlorn, and gray;"—
 Then gaze on Dryhope's ruin'd tower,
 And think on Yarrow's faded flower:
 And when that mountain-sound I heard
 Which bids us be for storm prepared,—
 The distant rustling of his wings,
 As up his force the tempest brings,
 'Twere sweet, ere yet his terrors rave,
 To sit upon the wizard's grave;

That wizard priest's, whose bones are thrust
 From company of holy dust;
 On which no sun-beam ever shines—
 (So superstition's creed divines,
 Thence view the lake, with sullen roar,
 Heave her broad billows to the shore;
 And mark the wild swans mount the gale,
 Spread wide through mist their snowy sail,
 And ever stoop again, to lave
 Their bosoms on the surging wave:
 Then, when against the driving hail
 No longer might my plaid avail,
 Back to my lonely home retire,
 And light my lamp, and trim my fire:
 There ponder o'er some mystic lay,
 Till the wild tale had all its sway,
 And, in the bittern's distant shriek,
 I heard unearthly voices speak,
 And thought the wizard priest was come,
 To claim again his ancient home!
 And bade my busy fancy range,
 To frame him fitting shape and strange,
 Till from the task my brow I cleared,
 And smiled to think that I had feared.

§ 128. *Trial of Constance.* SCOTT.

WHILE round the fire such legends go,
 Far different was the scene of woe,
 Where, in a secret aisle beneath,
 Council was held of life and death.

It was more dark and lone that vault,
 Than the worst dungeon cell;

Old Colwulf built it, for his fault,
 In penitence to dwell,

When he, for cowl and beads, laid down
 The Saxon battle-axe and crown.

This den, which, chilling every sense

Of feeling, hearing, sight,

Was called the Vault of Penitence,
 Excluding air and light,

Was, by the prelate Sexhelm, made
 A place of burial for such dead

As, having died in mortal sin,
 Might not be laid the church within.

'Twas now a place of punishment;

Whence if so loud a shriek was sent,

As reached the upper air,

The hearers blessed themselves, and said,
 The spirits of the sinful dead

Bemoaned their torments there.

But though, in the monastic pile,

Did of this penitential aisle

Some vague tradition go,

Few only, save the abbot, knew

Where the place lay; and still more few

Were those, who had from him the clew

To that dread vault to go.

Victim and executioner

Were blind-fold when transported there.

In low dark rounds the arches hung,

From the rude rock the side-walls sprung;

The grave-stones, rudely sculptured o'er,

Half sunk in earth, by time half wore,

Were all the pavement of the floor ;
 The mildew drops fell one by one,
 With tinkling plash, upon the stone.
 A cresset, in an iron chain,
 Which served to light this drear domain,
 With damp and darkness seemed to strive,
 As if it scarce might keep alive ;
 And yet it dimly served to show
 The awful conclave met below.

There, met to doom in secrecy,
 Were placed the heads of convents three ;
 All servants of Saint Benedict,
 The statutes of whose order strict

On iron table lay ;
 In long black dress, on seats of stone,
 Behind were these three judges shown,

By the pale cresset's ray :
 The abbess of Saint Hilda, there,
 Sat for a space with visage bare,
 Until, to hide her bosom's swell,
 And tear-drops that for pity fell,

She closely drew her veil ;
 Yon shrouded figure, as I guess,
 By her proud mien and flowing dress,
 Is Tynemouth's haughty prioress,

And she with awe looks pale :
 And he, that ancient man, whose sight
 Has long been quenched by age's night,
 Upon whose wrinkled brow alone,
 Nor ruth nor mercy's trace is shown,

Whose look is hard and stern,—
 Saint Cuthbert's abbot is his style ;
 For sanctity called, through the isle,
 The saint of Landisfarn.

Before them stood a guilty pair ;
 But, though an equal fate they share,
 Yet one alone deserves our care.
 Her sex a page's dress belied ;
 The cloak and doublet, loosely tied,
 Obscured her charms, but could not hide.

Her cap down o'er her face she drew,
 And, on her doublet breast,
 She tried to hide the badge of blue,
 Lord Marmion's falcon crest.

But, at the prioress' command,
 A monk undid the silken band,
 That tied her tresses fair,
 And raised the bonnet from her head,
 And down her slender form they spread,
 In ringlets rich and rare.

Constance de Beverly they know,
 Sister professed of Fontevraud,
 Whom the church numbered with the dead,
 For broken vows and convent fled.

When thus her face was given to view,
 (Although so pallid was her hue,
 It did a ghastly contrast bear
 To those bright ringlets glistening fair,)
 Her look composed, and steady eye,
 Bespoke a matchless constancy ;
 And there she stood so calm and pale,
 That, but her breathing did not fail,
 And motion slight of eye and head,
 And of her bosom warranted,

That neither sense nor pulse she lacks,
 You might have thought a form of wax,
 Wrought to the very life was there ;
 So still she was, so pale, so fair.

Her comrade was a sordid soul,

Such as does murder for a meed ;
 Who, but of fear, knows no control,
 Because his conscience, seared and foul,
 Feels not the import of his deed ;

One, whose brute-feeling ne'er aspires
 Beyond his own more brute desires.

Such tools the tempter ever needs,
 To do the savagest of deeds ;

For them no visioned terrors daunt,
 Their nights no fancied spectres haunt ;
 One fear with them, of all most base,
 The fear of death,—alone finds place.

This wretch was clad in frock and cowl,
 And shamed not loud to moan and howl,
 His body on the floor to dash,
 And crouch, like hound beneath the lash ;
 While his mute partner, standing near,
 Waited her doom without a tear.

Yet well the luckless wretch might shriek,
 Well might her paleness terror speak !

For there was seen in that dark wall,
 Two niches, narrow, deep, and tall ;—

Who enters at such grisly door,
 Shall ne'er, I ween, find exit more.

In each a slender meal was laid,
 Of roots, of water, and of bread :

By each, in Benedictine dress,
 Two haggard monks stood motionless ;

Who, holding high a blazing torch,
 Showed the grim entrance of the porch :

Reflecting back the smoky beam,
 The dark-red walls and arches gleam.

Hewn stones and cement were displayed,
 And building tools in order laid.

These executioners were chose,
 As men who were with mankind foes,
 And, with despite and envy fired,
 Into the cloister had retired ;

Or who, in desperate doubt of grace,
 Strove, by deep penance to efface

Of some foul crime the stain ;

For, as the vassals of her will,
 Such men the church selected still,
 As either joyed in doing ill,

Or thought more grace to gain,
 If, in her cause, they wrestled down
 Feelings their nature strove to own.

By strange device were they brought there,
 They knew not how, and knew not where.

And now that blind old abbot rose,

To speak the chapter's doom,
 On those the wall was to enclose,

Alive, within the tomb ;

But stopped, because that woeful maid,
 Gathering her powers, to speak essayed.

Twice she essayed, and twice in vain ;
 Her accents might no utterance gain ;

Naught but imperfect murmurs slip
 From her convulsed and quivering lip :

'Twixt each attempt all was so still,
 You seemed to hear a distant rill—
 'Twas ocean's swells and falls;
 For though this vault of sin and fear
 Was to the sounding surge so near,
 A tempest there you scarce could hear,
 So massive were the walls.

At length, an effort sent apart
 The blood that curdled to her heart,
 And light came to her eye,
 And colour dawned upon her cheek,
 A hectic and a fluttered streak,
 Like that left on the Cheviot peak,
 By autumn's stormy sky;
 And when her silence broke at length,
 Still as she spoke, she gathered strength,
 And armed herself to bear.
 It was a fearful sight to see
 Such high resolve and constancy,
 In form so soft and fair.

"I speak not to implore your grace;
 Well know I, for one minute's space
 Successless might I sue:
 Nor do I speak your prayers to gain;
 For if a death of lingering pain,
 To cleanse my sins, be penance vain,
 Vain are your masses too.—
 I listened to a traitor's tale,
 I left the convent and the veil,
 For three long years I bowed my pride,
 A horse-boy in his train to ride;
 And well my folly's meed he gave,
 Who forfeited, to be his slave,
 All here and all beyond the grave.—
 He saw young Clara's face more fair,
 He knew her of broad lands the heir,
 Forgot his vows, his faith forswore,
 And Constance was belov'd no more.
 'Tis an old tale, and often told;
 But, did my fate and wish agree,
 Ne'er had been read, in story old,
 Of maiden true betrayed for gold,
 That loved, or was avenged, like me!

"The king approv'd his fav'rite's aim;
 In vain a rival barred his claim,
 Whose faith with Clare's was plight,
 For he attains that rival's fame
 With treason's charge—and on they came,
 In mortal lists to fight.

Their oaths are said,
 Their prayers are prayed,
 Their lances in the rest are laid,
 They meet in mortal shock;

And hark! the throng, with thundering cry,
 Shout 'Marmion, Marmion, to the sky!
 De Wilton to the block!'

Say ye, who preach heaven shall decide,
 When in the lists two champions ride,
 Say, was heaven's justice here?
 When, loyal in his love and faith,
 Wilton found overthrow or death,
 Beneath a traitor's spear.

How false the charge, how true he fell,
 This guilty packet best can tell."—
 Then drew a packet from her breast,
 Paused, gathered voice, and spoke the rest.

"Still was false Marmion's bridal staid;
 To Whitby's convent fled the maid,
 The hated match to shun.
 'Ho! shifts she thus?' king Henry cried.
 'Sir Marmion, she shall be thy bride,
 'If she were sworn a nun.'

One way remained—the king's command
 Sent Marmion to the Scottish land:
 I linger'd here, and rescue plann'd
 For Clara and for me:

This caitiff monk, for gold did swear,
 He would to Whitby's shrine repair,
 And, by his drugs, my rival fair
 A saint in heaven should be.
 But ill the dastard kept his oath,
 Whose cowardice hath undone us both.

"And now my tongue the secret tells,
 Not that remorse my bosom swells,
 But to assure my soul, that none
 Shall ever wed with Marmion.
 Had Fortune my last hope betrayed,
 This packet to the king conveyed,
 Had given him to the headman's stroke,
 Although my heart that instant broke.—
 Now, men of death, work forth your will,
 For I can suffer, and be still;
 And come he slow, or come he fast,
 It is but Death who comes at last.

"Yet dread me, from my living tomb,
 Ye vassal slaves of bloody Rome!
 If Marmion's late remorse should wake,
 Full soon such vengeance will he take,
 That you shall wish the fiery Dane
 Had rather been your guest again.
 Behind, a darker hour ascends!
 The altars quake, the crosier bends,
 The ire of a despotic king
 Rides forth upon Destruction's wing.
 Then shall these vaults so strong and deep,
 Burst open to the sea-wind's sweep;
 Some traveller then shall find my bones,
 Whitening amid disjointed stones,
 And ignorant of priests' cruelty,
 Marvel such relics here should be."

Fixed was her look, and stern her air;
 Back from her shoulders streamed her hair;
 The locks, that wont her brow to shade,
 Stared up erectly from her head;
 Her figure seemed to rise more high;
 Her voice, despair's wild energy
 Had given a tone of prophecy.
 Appalled the astonish'd conclave sate;
 With stupid eyes, the men of fate
 Gazed on the light inspired form,
 And listened for the avenging storm;
 The judges felt the victim's dread;
 No hand was moved, no word was said,

Till thus the abbot's doom was given,
Raising his sightless balls to heaven :—
“ Sister, let thy sorrows cease ;
Sinful brother, part in peace ! ”—

From that dire dungeon, place of doom,
Of execution too, and tomb,
Paced forth the judges three ;
Sorrow it were, and shame, to tell
The butcher-work that there befell,
When they had glided from the cell
Of sin and misery.

An hundred winding steps convey
That conclave to the upper day ;
But, ere they breathed the fresher air,
They heard the shriekings of despair,
And many a stifled groan :
With speed their upward way they take,
(Such speed as age and fear can make,)
And crossed themselves for terror's sake,

As hurrying, tottering on :
Even in the vesper's heavenly tone,
They seemed to hear a dying groan,
And bade the passing knell to toll
For welfare of a parting soul.
Slow o'er the midnight wave it swung,
Northumbrian rocks in answer rung ;
To Warkworth cell the echoes rolled,
His beads the wakeful hermit told ;
The Bamborough peasant raised his head,
But slept ere half a prayer he said ;
So far was heard the mighty knell,
The stag sprung up on Cheviot Fell,
Spread his broad nostril to the wind,
Listed before, aside, behind,
Then couched him down beside the hind ;
And quaked among the mountain fern,
To hear that sound, so dull and stern.

§ 129. *Banquet at Holyrood House. Where
James IV. of Scotland held his Court.*

SCOTT.

THROUGH this mixed crowd of glee and game,
The king to greet lord Marmion came,
While, reverent, all made room.
An easy task it was, I trow,
King James's manly form to know,
Although, his courtesy to show,
He doffed, to Marmion bending low,
His brodered cap and plume.
For royal were his garb and mien,
His cloak, of crimson velvet piled,
Trimmed with the fur of martin wild ;
His vest, of changeful satin sheen,
The dazzled-eye beguiled ;
His gorgeous collar hung adown,
Wrought with the badge of Scotland's crown,
The thistle brave, of old renown ;
His trusty blade, Toledo right,
Descended from a baldric bright ;
White were his buskins, on the heel
His spurs inlaid of gold and steel ;
His bonnet, all of crimson fair,
Was buttoned with a ruby rare :

And Marmion deemed he ne'er had seen
A prince of such a noble mien.
The monarch's form was middle size ;
For feat of strength or exercise,
Shaped in proportion fair ;
And hazel was his eagle eye,
And auburn of the darkest dye
His short curled beard and hair.
Light was his footstep in the dance,
And firm his stirrup in the lists ;
And, oh ! he had that merry glance,
That seldom lady's heart resists.
Lightly from fair to fair he flew,
And loved to plead, lament, and sue ;—
Suit lightly won, and short-liv'd pain !
For monarchs seldom sigh in vain.

I said he joyed in banquet-bower ;
But, mid his mirth, 'twas often strange,
How suddenly his cheer would change,
His look o'ercast and lower,
If, in a sudden turn, he felt
The pressure of his iron belt,
That bound his breast in penance pain,
In memory of his father slain.
Even so 'twas strange how, evermore,
Soon as the passing pang was o'er,
Forward he rushed, with double glee,
Into the stream of revelry ;
Thus, dim-seen object of affright
Startles the courser in his flight,
And half he halts, half springs aside ;
But feels the quickening spur applied,
And, straining on the tighten'd rein,
Scours doubly swift o'er hill and plain.

O'er James's heart, the courtiers say,
Sir Hugh the Heron's wife held sway :
To Scotland's court she came,
To be a hostage for her lord,
Who Cessford's gallant heart had gored,
And with the king to make accord,
Had sent his lovely dame.

Nor to that lady free alone
Did the gay king allegiance own :
For the fair queen of France
Sent him a turquois ring, and glove,
And charged him, as her knight and love,
For her to break a lance ;
And strike three strokes with Scottish brand,
And march three miles on Southron land,
And bid the banners of his band
In English breezes dance.
And thus, for France's queen he drest
His manly limbs in mailed vest ;
And thus admitted English fair
His inmost counsels still to share ;
And thus, for both, he madly planned
The ruin of himself and land !—
And yet, the sooth to tell,
Nor England's fair, nor France's queen,
Were worth one pearl-drop, bright and sheen,
From Margaret's eyes that fell, [bower,
His own queen Margaret, who, in Lithgow's
All lonely sat, and wept the weary hour.

The queen sits lone in Lithgow pile,
 And weeps the weary day,
 The war against her native soil,
 Her monarch's risk in battle broil;—
 And in gay Holy-Rood, the while,
 Dame Heron rises with a smile
 Upon the harp to play.
 Fair was her rounded arm, as o'er
 The strings her fingers flew;
 And as she touched and tuned them all,
 Ever her bosom's rise and fall
 Was plainer given to view:
 For all, for heat, was laid aside,
 Her wimple, and her hood untied,
 And first she pitched her voice to sing,
 Then glanced her dark eye on the king,
 And then around the silent ring;
 And laughed, and blushed, and oft did say
 Her pretty oath, by yea and nay,
 She could not, would not, durst not play:
 At length, upon the harp, with glee,
 Mingled with arch simplicity,
 A soft, yet lively, air she rung,
 While thus the wily lady sung:— *

§ 130. *Harp of the North.* SCOTT.

HARP of the North! that mouldering long hast
 hung [spring,
 On the witch-elm that shades Saint Fillan's
 And down the fitful breeze thy numbers flung,
 Till envious ivy did around thee cling,
 Muffling with verdant ringlet every string,—
 O minstrel Harp, still must thine accents
 sleep?

'Mid rustling leaves and fountains murmuring,
 Still must thy sweeter sounds their silence
 keep, [weep?
 Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach a maid to

Not thus, in ancient days of Caledon,
 Was thy voice mute amid the festal crowd,
 When lay of hopeless love, or glory won,
 Aroused the fearful, or subdued the proud.
 At each according pause, was heard aloud
 Thine ardent symphony sublime and high!
 Fair dames and crested chiefs attention bow'd;
 For still the burthen of thy minstrelsy
 Was knighthood's dauntless deed, and beauty's
 matchless eye.

O wake once more! how rude soe'er the hand
 That ventures o'er thy magic maze to stray;
 O wake once more! though scarce my skill
 command

Some feeble echoing of thine earlier lay:
 Though harsh and faint, and soon to die away,
 And all unworthy of thy nobler strain,
 Yet if one heart throb higher at its sway,
 The wizard note has not been touch'd in vain,
 Then silent be no more! Enchantress, wake
 again!

* See Songs and Ballads.

§ 131. *Portrait of Ellen.* SCOTT.

THE boat had touch'd this silver strand,
 Just as the hunter left his stand,
 And stood conceal'd amid the brake,
 To view this lady of the Lake.
 The maiden paused, as if again
 She thought to catch the distant strain.
 With head up-raised, and look intent,
 And eye and ear attentive bent,
 And locks flung back, and lips apart,
 Like monument of Grecian art,
 In listening mood, she seem'd to stand
 The guardian Naiad of the strand.

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
 A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
 Of finer form, or lovelier face!
 What though the sun, with ardent frown,
 Had slightly ting'd her cheek with brown,—
 The sportive toil, which, short and light,
 Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,
 Served too in hastier swell to show
 Short glimpses of a breast of snow:
 What though no rule of courtly grace
 To measur'd mood had train'd her pace,—
 A foot more light, a step more true,
 Ne'er from the heath-flower dash'd the dew;
 E'en the slight hare-bell rais'd its head,
 Elastic from her airy tread:
 What though upon her speech there hung
 The accents of the mountain-tongue,—
 Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,
 The list'ner held his breath to hear.

A chieftain's daughter seem'd the maid;
 Her satin snood, her silken plaid,
 Her golden brooch such birth betray'd.
 And seldom was a snood amid
 Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,
 Whose glossy black to shame might bring
 The plumage of the raven's wing;
 And seldom o'er a breast so fair,
 Mantled a plaid with modest care;
 And never brooch the folds combin'd
 Above a heart more good and kind.
 Her kindness and her worth to spy,
 You need but gaze on Ellen's eye;
 Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,
 Gives back the shaggy banks more true,
 Than every free-born glance confess'd
 The guileless movements of her breast;
 Whether joy danc'd in her dark eye,
 Or woe or pity claim'd a sigh,
 Or filial love was glowing there,
 Or meek devotion pour'd a prayer,
 Or tale of injury call'd forth
 The indignant spirit of the north.
 One only passion, unrevealed,
 With maiden pride the maid concealed,
 Yet not less purely felt, the flame;
 Oh need I tell that passion's name!

§ 132. *The Harper.* SCOTT.

As died the sounds upon the tide,
 The shallop reached the main-land side.

And ere his onward way he took,
 The Stranger cast a lingering look,
 Where easily his eye might reach
 The harper on the islet beach,
 Reclin'd against a blighted tree,
 As wasted, grey, and worn as he.
 To minstrel meditation given,
 His reverend brow was rais'd to heaven,
 As from the rising sun to claim
 A sparkle of inspiring flame.
 His hand, reclined upon the wire,
 Seemed watching the awakening fire;
 So still he sate, as those who wait
 Till judgment speak the doom of fate;
 So still, as if no breeze might dare
 To lift one lock of hoary hair;
 So still, as life itself were fled,
 In the last sound his harp had sped.

§ 133. *The Sacrifice.* SCOTT.

'Twas all prepared;—and from the rock,
 A goat, the patriarch of the flock,
 Before the kindling pile was laid,
 And pierced by Roderick's ready blade.
 Patient the sickening victim eyed
 The life-blood ebb in crimson tide,
 Down his clogged beard and shaggy limb,
 Till darkness glazed his eye-balls dim.
 The grisly priest, with murmuring prayer,
 A slender crosslet framed with care,
 A cubit's length in measure due,
 The shaft and limbs were rods of yew,
 Whose parents in Inch-Cailliach wave
 Their shadows o'er Clan-Alpine's grave,
 And answering Lomond's breezes deep,
 Soothe many a chieftain's endless sleep.
 The cross, thus formed, he held on high,
 With wasted hand and haggard eye,
 And strange and mingled feelings woke,
 While his anathema he spoke.

'Woe to the clansman, who shall view
 This symbol of sepulchral yew,
 Forgetful that its branches grew
 Where weep the heavens their holiest dew

On Alpine's dwelling low!
 Deserter of his Chieftain's trust,
 He ne'er shall mingle with their dust,
 But, from his sires and kindred thrust,
 Each clansman's execration just
 Shall doom him wrath and woe."

He paused;—the word the vassals took,
 With forward step, and fiery look,
 On high their naked brands they shook,
 Their clattering targets wildly strook;

And first, in murmur low,
 Then, like the billow in his course,
 That far to seaward finds its source,
 And flings to shore his muster'd force,
 Burst, with loud roar, their answer hoarse,

"Woe to the traitor, woe!"

Ben-an's grey scalp the ascents knew,
 The joyous wolf from covert drew,
 The exulting eagle screamed afar,—
 They knew the voice of Alpine's war.

The shout was hushed on lake and fell,
 The Monk resumed his muttered spell.
 Dismal and low its accents came,
 The while he scathed the Cross with flame.
 And the few words that reached the air,
 Although the holiest name was there,
 Had more of blasphemy than prayer.
 But when he shook above the crowd
 Its kindled points, he spoke aloud:—
 "Woe to the wretch, who fails to rear
 At this dread sign the ready spear!
 For, as the flames this symbol sear,
 His home the refuge of his fear,

A kindred fate shall know;
 Far o'er its roof the volumed flame
 Clan-Alpine's vengeance shall proclaim,
 While maids and matrons on his name
 Shall call down wretchedness and shame,
 And infamy and woe."

Then rose the cry of females, shrill
 As goss-hawk's whistle on the hill,
 Denouncing misery and ill,
 Mingled with childhood's babbling trill
 Of curses stammered slow;

Answering, with imprecation dread,
 "Sunk be his home in embers red!
 And cursed be the meanest shed
 That e'er shall hide the houseless head,

We doom to want and woe!"
 A sharp and shrieking echo gave,
 Coir-Uaskin, thy goblin cave!
 And the grey pass where birches wave,
 On Beala-nam-bo.

Then deeper paused the priest anew,
 And hard his labouring breath he drew,
 While, with set teeth and clenched hand,
 And eyes that glowed like fiery brand,
 He meditated curse more dread,
 And deadlier, on the clansman's head,
 Who, summoned to his Chieftain's aid,
 The signal saw and disobey'd.
 The crosslet's points of sparkling wood,
 He quenched among the bubbling blood,
 And, as again the sign he rear'd,
 Hollow and hoarse his voice was heard:
 "When flits this cross from man to man,
 Vich-Alpine's summons to his clan,
 Burst be the ear that fails to heed!
 Palsied the foot that shuns to speed!
 May ravens tear the careless eyes,
 Wolves make the coward heart their prize!
 As sinks that blood-stream in the earth,
 So may his heart's blood drench this hearth!
 As dies in hissing gore the spark,
 Quench thou his light, Destruction dark!
 And be the grace to him denied,
 Bought by this sign to all beside!"—
 He ceased: no echo gave again
 The murmur of the deep Amen.

§ 135. *The Wedding.* SCOTT.

A BLITHESOME rout, that morning tide,
 Had sought the chapel of Saint Bride.

Her troth Tombea's Mary gave
 To Norman, heir of Armandave,
 And, issuing from the Gothic arch,
 The bridal now resumed their march.
 In rude, but glad procession, came
 Bonnetted sire and coif-clad dame;
 And plaided youth, with jest and jeer,
 Which snooded maiden would not hear;
 And children, that, unwitting why,
 Lent the gay shout their shrilly cry;
 And minstrels, that in measure vied
 Before the young and bonny bride,
 Whose downcast eye and cheek disclose
 The tear and blush of morning rose.
 With virgin step, and bashful hand,
 She held the kerchief's snowy band;
 The gallant bridegroom, by her side,
 Beheld his prize with victor's pride,
 And the glad mother in her ear
 Was closely whispering word of cheer.

Who meets them at the church-yard gate?—
 The messenger of fear and fate!
 Haste in his hurried accent lies,
 And grief is swimming in his eyes.
 All dripping from the recent flood,
 Panting and travel-soiled he stood,
 The fatal sign of fire and sword
 Held forth, and spoke the appointed word;
 "The muster-place is Lanrick mead,
 Speed forth the signal! Norman speed!"—
 And must he change so soon the hand,
 Just linked to his by holy band,
 For the fell cross of blood and brand?
 And must the day, so blithe that rose,
 And promis'd rapture in the close,
 Before its setting hour, divide
 The bridegroom from the plighted bride?
 O fatal doom!—it must! it must!
 Clan-Alpine's cause, her Chieftain's trust,
 Her summons dread, brooks no delay;
 Stretch to the race—away! away!
 Yet slow he laid his plaid aside,
 And, lingering, eyed his lovely bride,
 Until he saw the starting tear
 Speak woe he might not stop to cheer;
 Then, trusting not a second look,
 In haste he sped him up the brook,
 Nor backward glanced till on the heath
 Where Lubnaig's lake supplies the Teith.
 —What in the racer's bosom stirred?
 The sickening pang of hope deferred?
 And memory, with a torturing train
 Of all his morning visions vain.
 Mingled with love's impatience, came
 The manly thirst of martial fame;
 The stormy joy of mountaineers,
 Ere yet they rush upon the spears;
 And zeal for clan and chieftain burning,
 And hope, from well-fought field returning,
 With war's red honours on his crest,
 To clasp his Mary to his breast.
 Stung by such thoughts, o'er bank and brae,
 Like fire from flint he glanc'd away,

While high resolve, and feeling strong,
 Burst into voluntary song.

Song.

The heath this night must be my bed,
 The bracken curtain for my head,
 My lullaby the warder's tread,
 Far, far, from love and thee, Mary;
 To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,
 My couch may be my bloody plaid,
 My vesper song, thy wail, sweet maid!
 It will not waken me, Mary!

I may not, dare not, fancy now
 The grief that clouds thy lovely brow,
 I dare not think upon thy vow,
 And all it promised me, Mary.
 No fond regret must Norman know;
 When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,
 His heart must be like bended bow,
 His foot like arrow free, Mary!

A time will come with feeling fraught!
 For, if I fall in battle fought,
 Thy hapless lover's dying thought
 Shall be a thought on thee, Mary.
 And if returned from conquered foes,
 How blithely will the evening close,
 How sweet the linnet sing repose,
 To my young bride and me, Mary!

§ 136. *Farewell Address to the Harp of the North.* SCOTT.

HARP of the North, farewell! The hills grow
 dark,
 On purple peaks a deeper shade descending;
 In twilight corpse the glow-worm lights her
 spark,
 The deer, half-seen, are to the covert wending.
 Resume thy wizard elm! the fountain lending,
 And the wild breeze, thy wilder minstrelsy;
 Thy Numbers sweet with Nature's vespers
 blending,
 With distant echo from the fold and lea,
 And herd-boy's evening pipe, and hum of hous-
 ing bee.
 Yet once again, farewell, thou Minstrel Harp!
 Yet once again, forgive my feeble sway,
 And little reck I of the censure sharp
 May idly cavil at an idle lay. [way
 Much have I owed thy strains on life's long
 Through secret woes the world has never
 known,
 When on the weary night dawned wearier day,
 And bitterer was the grief devoured alone.
 That I o'erlive such woes, Enchantress! is
 thine own.
 Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,
 Some Spirit of the air has wak'd thy string?
 'Tis now a Seraph bold, with touch of fire,
 'Tis now the brush of Fairy's frolic wing.
 Receding now, the dying numbers ring
 Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell,

And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring
A wandering witch-note of the distant spell—
And now, 'tis silence all!—Enchantress, fare
thee well!

§ 136. *The Pirate.* LORD BYRON.

“O’ER the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
“Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as
“free,
“Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
“Survey our empire and behold our home!
“These are our realms, no limits to their
“sway—
“Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.
“Ours the wild life in tumult still to range
“From toil to rest, and joy in every change.
“Oh, who can tell? not thou, luxurious slave!
“Whose soul would sicken o’er the heaving
“wave;
“Not thou, vain lord, of wantonness and ease!
“Whom slumber soothes not—pleasure cannot
“please— [tried,
“Oh, who can tell, save he whose heart hath
“And danc’d in triumph o’er the waters wide,
“The exulting sense—the pulse’s maddening
“play, [way;
“That thrills the wanderer of that trackless
“That for itself can woo the approaching fight,
“And turn what some deem danger to delight:
“That seeks what cravens shun with more than
“zeal,
“And where the feebler faint—can only feel—
“Feel—to the rising bosom’s inmost core,
“Its hope awaken and its spirits soar?
“No dread of death—if with us die our foes—
“Save that it seems even duller than repose:
“Come when it will—we snatch the life of
“life—
“When lost—what reck’s it—by disease or strife?
“Let him who crawls enamoured of decay,
“Cling to his couch, and sicken years away;
“Heave his thick breath; and shake his palsied
“head;
“Ours—the fresh turf, and not the feverish bed.
“While gasp by gasp he falters forth his soul,
“Ours with one pang—one bound—escapes
“control.
“His corse may boast its urn and narrow cave,
“And they who loath’d his life may gild his
“grave:
“Ours are the tears though few, sincerely shed,
“When Ocean shrouds and sepulchres our dead.
“For us, even banquets fond regret supply
“In the red cup that crowns our memory;
“And the brief epitaph in danger’s day,
“When those who win at length divide the prey,
“And cry, Remembrance saddening o’er each
“brow,
“How had the brave who fell exulted now!”

§ 137. *Athenian Prospect.* LORD BYRON.

SLOW sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
Along Morea’s hills, the setting sun;

Not as in Northern climes obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light!
O’er the hush’d deep the yellow beam he throws,
Gilds the green wave, that trembles as it glows.
On old Ægina’s rock, and Idra’s isle,
The god of gladness sheds his parting smile;
O’er his own regions lingering loves to shine,
Though there his altars are no more divine.
Descending fast the mountain shadows kiss
Thy glorious gulph, unconquer’d Salamis!
Their azure arches through the long expanse
More deeply purpled meet his mellowing glance,
And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
Mark his gay course and own the hues of
heaven;
Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,
Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep.

On such an eve, his palest beam he cast,
When—Athens! here thy wisest look’d his last.
How watch’d thy better sons his farewell ray,
That clos’d their murder’d sage’s latest day!
Not yet—not yet—Sol pauses on the hill—
The precious hour of parting lingers still;
But sad his light to agonizing eyes,
And dark the mountain’s once delightful dyes:
Gloom o’er the lovely land he seem’d to pour,
The land, where Phœbus never frown’d before;
But ere he sunk below Cithæron’s head,
The cup of woe was quaff’d—the spirit fled;
The soul of him who scorn’d to fear or fly—
Who lived and died, as none can live or die!

But lo! from high Hymettus to the plain,
The queen of night asserts her silent reign.
No murky vapour, herald of the storm,
Hides her fair face, nor girds her glowing form;
With cornice glimmering as the moon-beams
play,
There the white column greets her grateful ray
And bright around with quivering beams beset
Her emblem sparkles o’er the minaret:
The groves of olive scatter’d dark and wide
Where meek Cephissus pours his scanty tide,
The cypress saddening by the sacred mosque,
The gleaming turret of the gay Kiosk,
And, dun and sombre ’mid the holy calm,
Near Theseus’ fane yon solitary palm,
All tinged with varied hues arrest the eye—
And dull were his that pass’d them heedless by.

Again the Ægean, heard no more afar,
Lulls his chaf’d breast from elemental war;
Again his waves in milder tints unfold
Their long array of sapphire and of gold,
Mixt with the shades of many a distant isle,
That frown—where gentler ocean seems to smile.

§ 138. *From Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage.*
LORD BYRON.

HE that has sailed upon the dark blue sea,
Has view’d at times, I ween, a full fair sight;
When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze may be,
The white sail set, the gallant frigate tight;

Masts, spires, and strand retiring to the right,
The glorious main expanding o'er the bow,
The convoy spread like wild swans in their flight,
The dullest sailer wearing bravely now, [prow.

So gaily curl the waves before each dashing
And oh, the little warlike world within!
The well reev'd guns, the netted canopy,
The hoarse command, the busy humming din,
When, at a word, the tops are mann'd on high:
Hark to the Boatswain's call, the cheering cry!
While through the seaman's hand the tackle
glides;

Or school-boy Midshipman that standing by,
Strains his shrill pipe as good or ill betides,
And well the docile crew that skilful urchin
guides.

White is the glassy deck, without a stain,
Whereon the watch the staid Lieutenant walks:
Look on that part which sacred doth remain
For the lone chieftain, who majestic stalks,
Silent and fear'd by all—not oft he talks
With aught beneath him, if he would preserve
That strict restraint, which broken, ever balks
Conquest and Fame: but Britons rarely swerve
From Law, however stern, which tends their
strength to nerve.

Blow! swiftly blow, thou keel-compelling gale!
Till the broad sun withdraws his lessening ray;
Then must the pennant-bearer slacken sail,
That lagging barks may make their lazy way.
Ah, grievance sore! and listless dull delay,
To waste on sluggish hulks the sweetest breeze!
What leagues are lost before the dawn of day,
Thus loitering pensive on the willing seas,
The flapping sail haul'd down to halt for logs
like these!

The moon is up; by Heaven a lovely eve!
Long streams of light o'er dancing waves ex-
pand; [lieve:
Now lads on shore may sigh and maids be-
Such be our fate when we return to land!
Meantime some rude Arion's restless hand
Wakes the brisk harmony that sailors love;
A circle there of merry listeners stand,
Or to some well-known measure fealty move,
Thoughtless, as if on shore they still were
free to rove.

Through Calpe's straits survey the steepy shore,
Europe and Afric on each other gaze!
Lands of the dark-ey'd Maid and dusky Moor,
Alike beheld beneath pale Hecate's blaze:
How softly on the Spanish shore she plays,
Disclosing rock, and slope, and forest brown,
Distinct though darkening with her waning
But Mauritania's giant shadows frown, [phase;
From mountain cliff to coast descending
sombre down.

'Tis night, when meditation bids us feel
We once have lov'd, though love is at an end:
The heart, lone mourner of its baffled zeal,
Though friendless now, will dream it had a
friend.

Who with the weight of years would wish to
bend,
When Youth itself survives young Love and Joy?
Alas! when mingling souls forget to blend,
Death hath but little left him to destroy!
Ah! happy years! once more who would not
be a boy!

Thus bending o'er the vessel's laving side,
To gaze on Dian's wave-reflected sphere;
The soul forgets her schemes of Hope and Pride,
And flies unconscious o'er each backward year:
None are so desolate but something dear,
Dearer than self, possesses or possess'd
A thought, and claims the homage of a tear;
A flashing pang! of which the weary breast
Would still, albeit, in vain, the heavy heart
divest.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion
dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er, or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and see her
stores unroll'd.

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess, [men,
And roam along, the world's tir'd denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless;
Minions of splendour shrinking from distress!
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less
Of all that flatter'd, followed, sought, and sued:
This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!

§ 139. *To Thyrza. By the same.*

ONE struggle more, and I am free
From pangs that rend my heart in twain;
One last long sigh to love and thee,
Then back to busy life again.
It suits me well to mingle now
With things that never pleas'd before:
Though ev'ry joy is fled below,
What future grief can touch me more?

Then bring me wine, the banquet bring:
Man was not form'd to live alone:
I'll be that light unmeaning thing
That smiles with all, and weeps with none.
It was not thus in days more dear,
It never would have been, but thou
Hast fled, and left me lonely here;
Thou'rt nothing, all are nothing now.

In vain my lyre would lightly breathe!
The smile that sorrow fain would wear
But mocks the woe that lurks beneath,
Like roses o'er a sepulchre.

Though gay companions o'er the bowl
 Dispel awhile the sense of ill;
 Though pleasure fires the madd'ning soul;
 The heart—the heart is lonely still!

On many a lone and lovely night
 It sooth'd to gaze upon the sky;
 For then I deem'd the heavenly light
 Shone sweetly on thy pensive eye:
 And oft I thought at Cynthia's noon,
 When sailing o'er the Ægean wave,
 "Now Thyrza gazes on that moon—"
 Alas, it gleam'd upon her grave.

When stretch'd on fever's sleepless bed,
 And sickness shrunk my throbbing veins,
 "'Tis comfort still," I faintly said,
 "That Thyrza cannot know my pains:"
 Like freedom to the time-worn slave,
 A boon 'tis idle then to give;
 Relenting nature vainly gave
 My life, when Thyrza ceas'd to live!

My Thyrza's pledge in better days,
 When love and life alike were new!
 How different now thou meet'st my gaze!
 How ting'd by time with sorrow's hue!
 The heart that gave itself with thee
 Is silent—ah, were mine as still!
 Though cold as e'en the dead can be,
 It feels, it sickens with the chill.

Thou bitter pledge! thou mournful token!
 Though painful, welcome to my breast!
 Still, still, preserve that love unbroken,
 Or break the heart to which thou'rt prest!
 Time tempers love; but not removes,
 More hallow'd when its hope is fled:
 Oh! what are thousand living loves
 To that which cannot quit the dead?

§ 140. *From the Giaour.* LORD BYRON.
Recollections of Greece.

CLIME of the unforgotten brave!
 Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
 Was Freedom's home, or Glory's grave—
 Shrine of the mighty! can it be,
 That this is all remains of thee?
 Approach, thou craven crouching slave—
 Say, is not this Thermopylæ?
 These waters blue that round you lave
 Oh servile offspring of the free—

Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?
 The gulf, the rock of Salamis!
 These scenes—their story not unknown—
 Arise, and make again your own;
 Snatch from the ashes of your sires
 The embers of their former fires,
 And he who in the strife expires
 Will add to theirs a name of fear,
 That Tyranny shall quake to hear,
 And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
 They too will rather die than shame;
 For Freedom's battle once begun,
 Bequeathed by bleeding Sire to Son,
 Though baffled oft is ever won.
 Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,
 Attest it many a deathless age!
 While kings in dusty darkness hid,
 Have left a nameless pyramid,
 Thy heroes—though the general doom
 Hath swept the column from their tomb,
 A mightier monument command,
 The mountains of their native land!
 There points thy Muse to stranger's eye,
 The graves of those that cannot die!
 'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,
 Each step from splendour to disgrace,
 Enough—no foreign foe could quell
 Thy soul, till from itself it fell,
 And Self-abasement pav'd the way
 To villain-bonds and despot-sway.
 What can he tell who treads thy shore?

No legend of thine olden time,
 No theme on which the muse might soar,
 High as thine own in days of yore,
 When man was worthy of thy clime.
 The hearts within thy valleys bred,
 The fiery souls that might have led
 Thy sons to deeds sublime;
 Now crawl from cradle to the grave,
 Slaves—nay the bondsmen of a slave,
 And callous, save to crime;
 Stain'd with each evil that pollutes
 Mankind, where least above the brutes;
 Without even savage virtue blest,
 Without one free or valiant breast,
 Still to the neighbouring ports they waft
 Proverbial wiles, and ancient craft,
 In this the subtle Greek is found,
 For this, and this alone, renown'd.
 In vain might liberty invoke
 The spirit to its bondage broke,
 Or raise the neck that courts the yoke.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

POETICAL.

BOOK THE THIRD.

DRAMATIC, CHIEFLY FROM SHAKSPEARE.

§ 1. ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

SHAKSPEARE.

Advice.

BE thou blest, Bertram! and succeed thy father

In manners as in shape; thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness
Share with thy birth-right. Love all; trust a few;

Do wrong to none; be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key; be check'd for silence
But never tax'd for speech. What Heaven
more will, [down,
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck
Fall on thy head!

Too ambitious Love.

I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me!
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere,
Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty tho' a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table: heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favor!
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics.

Character of a noble Courtier, by an old Cotemporary.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father and myself in friendship
First tried our soldiership! He did look far

Into the service of the time, and was
Discipled of the bravest. He lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father. In his youth
He had the wit which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honor:
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,
His equal had awak'd them; and his honor,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak; and at that time
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below
He us'd as creatures of another place, [him
And bow'd his imminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled; such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times,
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them
But goes backward. [now
Would I were with him!—He would always say—
(Methinks I hear him now; his plausible words
He scatter'd not in ears; but grafted them
To grow there, and to bear) 'Let me not live'
—Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out—'Let me not live,' quoth he
'After my flame lacks oil; to be the snuff
'Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
'All but new things disdain; whose judgments
are [stancies
'Mere fathers of their garments; whose con-
'Expire before their fashions'—This he wish'd.
I, after him, do after him wish too,
—Since I nor wax, nor honey can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some laborer room.

Honor due to personal Virtue, not to Birth.

Strange is it, that our bloods, [together,
Whose color, weight, and heat, pour'd out
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous, save what thou dislik'st,
—A poor physician's daughter, thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name,—But do not so—
From lowest place when virtuous things pro-
ceed,

The place is dignified by the doer's deed.
Where great addition swells, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honor; good alone
Is good without a name; vileness is so:
The property, by what it is, should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
In these, to nature she's immediate heir;
And these breed honor: that is honor's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honor's born,
And is not like the sire. Honors thrive
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers; the mere word's a slave
Debauch'd on every tomb, on every grave;
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honor'd bones indeed.

Self-accusation of too great Love.

Poor lord! is't I

That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? And is it I [thou
That drive thee from the sportive court, where
Was shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-piercing air,
That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord!
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there:
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the catfish that do hold him to it:
And though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected. Better 'twere
I met the raving lion, when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger, better 'twere
That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No, come thou home,
Rousillon,

Whence honor but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all. I will be gone:
My being here it is, that holds thee hence.
Shall I stay here to do it? No, no, although
The air of Paradise did fan the house,
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone;
That pitiful rumor may report my flight,
To console thine ear.

§ 2. AS YOU LIKE IT. SHAKSPEARE.

Fond youthful Friendship.

Celia. O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt
thou go?

Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I

Rosalind. I have more cause. [am.

Celia. Thou hast not, cousin. [Duke
Pr'ythee be cheerful: know'st thou not, the
Has banish'd me, his daughter?

Rosalind. That he hath not. [the love

Celia. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then
Which teacheth me that thou and I are one:
Shall we be sundered? Shall we part, sweet
No, let my father seek another heir. [girl?
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:
And do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out:
For by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

*Solitude preferred to a Court Life, and the
Advantages of Adversity.*

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these
woods

More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The season's difference; as the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
"This is no flattery;" these are counsellors,
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running
brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.
I would not change it!

Amiens. Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style!

*Reflections on a wounded Stag, and on the
melancholy Jaques.*

Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should in their old confines, with forked heads,
Have their round haunches gored.

1st Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind swears, you do more usurp
Than doth your brother who hath banish'd you.
To-day my lord of Amiens and myself,
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique roots peep out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish: and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern
coat

Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,

Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1st Lord. O yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping in the needless stream,
Poor deer, quoth he, thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much. Then, being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
'Tis right, quoth he; thus misery doth part
The flux of company. Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him: Ah, quoth

Jaques,
Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion; wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life; swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and kill them up,
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Conspicuous Virtue exposed to Envy.

Adam. What! my young master? O my
gentle master,
O my sweet master! O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love
you? [liant?

And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and va-
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bony priser of the humorous duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
Oh! what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it?

Gratitude in an old Servant.

Adam. But do not so; I have five hundred
crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age, in corners thrown.
Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you; let me be your servant:
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did I with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility:
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty but kindly. Let me go with you,
I'll do the service of a younger man,
In all your business and necessities. [appears

Orlando. Oh! good old man, how well in thee

The constant service of the antique world,
When servants sweat for duty not for meed?
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion;
And, having that, do choke their service up,
Even with the having. It is not so with thee—
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways, we'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on; and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty—
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek,
But at fourscore it is too late a week;
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well and not my master's debtor.

Lover described.

Oh thou didst then ne'er love so heartily.
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd—
Or if thou hast not sate as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd—
Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd—

Description of a Fool, and his Morals on the Time.

Jaques. As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down, and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms—
In good set terms—and yet a motley fool.
'Good-morrow, fool,' quoth I: 'No, Sir,' quoth
he, [fortune?
'Call me not fool, till Heaven hath sent me
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock: [wags:
'Thus we may see,' quoth he, 'how the world
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine:
'And after one hour more 'twill be eleven:
'And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
'And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
'And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep contemplative:
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial.

Duke. What fool is this? [courtier;

Jaques. O worthy fool! one that had been a
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat!

A Fool's Liberty of Speech.

Duke. Thou shalt have one.

Jagues. It is my only suit:

Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion, that grows rank in them,
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal; as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, Sir, must
they so?

The why is plain as way to parish-church:
He, whom a fool doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob. If not,
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave [through
To speak my mind, and I will through and
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke. Fie on thee—I can tell thee what
thou wouldst do. [but good?

Jagues. What, for a counter, would I do

Duke. Most mischievous foul sin in chiding
For thou thyself hast been a libertine, [sin;
As sensual as the brutish sting itself:
And all th' imbossed sores and headed evils,
That thou with licence of freefoot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

An Apology for Satire.

Jagues. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say, the city woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says, his bravery is not on my cost;
(Thinking that I mean him) but therein suits
His folly to the metal of my speech. [wherein
There then, how then? What then? let me see
My tongue hath wronged him. If it do him
right,

Then he hath wrong'd himself. If he be free,
Why, then, my taxing, like a wild goose, flies
Unclaim'd of any man.

The World compared to a Stage.

Thou see'st we are not all alone unhappy—
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play.

Jagues. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
And then the whining school-boy, with his
satchel

And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress's eye-brow. Then the
soldier,

Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation [justice,
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on's nose and pouch on's side:
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shanks; and his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Ingratitude. A Song.

Blow, blow, thou winter-wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude:
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Tho' thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.

Scornful Love.

Sylvius. The common executioner,
Whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death makes
Falls not the axe upon the humble neck, [hard,
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Phabe. I would not be thy executioner:
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye;
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their toward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them
kill thee:

Now counterfeit to swoon: why now fall down;
Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers. [thee.
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it: lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure [eyes,
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Now, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt to any.

Sylvius. O dear Phœbe,
If ever (as that ever may be near) [fancy,
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That Love's keen arrows make.

Scorn retorted.

Od's my little life!

I think she means to tangle mine eyes too.
No, 'faith, proud mistress! hope not after it.
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow

her,

Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain!
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman: 'Tis such fools as you
That make the world full of ill-favored child-
'Tis not her glass, but you that flatters her; [ren.
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.
But, mistress, know yourself; down on your

knees

And thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's
For I must tell you friendly in your ear, [love:
Sell when you can, you are not for all markets.
Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer:
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.

Tender Love.

So holy, and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Real Love dissembled.

Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy;—yet he talks well.—
But what care I for words? Yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth;—not very pretty;—
But sure he's proud: and yet his pride becomes

him:

He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion: and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall;
His leg is but so so: and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little ripper and more lusty red [difference
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the
Between the constant red and mingled damask,
There be some women, Sylvius, had they
mark'd him

In parcels, as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him; but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him;
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black;
And now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:

I marvel why I answered not again;
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.

*A Description of a sleeping Man, about to be
destroyed by a Snake and a Lioness.*

Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd
with age,
And high top bald with high antiquity,
A wretched, ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back; about his neck
A green and gilded snake had writh'd itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, ap-
proach'd

The opening of his mouth; but suddenly
Seeing Orlando, it unlik'd itself,
And with intended glides did slip away
Into a bush; under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry, [watch
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.

§ 3. THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

SHAKESPEARE.

Wife's Exhortation on a Husband's Infidelity.

Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown;
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects:
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife. [vow
The time was once when thou, unurg'd wouldst
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thine hand,
That never meat sweet savor'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd
to thee.

How comes it now, my husband, Oh, how
That thou art thus estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me:
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me:
For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious;
And that this body consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate!
Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep divorcing vow?
I know thou wouldst: and therefore see thou do
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot, [it.
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust.
For if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.

A Respect to Decency and the Opinion of the World, an excellent Bulwark to our Virtues.

Have patience, Sir; O, let it not be so;
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
Th' inviolated honor of your wife.
Once this—Your long experience of her wis-
Her sober virtues, years, and modesty, [dom,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, Sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made against you.
Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner;
And, about evening, come yourself alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that supposed by the common rout
Against your yet ungalled reputation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead.
For slander lives upon succession;
For ever hous'd where it once gets possession.

Description of a beggarly Conjurer, or a Fortune-Teller.

A hungry, lean-faced villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead-man: this pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer:
And gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face as 't were out-facing me,
Cries out, I was posset.

Old Age.

Not know my voice! O time's extremity,
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up:
Yet hath my night of life some memory!
My wasting lamp some fading glimmer left;
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses,—I cannot err,—
Tell me, thou art my son, Antipholus.

§ 4. LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

SHAKESPEARE.

A laudable Ambition for Fame and true Conquest described.

King. LET Fame, that all hunt after in their
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs, [lives,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring time,
Th' endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honor which shall bate his scythe's keen
And make us heirs of all eternity. [ledge,
Therefore, brave conquerors! for so you are
That war against your own affections,

And the huge army of the world's desires;—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force.
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world:
Our court shall be a little academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.

Longaville. I am resolv'd; 'tis but a three
years' fast;

The mind shall banquet tho' the body pine—
Fat paunches have lean pates: and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bank'rout the wits.

Dumain. My loving lord, Dumain is morti-
The grosser manner of the world's delights, [fied;
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves—
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die:
With all these living in philosophy.

A Merry Man.

A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

A Comical Description of Cupid or Love.

O! and I forsooth, in love!
I, that have been love's whip:
A very beadle to a humorous sigh:
A critic; nay, a night-watch constable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal more magnificent!
This whimp'd, wining, purblind, wayward
boy,
This Signor Julio's giant dwarf, Dan Cupid,
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
Th' anointed sovereign of sighs and groans;
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents;
Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting 'paritors: (O my little heart)
And I to be a corporal of his file,
And wear his colours! like a tumbler's hoop!
What? I! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a-repairing; ever out of frame,
And never going right, being a watch,
But being watch'd, that it may still go right?

Ill Deeds often done for the Sake of Fame.

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair
praise—

But come, the bow:—Now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;
If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.
And, out of question, so it is sometimes:
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes; [part,
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward
We bend to that the working of the heart:

As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill [ill.
The poor deer's blood that my heart means no

The Power of Love.

Why universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion and long-during action tire
The sinewy vigor of the traveller.

When would you, my liege—or you—or you—
In leaden contemplation have found out
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil.
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But, with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every pow'r;
And gives to every pow'r a double pow'r;
Above their functions and their offices,
It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind:
A lover's ears will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopt.
Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails.
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in
For valor, is not love a Hercules, [taste.
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as Sphinx; as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair:
And when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were tempered with love's sighs:
O then his eyes would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world;
Else, none at all in aught proves excellent.

Elegant Compliment to a Lady.

Fair, gentle, sweet, [greet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we
With eyes best seeing Heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light: your capacity
Is of that nature, as to your huge store [poor.
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but

The Effects of Love.

For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths; your beauty,
ladies, [mors
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our hu-
Even to the opposed end of our intents;
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous—
As love is full of unbefitting strains,
All wanton as a child, skipping and vain;
Form'd by the eye; and therefore like the eye,
Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every vary'd object in his glance:

Which party-colored presence of loose love,
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
'T hath misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes that look into these faults
Suggested us to make them: therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours.

Jest and Jester.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron,
Before I saw you: and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons, and wounding flouts;
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit: [brain
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful
And therewithal to win me, if you please,
(Without the which I am not to be won) [day,
You shall this twelvemonth term, from day to
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches: and your task shall
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit, [be,
'T enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Bir. To move wild laughter in the throat of
It cannot be, it is impossible; [death?
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony. [spirit,

Ros. Why, that's the way to choak a gibling
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it. Then, if sickly ears,
Deaf with the clamors of their own dear groans,
Will bear your idle scorns, continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withal;
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Spring. A Song.

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckow buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight:
The cuckow, then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckow!

Cuckow! Cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!
When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are plowmen's clocks;
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws;
And maidens bleach their summer smocks:
The cuckow then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckow!

Cuckow! Cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

Winter. A Song.

When icicles hang by the wall,
' And Dick the shepherd blows his nail;
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;

When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl
To-whoo!

Tu-whit, to-whoo, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.
When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw;
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw:
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl
To-whoo!

Tu-whit, to-whoo, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

§ 5. MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

SHAKSPEARE.

Virtue given to be exerted.

THERE is a kind of character in thy life,
That, to the observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold: thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.
Heav'n doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike [touch'd
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely
But to fine issues: nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of her creditor,
Both thanks and use.

Mercy in Governors recommended.

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have slipt like him,
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

The Duty of mutual Forgiveness.

—Alas! alas!

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once,
And he that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? Oh! think on that:
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

The Abuse of Authority.

Oh, 'tis excellent
To have a giant's strength! but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Great Men's Abuse of Power.

Could great men thunder, [quiet;
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be
For ev'ry pelting, petty officer [but thunder!
Would use his heav'n for thunder! Nothing
Merciful heav'n!

Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Split'st the unwedgable and gnarled oak,

Than the soft myrtle. O, but man! proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heav'n
As makes the angels weep; who, with our
Would all themselves laugh mortal. [spleens,

The Privilege of Authority.

We cannot weigh our brother with ourself.
Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them:
But, in the less, foul profanation.
That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

The Power of virtuous Beauty.

Isab. Save your honour!

[Exit Isab.

Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue!—
What's this? what's this? Is this her fault,
or mine? [ha!

The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most?
Not she; nor doth she tempt; but it is I,
That, lying by the violet, in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground
Shall we desire to raise the sanctuary, [enough,
And pitch our evils there? Oh, fie, fie, fie,
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
That make her good? Oh, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What! do I love
That I desire to hear her speak again, [her,
And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream
Oh, cunning enemy, that to catch a saint, [on?
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most danger-
Is that temptation, that does goad us on [rous
To sin in loving virtue: ne'er could the strumpet,
With all her double vigor, art and nature,
Once stir my temper: but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite.——

True Repentance.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you
carry?

Jul. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign
your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.

Jul. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Jul. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd
him. [ful act

Duke. So then, it seems, your most offence-
Was mutually committed?

Jul. Mutually.

[than his.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind

Jul. I do confess it, and repent, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter: but—lest you
do repent

As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,
Which sorrow is always to ourselves, not
Heaven;

Showing we would not spare Heaven, as we
But as we stand in fear— [love it,

Jul. I do repent me as it is an evil;
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.

Love in a grave severe Governor.

When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To sev'ral subjects: Heav'n hath my empty
words:

Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel. Heav'n's in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name;
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception: the state whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I with boot, change for an idle plume
Which the air beats for vain. O place! O
form!

How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming! Blood, thou still art
blood!

Let's write good angel on the devil's horn;—
'Tis not the devil's crest.

A simile on the Presence of the beloved Object.

— O Heavens!

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throngs with one that
swoons;

Come all to help him, and thus stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The gen'ral subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

Heroic Female Virtue.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life
(As I subscribe not that or any other,
But in the loss of question,) that you his sister,
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great
place,

Could fetch your brother from the manacles,
Of the all-binding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of the body,
To this supposed, or else to let him suffer;
What would you do? [self:

Isab. As much for my poor brother as my-
That is, were I under the terms of death,
Th' impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death as to a bed
That longing I have been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother died at once,

Than that a sister, by redeeming him
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sen-
That you have slander'd so? [tence

Isab. An ignominious ransom, and free par-
Are of two houses; lawful mercy sure, [don,
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Moral Reflections on the Vanity of Life.

Be absolute for death; either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing [life:
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou
Servile to all the skiey influences, [art,
That do this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st tow'rd him still. Thou art not
noble:

For all the accommodations that thou bear'st
Are nurs'd by basenes: thou art by no means
valiant;

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st: yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not
thyself;

For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains;
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get;
And what thou hast, forgett'st. Thou art not
certain;

For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee. Friend thou hast
none;

For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor
youth nor age,

But as it were an after dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld: and when thou art old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor
beauty,

To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand death: yet death we
That makes these odds all even. [fear,

The Terrors of Death most in Apprehension.

Claud. Is there no remedy? [head,

Isab. None but such remedy as, to save a
Would cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a fev'rous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is more in apprehension;

And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corp'ral sufferance feels a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Resolution from a Sense of Honour.

Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flow'ry tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in my arms! [ther's grave]

Isab. There spake my brother; there my fa-
Did utter forth a voice.

The Terrors of Death.

Isab. O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin!

Claud. Ah, Isabel!

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud.—Death's a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful. [where;

Claud. Ah, but to die, and go we know not
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the dilated spirit
To bathe in fiery floods; or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice:
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and uncertain thoughts
Imagine howling! 'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, imprisonment,
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Cowardly Apprehension of Death reproached.

Isab. O, faithless coward! O dishonest
wretch!

Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life [think?
From thine own sister's shame? What should I
Heaven grant my mother play'd my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wilderness [ance—
Ne'er issued from his blood.—Take my defi-
Die, perish! might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed—
Oh, fie, fie, fie!

Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade;
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd;
'Twere best thou diest quickly!

Good Example necessary in Rulers.

He, who the sword of Heaven will bear,
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;
More or less to others paying,
Than by self offences weighing:
Shame to him whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice and let his grow!

O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness made in crimes,
Mocking practice on the times,
To draw with idle spider's strings,
Most pond'rous and substantial things!

Song.

Take, O take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again;
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.
Hide, O hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears:
But my poor heart first set free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

Character of an Arch Hypocrite.

O, I conjure thee, prince, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness: make not
impossible [sible
That which but seems unlike: 'tis not impos-
But one, the wickedest caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch villain: trust me, royal prince,
If he be less, he's nothing: but he's more,
Had I more names for badness.

§ 6. THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

SHAKSPEARE.

*Natural Presentiment of Evil finely pointed
out; with a Contrast of a cheerful and melan-
choly Man.*

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad;
It wearies me: you say, it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn.

And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean,
There where your argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or as it were the pageants of the sea,——

Do over-peer the petty traffickers,
That curtsey to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Salan. Believe me, Sir, had I such ventures,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should bestill forth,
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind:
Peering in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads:
And every object, that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me sad.

Salar. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats;
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream:
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks:
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the
thought

To think of this! and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing bechanc'd, would make me
But tell not me; I know Antonio [sad?
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

Ant. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune
for it,

My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.

Sal. Why then you are in love.

Ant. Fie, fie. [you are sad,

Sal. Not in love neither! Then let us say
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh, and leap, and say you are
merry, [Janus,

Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper:
And others of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Cheerfulness and affected Gravity contrasted.

Let me play the fool:

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man whose blood is warm with
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster? [in,
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the
jaundice

By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks:
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be drest in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark."
O, my Antonio, I do know of those,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing; who, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those
ears, [thers fools,

Which, hearing them, would call their bro-

I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not with this melancholy bait,
For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.

Generous and disinterested Friendship.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know
And, if it stand, as you yourself still do, [it:
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight [shaft,
The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other; and, by advent'ring both,
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt—
As I will watch the aim,—or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well; and herein spend
but time,

To wind about my love with circumstance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have.
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am pressed unto it: therefore, speak.

—Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do;
That shall be rack'd even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make
To have it of my trust, or for my sake.

A Jew's Malice.

Bass. This is signior Antonio.

Shyl. How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him, for he is a Christian: [Aside,
But more for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails [gate,
E'en there, where merchants most do congre-
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

A Jew's Sanctity and Hypocrisy.

Shyl. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's
sheep,
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf)
The third possessor; ay, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shyl. No, not take interest; not as you would
Directly interest; mark what Jacob did: [say,
When Laban and himself were compromis'd,
That all the eanlings, which were streak'd and
py'd, [rank,
Should fall as Jacob's hire,—the ewes being
In end of autumn turned to the rams:
And when the work of generation was
Between those woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd peel'd him certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes;
Who then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were
Jacob's.

This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, Sir, that Jacob
serv'd for;

A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of Hea-
Was this inserted to make interest good? [ven.
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

Shyl. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:
But note me, signior.—

Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple, rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

The Jew's Exposition.

Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gabardine,
And all for use of that which is my own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:—
Go to then;—you come to me, and you say,
“Shylock, we would have monies;” you say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger-cur
Over your threshold:—Monies is your suit.—
What should I say to you?—Should I not say,
“Hath a dog money?—Is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?”—or
Shall I bend low, and, in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath and whisp'ring humbleness,
Say this: “Fair Sir, you spit on me on Wed-
nesday last;

You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much monies?”

A Villain's fair Offers suspicious.

I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.

An Apology for a black Complexion.

Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.

Bring me the fairest creature northern born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant; by my love, I swear
The best regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Merit no Match for the Caprice of Fortune.

—Lead me to the caskets,
To try my fortune. By this scymitar,
That slew the sophy, and a Persian prince,
That won three fields of Sultan Solymán,—
I would o'erstare the sternest eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-
bear,

Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady: But, alas, the while!
If Hercules and Lychas play at dice,
Which is the better man? the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Gravity assumed.

Bass. —But hear thee, Gratiano;
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults:
But where thou art not known, why there
they show,
Something too liberal; pray thee take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild
behaviour,
I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

Gra. —Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look de-
murely;
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say Amen;
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent,
To please his grandam—never trust me more.

The Jew's Commands to his Daughter.

Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber you not up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public-street,
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces:
But stop my house's ears:—I mean my case-
ments:—
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.

Shylock's Description of his Servant.

Shyl. The patch is kind enough; but a huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day [me:
More than the wild cat. Drones hive not with
Therefore I part with him: and part with him
To one, that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse.

Fruition more languid than Expectation.

O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are
To keep obliged faith unforfeited. [wont

—Who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younker, or a prodigal,
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like a prodigal doth she return;
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Portia's Suitors.

From the four corners of the earth they come
To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.
Th' Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia, are as thoroughfares
Now, for princes to come view fair Portia.
The wat'ry kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.

The Parting of Friends.

I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
Of his return; he answer'd, "Do not so;
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time:
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love.
Be merry; and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there."
And even there his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.

False Judgment of the Many.

—Fortune now,
To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base
lead. [he hath."
"Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all
You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:—
"Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men
desire." [meant
What many men desire!—That many may be
Of the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth
teach:

Which pries not to the interior, but, like the
martlet,

Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.

Honor ought to be conferred on Merit only.

Why then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
"Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he
deserves."

And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune and be honorable [sume
Without the stamp of merit? Let none pre-
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O, that estates, degrees, and offices [honor
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover, that stand bare!
How many be commanded, that command!
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honor! and how much
honor

Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times
To be new-varnish'd!

Love's Messenger compared to an April Day.

I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love;
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Music.

Let music sound, while he doth make his
choice!

Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music.—That the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the
stream

And wat'ry death-bed for him: he may win;
And what is music then? Then music is,
Even as the flourish, when true subjects bow
To a new-crown'd monarch: such it is
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage.—

—Now he goes
With no less presence, but with much more
love,

Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice;
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visages, come forth to view
The issue of the exploit.

A Song. On Fancy.

I.

Tell me, where is fancy bred;
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?

Reply.

II.

It is engender'd in the eyes;
With gazing fed: and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:

Let us all ring fancy's knell:
I'll begin it,—Ding dong, bell.

The Deceit of Ornament or Appearances.

So may the outward shows be least themselves.

The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false

As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars;
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk!

And these assume but valor's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it.
So are those crisped, snaky, golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the
Upon supposed fairness, often known [wind
To be the dowry of a second head,
The scull that bred them in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the gilded shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
T' entrap the wisest—Therefore, thou gaudy
gold,

Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common
drudge, [lead,
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre
Which rather threat'nest than dost promise
aught,
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I; joy be the consequence.

Joy on Success.

How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash embrac'd de-
spair,
And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy!
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy:
In measure rein thy joy, scant this excess:
I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

Portia's Picture.

What find I here?
Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?

Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar [hairs
Should sunder such sweet friends: Here in her
The painter plays the spider; and hath woven
A golden mesh t' intrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes,—
How could he see to do them? Having made
one, [his,
Methinks it should have power to steal both
And leave itself unfurnished.

Successful Lover compared to a Conqueror.

Like one of two contending for a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice fair lady, stand I even so.

An amiable Bride.

Portia.—Though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious, in my wish,
To wish myself much better: yet for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand
times more rich;

That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this: she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this, in that
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be direct,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.

A pert, bragging Youth.

I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with a braver grace;
And speak, between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice: and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lies,
How honorable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
I could not do with all; then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd 'em!
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell;
That men shall swear I've discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth: I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging jacks
Which I will practise.

The Jew's Reason for his Revenge.

Shyl. I have possess'd your grace of what I
purpose;
And by our holy sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have

A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that;
But, say, it is my humor. Is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it ban'd? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
Some that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' th' nose,
Cannot contain their urine for affection:
Masters of passion sway it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loathes. Now for your
answer:

As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a woollen bag-pipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Unfeeling Revenge.

You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use questions with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise
When they are fetted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing inost hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's
His Jewish heart. [harder?])

Retaliation.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy,
rend'ring none?

Shyl. What judgment shall I dread, doing
no wrong?

You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs and
You use in abject and in slavish parts, [mules,
Because you bought them: shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs;
Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands: you will answer,
The slaves are yours. So do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I stand for judgment: answer: shall I have it?

*Jew's wolfish Spirit, an Argument for Trans-
migration.*

Gra. Oh, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!
And for thy life, let justice be accus'd.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy curish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human
slaughter,

Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itself in thee: for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

Shyl. Till thou canst rail the seal from off
my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

Mercy.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as a gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings:
But mercy is above the sceptred way:
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings:
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

Justice must be impartial.

I beseech you,
Wrest once the laws to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be; there is no power in
Can alter a decree established; [Venice
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

Cheerful Resignation, with friendly Tenderness.

Ant. I am arm'd and well prepar'd—
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom.—It is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty; from which lingering pe-
Of such a misery doth she cut me off. [nance
Commend me to your honorable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end!
Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death:
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt.

Ample Payment.

He is well paid that is well satisfied.
*Description of a Moon-light Night, with fine
Music.*

Lor. The moon shines bright: in such a
night as this,

When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise; in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan wall,
And sigh'd his soul towards the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid' lay that night.

Jes. In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran away dismay'd.

Lor. In such a night,
Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand,
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew;
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.

Jes. And in such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. And in such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

* * * * *

How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this
bank!

Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica; look, how the floor of heav'n
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou be-
st, But in his motion like an angel sings, [hold'st,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—
Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn;
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music.

Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet
music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing
loud,

Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they perchance but hear a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
By the sweet pow'r of music. Therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and
hloods;

Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath not music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils;

The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.

*A good Deed compared to a Candle, and the
Effects of Time, Circumstances, &c.*

Por. How far that little candle throws his
beams!

So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone we did not see
the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect;
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow does sing as sweetly as the lark
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When ev'ry goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection!
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd!

Moon-light Night.

This night, methinks, is but the day-light
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day, [sick;
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Professions needless, where Intentions are sincere.

Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

Elegant Compliment.

Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

§ 7. A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.
SHAKSPEARE.

The Witchcraft of Love.

My gracious duke,
This man hath witch'd the bosom of my child:
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her
rhymes,
And interchang'd love tokens with my child:
Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gauds, con-
ceits, [sengers
Knacks, trifles, nose-gays, sweetmeats, mes-
Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth:
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's
heart:

Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness.

A Father's Authority.

To you your father should be as a god:
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one

To whom you are but as a form in wax
By him imprinted ; and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.

True Love ever crossed.

Lys. Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;
But either it was different in blood,
Er else misgrafted in respect of years;
Or else it stood upon the choice of friends:
Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness, did lay siege to it;
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heav'n and
earth:

And, ere a man hath pow'r to say—Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion!

Her. Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross, [sighs,
As due to love, as thoughts and dreams, and
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.

Assignment.

I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicity of Venus's doves, [loves;
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers
And by that fire which burnt the Carthage
queen,

When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke;
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Modest and generous Eulogium of a Rival.

Hel. Call you me fair? That fair again unsay:
Demetrius loves you, fair; O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars, and your tongue
sweet air

More tunable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds
appear.

Sickness is catching: O, were favor so!
Yours I would catch, fair Hermia, ere I go:
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your
eye; [melody.

My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'll give to be to you translated.
O teach me how you look! and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Moon.

When Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the watery glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass.

Love.

Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity:
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the
mind,

And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind;
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste:
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste;
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd:
As waggish boys in games themselves forswear;
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where.

Cowslips, and Fairy Employment.

The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favors;
In those freckles live their savors;
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

Puck, or Robin Goodfellow.

I am that merry wand'rer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal;
And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale;
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot-stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And rails or cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips and
loffe; [swear
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and
A merrier hour was never wasted there.

Fairy Jealousy, and the Effects of it.

These are the forgeries of jealousy;
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or on the beached margin of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our
sport:

Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which, falling in the land,
Have every pelting river made so proud,
That they have overborne their continents.
The ox has therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain.
The ploughman lost his sweat: and the green
corn

Hath rotted, ere its youth attain'd a beard;
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatt'd with the murrain stock;
The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud,
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread is undistinguishable.
The human mortals want their winter here;
No night is now with hymn or carol blest;
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound.
And, thorough this distemperature, we see
The seasons alter; hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;

And on old Hyems' chin, and icy crown,
An od'rous chaplet of sweet summer-buds
Is, as in mock'ry, set: the spring, the summer,
The chilling autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries, and the 'mazed world
By their increase now knows not which is
which.

Love in Idleness.

Thou remember'st

Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
To hear the sea-maid's music.
That very time I saw (but thou couldst not)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid, all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west;
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts.
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry
And the imperial vot'ress passed on, [moon;
In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flow'r, [wound,
Before milk-white; now purple with love's
And maidens call it, "Love in Idleness."

Virtuous Love's Protection and Reliance.

Your virtue is my privilege for that.
It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night;
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;
For you in my respect are the world.
Then how can it be said, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

A Fairy Bank.

I know a bank, whereon the wild thyme
blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopy'd with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine;
There sleeps Titania, sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flow'rs with dances and delight.

Fairy Courtesies.

Be kind and courteous to this gentleman:
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricots and dewberries;
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey-bags steal from the humble bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes;
To have my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes;
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

Female Friendship.

Is all the council that we two have shar'd,
The sister vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us: O! and is all forgot?

All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion;
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate; so we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition:
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart:
Two of the first like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our sex as well as I may chide you for it;
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Embracing.

So doth the woodbine the sweet honey-suckle
Gently entwist—the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.

Dew in Flowers.

That same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell like round and orient
pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flowret's eyes
Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.

Hunting, and Hounds.

Thes. We will, fair queen, up to the moun-
And mark the musical confusion [tain's top,
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the boar
With hounds of Sparta; never did I hear
Such gallant chiding. For, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, ev'ry region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry; I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

Thes. My hounds are bred out of the Spar-
tan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd, like Thessalian
bulls, [bells,
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn.

Fairy Motion.

Then, my queen, in silence sad
Trip we after the night's shade:
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

The Power of Imagination.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
That is the madman. The lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.
The poet's eye, in a fine phrensy rolling,
Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to
And, as imagination bodies forth [heav'n,

The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

Simpleness and modest Duty always acceptable.

Philost. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you. I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretch'd, and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

Thes. I will hear that play:
For never any thing can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'er-
And duty in his service perishing. [charg'd,

Thes. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no
such thing.

Our sport shall be to take what they mistake:
And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accents in their fears,
And in conclusion dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome:
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-ty'd simplicity,
In least speak most, to my capacity.

Night.

Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf howls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fore-done.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his spright
In the church-yard paths to glide.
And we fairies that do run,
By the triple Hecat's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house;
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

§ 8. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

SHAKESPEARE.

Friendship in Love.

Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore all hearts in love use their own
Let every eye negotiate for itself, [tongues,

And trust no agent: beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

A Song.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never,
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny nonny.

Favorites compared to Honey-suckles, &c.

—Bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honey-suckles ripened by the sun
Forbid the sun to enter; like favorites
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it.

A scornful and satirical Beauty.

Nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice.
Disdain and scorn ride sparking in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on: and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak; she cannot love,
Nor take no shape, nor project of affection,
She is so self-endear'd.

I never yet saw man [tur'd,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely fea-
But she would spell him backward; if fair
fac'd, [sister;
She'd swear the gentleman should be her
If black, why Nature drawing of an antic,
Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate very vilely cut;
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If silent, why, a block, moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out:
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

A Father lamenting his Daughter's Infamy.

Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes;
For, did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy
shames,
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life.—Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?
O, one too much by thee! why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not, with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates?
Who smeared thus, and mir'd with infamy,
I might have said, "No part of it is mine;
This shame derives itself from unknown loins."
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on; mine so much
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her; why she—Oh she is fallen
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea

Hath drops too few to wash her clean again!
And salt too little, which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh!

Innocence discovered by Countenance.

—I have mark'd

A thousand blushing apparitions [shames,
To start into her face, a thousand innocent
In angel whiteness, bear away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool;
Trust not my reading, nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenor of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.

Resolution.

I know not: if they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her: if they wrong her
honor,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly.

The desire of loved Objects heightened by their Loss.

This, well carried, shall, on her behalf
Change slander to remorse; that is some good:
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pity'd, and excus'd
Of every hearer. For it so falls out,
That what we have, we prize not to the worth
While we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
While it was ours. So will it fare with Claudio:
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving, delicate, and full of life
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she liv'd indeed. Then shall he
(If ever love had interest in his liver) [mourn
And wish he had not so accus'd her;
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Then I can lay it down in likelihood.
But, if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death,

Will quench the wonder of her infamy;
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her
(As best befits her wounded reputation)
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.
Leon. Being that, alas!
I flow in grief, the smallest twine may lead me.

Counsel of no Weight in Misery.

I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into my ears as profitless
As water in a sieve: give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father that so lov'd his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience: [mine,
Measure his love the length and breadth of
And let it answer every strain for strain;
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:
If such a one will smile and stroke his beard,
In sorrow wag; cry hem! when he should groan;
Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune
drunk

With candle-wasters: bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man; for, brother, men
Can counsel, and give comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptual medicine to rage;
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread;
Charm ach with air, and agony with words.
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral when he shall endure [sel;
The like himself: therefore give me no coun-
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing
differ. [blood:

Leo. I pray thee, peace—I will be flesh and
For there was never yet philosopher,
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a pish at change and sufferance.

An aged Father's Resentment of Scandal.

Tush, tush, man! never fleer and jest at me;
I speak not like a dotard nor a fool;
As, under privilege of age, to brag [do,
What I have done, being young, or what would
Were I not old. Know Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd my innocent child and
That I am forc'd to lay my rev'rence by; [me,
And, with gray hairs, and bruise of many days,
To challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say, thou hast belied mine innocent child;
Thy slander hath gone through and through
her heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors:
O! in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villany.

§ 9. THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

SHAKESPEARE.

Painting.

Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee
Adonis, painted by a running brook; [straight
And Cytherea all in sedges hid, [breath,
Which seem to move and wanton with her
E'en as the waving sedges play with wind.

The Uses of Travel and Study.

Luc. Tranio, since—for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts—
I am arriv'd from fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approv'd in all:
Here let us breathe, and happily institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic thro' the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achiev'd.
Tell me thy mind: for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come; as he that leaves
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. *Mi perdonate*, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoics, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd:
Talk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practice rhetoric in your common talk:
Music and poesy use to quicken you:
The mathematics and the metaphysics, [you:
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en!—
In brief, Sir, study what you most affect.

Woman's Tongue.

Think you a little din can daunt my ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordinance in the field?
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitch'd battle, heard [clang?
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to th' ear
As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire?

The Mind alone valuable.

Pet. Well, come my Kate; we will unto
your father's,
Even in these honest mean habiliments;
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich:
And as the sun breaks thro' the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or, is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.

A lovely Woman.

Fair, lovely maiden, young and affable,
More clear of hue, and far more beautiful
Than precious sardonix, or purple rocks
Of amethysts, or glistening hyacinth:
—Sweet Catherine, this lovely woman—
Cuth. Fair, lovely lady, bright and crystalline,
Beauteous and stately as the eye-train'd bird,
As glorious as the morning wash'd with dew,
Within whose eyes she takes her dawning
beams,
And golden summer sleeps upon thy cheeks;
Wrap up thy radiations in some cloud,
Lest that thy beauty make this stately town
Unhabitable as the burning zone,
With sweet reflection of thy lovely face.

The Wife's Duty to her Husband.

Fie! fie! unknit that threat'ning, unkind
brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor;
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair
And in no sense is meet or amiable. [buds,
A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty,
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for
thee,
And for thy maintenance commits his body
To painful labor both by sea and land;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes a prince,
Even such, a woman oweth to her husband:
And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
I am asham'd that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.

Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great; my reason haply more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown:
But now I see our lances are but straws;
Our strength as weak, our weakness past com-
pare; [are.
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least
Then veil your stomachs, for it is no boot;
And place your hands beneath your husband's
In token of which duty, if he please, [foot:
My hand is ready—may it do him ease!

§ 10. THE TEMPEST. SHAKSPEARE.

Miranda and Prospero.

Mir. O I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! A brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in
Dash'd all to pieces. O the cry did knock [her,
Against my very heart! Poor souls! they pe-
Had I been any god of power, I would [rish'd.
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er
It should the good ship so have swallowed, and
The freighting souls within her.

Pros. Wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort;
The direful spectacle of the wreck which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no soul—
No not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel [sink.
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st

Caliban's Curses.

As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!

I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou
camest first, [would'st give me
Thou stroak'st me, and mad'st much of me:
Water with berries in 't, and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd
thee,
And show'd thee all the qualities of th' isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and
fertile;
Curs'd be I, that I did so! all the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have, [me
Who first was mine own king: and here you sty
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
Th' rest of th' island.

*Caliban's Exultation after Prospero tells him he
sought to violate the Honor of his child.*

Oh, ho, ho, ho!—I would it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me, I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Pros. Abhorred slave!
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pity'd thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee
each hour

One thing or other; when thou didst not, sa-
vage, [like
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known: but thy
vile race, [good-nature
Though thou didst learn, had that in 't which
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast
Deserv'dly confin'd into this rock, [thou
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language; and my
profit on 't [you
Is, I know how to curse: the red plague rid
For learning me your language?

Music.

Where should this music be? in air or earth?
It sounds no more: and sure it waits upon
Some god of th' island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air.

Ariel's Song.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea Nymphs hourly ring his knell.
Hark now I hear them, ding, dong, bell.

A Lover's Speech.

My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's
threats,
To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' th' earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Resignation and Gratitude.

Beseech you, Sir, be merry; you have cause
(So have we all) of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss: our hint of woe
Is common; every day some sailor's wife,
The master of some merchant, and the mer-
chant [racle,
Have just our theme of woe: but for the mi-
(I mean our preservation) few in millions

Can speak like us: then wisely, good Sir,
Our sorrow with our comfort. [weigh

Description of Ferdinand's swimming ashore.

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs: he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him; his bold
head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty strokes
To th' shore: that o'er his wave-worn basis
bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt
He came alive to land.

Satire on Utopian Forms of Government.

I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things: for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contracts, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, olive
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil: [none;
No occupation: all men idle, all;
And women too, but innocent and pure:
No sovereignty:
All things in common nature should produce,
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring
forth
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.
I would with such perfection govern, Sir,
To excel the golden age.

A fine Apopsiopesis.

They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What
might [more.
Worthy Sebastian?—Oh, what might?—no
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be: th' occasion speaks
thee; and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Caliban's Curses.

All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and
make him—

By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll not
pinch, [mire,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' th'
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid them; but
For every trifle are they set upon me: [me,
Sometimes, like apes, that moe and chatter at
And after bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their prickles at my foot-fall: sometimes am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness—Lo, now, lo!

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me,
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat:
Perchance, he will not mind me.

Caliban's Promises.

I'll show thee the best springs: I'll pluck
thee berries;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man—
I pry'thee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmozet: I'll bring thee
To clust'ring filberts, and sometimes I'll get
Young sea-mels from the rock. [thee

True and unbiassed Affection. Ferdinand bearing a Log.

There be some sports are painful: but their
labor [ness
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of base-
Are nobly undergone: and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task would be
As heavy to me, as 'tis odious; but [dead,
The mistress whom I serve, quickens what's
And makes my labors pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed:
And he's compos'd of harshness. I must re-
move
Some thousands of these logs, and pile 'em up,
Upon a sore injunction. My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work: and says, suh^s
Had ne'er such excutor. I forget; [basenes
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my
Most busy-less when I do it. [labors,

Admir'd Miranda!

Indeed, the top of admiration: worth
What's dearest to the world! full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ears; for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women: never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she own'd,
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

Continence before Marriage.

Pros. If thou dost break her virgin-knot, be-
All sanctimonious ceremonies may [fore
With full and holy rite be ministered,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain, and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both; therefore, take
As Hymen's lamps shall light you. [heed,

A Lover's Protestation.

Ferd. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,

With such love as 'tis now; the murkiest den,
The most opportune place; the strong'st suggestion

Our worse genius can, shall never melt
Mine honor into lust: to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are
Or night kept chain'd below. [founder'd,

Passion too strong for Vows.

Pros. Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good-night your vow! [straw

Vanity of Human Nature.

Pros. Our revels now are ended: these our
(As I foretold you) were all spirits, and [actors
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind! We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

Drunkards enchanted by Ariel.

Ariel. I told you, Sir, they were red hot
with drinking;
So full of valor, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces: beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd
their ears,
Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd thro'
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and
thorns,
Which enter'd their frail skins: at last I left 'em
I' th' filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins.

Fine Sentiment of Humanity on Repentance.

Ariel — The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him that you term'd the good old lord Gonzalo;
His tears run down his beard, like winter's
From eaves of reeds: your charms so strongly
work 'em,
That, if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pros. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ariel. Mine would, Sir, were I human.

Pros. And mine shall.

Hast thou, who art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,

Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou
art? [quick;
Tho' with their high wrongs I am struck to the
Yet with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part; the rarer action is [nitent,
In virtue than in vengeance: they being pe-
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown farther.

Fairies and Magic.

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and
groves;
And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,
When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
By moon-shine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose
pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
(Weak masters tho' ye be) I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous
winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promon-
tory [up
Have I made shake: and by the spurs pluck'd
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have wak'd their sleepers; open and let them
By my so potent art. [forth

Senses returning.

The charm dissolves apace:
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ign'rant fumes, that mantle
Their clearer reason——

Their understanding
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores,
That now lay foul and muddy:

Ariel's Song.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After sunset merrily:
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

§ 11. TWELFTH NIGHT, OR WHAT
YOU WILL. | SHAKSPEARE.

Music and Love.

If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again:—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear, like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets, [more;
Stealing, and giving odour——Enough; no
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!

That, notwithstanding thy capacity
 Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
 Of what validity and pitch soever,
 But falls into abatement and low price,
 Even in a minute! So full of shapes is fancy,
 That it alone is high fantastical.

Natural Affection akin to Love.

O, she, that hath a heart of that fine frame
 To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
 How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
 Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
 That live in her; when liver, brain, and heart,
 These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and
 fill'd

(Her sweet perfections) with one self-king!

Description of Sebastian's Escape.

—I saw your brother,
 Most provident in peril, bind himself [tice]
 (Courage and hope both teaching him the prac-
 To a strong mast, that liv'd upon the sea;
 Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
 I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
 So long as I could see.

Beauty.

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
 Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
 Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,
 If you will lead these graces to the grave,
 And leave the world no copy.

Serious Music most agreeable to Lovers.

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
 That old and antique song we heard last night:
 Methought it did relieve my passion much;
 More than light airs and recollected terms
 Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.

Character of an old Song.

Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain:
 The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
 And the free maids that weave their thread
 with bones,
 Do use to chant it; it is silly sooth,
 And dallies with the innocence of love
 Like the old age.

Song.

Come away, Come away, death,
 And in sad cypress let me be laid:
 Fly away, fly away, breath;
 I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
 My shroud of white stuck all with yew,
 O, prepare it;
 My part of death no one so true
 Did share it.
 Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
 On my black coffin let there be strown;
 Not a friend, not a friend greet [thrown]:
 My poor corpse, where my bones shall be
 A thousand, thousand sighs to save,
 Lay me, O where
 Sad true lover ne'er find my grave,
 To weep there.

Concealed Love.

Duke. There is no woman's sides
 Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
 As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
 So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
 Alas! their love may be call'd appetite—
 No motion of the liver, but the palate.—
 That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt:
 But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
 And can digest as much: make no compare
 Between that love a woman can bear me,
 And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know—

Duke. What dost thou know? [owe;

Vio. Too well what love women to men may
 In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
 My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
 As it might be, perhaps, were I woman,
 I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history? [lov'd,

Vio. A blank, my lord: she never told^{er} her
 But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
 Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in
 thought;

And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
 She sat like Patience on a monument,
 Smiling at grief.

A Jester.

This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;
 And to do that well, craves a kind of wit:
 He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
 The quality of persons and the time;
 And like the haggard, check at every feather
 That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
 As full of labour as a wise man's art:
 For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit;
 But wise men's folly fall'n quite taints their wit.

Unsought Love.

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
 By maidhood, honor, truth, and every thing,
 I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
 Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.
 Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
 For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:
 But rather reason thus with reason fetter:
 Love sought is good, but giv'n unsought is better.

Ingratitude.

Ant. Is 't possible, that my deserts to you
 Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
 Lest that it make me so unsound a man,
 As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
 That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;
 Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
 I hate ingratitude more in a man,
 Than lying, vainness, babbling drunkenness,
 Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
 Inhabits our frail blood.

Deformity in the Mind.

Ant. But O, how vile an idol proves this god!
 Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame,

In nature there's no blemish but the mind ;
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind :
Virtue is beauty ; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.

§ 12. THE WINTER'S TALE.

SHAKSPEARE.

Youthful Friendship and Innocence.

WE were, fair queen, [hind,
Two lads that thought there was no more be-
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal. [sun,
We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i' th'
And bleat the one at th' other ; what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence ; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing ; nor dream'd,
That any did : had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd,
With stronger blood we should have answer'd
Heaven
Boldly—"Not guilty ;" the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.

A Father's Fondness for his Child.

Leon. Are you so fond of your young prince
Do seem to be of ours ? [as we

Pol. If at home, Sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter :
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy ;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all :
He makes a July's day short as December :
And, with his varying childness, cures in me
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

Faithful Service.

Cam. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful negligent,
It was my folly : if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end : if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest ; these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of.

Jealousy.

Is whispering nothing ?
Is leaning cheek to cheek ? is meeting noses ?
Kissing with inside lip ? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh ? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty :) horsing foot on foot ?
Skulking in corners ? wishing clocks more swift ?
Hours, minutes ? noon, midnight ? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web, but theirs, theirs
only [thing ?
That would, unseen, be wicked ? Is this no-
Why, then the world, and all that's in 't, is
nothing ;
The covering sky is nothing ; Bohemia nothing ;
My wife is nothing : nor nothing have these
If this be nothing. [nothings,

Hermione pleading her Innocence.

If pow'r's divine
Behold our human actions (as they do),
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know
(Who will seem least to do so) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy ; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd,
And play'd to take spectators ; for behold me,—
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing,
To prate and talk of life, and honor, 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I
prize it [honor,
As I weigh grief, which I would spare ; for
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, Sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so ; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd, to appear thus : if one jot beyond
The bound of honor : or, in act, or will,
That way inclining ; harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry, fie, upon my grave !

A Wife's Loss of all Things dear, and Contempt of Death.

Leo. Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats ;
The bug, which you would fright me with, I
To me can life be no commodity ; [seek.
The crown and comfort of my life, your favor,
I do give lost ; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second joy,
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd like one infectious : my third com-
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast, [fort,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder : Myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet ; with immodest hatred,
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion : lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die ; therefore proceed.
But yet hear this, mistake me not,—no ; life,
I prize it not a straw : but for mine honor,
(Which I would free) if I shall be condemn'd,
Upon surmises ; all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies awake ; I tell you,
'Tis rigor, and not law.

Despair of Pardon.

But, O thou tyrant !
Do not repent these things ; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir : therefore betake
thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees,

Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter,
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

An Account of a Ghost's appearing in a Dream.

I have heard (but not believ'd), the spirits of
the dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd, and so becoming; in pure white robes
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay: thrice bow'd before me,
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: "Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath;
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep, and leave it crying: and, for the
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita [babe
I prythee call it: for this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more." And so with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself, and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys:
Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this.

An Infant exposed.

—Poor wretch,

That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
To loss, and what may follow! Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds: and most accurs'd am I,
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!
The day frowns more and more; thou art like
A lullaby too rough: I never saw [to have
The heavens so dim by day.

Mistress of the Sheep-shearing.

Shep. Fiè, daughter! when my old wife liv'd,
upon

This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame, and servant; welcom'd all; serv'd
all: [here,

Would sing her song, and dance her turn: now
At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle;
On his shoulder, and his: her face o' fire
With labor; and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip: you are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting. Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome, for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come quench your blushes and present your
self [on,

That which you are, mistress o' the feast: come
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

A Garland for old Men.

Per. Reverend Sirs,
For you there's rosemary, and rue: these keep
Seeming, and savor, all the winter long;
Grace, and remembrance, be unto you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdess,
(A fair one are you) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Nature and Art.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient—
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter; the fairest flowers o' the
season

Are our carnations, and streak'd gilly-flow'rs,
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art, which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say, there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art,
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we
A gentle cyon to the wildest stock; [marry
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: This is an art
Which does mend nature—change it rather: but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly-
And do not call them bastards. [flowers,

A Garland for a middle aged Man.

Per. — I'll not put
The dibble in earth, to set one slip of them;
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 'twere well; and only
Desire to breed by me.— [therefore

Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marygold that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises, weeping; these are flowers
Of middle summer; and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age.

A Garland for Young Men.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your
And only live by gazing. [flock,

Per. Out, alas!
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through. Now,
my fairest friend,
I would I had some flowers o' the spring, that
might [yours;

Become your time of day; and yours, and
That wear upon your virgin-branches yet
Your maiden-heads growing:—O, Proserpina,
For the flow'rs now, that, frighted, thou lett'st
From Dis's waggon! daffodils [fall

That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty, violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and, my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er.

A Lover's Commendation.

What you do, [sweet,
Still betters what is done. When you speak
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and, for the ord'ring your affairs,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do [you
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function: each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you're doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Presents little regarded by real Lovers.

Pol. — How now, fair shepherd?
Your heart is full of something that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was
young,
And handed love as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have
ransack'd

The pedlar's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance: you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your lass
Interpretation should abuse, and call this
Your lack of love, or bounty, you were straited
For a reply, at least, if you make care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old Sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as those are: [lock'd
The gifts, she looks from me, are pack'd and
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my love,
Before this ancient Sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow,
That's bolted by the northern blast twice o'er.

Tender Affection.

Were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve; had force, and
knowledge [them,
More than was ever man's—I would not prize
Without her love: for her, employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them to her
Or to their own perdition. [service,

A Father the best Guest at his Son's Nuptials.

Methinks, a father
Is, at the nuptials of his son, a guest

That best becomes the table. Pray you, once
Is not your father grown incapable [more;
Of reasonable affairs? Is he not stupid [hear?
With age, and altering rheums? Can he speak?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing,
But what he did, being childish?

Flo. No, good Sir!
He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial: reason, my son,
Should choose himself a wife; but as good rea-
The father (all whose joy is nothing else [son,
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Anguish of Recollection for a lost Friend.
Pr'ythee no more; cease; thou know'st,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Unfurnish me of reason.

§ 13. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

SHAKESPEARE.

Great Minds respect Truth.

Mes. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward.—

On: [thus:
Things that are past are done, with me—'tis
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd. [tongue:
Speak to me home, mince not the general
Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome:
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my
faults [lice
With such full licence, as both truth and ma-
Have pow'r to utter. O, then we bring forth
weeds [told us,
When our quick winds lie still, and our ills
Is as our earring.

Things lost valued.

Forbear me.—

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back, that shov'd
her on.

The Mutability of the People.

Our slippery people
(Whose love is never link'd to the deserver,
Till his deserts are past) begin to throw
Pompey the Great, and all his dignities,
Upon his son; who, high in name and pow'r,
Higher than both in blood and life, stand up
For the main soldier.

Cleopatra's contemptuous Raillery.

Nay, pray you, seek no color for your going,
But bid farewell, and go; when you sued staying,

Then was the time for words : no going then—
Eternity was in our lips and eyes ; [poor,
Bliss in our brows' bent ; none our parts so
But was a race of heaven : they are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier in the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Cleopatra's Wishes for Antony on Parting.

Your honour calls you hence ;
Therefore be deaf to my unpy'd folly,
And all the gods go with you ! Upon your
sword
Sit laurel'd victory ! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet !

Antony's Vices and Virtues.

Lep. I must not think [ness :
There are evils enough to darken all his good-
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness ; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd ; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses, [it is not

Cæs. You are too indulgent. Let us grant
Amis to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy ;
To give a kingdom for a mirth ; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave ;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat : say, this
becomes him,

(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish) yet must
Antony

No way excuse his foils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for't : but to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as
As his own state and ours—'tis to be chid [loud
As we rate boys, who, being mature in know-
ledge, [sure,
Pawn their experience to their present plea-
And so rebel to judgment.

Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassels. When thou once
Wert beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow ; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience
more

Than savages could suffer : Thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at. Thy palate
then did deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge ;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture
sheets,

The barks of trees thou brows'd'st : on the
It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on : and all this
(It wounds thine honour that I speak it now)
Was born so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Cleopatra on the Absence of Antony.

O Charmian, [sits he?
Where think'st thou he is now ? stands he ? or
Or does he walk ? or is he on his horse ?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony !
Do bravely, horse ! for wot'st thou whom thou
mov'st ?

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burget of man. He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, "Where's my serpent of old
For so he calls me ; now I feed myself [Nile?"
With most delicious poison : think on me
That am with Phœbus's amorous pinches black :
And wrinkled deep in time ! Broad-fronted
Cæsar,

When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch ; and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my
brow ;
There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

*Description of Cleopatra's Sailing down the
Cydnus.*

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water : the poop was beaten gold,
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with them : th' oars
were silver : [made

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and
The water which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own
person,

It beggar'd all description : she did lie
In her pavillion (cloth of gold, of tissue,)
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy out-work nature. On each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

Ag. O rare for Antony !

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereids,
So many mermaids, tended her i' th' eyes,
And made their bends adornings. At the helm,
A seeming mermaid steers ; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flow'r-soft
hands

That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her ; and Antony,
Enthron'd i' th' market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to th' air ; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze upon Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Octavia's Entrance, what it should have been.

Why have you stolen upon us thus ? You
come not
Like Caesar's sister : the wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horses to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear : the trees by th' way

Should have borne men; and expectation
fainted,
Longing for what it had not: nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by our populous troops. But you are
come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which, left un-
shown, [you
Is often left unlov'd; we should have met
By sea and land; supplying ev'ry stage
With an augmented greeting.

Vicious Persons infatuated by Heaven.

When we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on't!) the wise gods seal our eyes
In our own filth, drop our clear judgments,
make us
Adore our errors; laugh at us; while we strut
To our confusion.

Fury expels Fear.

Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be
furious
Is to be frighted out of fear: and, in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart: when valor prays on reason
It eats the sword it fights with.

A Master taking Leave of his Servants.

Tend me to-night;
May be, it is the period of your duty:
Haply, you shall not see me more; or if,—
A mangled shadow. Perchance to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest
friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master,
Married to your good service, stay till death;
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for it.

Antony to Cleopatra on his return with Victory.

O, thou day o' th' world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and
all,
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

Antony's Despondency.

Oh sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands. All come to this! The
hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
That over-topp'd them all.

Antony on his faded Glory.

Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragon-
A vapor, sometime, like a bear, or lion; [ish;
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory,
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,

And mock our eyes with air:—Thou hast seen
these signs;

They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord. [a thought

Ant. That which is now a horse, even with
The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord. [tain is

Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy cap-
Even such a body: here I am Antony,
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine;
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't
A million more, now lost; she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my
Unto an enemy's triumph. [glory
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.

Description of Cleopatra's (supposed) Death.

Death of one person can be paid but once;
And that she has discharged. What thou
wouldst do,
Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake
Was Antony! most noble Antony!
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Cleopatra on the Death of Antony.

It were for me
To throw my sceptre at th' injurious gods;
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but
nought;
Patience is sottish; and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: then is it sin,
To rush into the secret house of death, [men?
Ere death dare come to us? How do you, wo-
What, what? good cheer! Why how now,
Charmian?
My noble girls!—Ah women, women! Look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out:—Good sirs, take
heart: [what's noble,
We'll bury him: and then, what's brave,
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come away:
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.

Death.

My desolation does begin to make
A better life: 'tis paltry to be Cæsar;
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,
A minister of her will; and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

Cleopatra's Dream, and Description of Antony.

Cleo. I dream'd, there was an emperor
Antony;

O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please you— [in stuck

Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and there—
A sun and moon; which kept their course
The little O, the earth. [and lighted

Dol. Most sovereign creature— [arm

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd
Crested the world: his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping; his delights
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
The element they liv'd in; in his livery
Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and
As plates dropt from his pocket. [islands were

Cleopatra's Speech on applying the Asp.

Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me. Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick—methinks, I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
T' excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come:
Now to that name, my courage, prove my title!
I am fire, and air; my other elements
I give to baser life. So,—have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips:
Farewell, kind Charmian; Iras, long farewell.

[Kisses them. *Iras falls and dies.*

Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desired. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I
The gods themselves do weep. [may say,

Cleo. This proves me base—
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her; and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou
mortal wretch,

[To the asp, which she applies to her breast.]
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass,
Unpolicy'd!

Char. O, eastern star.

Cleo. Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break, O, break! [gentle—

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as
O Antony! Nay, I will take thee too:—

[Applying another Asp.

What should I stay— [Dies.

Char. In this wide world? so, fare thee well.

Now, boast thee, death! in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd.

§ 14. CORIOLANUS. SHAKESPEARE.

Mob.

WHAT would you have, you curs!
That like nor peace nor war? The one affrights
you, you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to
Where he should find you lions, finds you
hares;
Where foxes, geese; you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is, [him,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves
greatness,

Deserves your hate: and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that de-
pends

Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye,—
trust ye!

With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble, that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland.

Aufidius's Hatred to Coriolanus.

—Nor sleep, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick; nor fane nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius. Where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Against the hospitable cannon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in his heart.

*An imaginary Description of Coriolanus war-
ing.*

Methinks I hear hither your husband's drum;
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volscies shunning
him: [thus,—
Methinks I see him stamp thus,—and call
“Come on, ye cowards! ye were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome:” his bloody
brow [goes
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he
Like to a harvest man, that's task'd to mow
Or all, or loose his hire. [blood!

Virge. His bloody brow! Oh, Jupiter, no

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy: the breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, looked not love-
lier [blood

Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth
At Grecian swords contending.

Doing our Duty merits not Praise.

Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,

When she does praise me, grieves me : I have
done, [duc'd
As you have done; that's what I can! in-
As you have been; that's for my country :
He that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.

Popularity.

All tongues speak of him; and the bleared
sights

Are spectacted to see him. Your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry,
While she chats him : the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clamb'ring the walls to eye him : stalls, bulks,
windows,

Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions; all agreeing
In earnestness to see him : seld-shown flamens
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station : our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask, in
Their nicely-gauded cheeks, to the wanton spoil
Of Phoebus' burning kisses : such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,
Were sliely crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Cominus' Speech in the Senate.

I shall lack voice : the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held
That valor is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver : if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he
fought

Beyond the mark of others; our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him; he bestrid
An o'er-prest Roman, and i' the consul's view
Slew three opposers : Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee; in that day's
feats,

When he might act the woman in the scene,
He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his
meed

Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil-age
Man-entered thus, he waxed like a sea;
And in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd all swords o' the garland. For this
Before, and in Corioli, let me say, [last,
I cannot speak him home : he stopp'd the flyers;
And, by his rare example, made the coward
Turn terror into sport : As waves before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd, [stamp)
And fell below his stem : his sword (death's
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries; alone he enter'd
The mortal gate o' the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny : aidless came off,
And with a sudden reinforcement struck

Corioli, like a planet. Now all's his :
When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense, then straight his doubled spirit
Requicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil : and till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Character of Coriolanus.

His nature is too noble for the world :
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's
his mouth; [ness;
What his breast forges, that his tongue must
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death.

The Method to gain popular Favor.

Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it (here be with
them,) [ness,
Thy knee bussing the stones (for in such busi-
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears,) waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry, [them,
That will not hold the handling; or, say to
Thou art their soldier, and, being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way, which thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power and person.

Coriolanus: his Abhorrence of Flattery.

Well, I must do't;
Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! my throat of war be turn'd,
Which quird with my drum, into a pipe,
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! the smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks; and school-boys tears
take up
The glasses of my sight! a beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd
knees,
Who bow'd but in my sturrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't—
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And, by my body's action teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

His Mother's Resolution on his stubborn Pride.

At thy choice, then;
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin: let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dang'rous stoutness: for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it
But own thy pride thyself. [from me :

His Detestation of the Vulgar.

You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate,
As reek o' the rotten fens; whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men,
That do corrupt my air; I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumor shake your hearts!
Your enemies with nodding of their plumes
Fan you into despair! have the power still
To banish your defenders: till at length
Your ignorance (which finds not, till it feels,
Making not reservation of yourselves,
Still your own foes,) deliver you, as most
Abated captives, to some nation
That won you without blows.

Precepts against Ill-fortune.

——— You were us'd
To say, extremities were the triers of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating. Fortune's
blows, [ed, crave
When most struck home, being gentle wound—
A noble cunning. You were used to load me
With precepts that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

On Common Friendships.

Oh, world, thy slippery turns! Friends now
fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and
exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love,
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissention of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity. So fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke
their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear,
And interjoin their issues. [friends,

Martial Friendship.

——— Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scarr'd the moon with splinters! here I
The anvil of my sword; and do contest [clip
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valor. Know thou first,
I lov'd the maid I married, never man
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,
Then when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I
tell thee
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or loose my arm for't: thou hast beat me out

Twelve several times; and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And wak'd half-dead with nothing.

The Season of Solicitation.

He was not taken well; he had not din'd;
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood,
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll
Till he be dieted to my request. [watch him

Obstinate Resolution.

My wife comes foremost; then the honor'd
mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her
hand [fection!
The grand-child to her blood—But, out, af-
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate:— [eyes,
What is that court'sy worth? or those dove's
Which can make gods forsworn? I melt, and
am not [bows,
Of stronger earth than others!—my mother
As if Olympus to mole-hill should
In supplication nod; and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, deny not.—Let the Volsces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Relenting Tenderness.

——— Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that forgive our Romans.—O, a kiss,
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since. You gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: sink, my knee, i' th' earth;
Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.

Chastity.

The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,
That's curd'd by the frost from purest snow
And hangs on Dian's temple.

Coriolanus's Prayer for his Son.

——— The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness, that thou mayst
prove

To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!

Coriolanus's Mother's pathetic Speech to him.

—Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight,
which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance
with comforts, [sorrow:
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we
Thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy.

—We must find
An evident calamity, though we had [thou
Our wish, which side should win: for either
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles along our streets; or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin;
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune, till [thee,
These wars determine: if I cannot persuade
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country, than to tread
(Trust to't thou shalt not) on thy mother's
That brought thee to this world. [womb,

Peace after a Siege.

Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown
tide, [hark you;
As the recomforted through the gates. Why
The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance.

Slander.

—No, 'tis slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword: whose
tongue, [breath
Out-venoms all the worms of Nile: whose
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: Kings, queens, and
states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave,
This viperous slander enters.

§ 16. HAMLET. SHAKESPEARE.

Prodigies.

Is the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell, [dead
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;
Stars shone with trains of fire, dews of blood
fell;
Disasters veil'd the sun; and the moist star,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.

*Ghosts vanish at the Crowing of the Cock: and
the Reverence paid to Christmas-time.*

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.
Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing,
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet of the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
Th' extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein,
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad,
The nights are wholesome; then no planets
strike,

No fairy takes, nor witch hath pow'r to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Morning.

But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

Real Grief.

Seems, madam! nay, it is: I know not seems.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly: these, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within, which passeth show;
These, but the trapping and the suits of woe.

Immoderate Grief discommended.

'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature,
Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost his; and the survivor bound,
In filial obligation, for some term
To do obsequious sorrow. But to persevere
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:
It shows a will most incorrect to Heaven;
A heart unfortified, or mind impatient;
An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For what we know, must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to Heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried
From the first corse till he that died to-day,
This must be so.

Hamlet's Soliloquy on his Mother's Marriage:

O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!

Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd [God!
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on 't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in
nature

Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead! nay, not so much, not
So excellent a king; that was, to this, [two,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not let e'en the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember?—why, she would hang on
As if increase of appetite had grown [him,
By what it fed on: and yet within a month—
Let me not think on't—frailty, thy name is
woman!

A little month;—or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she—
O Heaven! a beast that wants discourse of
reason,

Would have mourn'd longer—married with
mine uncle, [ther,
My father's brother: but no more like my fa-
Than I to Hercules: within a month,
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married: O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.

Cautions to young Ladies.

For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favor,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute,
No more.

Then weigh what loss your honor may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs;
Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue herself 'scapes not calumnious strokes:
The canker galls the infants of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd:
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.

A Father's Advice to his Son going to travel.

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Be-
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in, [ware

Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give ev'ry man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judg-
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, [ment.
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all, to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Hamlet on the Appearance of his Father's Ghost.

Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts
from hell,

Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee; I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me:
Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements? why the sepulchre
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again? What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,
So horribly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?

The Mischief it might tempt him to.

What if it tempt you towards the flood, my
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff, [lord,
That beetles o'er his base into the sea;
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness? Think of it:
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into ev'ry brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak,
I'll go no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious
To what I shall unfold. [hearing

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou
Ham. What? [shalt hear.

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid

To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young
blood; [spheres;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood: list, list, O list!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love—

Ham. O Heaven! [murder.

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural
Ham. Murder?

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know it; that I, with
wings as swift

As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this? Now, Hamlet,
hear:

'Tis given out, that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Den-
Is by a forged process of my death [mark
Rankly abus'd; but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O my prophetic soul! my uncle?

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate
beast,

With witchcraft of his wit, with trait'rous gifts,
(O wicked wits and gifts, that have the pow'r
So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen.
O Hamlet, what a falling off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!

But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.

But, soft! methinks, I scent the morning air;—
Brief let me be: Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And, with a sudden vigor, it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,

All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd:
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O horrible! O horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to Heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire:
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me. *Exit.*

Ham. O, all you host of heaven! O earth!
what else?

And shall I couple hell! O fie! hold, hold,
my heart!

And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up! Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by Heaven.
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables,—meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least I am sure it may be so in Denmark.

[*Writing.*
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
It is, "Adieu, adieu! Remember me."

*Ophelia's Description of Hamlet's mad Address
to her.*

My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrac'd;
No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ankle;
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;
And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell
To speak of horrors—he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. My lord, I do not know;

But, truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me
hard;

Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And with his other hand thus o'er his brow
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long staid he so;—
At last—a little shaking of mine arm,

And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being. That done, he let me go;
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out of doors he went without their helps,
And, to the last, bended their light on me.

Hamlet's Reflections on the Player and himself.

O what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his visage wann'd
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit; and all for nothing!
For Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? what would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? he would drown the stage with
tears,

And cleave the gen'ral ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet I—
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, speak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing: no, not for a king,
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose, gives me the lie i' the
throat,

As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha! why, I should take it:—for it cannot be
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal: bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless
villain!

Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave;
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with
And fall a cursing like a very drab, [words,
A scullion!
Fie upon't! foh! About, my brains! Humph!

I have heard,
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions:
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these
players

Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick; if he do blench,

I know my course. The spirit, that I have seen,
May be a devil: and the devil hath pow'r
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with such spirits)
Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds
More relative than this: the play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

Life and Death weighed.

To be, or not to be, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them: To die—to sleep—
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to;—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die;—to sleep;
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's
the rub; [come,
For in that sleep of death what dreams may
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause:—there's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life; [time,
For who would bear the whips and scorns of
Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's con-
tumely,

The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

A noble Mind disordered.

O what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue,
sword:
Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
Th' observ'd of all observers! quite, quite
down!

And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music-vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown
Blasted with ecstasy. [youth,

On Flattery, and an even-minded Man.

Nay, do not think I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,

To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor
be flatter'd?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou
hear?

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,
She hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast
been

At one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are
those, [mingled,
Whose blood and judgment are so well com-
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound whatstop she please: Give me the man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core—ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.

Midnight.

'Tis now the very witching time of night;
When church-yards yawn, and hell itself
breathes out [hot blood,
Contagion to this world: Now could I drink
And do such business as the better day [ther.
Would quake to look on. Soft; now to my mo-
O heart, lose not thy nature: let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will speak daggers to her, but use none.

*The King's despairing Soliloquy, and Hamlet's
Reflections on him.*

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heav'n;
It hath the primal, eldest curse upon 't,
A brother's murder! Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will;
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves
But to confront the visage of offence? [mercy,
And what's in prayer, but this twofold force;
To be forestall'd, ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down? Then I'll look up;
My fault is past. But O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice:
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: but 'tis not so above:
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In its true nature; and we ourselves compell'd
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can: what can it not?

Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O wretched state! O bosom, black as death!
O limed soul! that, struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angels, make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees! and, heart, with strings
of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe;
All may be well! [The king kneels.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is pray-
ing;
And now I'll do 't; and so he goes to heav'n:
And so am I reveng'd? that would be heav'n'd:
A villain kills my father; and, for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven!
Why this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread;
With all his crimes broad-blown, as flush as
May; [Heaven?
And, how his audit stands, who knows, save
But, in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him: and am I then reveng'd
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and seasoned for his passage?
No.
Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid bent:
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;
Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed;
At gaming, swearing; or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in 't:
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven;
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black,
As hell whereto it goes.

Hamlet and his Mother.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st
In noise so rude against me? [wag thy tongue

Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue hypocrite; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there; makes marriage-vows
As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed,
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul! and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words.

Queen. Ah me, what act? [this,

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on
The counterfeited presentment of two brothers.
See what a grace was seated on his brow:
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man; [follows;
This *was* your husband.—Look you now, what
Here *is* your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor?

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more;
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained spots,
As will not leave their tinct.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings, [cious figure?

You heavenly guards!—What would your grace—
Queen. Alas! he's mad. [chide,

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to
That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
Th' important acting of your dread command?
O, say—

Ghost. Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits:
O step between her and her fighting soul!
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works;
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas! how is it with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up and stands an end. O, gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him! on him! look you how pale
he glares! [stones,

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to
Would make them capable. Do not look on me,
Lest, with this piteous action, you convert
My stern effects: then, what I have to do
Will want true color; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Painting to the Ghost.

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing, but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look how it
steals away!

My father, in his habit as he liv'd! [portal.
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the

Exit Ghost.

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy!

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: it is not madness
That I have utter'd; bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word: which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place;
While rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen.—Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come.

Queen. O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart
in twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worsor part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night: but go not to my uncle's bed:
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster Custom, who all sense doth eat
Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this;
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on: refrain to-night;
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: the next more easy:
For use almost can change the stamp of nature;
And either curb the devil or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good-
And when you are desirous to be blest, [night!
I'll blessing beg of you.

Queen. What shall I do? [do:

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his
mouse;

And let him for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fin-
Make you to ravel all this matter out, [gers,
That I essentially am not in madness, [know.
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of
breath,

And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England, you know that?

Queen. Alack, I had forgot;
'Tis so concluded on. [schoolfellows,

Ham. There's letters seal'd; and my two
Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my
way,

And marshal me to knavery: let it work;
For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petard: and it shall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon.

Hamlet's Reflections on his own Irresolution.

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, he, that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To fast in us unus'd: now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,
(A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one
part wisdom,

And ever three parts coward), I do not know
Why yet I live to say, This thing's to do;
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and
means,

To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me;
Witness, this army, of such mass, and charge,

Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit with divine ambition puffed,
Makes mouths at the invisible event;
Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,
Is, not to stir without great argument;
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honor's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep? while to my shame I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That, for a phantasy, and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the slain!—O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

Description of Ophelia's Drowning.

There is a willow grows ascaunt the brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
Therewith fantastic garlands did she make,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call
them:

There on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread
wide

And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up:
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and endued
Unto that element; but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

A spotless Virgin buried.

Lay her i' the earth;

And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
A minist'ring angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

A Health.

Give me the cups;

And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannon to the heavens, the heavens to
"Now the King drinks to Hamlet." [earth;

§ 16. THE FIRST PART OF HENRY IV.
SHAKESPEARE.

Peace after civil War.

So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in stronds afar remote.
No more the thirsty Erinnys of this soil

Shall daub her lips with her own children's
blood:

No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces: Those opposed eyes,
Which—like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred—
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way: and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master.

*King Henry's Character of Percy, and of his
Son Prince Henry.*

Yea, there thou mak'st me sad and mak'st me
In envy, that my lord Northumberland [sin
Should be the father of so blest a son:
A son, who is the theme of honor's tongue;
Amongst a grove the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet Fortune's minion, and her pride:
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonor stain the brow
Of my young Henry.

Prince Henry's Soliloquy.

I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok'd humor of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world;
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may more be wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But, when they seldom come, they wish'd-for
come,

And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised;
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glitt'ring o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
Redeeming time, when men think least I will.

Hotspur's Description of a finical Courtier.

But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly drest,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new-reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble land at harvest-home:
He was perfum'd like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took't away again:—

Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,

Took it in snuff—And still he smil'd and talk'd,
And as the soldiers bare dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.

With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.

I then, all smarting with my wounds, being
To be so pester'd with a popinjay, [cold,
Out of my grief and my impatience

Answer'd negligently I know not what;
He should or he should not; for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds (God save
the mark !)

And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmacity, for an inward bruise;

And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villanous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.

Lady Percy's pathetic Speech to her Husband.

O my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I, this fortnight, been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is it takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks:
And giv'n my treasures, and my rights of thee,
To thick-ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
Cry, "Courage! to the field!" and thou hast
Of sallies, and retires; of trenches, tents, [talk'd
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets;
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin;
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the currents of the heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream:
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden haste. O, what portents
are these?

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

On miserable Rhymers.

I had rather be a kitten and cry—mew,
Than one of these same metre-ballad-mongers;
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,

Nothing so much as mincing poetry;
'Tis like the forc'd gate of a shuffling nag.

King Henry the IVth to his Son.

Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession;
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at: [he."
That men would tell their children; "This is
Others would say, "Where? which is Bolin-
broke!"

And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,
Seldom, but sumptuous, showed like a feast;
And won, by rareness, such solemnity.

The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled, and soon burned: carded his state;
Mingled his royalty with capering fools;
Had his great name profaned with their scorns;
And gave his countenance against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative:
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoffed himself to popularity:

That, being daily swallowed by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey; and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckow is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes:
But rather drows'd, and hung their eye-lids
down,

Slept in his face, and rendered such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries; [full
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and

Prince Henry's modest Defence of himself.

—God forgive them, that so much have
sway'd

Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame
with it.

And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,

That this same child of honor and renown,
 This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
 And your unthought of Harry chance to meet:
 For ev'ry honor sitting on his helm,
 Would they were multitudes; and on my head
 My shames redoubled: for the time will come
 That I shall make this northern youth exchange
 His glorious deeds for my indignities.
 Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
 To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
 And I will call him to so strict account,
 That he shall render every glory up,
 Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
 Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
 This, in the name of God, I promise here:
 The which, if he be pleas'd I shall perform,
 I do beseech your majesty may salve
 The long grown wounds of my intemperance:
 If not, the end of life cancels all bonds;
 And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
 Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

A gallant Warrior.

I saw young Harry—with his beaver on,
 His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd—
 Rise from the ground, like feather'd Mercury,
 And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
 As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
 To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
 And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hotspur's Impatience for the Battle.

—Let them come:

They come like sacrifices in their trim,
 And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,
 All hot and bleeding, will we offer them:
 The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
 Up to his ears in blood. I am on fire,
 To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
 And yet not ours: Come, let me take my horse,
 Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt,
 Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales:
 Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse.
 Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse.
 O, that Glendower were come!

Prince Henry's modest Challenge.

—Tell your nephew,
 The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
 In praise of Henry Percy; by my hopes—
 This present enterprise set off his head—
 I do not think, a braver gentleman,
 More active-valiant, or more valiant, young,
 More daring or more bold, is now alive,
 To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
 For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
 I have a truant been to chivalry;
 And so I hear he doth account me too:
 Yet this before my father's majesty—
 I am content that he shall take the odds
 Of his great name and estimation;
 And will, to save the blood on either side,
 Try fortune with him in a single fight.

Prince Henry's pathetic Speech on the Death of Hotspur.

—Brave Percy—fare thee well, great heart!
 Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
 When that this body did contain a spirit,
 A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
 But now, two paces of the vilest earth
 Is room enough:—This earth that bears thee
 Bears not alive, so stout a gentleman. [dead,
 If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
 I should not make so dear a show of zeal:—
 But let my favors hide thy mangled face;
 And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself,
 For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
 Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
 Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
 But not remember'd in thy epitaph!

Life demands Action.

O, gentlemen, the time of life is short;
 To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
 If life did ride upon a dial's point,
 Still ending at the arrival of an hour.

§ 17. THE 2d PART OF HENRY IV.
 SHAKESPEARE.

Prologue—Rumour.

I, FROM the orient to the drooping west,
 Making the wind my posthorse, still unfold
 The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
 Upon my tongues continual slanders ride;
 The which in every language I pronounce;
 Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
 I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
 Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:
 And who but Rumor, who but only I,
 Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence,
 Whilst the big year, swoln with some other grief,
 Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war.
 And no such matter? Rumor is a pipe
 Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
 And of so easy and so plain a stop,
 That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
 The still discordant wavering multitude,
 Can play upon it.

Post Messenger.

—After him, came, spurring hard,
 A gentleman almost forespent with speed,
 That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse:
 He ask'd the way to Chester: and of him
 I did demand what news from Shrewsbury.
 He told me, that rebellion had ill luck,
 And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold:
 With that, he gave his able horse the head,
 And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
 Against the panting sides of his poor jade
 Up to the rowel head; and, starting so,
 He seem'd in running to devour the way,
 Staying no longer question.

Messenger with ill News.

Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
 Fortells the nature of a tragic volume;

So looks the strond whereon th' imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation. [cheek

Thou tremblest: and the whiteness in thy
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was
burn'd.

I see a strange confession in thine eye:
Thou shak'st thy head; and hold'st it fear or sin,
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so:
The tongue offends not that reports his death:
And he doth sin, that doth belie the dead;
Not he, which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

Greater Grievs destroy the less.

As the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms; even so my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with
grief, [nice crutch;
Are thrice themselves: Hence therefore, thou
A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,
Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly
quoif;

Thou art a guard too wanton for the head, [hit.
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to
Now bind my brows with iron, and approach
The rugged'st hour that time and spite dare bring
To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland!
Let heaven kiss earth! now let not Nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd! Let order die!
And let this world no longer be a stage
To feed contention in a ling'ring act;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead.

On Sleep.

—O gentle sleep,

Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness!
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee, [slumber;
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common larum-bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast,
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,

Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging
them

With deaf'ning clamors in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And, in the calmest and the stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king?

The Character of King Henry V. by his Father.

He is gracious if he be observ'd;
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity:
Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint;
As humorous as winter, and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.
His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd;
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth:
But, being moody, give him line and scope:
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working.

On Fortune.

Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food—
Such are the poor in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach—such the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.

Dialogue between Prince Henry and his Father.]

—Come hither to me, Harry:—

Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt Lords.*

P.H. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that
thought:

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,

That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine
honors,

Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!

Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm
thee.

Stay but a little: for my cloud of dignity

Is held from falling with so weak a wind,

That it will quickly drop; my day is dim.

Thou hast stolen that, which after some few
hours

Were thine without offence; and, at my death,

Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:

Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,

And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.

Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,

Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,

To stab at half an hour of my life.

What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?

Then get thee gone and dig my grave thyself;

And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear

That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.

Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,

Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head:

Only compound me with forgotten dust,

Give that which gave thee life unto the worms,
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form,
Henry the Fifth is crown'd :—up, vanity!
Down, royal state! All you sage counsellors,
hence!

And to the English court assemble now,
From ev'ry region apes of idleness; [scum:
Now, neighbour-confines, purge you of your
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night; rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England shall double gild his treble guilt:
England shall give him office, honor, might:
For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth in ev'ry innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy
riots,

What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

P. H. O pardon me, my liege! but for my
tears, [kneeling.

The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown:
And He that wears the crown immortally
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
Than as your honor, and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise
(Which my most true and inward dutieous spirit
Teacheth), this prostrate and exterior bending!
Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your
Majesty,

How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die!
And never live to show the incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed!
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead
(And dead almost, my liege, to think you
were),

I spake unto the crown, as having sense,
And thus upbraided it: "The care on thee
depending,

Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore, thou best of gold, art worst of gold:
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in medicine potable:
But thou most fine, most honor'd, most re-
nown'd, [liege,

Hast eat thy bearer up." Thus, my most royal
Accusing it, I put it on my head;
To try with it—as with an enemy
That had before my face murdered my father—
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did, with the least affection of a welcome,

Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let God for ever keep it from my head:
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. Hen. O my son!

Heaven put it in thy mind, to take it hence,
That thou mightst win the more thy father's
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it. [love,
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel [son,
That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my
By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
I met this crown; and I myself know well,
How troublesome it sat upon my head:
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me,
But as an honor snatch'd with boisterous hand;
And I had many living, to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed peace: All these bold fears,
Thou seest, with peril I have answered:
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument; and now my death
Changes the mode: for what in me was pur-
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort: [chas'd,
So thou the garland wear'st successively.
Yet tho' thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
And all thy friends, which thou must make thy
friends,

Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out,
By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
And by whose pow'r I well might lodge a fear
To be again displac'd: which to avoid,
I cut them off; and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land;
Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds [out,
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne
May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. Hen. My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right must my possession be:
Which I, with more than with a common pain,
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Reflections on a Crown.

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keeps the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night—sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,
As he, whose brow, with homely bigger bound,
Snore out the watch of night. O Majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armor worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety,

Gold.

How quickly nature falls into revolt,
 When gold becomes her object !
 For this the foolish, over-careful fathers
 Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their
 brains with care,
 Their bones with industry ;
 For this they have engrossed and pil'd up
 The canker'd heaps of strange achieved gold ;
 For this they have been thoughtful to invest
 Their sons with arts and martial exercises :
 When, like the bee, culling from ev'ry flow'r
 The virtuous sweets, [honey,
 Our thighs packed with wax, our mouths with
 We bring it to the hive ; and, like the bees,
 Are murder'd for our pains.

The Chief Justice to King Henry V. whom he had imprisoned.

—If this deed were ill,

Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
 To have a son set your decrees at nought ;
 To pluck down justice from your awful bench ;
 To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
 That guards the peace and safety of your person ;
 Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image,
 And mock your workings in a second body.
 Question your royal thoughts, make the case
 Be now the father, and propose a son : [yours,
 Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,
 See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
 Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd ;
 And then imagine me taking your part,
 And, in your power, soft silencing your son.

§ 18. THE LIFE OF HENRY V.

SHAKESPEARE.

Prologue.

O, for a muse of fire, that would ascend,
 The brightest heaven of invention !
 A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
 And monarchs to behold the swelling scene !
 Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
 Assume the port of Mars ; and, at his heels,
 Leasht in like hounds, should famine, sword,
 Crouch for employment. [and fire,

King Henry V. his Perfections.

Hear him but reason in divinity,
 And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
 You would desire the king were made a prelate :
 Hear him debate of common-wealth affairs,
 You would say, it hath been all-in-all his study :
 List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
 A fearful battle rendered you in music.
 Turn him to any course of policy,
 The gordian knot of it he will unloose,
 Familiar as his garter, that, when he speaks,
 The air, a chartered libertine, is still,
 And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
 To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences.

The Commonwealth of Bees.

So work the honey-bees :

Creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach
 The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
 They have a king, and officers of sorts :
 Where some, like magistrates, correct at home ;
 Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad ;
 Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
 Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds ;
 Which pillage they with merry march bring
 To the tent-royal of their emperor : [home
 Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
 The singing masons building roofs of gold ;
 The civil citizens kneading up the honey ;
 The poor mechanic porters crowding in
 Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate ;
 The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
 Delivering o'er to executors pale
 The lazy yawning drone.

Warlike Spirit.

Now all the youth of England are on fire,
 And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies ;
 Now thrive the armorers, and honor's thought
 Reigns solely in the breast of every man :
 They sell the pasture now to buy the horse ;
 Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
 With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
 For now sits expectation in the air ;
 And hides a sword, from hilt unto the point,
 With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,
 Promis'd to Harry and his followers.

England.

O England !—model to thy inward greatness,
 Like little body with a mighty heart— [do,
 What mightst thou do, that honor would thee
 Were all thy children kind and natural !
 But see thy fault ! France hath in thee found out
 A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
 With treach'rous crowns.

False Appearances.

O ! how hast thou with jealousy infected
 The sweetness of affiance ! show men dutiful ?
 Why, so didst thou : seem they grave and
 learned ? [mily ?
 Why, so didst thou : come they of noble fa-
 Why, so didst thou : seem they religious ?
 Why, so didst thou : or are they spare in diet ;
 Free from gross passion, or of mirth, or anger ;
 Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood ;
 Garnish'd and deck'd in modest compliment :
 Not working with the eye, without the ear,
 And, but in purged judgment, trusting neither ?
 Such, and so finely boited, didst thou seem :
 And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
 To mark the full-fraught man, and best endued,
 With some suspicion.

King Henry's Character by the Constable of France.

You are too much mistaken in this king :
 Question your grace the late ambassadors—
 With what great state he heard their embassy :

How well supplied with noble counsellors—
 How modest in exception, and, withal,
 How terrible in constant resolution—
 And you shall find his vanities foreshpent
 Were but the out-side of the Roman Brutus,
 Covering discretion with a coat of folly;
 As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
 That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

Description of a Fleet setting Sail.

Suppose, that you have seen
 The well-appointed king at Hampton-pier
 Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet [ning.
 With silken streamers the young Phœbus fan-
 Play with your fancies; and in them behold,
 Upon the hempen tackle, ship-boys climbing:
 Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
 To sounds confus'd: behold the threaten sails,
 Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
 Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd
 Breasting the lofty surge. [sea,

Description of Night in a Camp.

From camp to camp, through the foul womb
 of night,
 The hum of either army stilly sounds,
 That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
 The secret whispers of each other's watch:
 Fire answers fire; and through their paly flames
 Each battle sees the other's umber'd face:
 Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful
 neighs [tents,
 Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the
 The armorers, accomplishing the knights,
 With busy hammers closing rivets up,
 Give dreadful note of preparation.
 The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
 And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
 Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
 The confident and over-lusty French
 Do the low-rated English play at dice;
 And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
 Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
 So tediously away. The poor condemned Eng-
 Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires [lish,
 Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
 The morning's danger; and their gesture sad,
 Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
 Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
 So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will be-
 The royal captain of this ruin'd band, [hold
 Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
 Let him cry—praise and glory on his head!
 For forth he goes, and visits all his host;
 Bids them good morrow, with a modest smile;
 And calls them—brothers, friends, and coun-
 Upon his royal face there is no note [trymen.
 How dread an army hath enrounded him;
 Nor doth he dedicate one jot of color
 Unto the weary and all-watch'd night:
 But freshly looks, and overbears attaint,
 With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty;
 That ev'ry wretch, pining and pale before,
 Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks;

A largess universal, like the sun,
 His liberal eye doth give to ev'ry one,
 Thawing cold fear.

The Miseries of Royalty.

O hard condition! twin-born with greatness,
 Subjected to the breath of every fool, [ing!
 Whose sense no more can feel but his own wring-
 What infinite heart's-ease must kings neglect,
 That private men enjoy!
 And what have kings, that privates have not too,
 Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
 And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
 What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
 Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers?
 What are thy rents, what are thy comings-in?
 O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
 What is the soul of adoration?
 Art thou ought else but place, degree, and form,
 Creating awe and fear in other men,
 Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,
 Than they in fearing? [sweet,
 What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage
 But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great great-
 And bid thy ceremony give thee cure. [ness,
 Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out
 With titles blown from adulation?
 Will it give place to flexure and low-bending?
 Can'st thou, when thou command'st the beg-
 gar's knee, [dream,
 Command the health of it? No, thou proud
 That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
 I am a king, that find thee; and I know,
 'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
 The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
 The inter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
 The farced title running 'fore the king,
 The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
 That beats upon the high shore of this world—
 No, not all these, thrice gorgeous ceremony,
 Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave;
 Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
 Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;
 Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;
 But, like a lacquey, from the rise to set,
 Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
 Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,
 Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse:
 And follows so the ever-running year,
 With profitable labor, to his grave;
 And, but for ceremony, such a wretch, [sleep,
 Winding up days with toil, and nights with
 Hath the fore-hand and 'vantage of a king.

*A Description of the miserable State of the
 English Army.*

Yon island carrions, desp'rate of their bones,
 Ill-favor'dly become the morning field:
 Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
 And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
 Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
 And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.
 Their horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,

With torch-staves in their hands ; and the poor
jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and
hips ; [eyes,
The gum down-roping from their pale dead
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmel bit
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless ;
And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.

*King Henry's Speech before the Battle of
Agincourt.*

He that outlives this day, and comes safe
home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,
And say, To-morrow is St. Crispian. [scars :
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his
Old men forget ; yet shall not all forget,
But they'll remember, with advantages,
What feats they did that day : then shall our
names,
Familiar in their mouths as household words,
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Glo'ster,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.

Description of the Duke of York's Death.

He smil'd me in the face, gave me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, says, " Dear my lord,
" Commend my service to my sovereign."
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips ;
And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
Those waters from me which I would have
stopp'd ;
But I had not so much of man in me,
And all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.

The Miseries of War.

Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies : her hedges even-pleach'd,
Like prisoners, widely over-grown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs : her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
Doth root upon ; while that the coulter rusts,
That should deracinate such savagery :
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the sithe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness ; and nothing teems,
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility.

§ 19. THE 2d PART OF HENRY VI.
SHAKSPEARE.

Description of a murdered Person.

See how the blood is settled in his face !
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,

Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,
Being all descended to the laboring heart ?
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy ;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er
returneth

To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But, see, his face is black, and full of blood ;
His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd,
Staring full ghastly, like a strangled man :
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with
struggling ;

His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength sub-
dued. [ing ;
Look on the sheets : his hair, you see, is stick-
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and
rugged,

Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
It cannot be but he was murder'd here ;
The least of all these signs were probable.

A good Conscience.

What stronger breast-plate than a heart un-
tainted ?

Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just :
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Remorseless Hatred.

A plague upon 'em ! wherefore should I curse
them ? [groan,

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's
I would invent as bitter searching terms,
As curs'd, as harsh, as horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd envy in her loathsome cave :
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest
words,

Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint ;
Mine hair be fix'd on end like one distract ;
Ay, ev'ry joint should seem to curse and ban :
And even now my burden'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink !
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they
taste ;

Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees !
Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks !
Their softest touch, as smart as lizards' stings ;
Their music, frightful as the serpent's hiss ;
And boding screech-owls make the concert full !
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow.

The Death-bed Horrors of a guilty Conscience.

Bring me unto my trial when you will :
Died he not in his bed ? Where should he die ?
Can I make men live, whether they will or no ?
O ! torture me no more, I will confess—
Alive again ? Then show me where he is ;

I'll give a thousand pounds to look upon him—
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.
Comb down his hair; look, look! it stands
upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!
Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

Night.

The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea:
And now loud howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night;
Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging
wings, [jaws]
Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.

Kent.

Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy.

§ 20. THE 3d PART OF HENRY VI.
SHAKESPEARE.

*The Duke of York on the gallant Behaviour of
his Sons.*

My sons—God knows what hath bechanced
them: [selves]
But this I know—they have demean'd them—
Like men born to renown, by life, or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
And thrice cried, "Courage, father! fight it
out!"

And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple falchion painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cried, "Charge! and give no foot of
ground!"

And cried, "A crown, or else a glorious tomb!
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!"
With this we charg'd again; but out, alas!
We bodg'd again; as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching
waves.

*A Father's Passion on the Murder of a favorite
Child.*

O tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal, [child,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.

That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have
stain'd with blood;

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable—
O, ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:

This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet
boy,

And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:
And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul the hearers will shed tears;
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say, "Alas, it was a piteous deed!"

The Duke of York in Battle.

Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat;
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs,
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.

The Morning.

See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trim'd like a younker prancing to his love!

The Morning's Dawn.

The battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.

The Blessings of a Shepherd's Life.

O God! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live:
When this is known, then to divide the times:
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean;
So many months ere I shall shear the fleece;
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and
years,

Pass'd over to the end they were created.
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how
lovely!

Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.
And to conclude—the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicacies,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust and treason wait on him.

Gloucester's Deformity.

Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb,
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size:
To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp,
That carries no impresson like the dam.
And am I then a man to be belov'd?

Gloucester's Dissimulation.

Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile:
And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears;
And frame my face to all occasions:
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy:
I can add colors to theameleon;
Change shapes with Proteus, for advantages,
And set the murd'rous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?

The Earl of Warwick's dying Speech.

Ah, who is nigh? Come to me, friend or foe,
And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?
Why ask I that? My mangled body shows;
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart
That I must yield my body to the earth, [shows
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.

Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading
tree, [wind.
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's
black veil,

Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world.
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres; [blood,
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his
brow?

Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walls, my manors that I had,
E'en now forsake me; and, of all my lands,
Is nothing left me, but my body's length.

Queen Margaret's Speech before the Battle of Tewkesbury.

Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I
should say,
My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of my eyes.

Therefore, no more but this: Henry, your sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe, his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil:
You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

Omens on the Birth of Richard III.

The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
The night-crow cried, a boding luckless tune;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down
trees;

The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discord sung:
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's
To wit—an indigest, deformed lump, [hope;
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree. [born,
Teeth had'st thou in thy head when thou wast
To signify—thou cam'st to bite the world:
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st "into the world with thy legs
forward."

§ 21. THE LIFE OF HENRY VIII.

SHAKESPEARE.

Queen Catharine's Speech to her Husband.

—Alas, Sir,
In what have I offended you? What cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven
witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your count'nance; glad or sorry
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,
I ever contradicted your desire, [friends
Or made it not mine too? Which of your
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? What friend of mine,
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice,
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years; and have been bless'd
With many children by you. If, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honor aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up;
To the sharpest kind of justice.

Queen Catharine's Speech to Cardinal Wolsey.

—You are meek and humble mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming
With meekness and humility: but your heart
Is cram'd with arragancy, spleen, and pride.

You have, by fortune, and his highness' favors,
Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are
mounted, [words,

Where pow'rs are your retainers: and your
Domestics to you, serve your will, as't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honor, than
Your high profession spiritual.

King Henry's Character of Queen Catharine.

That man i' the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that: Thou art, alone,
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could but speak thee
The queen of earthly queens. [out]

On her own Merit.

Have I liv'd thus long (let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends) a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare say without vain-glory)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affection
Still met the king? lov'd him next Heaven?
obey'd him?

Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'Tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his plea-
sure;

And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet I will add an honor—a great patience.

The Vicissitudes of Life.

So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown
pride [me,

At length broke under me; and now has left
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
The sweet aspect of princes, and our ruin,
More pangs and tears than war or women have,
And, when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Cardinal Wolsey's Speech to Cromwell.

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.

Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me,
Cromwell;

And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no men-
tion [thee;

Of me must more be heard, say then I taught
Say, Wolsey, that once rode the waves of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one; tho' thy master miss'd it,
Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
(Th' image of his Maker,) hope to win by't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate
thee;

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear
not:

Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O
Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And pr'ythee, lead me in:—
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny: 'tis the king's: My robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all [well,
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Crom-
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies!

Cardinal Wolsey's Death.

At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,
Lodg'd in the abbey; where the rev'rend abbot,
With all his convent, honorably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words: "O father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye:
Give him a little earth for charity!"
So went to bed: where eagerly his sickness
Pursued him still; and three nights after this,
About the hour of eight (which he himself
Foretold should be his last), full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honors to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

His Vices and Virtues.

So may he rest: his faults lie gently on him:
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak
And yet with charity—he was a man [him,
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes: one, that by suggestion
Tied all the kingdom: simony was fair play;
His own opinion was his law: I' the presence
He would say untruths; and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning: He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful;
His promises were, as he then was, mighty!
But his performance, as he now is, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Griff. Noble Madam,

Man's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues
We write in water. - - - - -

- - - - - This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock ; undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honor. From his cradle
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading :
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not ;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as
summer,

And though he were unsatisfied in getting
(Which was a sin), yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely ; ever witness for him,
Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich and Oxford ! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to out-live the good he did it :
The other, though unfinish'd yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him ;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little.
And to add greater honors to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Archbishop Cranmer's Prophecy.

—Let me speak, Sir,
For Heav'n now bids me : and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find them
truth. [her !]
This royal infant (Heaven still move about
Though in a cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand, thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed : Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be. All princely
graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this,
With all the virtues that attend the good, [her ;
Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall nurse
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her ;
She shall be lov'd and fear'd. Her own shall
bless her ;
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow. Good
grows with her.
In her days every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants ; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
God shall be truly known ; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honor,
And by those claim their greatness, not by
blood. [when
Nor shall this peace sleep with her ; but, as
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself ;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one
(When Heaven shall call her from this cloud
of darkness)
Who, from the sacred ashes of her honor,

Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd : Peace, plenty, love, truth,
terror,

That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him ;
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honor and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations. He shall
flourish,

And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him : our children's
Shall see this, and bless Heaven. [children

§ 22. THE LIFE AND DEATH OF
KING JOHN. SHAKSPEARE.

New Titles.

"Good-den, Sir Richard—God a' mercy,
fellow,"

And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter :
For new-made honor doth forget men's names ;
'Tis too respective and too sociable
For your conversion. Now your traveller—
He and his tooth-pick at my worship's mess :
And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise
My picked man of countries :—My dear Sir,
(Thus leaning on mine elbow, I begin)
"I shall beseech you"—that is question now ;
And then comes answer like an A B C book :
"O Sir," says answer, "at your best command,
"At your employment, at your service, Sir :"—
"No, Sir," says question, "I, sweet Sir, at
yours."

And so, ere answer knows what question would,
(Saving in dialogue of compliment ;
And talking of the Alps and Apennines,
The Pyrenean, and the river Po,)
It draws towards supper in conclusion, so.
But this is worshipful society,
And fits the mounting spirit, like myself :
For he is but a bastard to the time,
That doth not smack of observation.

A Description of England.

That pale, that white-fac'd shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring
tides,
And coops from other lands her islanders ;
Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Even till that utmost corner of the west,
Salute thee for her king.

Description of an English Army.

His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come, the mother queen,
An Até, stirring him to blood and strife ;
With her, her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain ;
With them, a bastard, of the king deceas'd ;
And all the unsettled humors of the land—
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens—

Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
 Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
 To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
 In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
 That now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
 Did never float upon the swelling tide,
 To do offence and scath in Christendom.
 The interruption of their churlish drums
 Cuts off more circumstance; they are at hand.

Constance to Austria.

O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
 That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch,
 thou coward;
 Thou little valiant, great in villany!
 Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
 Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight,
 But when her humorous ladyship is by,
 To teach thee safety! thou art perjurd too,
 And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art
 thou,
 A ramping fool! to brag, and stamp, and swear,
 Upon my party! thou cold-blooded slave,
 Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
 Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
 Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
 And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
 Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it, for shame,
 And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.

The Horrors of a Conspiracy.

I had a thing to say—but let it go:
 The sun is in the heaven; and the proud day,
 Attended with the pleasures of the world,
 Is all too wanton, and too full of gaudes,
 To give me audience. If the midnight-bell
 Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
 Sound one unto the drowsy race of night;
 If this same were a church-yard where we
 stand,
 And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs:
 Or if that surley spirit, melancholy,
 Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick;
 (Which else runs tickling up and down the
 veins,
 Making that idiot laughter keep men's eyes,
 And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
 A passion hateful to my purposes;) Or
 if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
 Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
 Without a tongue, using conceit alone
 Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of
 words;
 Then in despite of brooded watchful day,
 I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts;
 But, ah! I will not.

A Mother's Ravings.

I am not mad; this hair I tear, is mine;
 My name is Constance; I was Geoffrey's wife:
 Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:
 I am not mad—I would to Heaven I were!
 For then 'tis like I should forget myself:
 O, if I could, what grief should I forget!
 Preach some philosophy to make me mad,

And thou shalt be canoniz'd, Cardinal;
 For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
 My reasonable part produces reason
 How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
 And teaches me to kill or hang myself.
 If I were mad, I should forget my son,
 Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he:
 I am not mad: too well, too well, I feel
 The diff'rent plague of each calamity.

Apostrophe to Death.

O amiable, lovely death!
 Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
 Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
 Thou hate and terror to prosperity.
 And I will kiss thy detestable bones;
 And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;
 And ring these fingers with thy household
 worms:
 And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
 And be a carrion monster like thyself:
 Come grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st
 And buss thee as thy wife! misery's love,
 O, come to me!

A Mother's Grief.

Father Cardinal, I have heard you say,
 That we shall see and know our friends in
 heaven:
 If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
 For, since the birth of Cain, the first male
 To him that did but yesterday suspire, [child,
 There was not such a gracious creature born.
 But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
 And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
 And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
 As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
 And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
 When I shall meet him in the court of heaven,
 I shall not know him: therefore, never, never
 Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me that never had a son.

K. Phil. You are as fond of grief as of your
 child. [child,

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent
 Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
 Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words;
 Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
 Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
 Then have I reason to be fond of grief.

Arthur's pathetic Speeches to Hubert.

Methinks, nobody should be sad but I:
 Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
 Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
 Only for wantonness. By my Christendom,
 So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
 I should be merry as the day is long

Have you the heart? when your head did
 but ache,
 I knit my handkerchief about your brows
 (The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)
 And I did never ask it you again:

And with my hand at midnight held your head;

And like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?

Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning: do, an if you will;
If Heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?

These eyes that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?—

Alas! what need you be so boist'rous rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For Heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!

Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily: [you,
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive
Whatever torment you do put me to.—
Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O Heaven! that there were but a mote
in yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense:
Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous
there,

Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

To add to Perfection, superfluous and sus-
picious.

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

In this the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured:
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights consideration;
Makes sound opinions sick, and truth sus-
pected,

For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

England invincible, if unanimous.

England never did (nor never shall)
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall
make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

§ 23. JULIUS CÆSAR. SHAKESPEARE.

Cassius, in Contempt of Cæsar.

I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with his shores,
Cæsar says to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?"—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink."
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of
Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man [Tiber
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.—
He had a fever when he was in Spain;
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake; 'tis true, this god did shake;
His coward lips did from their color fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the
world,
Did lose his lustre; I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried—"Give me some drink, Titi-
nius!"—

As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of this majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [Shout—Flourish.

Bru. Another general shout!

I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honors that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow
Like a Colossus; and we petty men [world
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates;
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Cæsar: what should be in that
Cæsar? [yours?

Why should that name be sounded more than
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar,
Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd:
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great
flood,

But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say till now, that talk'd of
Rome,
That her wide walks encompass'd but one man?

Cæsar's Dislike of Cassius.

Would he were fatter!—but I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks [plays,
Quite through the deeds of men; he loves no
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.

Spirit of Liberty.

I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most
strong;

Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat;
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.

His Address to the Conspirators.

I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth, as those your swords made
rich

With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard, [smoke,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die;
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Antony's Funeral Oration.

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your
ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him!
The evil that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar! The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men)

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for
him?

O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong
Who, you all know, are honorable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will;
Let but the commons hear this testament
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's
wounds,

And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4 *Pleb.* We'll hear the will: read it, Mark
Antony. [will.

All. The will, the will: we will hear Cæsar's

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must
not read it;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you,
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should—O, what would come of it!

4 *Pleb.* Read the will; we will hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay a
I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it. [while?
I fear, I wrong the honorable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar—I do fear it,

4 *Pleb.* They were traitors:—honorable men!

All. The will! the testament! [will?

Ant. You will compel me then to read the
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2 *Pleb.* Descend.

[*He comes down from the Pulpit.*

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:—
Look! in this place ran Cassius dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made;—
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd!
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it;
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no:
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O ye gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty
heart;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
Kind souls! what, weep you when you but
behold

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? look you here!
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with trait-

1 *Pleb.* O piteous spectacle! [tors.

2 *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd: revenge!

About—seek—burn—fire—kill—slay! let not
a traitor live.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not
stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honorable;
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and ho-

norable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is:

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full
well

That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, or utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood; I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor
dumb mouths!

And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In ev'ry wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear
in this:

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted of. [case.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a
Cas In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his com-
ment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm!

You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honors this cor-
ruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March
remember!

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honors,
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman!

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,

I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health—tempt me no
Bru. Away, slight man! [further.

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room for your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares?

Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! must I endure all
this? [heart break;

Bru. All this! ay, more; fret, till your proud
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondsmen tremble. Must I
budge?

Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch

Under your testy humor? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Tho' it do split you: for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me ev'ry way—you wrong
me, Brutus:

I said an elder soldier, not a better.

Did I say better?—

Bru. If you did, I care not. [mov'd me.

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have

Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have

Cas. I durst not? [tempted him.

Bru. No.

Cas. What! durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for. [for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By Heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send

To you for gold to pay my legions, [Cassius?
Which you denied me: was that done like
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not;—he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath
riv'd my heart:

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius, [come,
For Cassius is a-weary of the world:

Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep

My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast;—within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;

I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius. [him better

Bru. Sheath your dagger:

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth
him? [too.

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me
your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

[Embracing.

Cas. O Brutus!

Bru. What is the matter?

[me,

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with
When that rash humor, which my mother
gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius: and from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

Bru. O, Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better.—Portia

Cas. Ha! Portia?

[is dead.

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How 'scap'd I killing when I cross'd
O, insupportable and touching loss!— [you so?
Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence; [Antony
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark
Have made themselves so strong—for with her
death

That tidings came—with this she fell distract,
And, her attendant absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

[Enter Boy with Wine and Tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her—Give me a bowl
of wine:

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [Drinks.

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble
pledge.—

Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

Opportunity to be seized on all Affairs.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

The Parting of Brutus and Cassius.

Bru. No, Cassius, no; think not, thou noble
Roman,

That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;

He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March began :
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take :—
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius !
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile ;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus !

If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed ;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on.—O that a man
might know

The end of this day's business ere it come !
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known.

Antony's Character of Brutus.

This was the noblest Roman of them all :
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did, in envy of great Cæsar ;
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle ; and the elements
So mixt in him, that nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, " This was a man ! "

§ 24. KING LEAR. SHAKSPEARE.

An alienated Child.

LET it be so—thy truth then be thy dower :
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun ;
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night ;
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be :
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barb'rous
Scythian,

Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou, my sometime daughter.

A Father cursing his Child.

Hear, Nature, hear ;
Dear goddess, hear ! Suspend thy purpose, if
Thou didst intend to make this creature fruitful !
Into her womb convey sterility !
Dry up in her the organs of increase ;
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honor her ! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen ; that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her !
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth ;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks ;
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt ; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child !

Lear on the Ingratitude of his Daughters.

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age ; wretched in both !
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much

To bear it tamely ; touch me with noble anger !
O let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks ! No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will do such
things—

What they are, yet I know not : but they shall
be

The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep ;
No, I'll not weep :

I have full cause of weeping ; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or e'er I weep. O fool, I shall go mad.

Description of Lear's Distress amidst the Storm.

Kent. Where 's the king ?

Gent. Contending with the fretful element ;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change, or cease : tears his
white hair,

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of :
Strive in his little world of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would
The lion, and the belly-pinched wolf [cough,
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

*Lear's passionate Exclamation amidst the
Tempest.*

Blow, wind ! and crack your cheeks ! rage !
You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout [blow !
Till you have drenched our steeples, drown'd
the cocks !

You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head ! And thou, all-shaking
thunder,

Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world !
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once
That make ingrateful man !

Rumble thy belly-full ! spit, fire ! spout, rain !
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters :
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription. Why then let fall
Your horrible pleasure ; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man ;—
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O ! O ! 'tis foul !

Kent. Alas, Sir ! are you here ? Things that
love night,

Love not such nights as these ; the wrathful skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark, [man,
And make them keep their caves : since I was
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard : man's nature can-
The affliction nor the fear. [not carry

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou
wretch,

That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipped of justice: hide thee, thou bloody
hand;

Thou perjur'd, and thou simular man of virtue,
That art incestuous: caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practis'd on man's life! Close pent-up
guilts,

Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace. I am a man
More sinn'd against than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed!
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the
tempest.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this
contentious storm

Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When
the mind's free,

The body's delicate; the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
For lifting food to 't?—But I'll punish home.
No, I will weep no more.—In such a night
To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:
In such a night as this!—O Regan, Goneril!
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave
all—

O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that—

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pry'thee, go in thyself; seek thine
own ease;

This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more—but I'll go in:
In, boy; go first. You houseless poverty—
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep—
Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed
sides, [you

Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend
From seasons such as these!—O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this!—Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel!
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

Description of Lear distracted.

Alack, 'tis he! why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea; singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,
With harlocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-
flowers:

Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.

Description of Dover Cliff.

Come on, Sir; here 's the place:—stand
still:—how fearful

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low! [air,
The crows and choughs, that wing the midway
Show scarce so gross as beetles: half-way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful
trade!

Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight: the murmuring
surge,

That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high: I'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

On the Abuse of Power.

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:
Why dost thou lash that whore? strip thine
own back;

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
For which thou whip'st her. The usurer
hangs the cozeners.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin
with gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able
'em: [pow'r

Take that of me, my friend, who have the
To seal th' accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes:
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.

Cordelia on the Ingratitude of her Sisters.

O, my dear father! Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep, dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick cross lightning? to watch (poor perdu!)
Within this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog
Though he had bit me, should have stood that
night

Against my fire; and wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack! alack!
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.

Scene between Lear and Cordelia.

Cord. How does my royal lord? how fares
your majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave.

Thou art a soul in bliss ; but I am bound Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears Do scald like molten lead.

Cord. Sir, do you know me ? [you die ?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know ; when did

Cord. Still, still far wide ! [a while.

Phys. He's scarce awake, let him alone

Lear. Where have I been ? where am I ?—

Fair day-light ! [pity

I am mightily abused.—I should even die with To see another thus.—I will not swear These are my hands.

Cord. O look upon me, Sir, And hold your hands in benediction o'er me : No, Sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray do not mock me : I am a very foolish fond old man, Fourscore and upward : and, to deal plainly, I fear I am not in my perfect mind. [man ; Methinks I should know you, and know this Yet I am doubtful, for I am mainly ignorant What place this is ; and all the skill I have Remembers not these garments ; nor I know not, [me,

Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at For, as I am a man, I think this lady To be my child Cordelia.

Cord. And so I am, I am. [weep not :

Lear. Be your tears wet ? Yes, faith. I pray If you have poison for me, I will drink it. I know you do not love me ; for your sisters Have, as I do remember, done me wrong : You have some cause, they have not.

Cord. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France ?

Kent. In your own kingdom, Sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me. [rage,

Phys. Be comforted, good madam : the great You see, is cur'd in him : and yet it is danger To make him even o'er the time he has lost. Desire him to go in ; trouble him no more Till further settling.

Cord. Will 't please your highness walk ?

Lear. You must bear with me. [and foolish. Pray you now, forget and forgive : I am old

Lear to Cordelia, when taken Prisoners.

No, no, no, no ! come, let's away to prison : We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage : When thou dost ask my blessing, I'll kneel down,

And ask of thee forgiveness ; so we'll live, And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh

At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues Talk of court news ; and we'll talk with them too— [out—

Who loses, and who wins ; who's in, who's And take upon us the mystery of things, As if we were God's spies ; and we'll wear out, In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones, That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia, The gods themselves throw incense.

The Justice of the Gods.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices Make instruments to scourge us.

Edgar's Account of his discovering himself to his Father, &c.

List a brief tale :—

And, when 'tis told, O that my heart would The bloody proclamation to escape, [burst ! That follow'd me so near (O our lives' sweetness !

That with the pain of death we'd hourly die, Rather than die at once !), taught me to shift Into a madman's rags ; to assume a semblance That very dogs disdain'd : and in this habit Met I my father, with his bleeding rings, Their precious stones new lost ; became his guide, [spair ;

Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from de- Never (O fault !) reveal'd myself unto him, Until some half-hour past, when I was arm'd, Not sure, though hoping, of this good success, I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last Told him my pilgrimage : but his flaw'd heart (Alack, too weak the conflict to support !) 'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief, Burst smilingly.

Bast. This speech of yours hath mov'd me, And shall, perchance, do good : but speak you on ;

You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woful, hold For I am almost ready to dissolve, [it in ; Hearing of this.

Edg. This would have seem'd a period To such as love not sorrow : but another, To amplify too much, would make much more And top extremity.

Whilst I was big in clamor, came there a man, Who having seen me in my worst estate, Shunn'd my abhorr'd society ; but, then, finding Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out As he'd burst heaven ; threw him on my father : Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him, That ever ear receiv'd ; which, in recounting, His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life Began to crack :—twice then the trumpet And there I left him tranc'd. [sounded,

Lear on the Death of Cordelia.

Howl, howl, howl, howl ! O you are men of stones !

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so That heaven's vault should crack.—O, she is gone for ever !

I know when one is dead, and when one lives ; She's dead as earth : lend me a looking-glass ; If that her breath will mist or stain the stone, Why, then she lives.

This feather stirs ; she lives ! If it be so,

It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows,
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O, my good master!

Lear. Pr'ythee away—

A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for
ever!—

Cordelia! Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!
What is't thou say'st!—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low.

§ 25. MACBETH. SHAKESPEARE:

Witches described.

—WHAT are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on 't?—Live you, or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to under-
stand me,

By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips:—You should be women;
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macbeth's Temper.

Yet do I feel thy nature:
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst
highly, [false,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play
And yet wouldst wrongly win.

Lady Macbeth, on the News of Duncan's Approach.

The raven himself is hoarse,
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, come you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direct cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep pace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring mi-
nisters,

Wherever in your sightless substances [night,
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick
And pall thee in the dunest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, "Hold! hold!"—

Macbeth's Irresolution.

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere
It were done quickly: if the assassination [well
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here upon this bank and shoal of time,

We'd jump the life to come. But, in these
cases,

We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which being taught, return
To plague the inventor: this even-handed jus-
tice [chalice

Commends the ingredients of our poison'd
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking off:
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in ev'ry eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other.

True Fortitude.

I dare do all that may become a man!
Who dares do more, is none.

The Murdering Scene. Macbeth alone.

Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
The handle to'ward my hand? Come, let me
clutch thee—

I have thee not; and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which I now draw—
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use, [senses,
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other
Or else worth all the rest:—I see thee still;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before—There's no such
thing:

It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half
world

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf, [pace,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his
design [earth,

Moves like a ghost—Thou sure and firm-set
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it—Whiles I threat, he
lives— [A bell rings.

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.

Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell. [*Exit.*]

Enter Lady.

Lady. That which hath made them drunk,
hath made me bold: [Hark! peace!
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire:
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good night.—He is
about it:—

The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores; I have
drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Macb. [*Within*] Who's there?—what, ho!

Lady. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and not the
deed, [ready,
Confounds us!—hark!—I laid their daggers
He could not miss'em.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had don't.—My
husband?

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. I have done the deed:—didst thou not
hear a noise?

Lady. I heard the owls scream and the
Did not you speak? [crickets cry.

Macb. When?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady. Ay.

Macb. Hark! who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight!

[*Looks on his hands.*]

Lady. A foolish thought! to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in his sleep,
and one cried, "murder!"

That they did wake each other! I stood and
heard them:

But they did say their prayers, and address'd
Again to sleep. [them

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cried, "God bless us!" and
"Amen!" the other; [hands,

As they had seen me, with these hangman's
Listening their fear. I could not say, Amen,
When they did say, God bless us.

Lady. Consider it not so deeply. [Amen?

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce
I had most need of blessing, and Amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry,
"Sleep no more!"

Macbeth doth murder sleep, the innocent sleep,
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

Lady. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all
the house:

"Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefore
Cawdor [more!"

Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no
Lady. Who was it that thus cried? Why,

worthy Thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things: go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the
place?

They must lie there: go, carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more:

I am afraid to think what I have done;

Look on't again I dare not.

Lady. Infirm of purpose!

Give me the daggers: the sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit.*]

Knocking within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking? [*Starting.*
How is 't with me, when ev'ry noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out
mine eyes!

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will
The multitudinous seas incarnadine [rather
Making the green one red.

Re-enter Lady.

Lady. My hands are of your colour; but I
shame [Knock.

To wear a heart so white. I hear a knocking
At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber;
A little water clears us of this deed:

How easy is it then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended—hark! more knock-
ing: [Knock.

Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers: be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed—'twere best not
know myself. [thou couldst!

Wake, Duncan, with this knocking! I would

*Macbeth's guilty Conscience, and Fears of
Banquo.*

Enter Macbeth to his Lady.

Lady. How now, my lord? why do you keep
alone,

Of sorriest fancies your companions making?
Using those thoughts which should indeed have
died

With them they think on? Things without all
remedy

Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd
it;

She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy.—Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy; nothing
Can touch him farther!

O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance lives.

Lady. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are yet assailable;

Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecate's summons,

The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be
A deed of dreadful note. [done]

Lady. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,

Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens: and
Makes wing to the rooky wood: [the crow
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
While night's black agents to their prey do
rouse.

*Scene, a Room of State. Banquet prepared.
Macbeth, Lady, Rosse, Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.*

Lady. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome: to feed were best at home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony:
Meeting were bare without it.

[*The Ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in Macbeth's Place.*

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—

Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May't please your highness sit?

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,

Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
Whom I may rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance.

Rosse. His absence, Sir, [highness
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your

To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full! [Starting.]

Len. Here is a place reserv'd, Sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord.

What is 't that moves your highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say, I did it: never
Thy gory locks at me. [shake]

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well. [thus,

Lady. Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is often
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep
The fit is momentary; upon a thought [seat;
He will again be well: if much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion!
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

[*To Macb. aside.*

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on
Which might appal the devil. [that

Lady. O proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear: [*Aside.*
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O these flaws and starts
(Impostors to true fear) would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? when all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Pr'ythee, see there!

Behold! look! lo! how say you?

[*Pointing to the Ghost.*

Why, what care I? if thou canst nod, speak too.
If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury, back—our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*The Ghost vanishes.*

Lady. What! quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady. Fie, for shame! [olden time,

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the
Ere human statute purg'd the gen'ral weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man
would die;

And there an end: but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: this is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady. My worthy lord,

Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget:—

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health
to all; [full:

Then I'll sit down: give me some wine, fill
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss:
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

[*The Ghost rises again.*

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,
Which thou dost glare with!

Lady. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble; or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhibit thee, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! Why, so—being gone,
[*The Ghost vanishes.*
I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

[*The Lords rise.*
Lady. You have displac'd the mirth, broke
the good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me
Even to the disposition that I owe, [strange,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.

Rosse. What sights, my lord?

Lady. I pray you, speak not; he grows
worse and worse;
Question enrages him: at once, good night:
Stand not upon the order of your going:
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his majesty.

Lady. A kind good night to all.

[*Exeunt Lords.*
Macb. It will have blood, they say; blood
will have blood: [speak;
Stones have been known to move, and trees to
Augurs, and understood relations, have
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought
The secret'st man of blood. [forth,

Witches: their Power.

I conjure you, by that which you profess
(Howe'er you come to know it), answer me;
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up: [down;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown
Though castles topple on their warder's heads;
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the
treasure

Of nature's germins tumble altogether,
Even till destruction sickens, answer me
To what I ask you.

Malcolm's Character of himself.

Mal. But I have none: the king-becoming
graces,

As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I pow'r I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak;
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant, bloody-sceptred,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurst,
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal
father [thee,

Was a most sainted king; the queen that bore
Of't'ner upon her knees than on her feet,
Died ev'ry day she liv'd. Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Mac-
beth

By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his pow'r; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight
No less in truth than life; my first false speaking
Was this upon myself. What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command.

An oppressed Country.

Alas! poor country;
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where
nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile:
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent
the air, [seems
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow
A modern ecstasy; the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for who; and good men's
Expire before the flowers in their caps, [lives
Dying, or ere they sicken.

Macduff on the Murder of his Wife and Children.

Rosse. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! but I have words,

That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.

Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief,
Due to some single breast?

Rosse. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe; tho' the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue
for ever,

Which shall possess them with the heaviest
That ever yet they heard. [sound

Macd. Humph! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surpris'd; your wife and
babes

Savagely slaughter'd; to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful Heaven!—

What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your
brows; [speak,

Give sorrow words: the grief that does not
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it

Macd. My children too? [break.

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all that could
be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence! my wife

Rosse. I have said. [kill'd too?

Mal. Be comforted:

Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children!—All my pretty
ones?

Did you say all? what, all? O hell-kite! all?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so;

But I must also feel it as a man:

I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. Did Heaven
look on,

And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! Naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls: Heaven rest them
now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword;
let grief

Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine
eyes,

And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle
Heaven,

Cut short all intermission: front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;
Within my sword's length set him: if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly.

Come, go we to the king; our pow'r is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave; Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above

Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer
you may;

The night is long that never finds the day.
[Exeunt.

Despised Old Age.

I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf:
And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have: but in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honor, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, but
dare not.

Diseases of the Mind incurable.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd:
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

Reflections on Life.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale,
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

§ 26. OTHELLO. SHAKESPEARE.

Preferment.

'Tis the curse of service;
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
Not by the old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first.

In Dispraise of Honesty.

We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender; and, when he is old,
cashier'd:

Whip me such honestknaves. Others there are,
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves:
And throwing but shows of service on their
lords,

Do well thrive by them; and when they have
lin'd their coats,

Do themselves homage: these fellows have
some soul,

And such a one do I profess myself.

For, sir,

It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:

In following him, I follow but myself;

Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,

But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
 For when my outward action doth demonstrate
 The native act and figure of my heart
 In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
 But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve,
 For doves to peck at: I am not what I seem.

Othello's Relation of his Courtship to the Senate.

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
 My very noble and approved good masters—
 That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
 It is most true; true, I have married her;
 The very head and front of my offending
 Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my
 speech,

And little blest with the set phrase of peace;
 For since these arms of mine had seven years'
 pith,

Till now some nine moons wasted, they have
 Their dearest action in the tented field;
 And little of this great world can I speak,
 More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
 In speaking for myself: Yet, by your gracious
 patience,

I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver,
 Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what
 charms,

What conjuration, and what mighty magic
 (For such proceeding I am charg'd withal),
 I won his daughter with. - - -

Her father

Lov'd me; oft invited me; still question'd me
 The story of my life, from year to year;
 The battles, sieges, fortunes, that I have pass'd.
 I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
 To the very moment that he bade me tell it,
 Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
 Of moving accidents by flood and field;
 Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly
 breach;

Of being taken by the insolent foe,
 And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence;
 And portance in my travel's history.

These things to hear

Would Desdemona seriously incline;
 But still the house affairs would draw her
 thence;

Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
 She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
 Devour up my discourse: which, I observing,
 Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
 But not intently: I did consent;
 And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
 That my youth suffer'd.—My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
 She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing
 strange;

'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful—

She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
 That Heaven had made her such a man: she
 thank'd me;

And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint I
 spake:

She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd;
 And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.

Perfect Content.

O my soul's joy!

If after ev'ry tempest come such calms,
 May the winds blow till they have waken'd
 death,

And let the laboring bark climb hills of seas,
 Olympus high: and duck again as low
 As hell's from heaven! If I were now to die,
 'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
 My soul hath her content so absolute,
 That not another comfort like to this
 Succeeds in unknown fate.

A Lover's Exclamation.

Excellent wretch! perdition catch my soul,
 But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
 Chaos is come again.

Othello's first Suspicion.

Think, my lord! by Heaven he echoes me,
 As if there were some monster in his thought
 Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean
 something: [that—

I heard thee say but now—thou lik'd'st not
 When Cassio left my wife; what didst not like?
 And when I told thee—he was of my counsel,
 In my whole course of wooing: thou cried'st
 “Indeed!”

And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
 As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
 Some horrible conceit: if thou dost love me,
 Show me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost;

And for I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,
 And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them
 breath— [more:

Therefore, these stops of thine fright me the
 For such things in a false, disloyal knave
 Are tricks of custom; but in a man that's just,
 They are close denotements working from the
 That passion cannot rule. [heart,

Reputation.

Good name, in man and woman, dear my lord,
 Is the immediate jewel of their souls;
 Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis some-
 thing, nothing;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to
 thousands:
 But he that filches from me my good name,
 Robs me of that which not enriches him,
 And makes me poor indeed.

Othello's Soliloquy after having been worked up to Jealousy by Iago.

This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings: If I prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,

I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black;
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have: or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years: yet that's not much—
She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief
Must be—to loath her. O curse of marriage!
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapor of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others' uses.

Jealousy.

Trifles light as air
Are, to the jealous, confirmation strong
As proofs of holy writ.

The Tortures of Jealousy.

Enter Othello.

Iago. Look where he comes! not poppy, nor
mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'st yesterday.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me? to me? [that.

Iago. Why, how now, general? no more of

Oth. Avaunt! begone! thou hast set me on
the rack:

I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord? [lust?

Oth. What sense had I of her stol'n hours of
I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, was free and merry;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known: O now, for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind! Farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill
trump,

The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner; and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
Th' immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

Iago. Is't possible, my lord!

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love
a whore;

Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;

[*Catching hold of him*

Or by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst better have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is it come to this?

Oth. Make me to see it; or, at the least, so
prove it,

That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on: or, woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord—

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more: abandon all remorse:
On horror's head horrors accumulate:
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

Iago. O grace! O Heaven defend me!

Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?
God be wi' you: take mine office.—O wretched
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice! [fool,
O monstrous world! take note, take note, O
world,

To be direct and honest, is not safe!

I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,
I'll love no friend, since love breeds such
offence.

Oth. Nay, stay:—thou should'st be honest.

Iago. I should be wise: for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,

I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not:
I'll have some proof. Her name, that was as
fresh

As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face. If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it!—Would I were satisfied!

Othello's Story of the Handkerchief.

That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people; she told her, while
she kept it,

'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my
father

Entirely to her love; but if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye,
Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should
hunt

After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wiv'd,
To give it her. I did so; and take heed of't,
Make it a darling, like your precious eye;
To lose't or give't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.—

—There's magic in the web of it:

A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to make two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work:
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the
silk;

And it was dyed in mummy, which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

A Lover's Computation of Time.

What! keep a week away? seven days and nights? [hours]
 Eight-score eight hours? and lovers' absent
 More tedious than the dial eight-score times?
 O weary reckoning.

Othello's Speech after having received the Mandate when confirmed in his Suspicions.

Ay, you did wish that I would make her turn:
 Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
 And turn again; and she can weep, Sir, weep:
 And she's obedient, as you say—obedient—
 Very obedient—Proceed you in your tears.
 Concerning this, Sir—O well-painted passion!
 I am commanded home:—get you away;
 I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,
 And will return to Venice—hence, avaunt!

[*Ex. Des.*
 Cassio shall have my place. And—Sir, to—
 I do entreat that we may sup together. [night,
 You are welcome, Sir, to Cyprus—
 Goats and monkeys! [*Exit Othello.*

His pathetic Upbraiding of his Wife.

Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech
 I understand a fury in your words, [import?
 But not your words.

Oth. Why, what art thou?

Des. Your wife, my lord; your true and
 loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it; damn thyself;
 Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils them-
 selves

Should fear to seize thee: therefore, be double
 Swear thou art honest. [damn'd;

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows, that thou art false
 as hell.

Des. To whom, my lord? With whom?
 How am I false?

Oth. O, Desdemona, away! away! away!

Des. Alas, the heavy day! who do you weep?
 Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord?

If haply, you my father do suspect
 An instrument of this your calling back, [him,
 Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost
 Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleased Heaven
 To try me with affliction; had he rain'd
 All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head;
 Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
 Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;
 I should have found in some part of my soul
 A drop of patience. But, alas! to make me
 A fixed figure, for the time of scorn
 To point his slow, unmoving finger at—
 O! O!

Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
 But there, where I have garner'd up my heart;
 Where either I must live, or bear no life;
 The fountain from the which my current runs,
 Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!
 Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads

To knot and gender in! Turn thy complexion
 there!

Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubim;
 Ay, there, look grim as hell! [nest.

Des. I hope, my noble lord esteems me ho-

Oth. O, ay; as summer-flies are in the
 shambles,

That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,
 Who art so lovely, fair, and smell'st so sweet,
 That the sense aches at thee, 'would thou hadst
 ne'er been born! mitted?

Des. Alas! what ignorant sin have I com-

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly
 book,

Made to write whore upon! what, committed!
 Committed! O thou public commoner!
 I should make very forges of my cheeks
 That would to cinders burn up modesty [ted!
 Did I but speak thy deeds.—What, commit-
 Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon
 winks:

The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
 Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
 And will not hear it: what committed!
 Impudent strumpet!

Des. By Heaven, you do me wrong!

Oth. Are you not a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian.

If to preserve this vessel for my lord,
 From any other foul, unlawful touch,
 Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is it possible?

Des. O Heaven forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy, then;
 I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
 That married with Othello.

Desdemona's Faithfulness.

O good Iago,

What shall I do to win my lord again?
 Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of
 heaven,

I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel—
 [Kneeling.

If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
 Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed:
 Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
 Delighted them in any other form;
 Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
 And ever will—though he do shake me off
 To beggarly divorcement—love him dearly,
 Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do
 much,

And his unkindness may defeat my life,
 But never taint my love.

*A Bed-chamber: Desdemona is discovered
 asleep in her Bed.*

Enter Othello, with a Light and Sword.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul—
 Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!
 It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood,

Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.

[Lays down the Sword.

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then put out the light!
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me; but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume.

[Sets down the Taper.

When I have pluck'd thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again;
It needs must wither: I'll smell it on the tree.

[Kissing her.

O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice herself to break her sword! One more.
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after: one more, and this the last:
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears; this sorrow's heavenly;
It strikes where it doth love.

Othello's Confusion after having murdered his Wife.

Yes, 'tis Æmilia:—by and by—she's dead,
'Tis like, she comes to speak of Cassio's death:
The noise was high. Ha! no more moving?
Still as the grave. Shall she come in? wer't
good?

I think she stirs again:—no.—What's the best?
If she comes in, she'll sure speak to my wife:
My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.
O insupportable! O heavy hour!
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon; and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.

His Love for her.

Had she been true,
If Heaven would make me such another world,
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

His bitter Remorse.

Behold! I have a weapon:
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh: I've seen the day,
That, with this little arm, and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop—But, O vain
boast!

Who can control his fate? it is not so now.
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd.
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear;
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires: where should Othello go?
Now—how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd
wench!

[compt,

Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at
This look of thine will hurl my soul from hea-
ven,

And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my
E'en like thy chastity—
O cursed, cursed slave!—Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!
O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead!
Dead? O! O! O!

His last Speech.

Soft you; a word or two before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they
know it;

No more of that.—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am: nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you
Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well; [speak
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose hand,
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdu'd
Albeit unused to the melting mood, [eyes,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum. Set you down this:
And say, besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus. [Stabs himself.

§ 27. THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING
RICHARD II. SHAKSPEARE.

On the Vanity of Power and Misery of Kings.

No matter where; of comfort no man speak;
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills;
And not yet so—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all, are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own, but death;
And that small model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and covering to our bones.
For Heav'n's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd;
Some poisoned by their wives; some sleeping
kill'd;

All murder'd:—For within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps Death his court: and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit;
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable; and humor'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores thro' his castle walls, and, farewell king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn rev'rence; throw away respect,

Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty ;
For you have but mistook me all this while :
I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
Need friends: subjected thus,
How can you say to me—I am a king?

*A Description of Bolingbroke's and Richard's
Entry into London.*

Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seemed to know—
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course;
While all tongues cried, God save thee, Boling-
broke! [spake,

You would have thought the very windows
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls,
With painted imagery, had said at once,
Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespoke them thus—I thank you, countrymen:
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

Duch. Alas, poor Richard! where rides he
the while?

York. As in a theatre the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious: [eyes
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's
Did scowl on Richard; no man cried, God
save him!

No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience—
That had not God, for some strong purpose,
steel'd [melted,
The hearts of men, they must perceive have
And barbarism itself have pitied him.

§ 28. THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING
RICHARD III. SHAKESPEARE.

Richard on his own Deformity.

Now are our brows bound with victorious
wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarms chang'd to merry meetings:
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled
front;
And now—instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries—
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an am'rous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's ma-
jesty;
To strut before a wanton, ambling nymph;
I, that am curtailed of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,

Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them—
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And descant on my own deformity:
And therefore—since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair, well-spoken days—
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.

Richard's Love for Lady Anne.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn
salt tears, [drops;
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear—
Not, when my father York and Edward wept,
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,
When black-faced Clifford shook his sword at
him;

Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death;
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad time,
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with
weeping.

I never sued to friend, nor enemy; [words;
My tongue could never learn sweet soothing
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue
to speak.

On his own Person after his successful Addresses.

My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass;
And entertain a score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I have crept in favor with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.

Queen Margaret's Execration.

The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul.
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st.
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be when some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature, and the son of hell!
Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honor, thou detested—

Clarence's Dream.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray
you tell me. [Tower,

Clar. Methought, that I had broken from the

And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy,
And, in my company, my brother Glo'ster;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches; thence we look'd toward
England,

And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befallen us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches, [ing
Methought that Glo'ster stumbled; and in fall-
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.

O Lord! methought what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in my ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea, [holes,
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That wou'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep? [death,

Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not with this sore agony?

Clar. O no, my dream was lengthen'd after
O, then began the tempest of my soul! [life:
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned War-
wick;

Who cried aloud—"What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"
And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud—

"Clarence is come, false, fleeting, perjur'd
Clarence—

That stabl'd me in the field by Tewkesbury;
Seize on him, furies, take him to your tor-
ments!"

With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Invir'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling wak'd; and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell:
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O, Brakenbury, I have done those things
That now give evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me!
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,

But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:
O spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children!

The Vanity of Trust in Man.

O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God.
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

*Description of the Murder of the two young
Princes in the Tower.*

The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch-deed of piteous massacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children in their death's sad
story. [babes!]

"O thus," quoth Dighton, "lay the gentle
"Thus, thus," quoth Forrest, "girdling one
another

Within their alabaster innocent arms;
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once," quoth Forest, "almost chang'd
my mind;

But, O the devil!—there the villain stopp'd;
When Dighton thus told on—"We smothered
The most replenish'd sweet work of nature,
That from the prime creation e'er she fram'd."
Hence both are gone with conscience and re-
morse:

They could not speak; and so I left them both
To bear these tidings to the bloody king.

Expedition.

Come, I have learn'd that fearful comment-
Is leaden servitor to dull delay; [ing
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary:
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!

Queen Margaret's Exprobration.

I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen;
One heav'd a-high to be hurl'd down below:
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag,
To be the aim of ev'ry dang'rous shot;
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene. [thers?
Where is thy husband now? where be thy bro-
Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?
Who sues, and kneels, and says, God save the
queen?

Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd
thee?

Decline all this, and see what now thou art:
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;

For joyful mother, one that wails the name ;
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues ;
For queen, a very cattiff crown'd with care ;
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me ;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one ;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time :
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.

His Mother's Character of King Richard.

Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy:
Thy school-days frightful, desp'rate, wild, and
 furious; [turous;
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and ven-
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody.

Richmond's Prayer.

O thou! whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye:
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
Th' usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy mistress of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory!
To thee do I commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;
Sleeping, and waking, O defend me still!

Richard starting out of his Dream.

Give me another horse—bind up my wounds :
Have mercy, Jesu !—Soft, I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict
me !

The lights burn blue—is it not dead midnight?
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh,
What do I fear? myself? there's none else by.

Richard before the Battle.

A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.

Advance our standards, set upon our foes ;
Our ancient word of courage, fair St. George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons !
Upon them ! victory sits on our helms.

Alarum. Enter King Richard.

K. Richard. A horse! a horse! my kingdom
for a horse!

Catesb. Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you
to a horse. [a cast,

K. Richard. Slave, I have set my life upon
And I will stand the hazard of the die:
I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day, instead of him.
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

[*Exeunt.*

§ 29. ROMEO AND JULIET.

SHAKSPEARE.

Love.

Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of
sighs;
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears :

What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.

On Dreams.

O then, I see, queen Mab hath been with
you.

She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes,
In shape no bigger than an agate stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies,
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry beams:
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm,
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night,
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of
love: [straight:

On courtiers' knees, that dream on courtships
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees ;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a lawyer's nose, [are.
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit :
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as he lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice :
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then he dreams of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep ; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night,
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once entangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
This is she—

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace;
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams :
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain phantasy ;
Which is as thin of substance as the air ;
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
E'en now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

A Beauty described.

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!

So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.

The Courtship between Romeo and Juliet in the Garden.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound— [breaks?]
But, soft! what light thro' yonder window
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!

[Juliet appears above at the Window.]

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she.
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off—
She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it.
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,

As day-light doth a lamp; her eye in heaven,
Would thro' the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks—

O speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white up-turned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo!—wherefore art thou Romeo?

Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this? [Aside.]

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy—

What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet:
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name;
And for that name which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name

I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words [sound;]
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague? [like.]

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dis-

Jul. How cam'st thou hither? tell me, and wherefore?

The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb.
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls;

For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt:
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee. [eye,

Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but
And I am proof against their enmity. [sweet,

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here. [their sight;

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from
And, but thou love me, let them find me here;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place? [inquire;

Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.

I am no pilot; yet wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st, the mask of night is on my face;

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.

Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny
What I have spoke; but farewell, compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say—Ay,
And I will take thy word:—yet, if thou swear'st,

Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,

If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,

I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.

In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour

light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be

strange. [fess,
I should have been more strange, I must con-

But that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's passion; therefore pardon me;

And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—
Jul. O swear not by the moon, th' inconstant
moon,

That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all—

Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Jul. Well, do not swear: altho' I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night;
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say, it lightens. Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flow'r when next we
meet. [rest

Good-night, Good-night!—a sweet repose and
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-
night?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful
vow for mine. [quest it:

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst re-
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? For what
purpose, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear some noise within: dear love, adieu!

[*Nurse calls within.*

Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [Exit.

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
All this is but a dream I hear and see;
Too flattering sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter Juliet above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good-
night indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honorable, [row,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-mor-
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the
rite;

And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world.

[*Within: Madam!*

I come anon—But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee—[*Within: Madam!*] By
and by, I come—

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul.

Jul. A thousand times good-night! [Exit.

Rom. A thousand times the worse to want
thy light.

Enter Juliet again.

Jul. Hist! Romeo! hist! O, for a falconer's
To lure this tassel-gentle back again! [voice,
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than
With repetition of my Romeo's name. [mine,

Rom. It is my soul that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My sweet!

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remem-
ber it. [there,

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand
Rememb'ring how I love thy company. [forget,

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still
Forgetting any other home but this. [gone:

Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;

Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I;

Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good-night, good-night! Parting is such sweet
sorrow,

That I shall say good-night, till it be morrow.
[Exit.

Romeo, on his Banishment.

Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say
death:

For exile hath more terror in his look, [ment.
Much more than death: do not say banish-

Fri. Hence from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona's
walls,

But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence banished, is banished from the world,

And world's exile is death; then banishment
Is death misterm'd: calling death banishment,

Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind
prince,

Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:

This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven
is here

Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,

Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
But Romeo may not. More validity,

More honorable state, more courtship lives
 In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may seize
 On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
 And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
 But Romeo may not, he is banished! [knife,
 Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground
 No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
 But—banished—to kill me; banished?
 O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
 Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart,
 Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
 A sin-absolver, and my friend profest,
 To mangle me with that word—banishment?

Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak
 a word. [ment!

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banish—
Fri. I'll give thee armor to keep off that word;
 Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
 To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished? Hang up philosophy!
 Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
 Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
 It helps not, it prevails not; talk no more.

Fri. O then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men
 have no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou
 dost not feel:

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
 An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
 Doting like me, and like me banished,
 Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou
 tear thy hair,
 And fall upon the ground, as I now,
 Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Juliet's Chamber, looking to the Garden.

*Enter Romeo and Juliet above at a Window; a
 Ladder of Ropes set.*

Jul. Wilt thou begone? it is not yet near day:
 It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
 That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
 Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree:
 Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
 No nightingale: look, love, what envious
 streaks

Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
 Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
 Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops;
 I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I;
 It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
 To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
 And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
 Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to
 death;

I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
 I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
 'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
 Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
 The vaulty heaven so high above our heads.

I have more care to stay, than will to go.
 Come death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.—
 How is 't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.

Juliet's Resolution.

O bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
 From off the battlements of yonder tower;
 Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
 Where serpents are: chain me with roaring
 Or shut me nightly in a charnel house; [bears;
 O'ercover'd quite with dead men's rattling
 bones,

With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls;
 Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
 And hide me with a dead man in his shroud—
 Things that to hear them told have made me
 tremble;

And I will do it without fear or doubt,
 To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Juliet's Soliloquy on drinking the Potion.

Farewell—God knows when we shall meet
 again!

I have a faint cold fear thrills thro' my veins,
 That almost freezes up the heat of life:
 I'll call them back again to comfort me.—
 Nurse!—what should she do here?
 My dismal scene I needs must act alone:
 Come, phial.—What if this mixture do not
 work at all?

Must I of force be married to the county?
 No, no! this shall forbid it—lie thou there.

[Pointing to a dagger.]

What if it be a poison, which the friar
 Subtly hath minister'd, to have me dead;
 Lest in this marriage he should be dishonor'd,
 Because he married me before to Romeo?
 I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,
 For he hath still been tried a holy man:
 I will not entertain so bad a thought.—
 How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
 I wake before the time that Romeo
 Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
 Shall I not then be stifled in the vault, [in,
 To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes
 And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
 Or, if I live, is it not very like

The horrible conceit of death and night,
 Together with the terror of the place—
 As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
 Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
 Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
 Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
 Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say,
 At some hours in the night spirits resort—
 Alack! alack! is it not like that I
 So early waking—what with loathsome smells;
 And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
 That living mortals, hearing them, run mad—
 O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
 Invironed with all these hideous fears?
 And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
 And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
 And in this rage, with some great kinsman's
 bone,

As with a club, dash out my desp'rate brains?
O look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point!—Stay, Tybalt, stay!
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[*She throws herself on the Bed.*]

Joy and Mirth turned to their contraries.

All things that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments, to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change:
Our bridal flow'rs serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them for the contrary.

Romeo's Description of, and Discourse with, the Apothecary.

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means:—O mischief! thou art
swift

To enter in the thoughts of desperate men.
I do remember an apothecary—
And hereabouts he dwells—whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones;
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins,
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds.
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said—
An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
O, this same thought did but fore-run my need;
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house:
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man—I see that thou
art poor;

Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding geer,
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's
Is death to any he that utters them. [*law*]

Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretched-
ness,

And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks;
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes;
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery;
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold, worse poison to
men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst
not sell:

I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none—
Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.

Romeo and Paris.

Par. Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Mon-
tague;

Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?
Condemned villain! I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me, for thou must die.

Rom. I must indeed; and therefore came I
hither.

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desp'rate man;
Fly hence and leave me—think upon these gone;
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
Heap not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury. O, be gone!
By Heaven, I love thee better than myself;
For I come hither arm'd against myself.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations,
And do attach thee as a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at
thee, boy. [*They fight, Paris falls.*]

Par. O, I am slain! if thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*]

Rom. In faith, I will:—let me peruse this
face;

Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris.
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me, Paris should have married Juliet:
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!

Romeo's last Speech over Juliet in the Vault.

O my love! my wife!

Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy
breath,

Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?

O, what more favor can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in
To sunder his that was thine enemy? [*twain*,
Forgive me, cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet!
Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous;
And that the lean, abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I will stay with thee;
And never from this palace of dim night

Depart again ; here, here, will I remain, [here
With worms that are thy chambermaids—O,
Will I set up my everlasting rest ;
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your
last !

Arms, take your last embrace ! and lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death !—
Come, bitter conduct ! come, unsav'ry guide !
Thou desp'rate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick, weary bark !
Here's to my love ! O true apothecary !

[Drinks the Poison.

Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die.

[Dies.

§ 30. TIMON OF ATHENS.

SHAKSPEARE.

The Ingratitude of Timon's Friends.

They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would ; are sorry—you are ho-
norable— [not—but

But yet they could have wish'd—they know
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—
'tis pity—

And, so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods reward them !—

Pr'ythee, man, look cheerly : these old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary :
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows ;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind ;
And nature, as it grows again towards earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.

Without the Walls of Athens.

Timon's Execrations on the Athenians.

Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves ! Dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens ! Matrons, turn incon-
tinent !

Obedience fail in children ! slaves and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their seats ! to general filths
Convert o' the instant, green virginity !

Do't in your parents' eyes ! Bankrupts, hold fast ;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats ! Bound servants,
steal !

Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law ! Maid, to thy master's bed ;
Thy mistress is o' the brothel ! Son of sixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains ! Piety and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,

And yet confusion live !—Plagues incident to
Your potent and infectious fevers heap [men,
On Athens, ripe for stroke ?—Thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners. Lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth ;
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot ! Itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bosoms ; and their crop
Be general leprosy ! breath infect breath ;
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison ! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedness, thou detestable town !

A Friend forsaken.

As we do turn our backs

From our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars to his buried fortunes,
Slink all away ; leave their false vows with
him,

Like empty purses pick'd : and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.

On Gold.

What is here?

[gods :

Gold ? yellow, glittering, precious gold ! No,
I am no idle votarist. Roots, you clear heavens !
Thus much of this will make black, white ; foul,
fair ;

[valiant.

Wrong, right ; base, noble ; old, young ; coward,
Ha, you gods ! why this ? what this, you gods ?
why this

[sides ;

Will lug your priests and servants from your
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their
heads :

This yellow slave

[curs'd ;

Will knit and break religions ; bless the ac-
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd ; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench : this is it
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again ;
She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and
spices

To the April day again. Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st
odds

Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature.

Timon to Alcibiades.

Go on—here's gold—go on ;

Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
In the sick air : let not thy sword skip one :
Pity not honor'd age for his white beard ;
He is an usurer. Strike me the counterfeit
matron ;

It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword ; for those milk
paps,

That thro' the window-bars bore at men's eyes,

Are not within the leaf of pity writ;
But set them down horrible traitors. Spare
not the babe, [mercy,
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their
Think it a bastard, whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse. Swear against
objects;

Put armor on thine ears and on thine eyes,
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor
babes,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy sol-
diers:

Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself! speak not, begone.

To the Courtézans.

Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's
voice,

That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quillets shrilly: hear the flamen,
That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself: down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him that, his particular to foresee,
Smells from the gen'ral weal: make curl'd-
pate ruffians bald,

And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you.

Timon's Reflections on the Earth.

That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry! Common mother, thou,
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puffed,
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven,
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root;
Ensear thy fertile and conception womb!
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!

Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears,
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward
face

Hath to the marble mansion all above
Never presented!—O, a root—dear thanks!
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn
leas, [draughts,
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips!

Timon's Discourse with Apemantus.

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected:
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this
place?

This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatt'ers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;

Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatt'rer now, and seek to thrive
By that which hath undone thee: hinge thy
knee,

And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent. Thou wast told thus;
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid
welcome

To knaves, and all approachers: 'tis most just
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have't. Do not assume my
likeness. [self.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away my-
Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being
like thyself,

A madman so long, now a fool: what, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? will these moss'd
trees,

That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out?—will the
cold brook,

Candied with ice, cawdle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the crea-
tures

Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoused
trunks,

To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature—bid them flatter thee;
O! thou shalt find—

Tim. Thou art a slave, whom fortune's ten-
der arm

With favor never clasp'd; but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath, pro-
ceeded

The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plung'd
thyself

In general riot; melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary,
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts
of men

At duty, more than I could frame employment;
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak—have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare,
For every storm that blows:—I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burthen.
Thy nature did commence in sufferance; time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why shouldst thou
hate men? [given?

They never flatter'd thee. What hast thou
If thou wilt curse,—thy father, that poor rag,
Must be thy subject, who in spite put stuff
To some she-beggar, and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! begone,

If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

On Gold.

O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce
[*Looking on the gold.*
'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities, [tongue,
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every
To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!
Think, thy slave man rebels: and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire.

Timon to the Thieves.

Why should you want? behold, the earth
hath roots! [springs;
Within this mile break forth an hundred
The oaks bear masts, the briers scarlet hips;
The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush
Lays her full mess before you. Want! why
want?

1 *Thief.* We cannot live on grass, on berries,
As beasts, and birds, and fishes. [water,

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds,
and fishes;

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,
That you are thieves profess; that you work not
In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rascal thieves,
Here's gold: go, suck the subtle blood o' the
grape,

Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More than you rob: take wealth and lives to-
gether;

Do villany, do, since you profess to do't,
Likeworkmen. I'll example you with thievery:
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea; the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun;
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears; the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From gen'ral excrement: each thing's a thief;
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough
pow'r

Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves:
away; [throats;
Rob one another. There's more gold: cut
All that you meet are thieves: to Athens, go,
Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
But thieves do lose it.

On his honest Steward.

Forgive my gen'ral and exceptless rashness,
Perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man—mistake me not—but one;
No more, I pray—and he is a steward.
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself: but all, save thee,
I fell with curses.
Methinks, thou art more honest now than wise;
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou mightst have sooner got another service:
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck.

PATHETIC PIECES.

§ 31. SEBASTIAN AND DORAX.

DRYDEN.

Re-enter Dorax, having taken off his Turban, and put on an European Habit.

Dor. Now do you know me?

Seb. Thou shouldst be Alonzo.

Dor. So you should be Sebastian ;
But when Sebastian ceas'd to be himself
I ceas'd to be Alonzo.

Seb. As in a dream

I see thee here, and scarce believe mine eyes.

Dor. Is it so strange to find me where my
wrongs,

And your inhuman tyranny, have sent me ?
Think not you dream : or, if you did, my injuries
Shall call so loud, that lethargy should wake ;
And death should give you back to answer me.
A thousand nights have brush'd their balmy
wings

Over these eyes ; but ever, when they clos'd,
Your tyrant image forc'd them ope again,
And dried the dews they brought.
The long expected hour is come at length,
By manly vengeance to redeem my fame :
And, that once clear'd, eternal sleep is welcome.

Seb. I have not yet forgot I am a king,
Whose royal office is redress of wrongs :
If I have wrong'd thee, charge me face to face ;
I have not yet forgot I am a soldier. [me ;

Dor. 'Tis the first justice thou hast ever done
Then, tho' I loath this woman's war of tongue,
Yet shall my cause of vengeance first be clear :
And, honor, be thou judge.

Seb. Honor befriend us both.

Beware ! I warn thee yet to tell thy griefs
In terms becoming majesty to hear :
I warn thee thus, because I know thy temper
Is insolent and haughty to superiors :
How often hast thou brav'd my peaceful court,
Fill'd it with noisy brawls, and windy boasts ;
And with past service, nauseously repeated,
Reproach'd even me, thy prince ! [ward,

Dor. And well I might, when you forgot re-
The part of Heaven in kings : for punishment
Is hangman's work, and drudgery for devils.
I must and will reproach thee with my service,
Tyrant !—it irks me so to call my prince,
But just resentment and hard usage coin'd
Th' unwilling word ; and grating as it is,
Take it, for 'tis thy due.

Seb. How, tyrant !

Dor. Tyrant ! [back ;

Seb. Traitor ! that name thou canst not echo
That robe of infamy, that circumcision
Th' hid beneath that robe, proclaim thee traitor :
And, if a name

More foul than traitor be, 'tis renegade.

Dor. If I'm a traitor, think and blush, thou
tyrant,

Whose injuries betray'd me into treason,
Effac'd my loyalty, unbing'd my faith,
And hurried me from hopes of heaven to hell.
All these, and all my yet unfinish'd crimes,
When I shall rise to plead before the saints,
I charge on thee to make thy damning sure.

Seb. Thy old presumptuous arrogance again,
That bred my first dislike, and then my loathing,
Once more be warn'd, and know me for thy king.

Dor. Too well I know thee, but for king no
This is not Lisbon, nor the circle this, [more :
Where, like a statue, thou hast stood besieg'd
By sycophants and fools, the growth of courts ;
Where thy gull'd eyes in all the gaudy round
Met nothing but a lie in every face ;

And the gross flattery of a gaping crowd,
Envious who first should catch and first applaud
The stuff of royal nonsense : when I spoke,

My honest homely words were carp'd and cen-
For want of courtly style : related actions, [sur'd
Though modestly reported, pass'd for boasts :
Secure of merit, if I ask'd reward, [vaded,

Thy hungry minions thought their rights in-
And the bread snatch'd from pimps and para-
Henriquez answer'd, with a ready lie, [sites.
To save his king's, the boon was begg'd before.

Seb. What say'st thou of Henriquez ? Now,
by Heaven,

Thou mov'st me more by barely naming him,
Than all thy foul, unmanner'd scurril taunts.

Dor. And therefore 'twas to gall thee that I
nam'd him,

That thing, that nothing but a cringe and smile ;
That woman, but more daub'd ; or, if a man,
Corrupted to a woman ; thy man-mistress.

Seb. All false as hell, or thou.

Dor. Yes ; full as false

As that I serv'd thee fifteen hard campaigns,
And pitch'd thy standard in those foreign fields :
By me thy greatness grew, thy years grew with it,
But thy ingratitude outgrew them both. [first,

Seb. I see to what thou tend'st ; but tell me
If those great acts were done alone for me ;
If love produc'd not some, and pride the rest ?

Dor. Why, love does all that's noble here
below.

But all th' advantage of that love was thine :

For, coming fraughted back, in either hand

With palm and olive, victory and peace,

I was indeed prepar'd to ask my own

(For Violante's vows were mine before) :

Thy malice had prevention, ere I spoke ;

And ask'd me Violante for Henriquez.

Seb. I meant thee a reward of greater worth.

Dor. Where justice wanted, could reward
be hop'd?
Could the robb'd passenger expect a bounty
From those rapacious hands who stripp'd him
first? [love.]

Seb. He had my promise ere I knew thy
Dor. My services deserv'd, thou shouldst re-
voke it.

Seb. Thy insolence hath cancell'd all thy ser-
To violate my laws, even in my court, [vice ;
Sacred to peace, and safe from all affronts ;
Even to my face, and done in my despite,
Under the wing of awful majesty,
To strike the man I lov'd !

Dor. Ev'n in the face of Heaven, a place
more sacred,
Would I have struck the man who, prompt
by pow'r,

Would seize my right, and rob me of my love.
But, for a blow provok'd by thy injustice,
The hasty product of a just despair,
When he refus'd to meet me in the field, [own !
That thou shouldst make a coward's cause thy

Seb. He durst : nay more, desir'd and begg'd
with tears

To meet thy challenge fairly : 'twas thy fault
To make it public : but my duty then
To interpose, on pain of my displeasure,
Betwixt your swords.

Dor. On pain of infamy
He should have disobey'd. [me :

Seb. The indignity thou didst was meant to
Thy gloomy eyes were cast on me with scorn,
As who should say, the blow was there intended ;
But that thou didst not dare to lift thy hands
Against anointed power : so was I forc'd
To do a sovereign justice to myself,
And spurn thee from my presence.

Dor. Thou hast dar'd
To tell me what I durst not tell myself :
I durst not think that I was spurn'd, and live ;
And live to hear it boasted to my face ;
All my long avarice of honor lost,
Heap'd up in youth, and hoarded up for age ;
Has honor's fountain then suck'd back the
stream ?

He has ; and hooting boys may dryshod pass,
And gather pebbles from the naked ford.
Give me my love, my honor ; give them back :
Give me revenge while I have breath to ask it.

Seb. Now by this honor'd order which I
wear, [it,
More gladly would I give than thou dar'st ask
Nor shall the sacred character of king
Be urg'd to shield me from thy bold appeal.
If I have injur'd thee, that makes us equal ;
The wrong, if done, debas'd me down to thee.
But thou hast charg'd me with ingratitude ;
Has thou not charg'd me ? Speak.

Dor. Thou know'st I have :
If thou disown'st that imputation, draw,
And prove my charge a lie.

Seb. No ; to disprove that lie I must not
draw :

Be conscious to thy worth, and tell thy soul
What thou hast done this day in my defence :
To fight thee after this, what were it else
Than owning that ingratitude thou urg'st ?
That isthmus stands between two rushing seas ;
Which mounting view each other from afar,
And strive in vain to meet.

Dor. I'll cut that isthmus :
Thou know'st I meant not to preserve thy life,
But to retrieve it, for my own revenge.
I sav'd thee out of honorable malice.
Now draw ; I should be loath to think thou
Beware of such another vile excuse. [dar'st not :

Seb. O, patience, Heaven !

Dor. Beware of patience too ;
That's a suspicious word : it had been proper,
Before thy foot had spurn'd me ; now 'tis base :
Yet, to disarm thee of thy last defence,
I have thy oath for my security :

The only boon I begg'd was this fair combat :
Fight, or be perjurd now ; that's all thy choice.

Seb. Now can I thank thee as thou wouldst
be thank'd : [Drawing.

Never was vow of honor better paid,
If my true sword but hold, than this shall be.
The sprightly bridegroom on his wedding-night
More gladly enters not the lists of love.

Why, 'tis enjoyment to be summon'd thus.
Go ; bear my message to Henriquez' ghost,
And say his master and his friend reveng'd him.

Dor. His ghost ! then is my hated rival dead ?

Seb. The question is beside our present pur-
Thou seest me ready ; we delay too long. [pose.

Dor. A minute is not much in either's life,
When there's but one betwixt us ; throw it in
And give it him of us who is to fall.

Seb. He's dead : make haste, and thou mayst
yet o'ertake him. [longer.

Dor. When I was hasty, thou delay'dst me
I pr'ythee let me hedge one moment more
Into thy promise : for thy life preserv'd,
Be kind : and tell me how that rival died,
Whose death next thine, I wish'd.

Seb. If it would please thee, thou shouldst
never know,

But thou, like jealousy, inquir'st a truth,
Which found, will torture thee. He died in
fight :

Fought next my person, as in concert fought ;
Kept pace for pace, and blow for every blow ;
Save when he heav'd his shield in my defence,
And on his naked side receiv'd my wound :
Then, when he could no more, he fell at once,
But roll'd his falling body cross their way,
And made a bulwark of it for his prince.

Dor. I never can forgive him such a death !

Seb. I prophesied thy proud soul could not
bear it.

Now judge thyself who best deserv'd my love.
I knew you both ; and (durst I say) as Heaven
Foreknew among the shining angel host
Who should stand firm, who fall. [fall'n ;

Dor. Had he been tempted so, so had he
And so, had I been favor'd, had I stood,

Seb. What had been, is unknown; what is, appears:

Confess he justly was prefer'd to thee.

Dor. Had I been born with his indulgent stars,

My fortune had been his, and his been mine.

O, worse than hell! what glory have I lost,

And what has he acquir'd by such a death!

I should have fallen by Sebastian's side,

My corpse had been the bulwark of my king:

His glorious end was a patch'd work of fate,

Ill sorted with a soft effeminate life:

It suited better with my life than his

So to have died: mine had been of a piece,

Spent in your service, dying at your feet.

Seb. The more effeminate and soft his life,
The more his fame, to struggle to the field,
And meet his glorious fate: confess, proud spirit

(For I will have it from thy very mouth),

That better he deserv'd my love than thou.

Dor. O, whither wouldst thou drive me? I must grant,

Yes, I must grant, but with a swelling soul,

Henriquez had your love with more desert:

For you he fought and died: I fought against you:

Through all the mazes of the bloody field

Hunted your sacred life; which that I miss'd

Was the propitious error of my fate,

Not of my soul; my soul's a regicide.

Seb. Thou might'st have given it a more gentle name:

Thou meant'st to kill a tyrant, not a king.

Speak, didst thou not, Alonzo?

Dor. Can I speak?

Alas! I cannot answer to Alonzo:

No, Dorax cannot answer to Alonzo:

Alonzo was too kind a name for me. [arms,

Then, when I fought and conquer'd with your

In that blest age I was the man you nam'd:

Till rage and pride debas'd me into Dorax;

And lost, like Lucifer, my name above.

Seb. Yet twice this day I ow'd my life to Dorax.

Dor. I sav'd you but to kill you: there's my grief. [repent:

Seb. Nay, if thou canst be griev'd, thou canst
Thou couldst not be a villain, though thou
wouldst: [err'd:

Thou own'st too much in owning thou hast
And I too little, who provok'd thy crime.

Dor. O, stop this headlong torrent of your
It comes too fast upon a feeble soul, [goodness;
Half drown'd in tears before; spare my confusion,

For pity spare, and say not, first you err'd.

For yet I have not dar'd, thro' guilt and shame,
To throw myself beneath your royal feet.

Now spurn this rebel, this proud renegade;

'Tis just you should, nor will I more complain.

Seb. Indeed thou shouldst not ask forgiveness first,

But thou prevent'st me still in all that's noble.

Yes, I will raise thee up with better news:

Thy Violante's heart was ever thine;

Compell'd to wed, because she was my ward,

Her soul was absent when she gave her hand:

Nor could my threats, or his pursuing courtship,

Effect the consummation of his love:

So still indulging tears, she pines for thee,

A widow and a maid.

Dor. Have I been cursing Heaven, while
Heaven bless'd me!

I shall run mad with ecstasy of joy:

What, in one moment to be reconcil'd

To Heaven, and to my king, and to my love:

But pity is my friend, and stops me short,

For my unhappy rival. Poor Henriquez!

Seb. Art thou so generous too, to pity him?

Nay, then I was unjust to love him better.

Here let me ever hold thee in my arms;

And all our quarrels be but such as these,

Who shall love best and closest shall embrace:

Be what Henriquez was—be my Alonzo.

Dor. What, My Alonzo, said you? my

Alonzo?
Let my tears thank you, for I cannot speak;

And if I could, [as mine.

Words were not made to vent such thoughts

Seb. Thou canst not speak, and I can ne'er
be silent.

Some strange reverse of fate must sure attend

This vast profusion, this extravagance

Of Heaven to bless me thus. 'Tis gold so pure,

It cannot bear the stamp without allay.

Be kind, ye pow'rs, and take but half away:

With ease the gifts of fortune I resign:

But let my love and friend be ever mine.

§ 32. *Antony and Ventidius.* DRYDEN.

Ant. THEY tell me 'tis my birth-day; and
I'll keep it

With double pomp of sadness. [breath.

'Tis what the day deserves which gave me

Why was I rais'd the meteor of the world,

Hung in the skies, and blazing as I travell'd,

Till all my fires were spent, and then cast down—

To be trod out by Cæsar? [wards

Vent. [Aside.] On my soul

'Tis mournful, wondrous mournful!

Ant. Count thy gains;

Now, Antony, wouldst thou be born for this?

Glutton of fortune, thy devouring youth

Hast starv'd thy wanting age.

Vent. [Aside.] How sorrow shakes him!

So now the tempest tears him up by th' roots,

And on the ground extends the noble ruin.

Ant. [Having thrown himself down.]

Lie there, thou shadow of an emperor;

The place thou preseat on thy mother earth

Is all thy empire now: now it contains thee;

Some few days hence and then 'twill be too

large,

When thou 'rt contracted in thy narrow urn,

Shrunk to a few cold ashes: then Octavia

(For Cleopatra will not live to see it),

Octavia then will have thee all her own,

And bear thee in her widow'd hand to Cæsar.

Cæsar will weep, the crocodile will weep,
To see his rival of the universe [on't.
Lie still and peaceful there. I'll think no more
Give me some music; look that it be sad;
I'll soothe my melancholy till I swell
And burst myself with sighing—
'Tis somewhat to my humour. Stay, I fancy
I'm now turn'd wild, a commoner of nature
Of all forsaken, and forsaking all;
Live in a shady forest's sylvan scene;
Stretch'd at my length beneath some blasted oak,
I lean my head upon the mossy bark,
And look just of a piece as I grew from it:
My uncomb'd locks, matted like mistletoe,
Hang o'er my hoary face; a murmur'ing brook
Runs at my foot—

Vent. Methinks, I fancy
Myself there too.

Ant. The herd come jumping by me,
And fearless quench their thirst while I look on,
And take me for their fellow-citizen.

More of this image, more; it lulls my thoughts.
Vent. I must disturb him: I can hold no
longer. [Stands before him.

Ant. [Starting up.] Art thou Ventidius?

Vent. Are you Antony?

I'm liker what I was, than you to him
When that I left you last.

Ant. I'm angry.

Vent. So am I.

Ant. I would be private: leave me.

Vent. Sir, I love you,

And therefore will not leave you.

Ant. Will not leave me?

Where have you learnt that answer! Who am I?

Vent. My emperor: the man I love next
Heaven.

If I said more, I think 'twere scarce a sin:

You're all that's good and godlike.

Ant. All that's wretched.

You will not leave me then?

Vent. 'Twas too presuming

To say I would not: but I dare not leave you;

And 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence

So soon, when I so far have come to see you.

Ant. Now thou hast seen me, art thou sat-
isfied?

For, if a friend, thou hast beheld enough;

And, if a foe, too much.

Vent. Look, emperor, this is no common dew,
I have not wept these forty years; but now
My mother comes afresh into my eyes;

I cannot help her softness. [man! he weeps!

Ant. By Heaven he weeps, poor good old
The big round drops course one another down
The furrows of his cheeks. Stop 'em, Ventidius,
Or I shall blush to death; they set my shame,
That caus'd 'em, full before me.

Vent. I'll do my best. [friends;

Ant. Sure there's contagion in the tears of
See, I have caught it too. Believe me, 'tis not
For my own griefs, but thine,—nay, father—

Vent. Emperor! [tory.

Ant. Emperor! why that's the style of vic-

The conquer'ing soldier, red with unfelt wounds,
Salutes his general so: but never more
Shall that sound reach my ears.

Vent. I warrant you.

Ant. Actium, Actium! O—

Vent. It sits too near you.

Ant. Here, here it lies; a lump of lead by day;
And in my short, distracted, nightly slumbers,
The hag that rides my dreams.

Vent. Out with it: give it vent.

Ant. Urge not my shame—

I lost a battle.

Vent. So has Julius done. [thou think'st;

Ant. Thou favour'st me, and speak'st not half
For Julius fought it out, and lost it fairly:

But Antony—

Vent. Nay, stop not.

Ant. Antony—

(Well, thou wilt have it)—like a coward fled,
Fled while his soldiers fought; fled first, Ven-
tidius.

Thou long'st to curse me, and I give thee leave.
I know thou can'st prepar'd to rail.

Vent. I did. [tidius.

Ant. I'll help thee—I have been a man, Ven-

Vent. Yes, and a brave one: but—

Ant. I know thy meaning,

But I have lost my reason, have disgrac'd

The name of soldier with inglorious ease.

In the full vintage of my flowing honours

Sat still, and saw it prest by other hands. [it,

Fortune came smiling to my youth, and woo'd

And purple greatness met my ripen'd years.

When first I came to empire, I was borne

On tides of people, crowding to my triumphs;

The wish of nations, and the willing world

Receiv'd me as its pledge of future peace.

I was so great, so happy, so belov'd,

Fate could not ruin me; till I took pains, [me,

And work'd against my fortune, chid her from

And turn'd her loose: yet still she came again.

My careless days and my luxurious nights

At length have wearied her, and now she's

gone;

Gone, gone, divorc'd for ever! Help me, sol-

To curse this madman, this industrious fool,

Who labour'd to be wretched. Pry thee curse

Vent. No. [me.

Ant. Why?

Vent. You are too sensible already [ings,

Of what you've done, too conscious of your fail-

And like a scorpion, whipt by others first

To fury, sting yourself in mad revenge.

I would bring balm, and pour it in your wounds,

Cure your distemper'd mind, and heal your

Ant. I know thou wouldst. [fortunes.

Vent. I will.

Ant. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Vent. You laugh.

Ant. I do, to see officious love

Give cordials to the dead.

Vent. You would be lost then!

Ant. I am.

Vent. I say you are not. Try your fortune.

Ant. I have to th' utmost. Dost thou think me desperate

Without just cause? No, when I found all lost Beyond repair, I hid me from the world, And learnt to scorn it here; which now I do So heartily, I think it is not worth The cost of keeping.

Vent. Cæsar thinks not so: He 'll thank you for the gift he could not take. You would be kill'd like Tully, would you? Do; Hold out your throat to Cæsar, and die tamely.

Ant. No, I can kill myself; and so resolve.

Vent. I can die with you too, when time shall serve;

But fortune calls upon us now to live, To fight, to conquer.

Ant. Sure thou dream'st, Ventidius.

Vent. No, 'tis you dream; you sleep away your hours

In desperate sloth, miscall'd philosophy. [you, Up, up, for honor's sake; twelve legions wait And long to call you chief. By painful journeys I led 'em, patient both of heat and hunger, Down from the Parthian marches to the Nile. 'Twill do you good to see their sun-burnt faces, Their scarr'd cheeks, and chopt hands; there's virtue in 'em:

They 'll sell those mangled limbs at dearer rates Than yon trim bands can buy.

Ant. Where left you them?

Vent. I say, in Lower Syria.

Ant. Bring 'em hither; There may be life in these.

Vent. They will not come.

Ant. Why didst thou mock my hopes with promis'd aids,

To double my despair? They 're mutinous.

Vent. Most firm and loyal.

Ant. Yet they will not march

To succour me. O trifler!

Vent. They petition

You would make haste to head 'em.

Ant. I am besiegd.

Vent. There's but one way shut up—how

Ant. I will not stir. [came I hither?

Vent. They would perhaps desire

A better reason.

Ant. I have never us'd

My soldiers to demand a reason of

My actions. Why did they refuse to march?

Vent. They said they would not fight for

Ant. What was 't they said? [Cleopatra.

Vent. They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.

Why should they fight, indeed, to make her conquer, [doms,

And make you more a slave? to gain you king— Which for a kiss, at your next midnight feast,

You 'll sell to her?—Then she new names her jewels,

And calls this diamond such or such a tax;

Each pendant in her ear shall be a province.

Ant. Ventidius I allow your tongue freelicense On all my other faults; but, on your life,

No word of Cleopatra: she deserves More worlds than I can lose.

Vent. Behold, you pow'rs, To whom you have intrusted human kind; See Europe, Afric, Asia, put in balance; And all weigh'd down by one light worthless woman!

I think the gods are Antonies, and give, Like prodigals, this nether world away. To none but wasteful hands.

Ant. You grow presumptuous.

Vent. I take the privilege of plain love to speak.

Ant. Plain love! plain arrogance, plain insolence!

Thy men are cowards; thou, an envious traitor; Who, under seeming honesty, hast vented The burden of thy rank o'erflowing gall. O that thou wert my equal, great in arms As the first Cæsar was, that I might kill thee Without stain to my honor!

Vent. You may kill me.

You have done more already; call'd me traitor.

Ant. Art thou not one?

Vent. For showing you yourself, [been Which none else durst have done. But had I That name, which I disdain to speak again, I need not have sought your abject fortunes, Come to partake your fate, to die with you. What hinder'd me t' have led my conq'ring eagles

To fill Octavius' band? I could have been A traitor then, a glorious, happy traitor, And not have been so call'd.

Ant. Forgive me, soldier;

I've been too passionate.

Vent. You thought me false;

Thought my old age betray'd you. Kill me, Sir;

Pray kill me; yet you need not, your unkind- [ness Has left your sword no work.

Ant. I did not think so;

I said it in my rage: pr'ythee forgive me.

Why didst thou tempt my anger, by discovery Of what I would not hear?

Vent. No prince but you

Could merit that sincerity I us'd,

Nor durst another man have ventur'd it:

But you, ere love misled your wand'ring eyes,

Were sure the chief and best of human race,

Fram'd in the very pride and boast of nature.

Ant. But Cleopatra—

Go on; for I can bear it now.

Vent. No more.

Ant. Thou dar'st not trust my passion; but thou mayst:

Thou only lov'st; the rest have flatter'd me.

Vent. Heaven's blessing on your heart, for that kind word.

May I believe you love me? Speak again.

Ant. Indeed I do. Speak this, and this, and this.

Thy praises were unjust; but I 'll deserve 'em, And yet mend all. Do with me what thou wilt; Lead me to victory, thou know'st the way.

Vent. And, will you leave this——

Ant. Pr'ythee do not curse her, [love
And I will leave her; though heaven knows I
Beyond life, conquest, empire, all but honor;
But I will leave her.

Vent. That's my royal master.
And shall we fight?

Ant. I warrant thee, old soldier:
Thou shalt behold me once again in iron;
And, at the head of our old troops, that beat
The Parthians, cry aloud, Come, follow me!

Vent. O, now I hear my emperor! In that
word

Octavius fell. Gods, let me see that day;
And, if I have ten years behind, take all;
I'll thank you for the exchange.

Ant. O, Cleopatra!

Vent. Again!

Ant. I've done. In that last sigh she went;
Cæsar shall know what 'tis to force a lover
From all he holds most dear.

Vent. Methinks you breathe
Another soul; your looks are more divine;
You speak a hero, and you move a god. [arms,

Ant. O, thou hast fir'd me! My soul's up in
And mans each part about me. Once again
The noble eagerness of fight hath seiz'd me;
That eagerness, with which I darted upward
To Cassius' camp. In vain the steepy hill
Oppos'd my way; in vain a war of spears
Sung round my head, and planted all my shield;
I won the trenches, while my foremost men
Lagg'd on the plain below.

Vent. Ye gods, ye gods,
For such another honor!

Ant. Come on, my soldier;
Our hearts and arms are still the same. I long
Once more to meet our foes; that thou and I,
Like Time and Death, marching before our
troops,

May taste fate to 'em; mow 'em out a passage,
And, ent'ring where the utmost squadrons yield,
Begin the noble harvest of the field.

§ 33. *Theodosius and Marcian.* LEE.

Theo. HA! what rash thing art thou, who
sett'st so small

A value on thy life, thus to presume
Against the fatal orders I have given,
Thus to entrench on Cæsar's solitude,
And urge thy ruin?

Mar. Mighty Cæsar,
I have transgress'd; and for my pardon bow
To thee, as to the gods, when I offend:
Nor can I doubt thy mercy, when you know
The nature of my crime. I am commission'd
From all the earth to give thee thanks and
praises, [arms

Thou darling of mankind! whose conqu'ring
Already down the glory of great Julius;
Whose deeper reach in laws and policy
Makes wise Augustus envy thee in heaven!
What mean the Fates by such prodigious virtue?
When scarce the manly down yet shades thy face,

With conquest thus to overrun the world,
And make barbarians tremble. O ye gods!
Should Destiny now end thee in thy bloom,
Methinks I see thee mourn'd above the loss
Of lov'd Germanicus; thy funerals,
Like his, are solemniz'd with tears of blood.

Theo. How, Marcian!

Mar. Yes, the raging multitude,
Like torrents, set no bound to their mad grief;
Shave their wives' heads, and tear off their own
hair;

With wild despair they bring their infants out,
To brawl their parents' sorrow in the streets:
Trade is no more; all courts of justice stopt; [gods,
With stones they dash the windows of their
temples,

Pull down their altars, break their household
And still the universal groan is this——

“Constantinople's lost, our empire's ruin'd;
Since he is gone, that father of his country;
Since he is dead, O life, where is thy plea-
sure?” [glory?”

O Rome, O conquer'd world, where is thy
Theo. I know thee well, thy custom and thy
manners:

Thou didst upbraid me; but no more of this,
Not for thy life——

Mar. What's life without my honor?
Could you transform yourself into a Gorgon,
Or make that beardless face like Jupiter's,
I would be heard in spite of all your thunder
O pow'r of guilt! you fear to stand the test
Which virtue brings: like sores your vices shake
Before this Roman healer. But, by the gods,
Before I go, I'll rip the malady,
And let the venom flow before your eyes.

This is a debt to the great Theodosius,
The grandfather of your illustrious blood:
And then farewell for ever.

Theo. Presuming Marcian!

What canst thou urge against my innocence?
Through the whole course of all my harmless
Ev'n to this hour, I cannot call to mind [youth,
One wicked act which I have done to shame me.

Mar. This may be true: yet if you give the
sway

To other hands, and your poor subjects suffer,
Your negligence to them is as the cause.
O Theodosius, credit me, who know
The world, and hear how soldiers censure kings;
In after times, if thus you should go on,
Your memory by warriors will be scorn'd,
As much as Nero or Caligula loath'd:
They will despise your sloth, and backward ease,
More than they hate the others' cruelty.
And what a thing, ye gods, is scorn or pity!
Heap on me, Heaven, the hate of all mankind;
Load me with malice, envy, detestation;
Let me be horrid to all apprehension,
And the world shun me, so I 'scape but scorn.

Theo. Pr'ythee no more.

Mar. Nay, when the legions make compari-
And say, Thus cruel Nero once resolv'd, [sons,
On Galba's insurrection, for revenge

To give all France as plunder to the army ;
To poison the whole senate at a feast ;
To burn the city, turn the wild beasts out,
Bears, lions, tigers, on the multitude ; [fire,
That, so obstructing those that quench'd the
He might at once destroy rebellious Rome——

Theo. O cruelty ! why tell'st thou me of this ?
Am I of such a barb'rous bloody temper ?

Mar. Yet some will say, this show'd he had
a spirit,

However fierce, avenging, and pernicious,
That savor'd of a Roman : but for you,
What can your partial sycophants invent,
To make you room among the emperors ?
Whose utmost is the smallest part of Nero ;
A pretty player, one that can act a hero,
And never be one. O ye immortal gods !
Is this the old Cæsarean majesty ?
Now in the name of our great Romulus,
Why sing you not, and fiddle too, as he did ?
Why have you not, like Nero, a Phonascus,
One to take care of your celestial voice ?
Lie on your back, my lord, and on your stomach
Lay a thin plate of lead ; abstain from fruits ;
And when the business of the stage is done,
Retire with your loose friends to costly ban-
quets,

While the lean army groans upon the ground.

Theo. Leave me, I say, lest I chastise thee ;
Hence, begone, I say——

Mar. Not till you have heard me out.
Build too, like him, a palace lin'd with gold,
As long and large as that of th' Esquiline :
Enclose a pool too in it, like the sea,
And at the empire's cost let navies meet ;
Adorn your starry chambers too with gems ;
Contrive the plated ceilings to turn round,
With pipes to cast ambrosian oils upon you :
Consume with this prodigious vanity,
In mere perfumes and odorous distillations,
Of sesterces at once four hundred millions ;
Let naked virgins wait you at your table,
And wanton Cupids dance and clap their wings.
No matter what becomes of the poor soldiers,
So they perform the drudgery they are fit for ;
Why, let 'em starve for want of their arrears,
Drop as they go, and lie like dogs in ditches.

Theo. Come, you are a traitor !

Mar. Go to, you are a boy——

Or by the gods——

Theo. If arrogance like this,
And to the emperor's face should 'scape un-
punished,

I'll write myself a coward ; die, then, villain,
A death too glorious for so bad a man,
By Theodosius' hand.

[*Marcian disarms him, but is wounded.*]

Mar. Now, sir, where are you ?

What, in the name of all our Roman spirits,
Now charms my hand from giving thee thy fate ?
Has he not cut me off from all my honors ?
Torn my commissions, sham'd me to the earth,
Banish'd the court, a vagabond for ever ?
Do not the soldiers hourly ask it from me ?

Sigh their own wrongs, and beg me to revenge
'em ?

What injuries now, but that I mount the throne,
And make, besides, this purple youth my foot-
stool ?

The armies court me : and my country's cause,
The injuries of Rome and Greece, persuade me,
Show but this Roman blood which he has drawn,
They'll make me emperor whether I will or no.
Did not, for less than this, the latter Brutus,
Because he thought Rome wrong'd, in person
head

Against his friend a black conspiracy,
And stab the majesty of all the world ? [pow'r.

Theo. Act as you please : I am within your

Mar. Did not the former Brutus, for the crime
Of Sextus, drive old Tarquin from his kingdom ?
And shall this prince too, by permitting others
To act their wicked wills, and lawless pleasures,
Ravish from the empire its dear health,
Well-being, happiness, and ancient glory ?
Go on in this dishonorable rest ?

Shall he, I say, dream on, while the starv'd
troops

Lie cold and waking in the winter camp ;
And like pin'd birds, for want of sustenance,
Feed on the haws and berries of the fields ?

O temper, temper me, ye gracious gods !
Give to my hand forbearance, to my heart
Its constant loyalty ! I would but shake him,
Rouse him a little from this death of honor,
And show him what he should be.

Theo. You accuse me,
As if I were some monster most unheard of !
First, as the ruin of the army ; then
Of taking your commission : but by Heaven
I swear, O Marcian ! this I never did,
Nor ne'er intended it : nor say I this
To alter thy stern usage ; for with what
Thou'st said, and done, and brought to my re-
membrance,

I grow already weary of my life.

Mar. My lord, I take your word : you do not
know

The wounds which rage within your country's
bowels ;

The horrid usage of the suffering soldier :
But why will not our Theodosius know ?
If you intrust the government to others
That act these crimes, who but yourself's to
blame !

Be witness, O ye gods ! of my plain dealings,
Of Marcian's honesty, howe'er degraded.
I thank you for my banishment : but alas !
My loss is little to what soon will follow !
Reflect but on yourself and your own joys ;
Let not this lethargy for ever hold you.
'Twas rumor'd through the city, that you lov'd ;
That your espousals should be solemniz'd ;
When on a sudden here you send your orders
That this bright favorite, the lov'd Eudisia,
Should lose her head.

Theo. O heaven and earth ! What say'st thou
That I have seal'd the death of my Eudisia !

Mar. 'Tis your own hand and signet: yet I swear,
 Though you have given to female hands your
 And therefore I, as well as the whole army,
 For ever ought to curse all womankind;
 Yet when the virgin came, as she was doom'd,
 And on the scaffold, for that purpose rais'd
 Without the walls, appear'd before the army—
Theo. What, on a scaffold! ha! before the
 army?

Mar. How quickly was the tide of fury turn'd
 To soft compassion, and relenting tears!
 But when the axe
 Sever'd the brightest beauty of the earth
 From that fair body—had you heard the groan,
 Which, like a peal of distant thunder, ran
 Through all the armed host, you would have
 thought,
 By the immediate darkness that fell round us,
 Whole nature was concern'd at such a suff'ring,
 And all the gods were angry.

Theo. O Pulcheria!
 Cruel, ambitious sister! this must be
 Thy doing. O support me, noble Marcian!
 Now, now 's the time, if thou dar'st strike: be-
 hold,
 I offer thee my breast; with my last breath,
 I'll thank thee too, if now thou draw'st my blood.
 Were I to live, thy counsel should direct me;
 But 'tis too late—

Mar. He faints! What, hoa, there! Lucius!
 My lord the emperor! Eudisia lives;
 She's here, or will be in a minute, moment!
 Quick as the thought, she calls you to the temple.
 O, Lucius, help!—I've gone too far; but see,
 He breathes again.—Eudisia has awak'd him.

Theo. Did not you name Eudisia?

Mar. Yes, she lives:
 I did but feign the story of her death,
 To find how near you plac'd her to your heart:
 And may the gods rain all their plagues upon
 If ever I rebuke you thus again! [me,
 Yet 'tis most certain that you sign'd her death,
 Not knowing what the wise Pulcheria offer'd,
 Who left it in my hand to startle you:
 But, by my life and fame, I did not think
 It would have touch'd your life. O pardon me,
 Dear prince, my lord, my emperor, royal master:
 Droop not because I utter'd some rash words,
 And was a madman. By the immortal gods
 I love you as my soul: whate'er I said,
 My thoughts were otherwise; believe these tears,
 Which do not use to flow: all shall be well.
 I swear that there are seeds in that sweet
 temper,

T' atone for all the crimes in this bad age.

Theo. I thank thee first for my Eudisia's life.
 What but my love could have call'd back that
 life

Which thou hast made me hate? But, O, me-
 thought

'Twas hard, dear Marcian, very hard, from thee,
 From him I ever reverenc'd as my father,
 To hear so harsh a message! But no more;

We're friends: thy hand. Nay, if thou wilt
 not rise,

And let me fold my arms about thy neck,
 I'll not believe thy love: in this forgive me.
 First let me wed Eudisia, and we'll out;
 We will, my general, and make amends
 For all that's past: glory and arms, ye call,
 And Marcian leads me on!

Mar. Let her not rest, then;
 Espouse her straight: I'll strike you at a heat.
 May this great humor get large growth within
 you;

And be encourag'd by the embold'ning gods:
 O what a sight will this be to the soldier,
 To see me bring you dress'd in shining armour,
 To head the shouting squadrons! O ye gods!
 Methinks I hear the echoing cries of joy,
 The sounds of trumpets, and the beat of drums;
 I see each starving soldier bound from earth,
 As if a god by miracle had rais'd him;
 And with beholding you, grow fat again!
 Nothing but gazing eyes, and opening mouths,
 Cheeks red with joy, and lifted hands about you;
 Some wiping the glad tears that trickle down
 With broken Io's, and with sobbing raptures;
 Crying, To arms! he's come; our emperor's
 come

To win the world! Why, is not this far better
 Than lolling in a lady's lap, and sleeping,
 Fasting or praying? Come, come, you shall be
 merry:

And for Eudisia, she is yours already!
 Marcian has said it, Sir; she shall be yours.

Theo. O Marcian! O my brother, father, all!
 Thou best of friends! most faithful counsellor!
 I'll find a match for thee too, ere I rest,
 To make thee love me. For, when thou art
 with me,

I'm strong and well; but when thou'rt gone,
 I'm nothing.

§ 34. *Gloster and Hastings.*

ROWE:

Glost. My lord, y'are well encounter'd; here
 has been
 A fair petitioner this morning with us;
 Believe me, she has won me much to pity her:
 Alas, her gentle nature was not made
 To buffet with adversity. I told her
 How worthily her cause you had befriended;
 How much for your good sake we meant to do;
 That you had spoke, and all things should be
 well.

Hast. Your highness binds me ever to your
 service.

Glost. You know your friendship is most po-
 tent with us,

And shares our power. But of this enough,
 For we have other matter for your ear:
 The state is out of tune; distracting fears,
 And jealous doubts, jar in our public counsels;
 Amidst the wealthy city murmurs rise,
 Lewd railings, and reproach on those that rule,
 With open scorn of government; hence credit,

And public trust 'twixt man and man are broke,
The golden streams of commerce are withheld,
Which fed the wants of needy hinds and art-
isans,

Who therefore curse the great, and threat re-
bellion.

Hast. The resty knaves are overrun with ease,
As plenty ever is the nurse of faction :

If in good days, like these, the headstrong herd
Grow madly wanton, and repine, it is
Because the reins of pow'r are held too slack,
And reverend authority of late

Has worn a face of mercy more than justice.

Glost. Beshrew my heart ! but you have well
divin'd

The source of these disorders. Who can wonder
If riot and misrule o'erturn the realm,
When the crown sits upon a baby brow?

Plainly to speak—hence comes the gen'ral cry,
And sum of all complaint : 'Twill ne'er be well
With England (thus they talk) while children
govern. [of that?

Hast. 'Tis true the king is young ; but what
We feel no want of Edward's riper years,
While Glo'ster's valor and most princely wisdom
So well supply our infant sovereign's place,
His youth's support, and guardian to his throne.

Glost. The council (much I'm bound to
thank 'em for 't)

Have plac'd a pageant sceptre in my hand,
Barren of pow'r, and subject to control ;
Scorn'd by my foes, and useless to my friends.
O worthy lord ! were mine the rule indeed,
I think I should not suffer rank offence
At large to lord it in the commonweal ;
Nor would the realm be rent by discord thus,
Thus fear and doubt, betwixt disputed titles.

Hast. Of this I am to learn ; as not supposing
A doubt like this—

Glost. Ay, marry, but there is ;
And that of much concern. Have you not heard
How, on a late occasion, Doctor Shaw
Has mov'd the people much about the lawfulness

Of Edward's issue ? by right grave authority
Of learning and religion plainly proving,
A bastard scion never should be grafted
Upon a royal stock ; from thence, at full
Discoursing on my brother's former contract
To Lady Elizabeth Lucy, long before
His jolly match with that same buxom widow,
The queen he left behind him—

Hast. Ill befal
Such meddling priests, who kindle up confusion,
And vex the quiet world with their vain scruples !
By Heaven, 'tis done in perfect spite to peace.
Did not the king,
Our royal master, Edward, in concurrence
With his estates assembled, well determine
What course the sovereign rule should take
henceforward ?

When shall the deadly hate of faction cease,
When shall our long-divided land have rest,
If every peevish, moody malcontent

Shall set the senseless rabble in an uproar,
Fright them with dangers, and perplex their
brains,

Each day, with some fantastic giddy change ?

Glost. What if some patriot, for the public
good,

Should vary from your scheme, new-mould the
state ? [it !

Hast. Curse on the innovating hand attempts
Remember him, the villain, righteous Heaven,
In thy great day of vengeance ! Blast the traitor,
And his pernicious counsels, who for wealth,
For power, the pride of greatness, or revenge,
Would plunge his native land in civil wars !

Glost. You go too far, my lord.

Hast. Your highness' pardon—
Have we so soon forgot those days of ruin,
When York and Lancaster drew forth the battles?
When, like a matron butcher'd by her sons,
And cast beside some common way, a spectacle
Of horror and affright to passers by,

Our groaning country bled at every vein ;
When murders, rapes, and massacres prevail'd ;
When churches, palaces, and cities blaz'd ;
When insolence and barbarism triumph'd,
And swept away distinction ; peasants trod
Upon the necks of nobles ; low were laid
The reverend crosier and the holy mitre,
And desolation cover'd all the land ;

Who can remember this, and not, like me,
Here vow to sheath a dagger in his heart
Whose damn'd ambition would renew those
horrors,

And set once more that scene of blood before us ?

Glost. How now ! so hot !

Hast. So brave, and so resolv'd.

Glost. Is then our friendship of so little mo-
ment,

That you could arm your hand against my life ?

Hast. I hope your highness does not think
I meant it ; [person

No, Heaven forefend that e'er your princely
Sould come within the scope of my resent-
ment.

Glost. O noble Hastings ! Nay, I must em-
brace you ;

By holy Paul, y'are a right honest man.
The time is full of danger and distrust,
And warns us to be wary : hold me not
Too apt for jealousy and light surmise,
If, when I mean to lodge you next my heart,
I put your truth to trial. Keep your loyalty,
And live your king and country's best support.
For me, I ask no more than honor gives,
To think me yours, and rank me with your
friends. [should pay.

Hast. Accept what thanks a grateful heart
O princely Gloster ! judge me not ungente,
Of manners rude, and insolent of speech,
If, when the public safety is in question,
My zeal flows warm and eager from my tongue.

Glost. Enough of this ; to deal in wordy
compliment

Is much against the plainness of my nature ;

I judge you by myself, a clear true spirit;
And, as such, once more join you to my bosom.
Farewell, and be my friend. [Exit.

Hast. I am not read,
Nor skill'd and practis'd in the arts of greatness,
To kindle thus, and give a scope to passion.
The duke is surely noble; but he touch'd me
E'en on the tend'rest point, the master-string
That makes most harmony or discord to me.
I own the glorious subject fires my breast,
And my soul's darling passion stands confess'd.
Beyond or love's or friendship's sacred band,
Beyond myself, I prize my native land:
On this foundation would I build my fame,
And emulate the Greek and Roman name;
Think England's peace bought cheaply with my
blood,
And die with pleasure for my country's good.

§ 35. *Gustavus and Dalecarlians.*

BROOKE.

1st Dale. LET us all see him!

2d Dale. Yes, and hear him too.

3d Dale. Let us be sure 'tis he himself.

4th Dale. Our general.

5th Dale. And we will fight while weapons
can be found.

6th Dale. Or hands to wield them.

7th Dale. Get on the bank, Gustavus.

Anderson. Do, my lord.

Gus. My countrymen!—

1st Dale. Ho! hear him!

2d Dale. Peace!

3d Dale. Peace!

4th Dale. Peace!

[hearts,

Gus. Amazement, I perceive, hath fill'd your
And joy for that your lost Gustavus, 'scap'd
Thro' wounds, imprisonments, and chains, and
deaths, [ye.
Thus sudden, thus unlook'd for, stands before
As one escap'd from cruel hands I come,
From hearts that ne'er knew pity, dark and
vengeful;

Who quaff the tears of orphans, bathe in blood,
And know no music but the groans of Sweden.
Yet, not for that my sister's early innocence,
And mother's age, now grind beneath captivity;
Nor that one bloody, one remorseless hour
Swept my great sire and kindred from my side,
For them Gustavus weeps not; tho' my eyes
Were far less dear, for them I will not weep.
But, O great parent, when I think on thee!
Thy numberless, thy nameless, shameful in-
fames,

My widow'd country! Sweden! when I think
Upon thy desolation, spite of rage—
And vengeance that would choke them—tears
will flow.

And. O, they are villains, ev'ry Dane of them,
Practis'd to stab and smile, to stab the babe
That smiles upon them.

Arn. What accursed hours
Roll o'er these wretches who to fiends like
these,

In their dear liberty, have barter'd more
Than worlds will rate for!

Gus. O Liberty, Heaven's choice prerogative!
True bond of law, thou social soul of property,
Thou breath of reason, life of life itself!
For thee the valiant bleed. O sacred Liberty!
Wing'd from the summer's snare, from flatt'ring
ruin,

Like the bold stork you seek the wintry shore,
Leave courts, and pomps, and palaces to slaves,
Cleave to the cold and rest upon the storm.
Upborne by thee, my soul disdain'd the terms
Of empire offer'd at the hands of tyrants.
With thee I sought this fav'rite soil; with thee
These fav'rite sons I sought; thy sons, O Li-
berty!

For e'en amid the wilds of life you lead them,
Lift their low-rafterd cottage to the clouds,
Smile o'er their heaths, and from their moun-
tain tops

Beam glory to the nations.

All. Liberty! Liberty!

Gus. Are ye not mark'd, ye men of Dalecarlia,
Are ye not mark'd by all the circling world
As the great stake, the last effort for liberty?
Say, is it not your wealth, the thirst, the food,
The scope and bright ambition of your souls?
Why else have you, and your renown'd forefa-
thers, [thrones
From the proud summit of their glitt'ring
Cast down the mightiest of your lawful kings,
That dar'd the bold infringement? What but
liberty, [years,

Thro' the fam'd course of thirteen hundred
Aloof hath held invasion from your hills,
And sanctified their shade?—And will ye, will ye
Shrink from the hopes of the expecting world;
Bid your high honors stoop to foreign insult;
And in one hour give up to infamy
The harvest of a thousand years of glory?

1st Dale. No.

2d Dale. Never, never.

3d Dale. Perish all first.

4th Dale. Die all!

Gus. Yes, die by piecemeal! [umph!
Leave not a limb o'er which a Dane may tri-
Now, from my soul I joy, I joy, my friends,
To see ye fear'd; to see that e'en your foes
Do justice to your valors! There they be,
The pow'rs of kingdoms, summ'd in yonder
host,

Yet kept aloof, yet trembling to assail ye.
And, O, when I look round and see you here,
Of number short, but prevalent in virtue,
My heart swells high, and burns for the en-
counter.

True courage but from opposition grows;
And what are fifty, what a thousand slaves,
Match'd to the sinew of a single arm
That strikes for liberty—that strikes to save
His fields from fire, his infants from the sword,
His couch from lust, his daughters from pol-
lution,

And his large honors from eternal infamy?

What doubt we then? Shall we, shall we stand here,

Till motives that might warm an ague's frost,
And nerve the coward's arm, shall poorly serve
To wake us to resistance?—Let us on!

O, yes, I read your lovely fierce impatience;
You shall not be withheld; we will rush on
them—

This is indeed to triumph, where we hold
Three kingdoms in our toil! is it not glorious,
Thus to appal the bold, meet force with fury,
And push yon torrent back, till every wave
Flee to its fountain? [more]

3d Dale. On, lead us on, Gustavus; one word
Is but delay of conquest.

Gus. Take your wish.

He who wants arms may grapple with the foe,
And so be furnish'd. You, most noble Anderson,
Divide our pow'rs, and with the fam'd Olaus
Take the left route—You, Eric, great in arms!
With the renown'd Nederbi, hold the right,
And skirt the forest down: then wheel at once,
Confess'd to view, and close up all the vale:
Myself, and my most valiant cousin here,
Th' invincible Arvida, gallant Sivard,
Arnoldus, and these hundred hardy vet'rans,
Will pour directly on, and lead the onset.
Joy, joy, I see confess'd from ev'ry eye,
Your limbs tread vig'rous, and your breasts
beat high!

Thin tho' our ranks, tho' scanty be our bands,
Bold are our hearts, and nervous are our hands.
With us, truth, justice, fame, and freedom close,
Each singly equal to an host of foes:
I feel, I feel them fill me out for fight!
They lift my limbs as feather'd Hermes light!
Or like the bird of glory, tow'ring high, [eye!]
Thunder within his grasp, and lightning in his

§ 36. *Gustavus and Cristiern.*

BROOKE.

Crist. TELL me, Gustavus, tell me why is
this,

That, as a stream diverted from the banks
Of smooth obedience, thou hast drawn those
men

Upon a dry unchannell'd enterprise
To turn their inundation? Are the lives
Of my misguided people held so light, [buke]
That thus thou'dst push them on the keen re-
Of guarded majesty; where justice waits,
All awful and resistless, to assert
Th' impervious rights, the sanctitude of kings,
And blast rebellion!

Gus. Justice, sanctitude,
And rights! O, patience! Rights! what rights,
thou tyrant?

Yes, if perdition be the rule of pow'r, [chief,
If wrongs give right, O then, supreme in mis-
Thou wert the lord, the monarch of the world,
Too narrow for thy claim. But if thou think'st
That crowns are vilely propertied, like coin,
To be the means, the speciality of lust,
And sensual attribution; if thou think'st

That empire is of titled birth or blood;
That nature, in the proud behalf of one,
Shall disenfranchise all her lordly race,
And bow her general issue to the yoke
Of private domination; then, thou proud one,
Here know me for thy king. Howe'er, be told,
Not claim hereditary, not the trust
Of frank election,
Not even the high anointing hand of Heaven,
Can authorize oppression, give a law
For lawless pow'r, wed faith to violation,
On reason build misrule, or justly bind
Allegiance to injustice. Tyranny
Absolves all faith; and who invades our rights,
Howe'er his own commence, can never be
But an usurper. But for thee, for thee
There is no name. Thou hast abjur'd mankind,
Dash'd safely from thy bleak, unsocial side,
And wag'd wild war with universal nature.
Crist. Licentious traitor! thou canst talk it
largely.

Who made thee umpire of the rights of kings,
And pow'r, prime attribute—as on thy tongue
The poise of battle lay, and arms of force,
To throw defiance in the front of duty?
Look round, unruly boy! thy battle comes
Like raw, disjointed must'ring, feeble wrath,
A war of waters, borne against the rock
Of our firm continent, to fume, and chafe,
And shiver in the toil.

Gus. Mistaken man!
I come impowered and strengthened in thy
weakness;

For tho' the structure of a tyrant's throne
Rise on the necks of half the suff'ring world,
Fear trembles in the cement; pray'rs and tears,
And secret curses, sap its mould'ring base,
And steal the pillars of allegiance from it:
Then let a single arm but dare the sway,
Headlong it turns, and drives upon destruc-
tion. [ven;

Trol. Profane, and alien to the love of Hea-
Art thou still harden'd to the wrath divine,
That hangs o'er thy rebellion? Know'st thou not
Thou art at enmity with grace, cast out,
Made an anathema, a curse enroll'd
Among the faithful, thou and thy adherents
Shorn from our holy church, and offer'd up
As sacred to damnation?

Gus. Yes, I know,
When such as thou, with sacrilegious hand,
Seize on the apostolic key of heaven,
It then becomes a tool for crafty knaves
To shut out virtue, and unfold those gates
That heaven itself had barr'd against the lusts
Of avarice and ambition. Soft and sweet
As looks of charity, or voice of lambs
That bleat upon the mountain, are the words
Of Christian meekness! mission all divine!
The law of love sole mandate. But your gall,
Ye Swedish prelacy, your gall hath turn'd
The words of sweet, but indigested peace,
To wrath and bitterness. Ye hallow'd men,
In whom vice sanctifies, whose precepts teach

Zeal without truth, religion without virtue;
Who ne'er preach heaven but with a downward
eye,

That turns your souls to dross! who, shouting,
The dogs of hell upon us. Thefts and rapes,
Sack'd towns, and midnight howlings thro' the
realm,

Receive your sanction. O, 'tis glorious mis-
When vice turns holy, puts religion on,
Assumes the robe pontifical, the eye
Of saintly elevation, blesseth sin,
And makes the seal of sweet offended Heaven
A sign of blood, a label for decrees
That hell would shrink to own.

Crist. No more of this.

Gustavus, wouldst thou yet return to grace,
And hold thy motions in the sphere of duty,
Acceptance might be found.

Gus. Imperial spoiler!

Give me my father, give me back my kindred!
Give me the fathers of ten thousand orphans,
Give me the sons in whom thy ruthless sword
Has left our widows childless. Mine they were,
Both mine and every Swede's, whose patriot
breast,

Bleeds in his country's woundings. O, thou
canst not!

Thou hast outsin'd all reck'ning! Give me
My all that's left, my gentle mother there,
And spare yon little trembler.

Crist. Yes, on terms

Of compact and submission.

Gus. Ha! with thee? [country,
Compact with thee? and mean'st thou for my
For Sweden? No, so hold my heart but firm,
Altho' it wring for't, tho' blood drop for tears,
And at the sight my straining eyes start forth—
They both shall perish first.

§ 37. *Brutus and Titus.* LEE.

Br. WELL, Titus, speak; how is it with
thee now?

I would attend a while this mighty motion,
Wait till the tempest were quite overblown,
That I may take thee in the calm of nature,
With all thy gentler virtues brooding on thee;
So hush'd a stillness, as if all the gods [ing;
Look'd down, and listen'd to what we were say-
Speak then, and tell me, O my best lov'd,
My son, my Titus, is all well again? [thing:

Tit. So well, that saying how must make it no-
So well, that I could wish to die this moment,
For so my heart with powerful throbs persuades
me;

That were indeed to make you reparation,
That were, my lord, to thank you home, to die;
And that for Titus too would be most happy.

Br. How's that, my son? Would death for
thee be happy?

Tit. Most certain, Sir; for in my grave I'scape
All those affronts which I in life must look for,
All those reproaches which the eyes, and fingers,
And tongues of Rome will daily cast upon me;

From whom, to a soul so sensible as mine,
Each single scorn would be far worse than dying;
Besides, I'scape the stings of my own conscience,
Which will for ever rack me with remembrance,
Haunt me by day, and torture me by night,
Casting my blotted honor in the way [me.
Where'er my melancholy thoughts shall guide
Brut. But is not death a very dreadful thing?

Tit. Not to a mind resolv'd. No, sir, to me
It seems as natural as to be born:

Groans, and convulsions, and discolored faces,
Friends weeping round us, blacks and obsequies,
Make it a dreadful thing; the pomp of death
Is far more terrible than death itself.

Yes, Sir, I call the pow'rs of heav'n to witness,
Titus dares die, if so you have decreed;
Nay, he shall die with joy to honor Brutus,
To make your justice famous thro' the world,
And fix the liberty of Rome for ever.
Not but I must confess my weakness too;
Yet it is great thus to resolve against it,
To have the frailty of a mortal man,
But the security of the immortal gods.

Brut. O Titus! O thou absolute young man!
Thou flatt'ring mirror of thy father's image,
Where I behold myself at such advantage!
Thou perfect glory of the Junian race!
Let me endear thee once more to my bosom,
Groan an eternal farewell to thy soul;
Instead of tears, weep blood, if possible,
Blood, the heart-blood of Brutus on his child:
For thou must die, my Titus, die, my son;
I swear the gods have doom'd thee to the grave:
The violated genius of thy country
Rears his sad head, and passes sentence on thee:
This morning sun, that lights my sorrows on
To the tribunal of this horrid vengeance,
Shall never see thee more.

Tit. Alas, my lord!

Why are you mov'd thus? Why am I worth
your sorrow?

Why should the god-like Brutus shake to doom
Why all these trappings for a traitor's hearse?
The gods will have it so.

Brut. They will, my Titus:

Nor heaven nor earth can have it otherwise.
Nay, Titus, mark: the deeper that I search,
My harass'd soul returns the more confirm'd;
Methinks I see the very hand of Jove
Moving the dreadful wheels of this affair,
That whirl thee, like a machine, to thy fate.
It seems as if the gods had pre-ordain'd it,
To fix the reeling spirits of the people,
And settle the loose liberty of Rome.
'Tis fix'd; O therefore let not fancy fond thee:
So fix'd thy death, that it is not in the pow'r
Of gods or men to save thee from the axe.

Tit. The axe! O Heaven! then must I fall
so basely?

What, shall I perish by the common hangman?

Brut. If thou deny me this, thou giv'st me
nothing.

Yes, Titus, since the gods have so decreed
That I must lose thee, I will take the advantage

Of thy important fate, cement Rome's flaws,
And heal her wounded freedom with thy blood :
I will ascend myself the sad tribunal,
And sit upon my sons ; on thee, my Titus ;
Behold thee suffer all the shame of death,
The lictor's lashes, bleed before the people ;
Then with thy hopes, and all thy youth upon
See thy head taken by the common axe, [thee,
Without a groan, without one pitying tear,
If that the gods can hold me to my purpose,
To make my justice quite transcend example.

Tit. Scourg'd like a bondman ! ah ! a beaten
But I deserve it all ; yet here I fail ! [slave !
The image of this suff'ring quite unmans me ;
Nor can I longer stop the gushing tears.
O, Sir ! O, Brutus ! must I call you father,
Yet have no token of your tenderness ?
No sign of mercy ? What, not bate me that !
Can you resolve, O all th' extremity
Of cruel rigor ! to behold me too ?
To sit unmov'd, and see me whipt to death !
Where are your bowels now ? Is this a father ?
Ah, Sir, why should you make my heart suspect
That all your late compassion was dissembled ?
How can I think that you did ever love me ?

Brut. Think that I love thee by my present
passion,

By these unmanly tears, these earthquakes here,
These sighs, that twitch the very strings of life :
Think that no other cause on earth can move me
To tremble thus, to sob, or shed a tear,
Nor shake my solid virtue from her point,
But Titus' death : O do not call it shameful,
That thus shall fix the glory of the world.
I own thy suff'rings ought t' unman me thus,
To make me throw my body on the ground,
To bellow like a beast, to gnaw the earth,
To tear my hair, to curse the cruel fates,
That force a father thus to drag his bowels.

Tit. O rise, thou violated majesty !
Rise from the earth, or I shall beg those fates
Which you would curse, to bolt me to the centre.
I now submit to all your threaten'd vengeance :
Come forth, you executioners of justice, [men,
Nay, all your lictors, slaves, and common hang-
Come, strip me bare, unrobe me in his sight,
And lash me till I bleed, whip me like furies !
And when you've scourg'd me till I foam and
fall,

For want of spirits, grovelling in the dust,
Then take my head, and give it his revenge ;
By all the gods, I greedily resign it !

Brut. No more—farewell, eternally farewell !
If there be gods, they will reserve a room,
A throne for thee in heaven. One last embrace !
What is it makes thy eyes thus swim again ?

Tit. I had forgot : be good to Teraminta
When I am in ashes.

Brut. Leave her to my care :
See her thou must not, for thou canst not bear it.
O for one more, this pull, this tug of heart-
Farewell for ever ! [strings !

Tit. O Brutus ! O my father !

Brut. Canst thou not say farewell ?

Tit. Farewell for ever !

Brut. For ever then ! but O, my tears run o'er ;
Groans choak my words, and I can speak no
more.

§ 38. *Lady Randolph, Lord Randolph, and
young Norval, not known at the time to be
Lady Randolph's son.* HOME.

Lady Ran. How fares my lord ?

Lord Ran. That it fares well, thanks to this
gallant youth,

Whose valor sav'd me from a wretched death.
As down the winding dale I walk'd alone,
At the cross way four armed men attacked me,
Rovers I judge from the licentious camp,
Who would have quickly laid Lord Randolph
low,

Had not this brave and generous stranger come,
Like my good angel, in the hour of fate,
And, mocking danger, made my foes his own.
They turn'd upon him : but his active arm
Struck to the ground, from whence they rose
no more,

The fiercest two : the others fled amain,
And left him master of the bloody field.
Speak, Lady Randolph ; upon beauty's tongue
Dwell accents pleasing to the brave and bold,
Speak, noble dame, and thank him for thy lord.

Lady Ran. My lord, I cannot speak what
now I feel.

My heart o'erflows with gratitude to Heaven,
And to this noble youth, who, all unknown
To you and yours, deliberated not,
Nor paus'd at peril—but, humanely brave,
Fought on your side against such fearful odds.
Have you yet learnt of him whom we should
thank,

Whom call the saviour of Lord Randolph's life ?

Lord Ran. I ask'd that question, and he an-
swer'd not ;

But I must know who my deliverer is.

[To the Stranger.

Norv. A low-born man, of parentage obscure,
Who nought can boast but his desire to be
A soldier, and to gain a name in arms.

Lord Ran. Whoe'er thou art, thy spirit is
ennobled

By the great King of kings : thou art ordain'd
And stamp'd a hero by the sovereign hand
Of nature ! Blush not, flow'r of modesty
As well as valor, to declare thy birth.

Norv. My name is Norval : on the Grampian
Hills

My father feeds his flocks ; a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home.
For I had heard of battles : and I long'd
To follow to the field some warlike lord ;
And Heaven soon granted what my sire denied.
This moon, which rose last night round as my
shield,

Had not yet fill'd her horns, when, by her light,
A band of fierce barbarians from the hills

Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds
 fled

For safety and for succour. I alone,
With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
The road he took: then hasted to my friends;
Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe.
We fought and conquer'd. Ere a sword was
 drawn,

An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chief,
Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd
The shepherd's slothful life: and having heard
That our good king had summon'd his bold peers
To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
I left my father's house, and took with me
A chosen servant to conduct my steps:
Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master.
Journeying with this intent, I pass'd these tow'rs;
And, heaven-directed, came this day to do
The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

Lord Ran. He is as wise as brave: was ever
With such a gallant modesty rehears'd? [tale
My brave deliverer! thou shalt enter now
A nobler list; and, in a monarch's sight,
Contend with princes for the prize of fame.
I will present thee to our Scottish king,
Whose valiant spirit ever valor lov'd.

Ha! my Matilda! wherefore starts that tear?

Lady Ran. I cannot say; for various affec-
 tions,

And strangely mingled, in my bosom swell:
Yet each of them may well command a tear.
I joy that thou art safe; and I admire [safety;
Him, and his fortunes, who hath wrought thy
Yea, as my mind predicts, with thine his own.
Obscure and friendless, he the army sought;
Bent upon peril, in the range of death
Resolv'd to hunt for fame, and with his sword
To gain distinction which his birth denied.
In this attempt unknown he might have perish'd,
And gain'd with all his valor but oblivion.
Now grac'd by thee, his virtue serves no more
Beneath despair. The soldier now of hope,
He stands conspicuous: fame and great renown
Are brought within the compass of his sword.
On this my mind reflected, whilst you spoke,
And bless'd the wonder-working hand of Hea-
 ven.

[thoughts!

Lord Ran. Pious and grateful ever are thy
My deeds shall follow where thou point'st the
Next to myself, and equal to Glenalvon, [way.
In honor and command shall Norval be. [am

Norv. I know not how to thank you: rude I
In speech and manners: never till this hour
Stood I in such a presence: yet, my lord,
There's something in my breast which makes
 me bold

To say, that Norval ne'er will shame thy favor.

Lady Ran. I will be sworn thou wilt not.
 Thou shalt be

My knight; and ever, as thou didst to-day,
With happy valor guard the life of Randolph.

Lord Ran. Well hast thou spoke. Let me
 forbid reply. [To Norval.

We are thy debtors still; thy high desert
O'ertops our gratitude. I must proceed,
As was at first intended, to the camp;
Some of my train, I see, are speeding hither,
Impatient doubtless of their lord's delay.
Go with me, Norval; and thine eyes shall see
The chosen warriors of thy native land,
Who languish for the fight, and beat the air
With brandish'd swords.

Norv. Let us be gone, my lord.

§ 39. *Young Norval informs Lord Randolph
by what Means he acquired a Knowledge in
the Art of War.* HOME.

BENEATH a mountain's brow, the most re-
And inaccessible by shepherds trod, [mote
In a deep cave dug by no mortal hand,
A hermit liv'd; a melancholy man,
Who was the wonder of our wand'ring swains.
Austere and lonely, cruel to himself,
Did they report him; the cold earth his bed,
Water his drink, his food the shepherds' alms.
I went to see him; and my heart was touch'd
With reverence and with pity. Mild he spake,
And ent'ring on discourse, such stories told,
As made me oft revisit his sad cell.
For he had been a soldier in his youth;
And fought in famous battles, when the peers
Of Europe, by the bold Godfredo led,
Against the usurping infidel display'd
The cross of Christ, and won the Holy Land.
Pleas'd with my admiration, and the fire
His speech struck from me, the old man would
 shake

His years away, and act his young encounters:
Then, having show'd his wounds, he'd sit him
 down,

And all the live-long day discourse of war.
To help my fancy, in the smooth green turf
He cut the figures of the marshall'd hosts;
Describ'd the motions, and explain'd the use
Of the deep column, and the lengthen'd line,
The square, the crescent, and phalanx firm;
For all that Saracen or Christian knew
Of war's vast art, was to this hermit known.

——— Unhappy man!

Returning homewards by Messina's port,
Loaded with wealth and honors bravely won,
A rude and boist'rous captain of the sea
Fasten'd a quarrel on him. Fierce they fought;
The stranger fell; and with his dying breath,
Declar'd his name and lineage. Mighty God!
The soldier cried, my brother! O my brother!
—— They exchang'd forgiveness:

And happy, in my mind, was he that died;
For many deaths has the survivor suffer'd.
In the wild desert on a rock he sits,
Upon some nameless stream's untrodden banks,
And ruminates all day his dreadful fate.

At times, alas! nor in his perfect mind,
Holds dialogues with his lov'd brother's ghost;
And oft each night forsakes his sullen couch,
To make sad orisons for him he slew.

§ 40. *Douglas's Soliloquy in the Wood, waiting for Lady Randolph, after he was known to be her Son.* HOME.

THIS is the place, the centre of the grove.
Here stands the oak, the monarch of the wood!
How sweet and solemn is this midnight scene!
The silver moon, unclouded, holds her way
Thro' skies, where I could count each little star.
The fanning west-wind scarcely stirs the leaves;
The river, rushing o'er its pebbled bed,
Imposes silence with a stilly sound.
In such a place as this, at such an hour,
If ancestry can be in aught believ'd,
Descending spirits have convers'd with man,
And told the secrets of the world unknown.

Eventful day! how hast thou chang'd my state!
Once on the cold and winter-shaded side
Of a bleak hill mischance had rooted me,
Never to thrive, child of another soil;
Transplanted now to the gay sunny vale,
Like the green thorn of May, my fortune flow'rs.
Ye glorious stars! high heaven's resplendent host!
To whom I oft have of my lot complain'd,
Hear, and record my soul's unalter'd wish!
Dead or alive, let me but be renown'd!
May Heav'n inspire some fierce gigantic Dane
To give a bold defiance to our host!
Before he speaks it out, I will accept:
Like DOUGLAS conquer, or like DOUGLAS die.

§ 41. CATO. ADDISON:

ACT. I.

Enter Portius and Marcus.

Por. The dawn is overcast, the morning
low'rs,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day;
The great, th' important day, big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome—our father's death
Would fill up all the guilt of civil war,
And close the scene of blood. Already Cæsar
Has ravag'd more than half the globe, and sees
Mankind grown thin by his destructive sword:
Should he go farther, numbers would be want-
ing

To form new battles and support his crimes.
Ye gods, what havoc does ambition make
Among your works!

Marc. Thy steady temper, Portius,
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and Cæsar,
In the calm lights of mild philosophy;
I'm tortur'd e'en to madness, when I think
On the proud victor: ev'ry time he's nam'd
Pharsalia rises to my view!—I see
Th' insulting tyrant prancing o'er the field,
Strew'd with Rome's citizens, and drench'd in
slaughter,

His horse's hoofs wet with patrician blood!
O Portius! is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of Heaven,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?

Por. Believe me, Marcus, 'tis an impious
greatness,
And mix'd with too much horror to be envied.
How does the lustre of our father's actions,
Through the dark cloud of ills that cover him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant
brightness!

His suff'rings shine, and spread a glory round
Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cause [him
Of honor, virtue, liberty, and Rome.
His sword ne'er fell but on the guilty head;
Oppression, tyranny, and pow'r usurp'd,
Drew all the vengeance of his arm upon 'em.

Marc. Who knows not this? But what can
Cato do

Against a world, a base, degenerate world,
That courts the yoke, and bows the neck to
Pent up in Utica, he vainly forms [Cæsar?
A poor epitome of Roman greatness;
And, cover'd with Numidian guards, directs
A feeble army, and an empty senate,
Remnants of mighty battles fought in vain.
By Heav'n, such virtues, join'd with such
success,

Distract my very soul: our father's fortune
Would almost tempt us to renounce his precepts.

Por. Remember what our father oft has
told us.

The ways of Heaven are dark and intricate:
Puzzled in mazes and perplex'd with errors;
Our understanding traces them in vain,
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search;
Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confusion ends. [ease;

Marc. These are suggestions of a mind a
O Portius, didst thou taste but half the griefs
That wring my soul, thou couldst not talk thus
Passion unpitied, and successful love, [coldly.
Plant daggers in my heart, and aggravate
My other griefs. Were but my Lucia kind—

Por. Thou see'st not that thy brother is thy
rival;

But I must hide it, for I know thy temper.

[*Aside.*

Now Marcus, now thy virtue's on the proof:
Put forth thy utmost strength, work ev'ry nerve,
And call up all thy father in thy soul.

To quell the tyrant love, and guard thy heart
On this weak side, where most our nature fails,
Would be a conquest worthy Cato's son. [take,

Marc. Portius, the counsel which I cannot
Instead of healing, but upbraids my weakness.
Bid me for honor plunge into a war
Of thickest foes, and rush on certain death,
Then shalt thou see that Marcus is not slow
To follow glory, and confess his father.
Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost
In high ambition, or a thirst of greatness;
'Tis second life, it grows into the soul,

Warms ev'ry vein, and beats in ev'ry pulse :
I feel it here : my resolution melts. [prince,

Por. Behold young Juba, the Numidian
With how much care he forms himself to glory,
And breaks the fierceness of his native temper,
To copy out our father's bright example.
He loves our sister Marcia, greatly loves her :
His eyes, his looks, his actions, all betray it :
But still the smother'd fondness burns within
him :

When most it swells, and labors for a vent,
The sense of honor and desire of fame
Drive the big passion back into his heart.
What ! shall an African, shall Juba's heir,
Reproach great Cato's son, and show the world
A virtue wanting in a Roman soul ?

Marc. Portius, no more ! your words leave
stings behind 'em.

Whene'er did Juba, or did Portius show
A virtue that has cast me at a distance,
And thrown me out in the pursuits of honor ?

Por. Marcus, I know thy gen'rous temper
well.

Fling but th' appearance of dishonor on it,
It straight takes fire, and mounts into a blaze.

Marc. A brother's suff'rings claim a brother's
pity. [eyes

Por. Heaven knows I pity thee. Behold my
E'en whilst I speak—do they not swim in tears ?
Were but my heart as naked to thy view,
Marcus would see it bleed in his behalf.

Marc. Why then dost treat me with rebukes,
instead

Of kind condoling cares, and friendly sorrow ?

Por. O Marcus ! did I know the way to ease
Thy troubled heart, and mitigate thy pains,
Marcus, believe me, I could die to do it.

Marc. Thou best of brothers, and thou best
of friends !

Pardon a weak, distemper'd soul, that swells
With sudden gusts, and sinks as soon in calms,
The sport of passions. But Sempronius comes :
He must not find this softness hanging on me.

[*Exit Marc.*

Enter Sempronius.

Sem. Conspiracies no sooner should be form'd
Than executed. What means Portius here ?
I like not that cold youth. I must dissemble,
And speak a language foreign to my heart.

[*Aside.*

Good-morrow, Portius ; let us once embrace,
Once more embrace, while yet we both are
free. [ship,

To-morrow, should we thus express our friend-
Each might receive a slave into his arms.
This sun, perhaps, this morning's sun's the last
That e'er shall rise on Roman liberty.

Por. My father has this morning call'd toge-
To this poor hall his little Roman senate, [ther
The leavings of Pharsalia, to consult
If yet he can oppose the mighty torrent
That bears down Rome and all her gods before it,
Or must at length give up the world to Cæsar.

Sem. Not all the pomp and majesty of Rome
Can raise her senate more than Cato's presence.
His virtues render our assembly awful,

They strike with something like religious fear,
And make e'en Cæsar tremble at the head
Of armies flush'd with conquest. O my Portius,
Could I but call that wondrous man my father,
Would but thy sister Marcia be propitious
To thy friend's vows, I might be blest indeed !

Por. Alas, Sempronius ! wouldst thou talk
of love

To Marcia, whilst her father's life's in danger ?
Thou mightst as well court the pale trembling
vestal,

When she beholds the holy flame expiring.

Sem. The more I see the wonders of thy race,
The more I'm charm'd. Thou must take heed,
my Portius ;

The world has all its eyes on Cato's son ;
Thy father's merits set thee up to view,
And show thee in the fairest point of light,
To make thy virtues or thy faults conspicuous.

Por. Well dost thou seem to check my
ling'ring here

On this important hour—I'll straight away ;
And while the fathers of the senate meet
In close debate, to weigh the events of war,
I'll animate the soldiers' drooping courage
With love of freedom, and contempt of life ;
I'll thunder in their ears their country's cause,
And try to rouse up all that's Roman in 'em.
'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve
it. [*Exit.*

Sem. Curse on the stripling ! how he apes
his sire,

Ambitiously sententious !—But I wonder
Old Syphax comes not : his Numidian genius
Is well disposed to mischief, were he prompt
And eager on it ; but he must be spurr'd,
And ev'ry moment quicken'd to the course.
Cato has us'd me ill : he has refus'd
His daughter Marcia to my ardent vows.
Besides, his baffled arms, and ruin'd cause,
Are bars to my ambition. Cæsar's favor,
That show'rs down greatness on his friends,
will raise me

To Rome's first honors. If I give up Cato,
I claim in my reward, his captive daughter.
But Syphax comes—

Enter Syphax.

Sy. Sempronius, all is ready.

I've sounded my Numidians, man by man,
And find them ripe for a revolt : they all
Complain aloud of Cato's discipline,
And wait but the command to change their
master. [waste ;

Sem. Believe me, Syphax, there's no time to
E'en whilst we speak, our conqueror comes on,
And gathers ground upon us ev'ry moment.
Alas ! thou know'st not Cæsar's active soul,
With what a dreadful course he rushes on
From war to war. In vain has nature form'd

Mountains and oceans to oppose his passage;
He bounds o'er all, victorious in his march:
The Alps and Pyreneans sink before him;
Thro' winds and waves, and storms, he works
his way,

Impatient for the battle; one day more
Will set the victor thund'ring at our gates.
But tell me, hast thou yet drawn o'er young
Juba?

That still would recommend thee more to Cæsar,
And challenge better terms.

Sy. Alas, he's lost!

He's lost, Sempronius! all his thoughts are full
Of Cato's virtues.—But I'll try once more
(For ev'ry instant I expect him here)
If yet I can subdue those stubborn principles,
Of faith and honor, and I know not what,
That have corrupted his Numidian temper,
And struck the infection into all his soul.

Sem. Be sure to press upon him ev'ry motive.
Juba's surrender, since his father's death,
Would give up Afric into Cæsar's hands,
And make him lord of half the burning zone.

Sy. But is it true, Sempronius, that your
senate

Is call'd together? Gods! thou must be cautious;
Cato has piercing eyes, and will discern
Our frauds, unless they're cover'd thick with art.

Sem. Let me alone, good Syphax; I'll
conceal

My thoughts in passion ('tis the surest way);
I'll bellow out for Rome and for my country,
And mouth at Cæsar, till I shake the senate.
Your cold hypocrisy's a stale device,
A worn-out trick: wouldst thou be thought in
earnest,

Clothe thy feign'd zeal in rage, in fire, and fury!
Sy. In troth, thou'rt able to instruct grey
And teach the wily African deceit. [Hairs,

Sem. Once more be sure to try thy skill on
Juba:

Meanwhile I'll hasten to my Roman soldiers,
Inflame the mutiny, and underhand
Blow up their discontents, till they break out
Unlook'd for, and discharge themselves on Cato.
Remember, Syphax, we must work in haste:
O think what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots and their last fatal periods:
O, 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death!
Destruction hangs on ev'ry word we speak,
On ev'ry thought; till the concluding stroke
Determines all, and closes our design. [*Exit.*

Sy. I'll try if I can yet reduce to reason
This headstrong youth, and make him spurn at
Cato. [us—

The time is short; Cæsar comes rushing on
But hold! young Juba sees me, and approaches.

Enter Juba.

Jub. Syphax, I joy to meet thee thus alone:
I have observ'd of late thy looks are fall'n,
O'ercast with gloomy cares and discontent.
Then tell me, Syphax, I conjure thee tell me,

What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in
frowns,

And turn thine eye thus coldly on thy prince?

Sy. 'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry smiles and sunshine in my face,
When discontent sits heavy at my heart;
I have not yet so much the Roman in me.

Jub. Why dost thou cast out such ungen'rous
terms

Against the lords and sovereigns of the world!
Dost thou not see mankind fall down before
them,

And own the force of their superior virtue?

Is there a nation in the wilds of Afric,
Amidst our barren rocks, and burning sands,
That does not tremble at the Roman name?

Sy. Gods! where's the worth that sets these
people up

Above her own Numidia's tawny sons?
Do they with tougher sinews bend the bow?
Or flies the jav'lin swifter to its mark,
Launch'd from the vigor of a Roman arm?
Who like our active African instructs
The fiery steed, and trains him to his hand?
Or guides in troops th' embattl'd elephant,
Laden with war? These, these are arts, my
prince,

In which your Zama does not stoop to Rome.

Jub. These are all virtues of a meaner rank,
Perfections that are plac'd in bones and nerves:
A Roman soul is bent on higher views:
To civilize the rude unpolish'd world,
And lay it under the restraint of laws;
To make man mild, and sociable to man;
To cultivate the wild licentious savage,
With wisdom, discipline, and lib'ral arts,
Th' embellishments of life: virtues like these
Make human nature shine, reform the soul,
And break our fierce barbarians into men.

Sy. Patience, kind Heavens! excuse an old
man's warmth.

What are these wondrous civilizing arts,
This Roman polish, and this smooth behaviour,
That render man thus tractable and tame?
Are they not only to disguise our passions,
To set our looks at variance with our thoughts,
To check the starts and sallies of the soul,
And break off all its commerce with the tongue:
In short, to change us into other creatures
Than what our nature and the gods design'd us?

Jub. To strike thee dumb—turn up thy eyes
to Cato;

There mayst thou see to what a godlike height
The Roman virtues lift up mortal man.
While good and just, and anxious for his friends,
He's still severely bent against himself;
Renouncing sleep, and rest, and food, and ease,
He strives with thirst and hunger, toil and
heat;

And when his fortune sets before him all
The pomps and pleasures that his soul can wish,
His rigid virtue will accept of none.

Sy. Believe me, prince, there's not an African
That traverses our vast Numidian deserts

In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,
But better practises these boasted virtues.
Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase;
Amidst the running stream he slakes his thirst;
Toils all the day, and at the approach of night
On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
Or rests his head upon a rock till morn;
Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game;
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repast, or an untasted spring,
Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.

Jub. Thy prejudices, Syphax, won't discern
What virtues grow from ignorance and choice,
Nor how the hero differs from the brute.
But grant that others could with equal glory
Look down on pleasures, and the baits of sense,
Where shall we find the man that bears affliction,

Great and majestic in his griefs, like Cato?
Heavens! with what strength, what steadiness
of mind,

He triumphs in the midst of all his suff'rings!
How does he rise against a load of woes,
And thank the gods that throw the weight upon
him! [soul;

Sy. 'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of
I think the Romans call it Stoicism.
Had not your royal father thought so highly
Of Roman virtue and of Cato's cause,
He had not fall'n by a slave's hand inglorious;
Nor would his slaughter'd army now have lain
On Afric's sands, disfigur'd with their wounds,
To gorge the wolves and vultures of Numidia.

Jub. Why dost thou call my sorrows up
afresh?

My father's name brings tears into my eyes.

Sy. O that you'd profit by your father's ills!

Jub. What wouldst thou have me do?

Sy. Abandon Cato.

Jub. Syphax, I should be more than twice
an orphan

By such a loss.

Sy. Ay, there's the tie that binds you!
You long to call him father. Marcia's charms
Work in your heart unseen, and plead for Cato.
No wonder you are deaf to all I say.

Jub. Syphax, your zeal becomes importunate;
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Lest it should take more freedom than I'll give it.

Sy. Sir, your great father never us'd me thus.
Alas, he's dead! but can you e'er forget
The tender sorrows, and the pangs of nature,
The fond embraces, and repeated blessings,
Which you drew from him in your last farewell?
Still must I cherish the dear sad remembrance,
At once to torture and to please my soul.
The good old king at parting wrung my hand
(His eyes brimful of tears); then sighing, cried,
Pr'ythee be careful of my son!—His grief
Swell'd up so high, he could not utter more.

Jub. Alas, thy story melts away my soul!
That best of fathers! how shall I discharge
The gratitude and duty which I owe him?

Sy. By laying up his counsels in your heart.

Jub. His counsels bade me yield to thy directions:

Then, Syphax, chide me in severest terms;
Vent all thy passion, and I'll stand its shock,
Calm and unruffled, as the summer sea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface.

Sy. Alas, my prince! I'd guide you to your
safety. [how.

Jub. I do believe thou wouldst; but tell me

Sy. Fly from the fate that follows Cæsar's

Jub. My father scorn'd to do it. [foes.

Sy. And therefore died.

Jub. Better to die ten thousand deaths,
Than wound my honor.

Sy. Rather say, your love. [temper.

Jub. Syphax, I've promised to preserve my
Why wilt thou urge me to confess a flame
I long have stifled, and would fain conceal?

Sy. Believe me, prince, tho' hard to conquer
love,

'Tis easier to divert and break its force.
Absence might cure it; or a second mistress
Light up another flame, and put out this.
The glowing dames of Zama's royal court
Have faces flush'd with more exalted charms:
The sun, that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,
Works up more fire and color in their cheeks;
Were you with these, my prince, you'd soon
forget

The pale, unripen'd beauties of the North.

Jub. 'Tis not a set of features or complexion,
The tincture of a skin that I admire:
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and falls upon the sense.
The virtuous Marcia towers above her sex:
True, she is fair—O how divinely fair!
But still the lovely maid improves her charms
With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
And sanctity of manners: Cato's soul
Shines out in every thing she acts or speaks,
While winning mildness and attractive smiles
Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace
Softens the rigor of her father's virtue.

Sy. How does your tongue grow wanton in
her praise!

But on my knees I beg you would consider—

Jub. Hah! Syphax, is't not she?—She moves
this way:

And with her Lucia, Lucius's fair daughter.
My heart beats thick—I pr'ythee, Syphax,
leave me.

Sy. Ten thousand curses fasten on 'em both!
Now will this woman, with a single glance,
Undo what I've been lab'ring all this while.

[Exit Syphax.

Enter Marcia and Lucia.

Jub. Hail, charming maid! how does thy
beauty smooth

The face of war, and make even horror smile!
At sight of thee my heart shakes off its sorrows;
I feel a dawn of joy break in upon me,
And for a while forget the approach of Cæsar.

Mar. I should be griev'd, young prince, to think my presence [arms, unbent your thoughts, and slacken'd 'em to While, warm with slaughter, our victorious foe Threatens aloud, and calls you to the field.

Jub. O Marcia, let me hope thy kind concern And gentle wishes follow me to battle!

The thought will give new vigor to my arm, Add strength and weight to my descending sword,

And drive it in a tempest on the foe.

Mar. My prayers and wishes always shall attend

The friends of Rome, the glorious cause of virtue,

The men approv'd of by the gods and Cato.

Jub. That Juba may deserve thy pious cares, I'll gaze for ever on thy godlike father, Transplanting, one by one, into my life His bright perfections, till I shine like him.

Mar. My father never at a time like this Would lay out his great soul in words, and waste Such precious moments.

Jub. Thy reproofs are just, Thou virtuous maid! I'll hasten to my troops, And fire their languid souls with Cato's virtue. If e'er I lead them to the field, when all The war shall stand rang'd in its just array, And dreadful pomp; then will I think on thee, O lovely maid! then will I think on thee; And in the shock of charging hosts, remember What glorious deeds should grace the man who hopes

For Marcia's love. [Exit Juba.

Luc. Marcia, you're too severe: How could you chide the young good-natur'd prince,

And drive him from you with so stern an air, A prince that loves and dotes on you to death?

Mar. 'Tis therefore, Lucia, that I chid him from me.

His air, his voice, his looks, and honest soul, Speak all so movingly in his behalf, I dare not trust myself to hear him talk.

Luc. Why will you fight against so sweet a passion,

And steel your heart to such a world of charms?

Mar. How, Lucia! wouldst thou have me sink away

In pleasing dreams, and lose myself in love, When ev'ry moment Cato's life 's at stake! Cæsar comes arm'd with terror and revenge, And aims his thunder at my father's head. Should not the sad occasion swallow up My other cares, and draw them all into it?

Luc. Why have not I this constancy of mind, Who have so many griefs to try its force? Sure, nature form'd me of her softest mould, Enfeebled all my soul with tender passions, And sunk me even below my own weak sex: Pity and love, by turns, oppress my heart.

Mar. Lucia, disburthen all thy cares on me, And let me share thy most retir'd distress. Tell me who raises up this conflict in thee,

Luc. I need not blush to name them, when I tell thee They're Marcia's brothers, and the sons of Cato.

Mar. They both behold thee with their sister's eyes,

And often have reveal'd their passion to me. But tell me whose address thou favor'st most: I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it.

Luc. Which is it Marcia wishes for?

Mar. For neither, And yet for both—The youths have equal share In Marcia's wishes, and divide their sister: But tell me which of them is Lucia's choice?

Luc. Marcia, they both are high in my esteem: But in my love—why wilt thou make me name him?

Thou know'st it is a blind and foolish passion, Pleas'd and disgusted with it knows not what.

Mar. O Lucia, I'm perplex'd; O tell me which

I must hereafter call my happy brother?

Luc. Suppose 't were Portius, could you blame my choice?

O Portius! thou hast stol'n away my soul! With what a graceful tenderness he loves, And breathes the softest, the sincerest vows! Complacency, and truth, and manly sweetness, Dwell ever on his tongue and smooth his thoughts.

Marcus is over warm: his fond complaints Have so much earnestness and passion in them, I hear him with a secret kind of horror, And tremble at his vehemence of temper.

Mar. Alas, poor youth! how canst thou throw him from thee?

Lucia, thou know'st not half the love he bears thee:

Whene'er he speaks of thee, his heart 's in flames, He sends out all his soul in ev'ry word, And thinks, and talks, and looks like one transported.

Unhappy youth! How will thy coldness raise Tempests and storms in his afflicted bosom! I dread the consequence.

Luc. You seem to plead Against your brother Portius.

Mar. Heaven forbid! Had Portius been the unsuccessful lover, The same compassion would have fall'n on him.

Luc. Was ever virgin love distress like mine! Portius himself oft falls in tears before me, As if he mourn'd his rival's ill success; Then bids me hide the motions of my heart, Nor show which way it turns: so much he fears The sad effects that it will have on Marcus.

Mar. He knows too well how easily he's fir'd, And would not plunge his brother in despair, But waits for happier times and kinder moments.

Luc. Alas! too late I find myself involv'd In endless griefs and labyrinths of woe; Born to afflict my Marcia's family,

And sow dissension in the hearts of brothers.
Tormenting thought! it cuts into my soul.

Mar. Let us not, Lucia, aggravate our sorrows,

But to the gods submit the event of things.
Our lives discolored with our present woes,
May still grow bright, and smile with happier hours.

So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains
Of rushing torrents, and descending rains,
Works itself clear, and, as it runs, refines;
Till, by degrees, the floating mirror shines,
Reflects each flow'r that on the border grows;
And a new heaven in its fair bosom flows.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE, *the Senate. Lucius, Sempronius, and Senators.*

Sem. ROME still survives in this assembled senate!

Let us remember we are Cato's friends,
And act like men who claim that glorious title.

Luc. Cato will soon be here, and open to us
Th' occasion of our meeting. Hark, he comes!

[*A sound of trumpets.*]

May all the guardian gods of Rome direct him!

Enter Cato.

Cato. Fathers, we once again are met in council;

Cæsar's approach has summon'd us together,
And Rome attends her fate from our resolves.
How shall we treat this bold aspiring man?
Success still follows him, and backs his crimes;
Pharsalia gave him Rome, Egypt has since
Received his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæsar's.
Why should I mention Juba's overthrow,
And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning sands
Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we should decree

What course to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us even Libya's sultry deserts.
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts: are they still fix'd

To hold it out, and fight it to the last?
Or are your hearts subdu'd at length, and wrought

By time, and ill success, to a submission?
Sempronius, speak.

Sem. My voice is still for war.

Gods! can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to choose—slavery or death?
No, let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
And, at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.

Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.

[*help;*]

Rise, fathers, rise! 'tis Rome demands your
Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd citizens,

Or share their fate! The corps of half her senate
Manure the fields of Thessaly; while we
Sit here delib'rating in cold debates,
If we should sacrifice our lives to honor,
Or wear them out in servitude and chains.
Rouse up, for shame! our brothers of Pharsalia
Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—To battle!

[*slow,*]

Great Pompey's shade complains that we are
And Scipio's ghost walks unreveng'd amongst us.

Cato. Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of rea-
True fortitude is seen in great exploits [son:
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides;
All else is tow'ring phrensy and distraction.

Are not the lives of those who draw the sword
In Rome's defence intrusted to our care?
Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter,
Might not th' impartial world with reason say,
We lavish'd at our deaths the blood of thousands,
To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious?
Lucius, we next would know what's your opi-
nion. [on peace.

Luc. My thoughts, I must confess, are turn'd
Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
With widows and with orphans: Scythia mourns
Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions
Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome:
'Tis time to sheathe the sword and spare man-
It is not Cæsar, but the gods, my fathers, [kind.
The gods declare against us, and repel
Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle
(Prompted by blind revenge and wild despair)
Were to refuse th' awards of Providence,
And not to rest in Heaven's determination.
Already have we shown our love to Rome,
Now let us show submission to the gods.
We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,
But free the commonwealth; when this end
fails,

Arms have no farther use. Our country's cause,
That drew our swords, now wrests them from
our hands,

And bids us not delight in Roman blood
Unprofitably shed. What men could do,
Is done already: heaven and earth will witness,
If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

Sem. This smooth discourse, and mild beha-
vior, oft

Conceal a traitor. Something whispers me
All is not right—Cato, beware of Lucius.

[*Aside to Cato.*]

Cato. Let us appear nor rash nor diffident;
Immoderate valor swells into a fault;
And fear admitted into public councils,
Betrays like treason. Let us shun them both.
Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs
Are grown thus desperate; we have bulwarks
round us;

Within our walls are troops inur'd to toil
In Afric's heat, and season'd to the sun;
Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to rise at its young prince's call.

While there is hope, do not distrust the gods;
 But wait at least till Cæsar's near approach
 Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
 To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.
 Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time?
 No: let us draw her term of freedom out
 In its full length, and spin it to the last,
 So shall we gain still one day's liberty:
 And let me perish, but in Cato's judgment,
 A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty
 Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Enter Marcus.

Mar. Fathers, this moment, as I watch'd
 the gate,
 Lodg'd in my post, a herald is arriv'd [*Decius*,
 From Cæsar's camp, and with him comes old
 The Roman knight; he carries in his looks
 Impatience, and demands to speak with Cato.

Cato. By your permission, fathers—bid him
 enter. [*Exit Marcus.*
Decius was once my friend; but other pro-
 spect[s] [*Cæsar*.
 Have loos'd those ties, and bound him fast to
 His message may determine our resolves.

Enter Decius.

Dec. Cæsar sends health to Cato——

Cato. Could he send it
 To Cato's slaughter'd friends, it would be wel-
 come.

Are not your orders to address the senate?

Dec. My business is with Cato; Cæsar sees
 The straits to which you're driven; and, as he
 knows

Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

Cato. My life is grafted on the fate of Rome.
 Would he save Cato, bid him spare his country.
 Tell your dictator this; and tell him, Cato
 Disdains a life which he has power to offer.

Dec. Rome and her senators submit to
 Cæsar;

Her gen'als and her consuls are no more,
 Who check'd his conquests, and denied his tri-
 umphs:

Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's friend?

Cato. Those very reasons thou hast urg'd,
 forbid it.

Dec. Cato, I've orders to expostulate,
 And reason with you, as from friend to friend:
 Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,
 And threatens ev'ry hour to burst upon it.
 Still may you stand high in your country's ho-
 nors; [*Cæsar*,

Do but comply, and make your peace with
 Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on Cato,
 As on the second of mankind.

Cato. No more:

I must not think on life on such conditions.

Dec. Cæsar is well acquainted with your
 virtues,

And therefore sets this value on your life.

Let him but know the price of Cato's friend-
 And name your terms. [*ship*,

Cato. Bid him disband his legions,
 Restore the commonwealth to liberty,
 Submit his actions to the public censure,
 And stand the judgment of a Roman senate.
 Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

Dec. Cato, the world talks loudly of your
 wisdom—— [*employ'd*

Cato. Nay more—tho' Cato's voice was ne'er
 To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes,
 Myself will mount the rostrum in his favor,
 And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

Dec. A style like this becomes a conqueror.

Cato. Decius, a style like this becomes a
 Roman.

Dec. What is a Roman that is Cæsar's foe?

Cato. Greater than Cæsar: he's a friend to
 virtue.

Dec. Consider, Cato, you're in Utica,
 And at the head of your own little senate;
 You don't now thunder in the capitol,
 With all the mouths of Rome to second you.

Cato. Let him consider that, who drives us
 hither; [*little*,
 'Tis Cæsar's sword has made Rome's senate
 And thinn'd its ranks. Alas! thy dazzled eye
 Beholds this man in a false glaring light,
 Which conquest and success have thrown upon
 him; [*him black*
 Didst thou but view him right, thou'dst see
 With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes
 That strike my soul with horror but to name
 them.

I know thou look'st on me, as on a wretch
 Beset with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes;
 But, by the gods I swear, millions of worlds
 Should never buy me to be like that Cæsar.

Dec. Does Cato send this answer back to
 Cæsar [*ship?*

For all his gen'rous cares and proffer'd friend-

Cato. His cares for me are insolent and vain:
 Presumptuous man! the gods take care of Cato.
 Would Cæsar show the greatness of his soul,
 Bid him employ his care for these my friends,
 And make good use of his ill-gotten pow'r,
 By shelt'ring men much better than himself.

Dec. Your high unconquer'd heart makes
 you forget

You are a man; you rush on your destruction.
 But I have done. When I relate hereafter
 The tale of this unhappy embassy,
 All Rome will be in tears. [*Exit Decius.*

Sem. Cato, we thank thee.

The mighty genius of immortal Rome
 Speaks in thy voice; thy soul breathes liberty.
 Cæsar will shrink to hear the words thou ut-
 ter'st,

And shudder in the midst of all his conquests.

Luc. The senate owns its gratitude to Cato,
 Who with so great a soul consults its safety,
 And guards our lives while he neglects his own.

Sem. Sempronius gives no thanks on this
 account.

Lucius seems fond of life; but what is life?

'Tis not to stalk about, and draw fresh air

From time to time, or gaze upon the sun :
'Tis to be free. When liberty is gone,
Life grows insipid, and has lost its relish.
O, could my dying hand but lodge a sword
In Cæsar's bosom, and revenge my country!
By heavens, I could enjoy the pangs of death,
And smile in agony.

Luc. Others, perhaps,
May serve their country with as warm a zeal,
Though 'tis not kindled into such a rage.

Sem. This sober conduct is a mighty virtue
In lukewarm patriots.

Cato. Come; no more, Sempronius :
All here are friends to Rome, and to each other.
Let us not weaken still the weaker side
By our divisions.

Sem. Cato, my resentments
Are sacrific'd to Rome—I stand reprov'd.

Cato. Fathers, 'tis time you come to a resolve.

Luc. Cato, we all go into your opinion :
Cæsar's behaviour has convinc'd the senate
We ought to hold it out till terms arrive.

Sem. We ought to hold it out till death; but,
Cato,

My private voice is drown'd amidst the senate's.

Cato. Then let us rise, my friends, and strive
This little interval, this pause of life, [to fill
(While yet our liberty and fates are doubtful)
With resolution, friendship, Roman bravery,
And all the virtues we can crowd into it;
That Heaven may say it ought to be prolong'd.
Fathers, farewell!—The young Numidian prince
Comes forward, and expects to know our coun-
sels. [Exeunt Senators.

Enter Juba.

Juba, the Roman senate has resolv'd,
Till time gives better prospects, still to keep
The sword unsheath'd, and turn its edge on
Cæsar.

Jub. The resolution fits a Roman senate.
But, Cato, lend me for a while thy patience,
And condescend to hear a young man speak.
My father, when some days before his death
He order'd me to march for Utica,
(Alas, I thought not then his death so near!)
Wept o'er me, press'd me in his aged arms;
And, as his griefs gave way, My son, said he,
Whatever fortune shall befall thy father,
Be Cato's friend; he'll train thee up to great
And virtuous deeds; do but observe him well,
Thou'lt shun misfortunes, or thou'lt learn to
bear them.

Cato. Juba, thy father was a worthy prince,
And merited, alas! a better fate;
But Heaven thought otherwise.

Jub. My father's fate,
In spite of all the fortune that shines
Before my face in Cato's great example,
Subdues my soul, and fills my eyes with tears.

Cato. It is an honest sorrow, and becomes
thee. [climes:

Jub. My father drew respect from foreign
The kings of Afric sought him for their friend:

Kings far remote, that rule, as fame reports,
Behind the hidden sources of the Nile,
In distant worlds, on t' other side the sun;
Oft have their black ambassadors appear'd,
Loaden with gifts, and fill'd the courts of
Zama. [ness.

Cato. I am no stranger to thy father's great-

Jub. I would not boast the greatness of my
But point out new alliances to Cato. [father,
Have we not better leave this Utica,
To arm Numidia in our cause, and court
Th' assistance of my father's powerful friends?
Did they know Cato, our remotest kings
Would pour embattled multitudes about him :
Their swarthy hosts would darken all our
plains,

Doubling the native horror of the war,
And making death more grim.

Cato. And canst thou think
Cato will fly before the sword of Cæsar?
Reduc'd, like Hannibal, to seek relief
From court to court, and wander up and down
A vagabond in Afric?

Jub. Cato, perhaps
I'm too officious; but my forward cares
Would fain preserve a life of so much value :
My heart is wounded, when I see such virtue
Afflicted by the weight of such misfortunes.

Cato. Thy nobleness of soul obliges me.
But know, young prince, that valor soars above
What the world calls misfortune and affliction.
These are not ills; else would they never fall
On Heaven's first fav'rites, and the best of men.
The gods, in bounty, work up storms about us,
That give mankind occasion to exert [tice
Their hidden strength, and throw out into prac-
tices virtues which shun the day, and lie conceal'd
In the smooth seasons and the calms of life.

Jub. I'm charm'd whene'er thou talk'st; I
pant for virtue;

And all my soul endeavours at perfection.

Cato. Dost thou love watching, abstinence,
and toil,

Laborious virtues all? Learn them from Cato :
Success and fortune must thou learn from Cæsar.

Jub. The best good fortune that can fall on
Juba,

The whole success at which my heart aspires,
Depends on Cato.

Cato. What does Juba say?
Thy words confound me.

Jub. I would fain retract them.
Give 'em me back again: they aim'd at nothing.

Cato. Tell me thy wish, young prince; make
not my ear

A stranger to thy thoughts.

Jub. O, they're extravagant;
Still let me hide them.

Cato. What can Juba ask
That Cato will refuse?

Jub. I fear to name it:
Marcia—inherits all her father's virtues.

Cato. What wouldst thou say?

Jub. Cato, thou hast a daughter.

Cato. Adieu, young prince. I would not hear a word
Should lessen thee in my esteem. Remember
The hand of fate is over us, and Heaven
Exacts severity from all our thoughts.
It is not now a time to talk of aught
But chains, or conquest; liberty, or death.

[Exit.]

Enter Syphax.

Sy. How's this, my prince? What, cover'd with confusion?

You look as if yon stern philosopher
Had just now chid you.

Jub. Syphax, I'm undone.

Sy. I know it well.

Jub. Cato thinks meanly of me.

Sy. And so will all mankind.

Jub. I've open'd to him

The weakness of my soul, my love for Marcia.

Sy. Cato's a proper person to intrust
A love-tale with!

Jub. O, I could pierce my heart,
My foolish heart. Was ever wretch like Juba?

Sy. Alas, my prince, how are you chang'd
of late!

I've known young Juba rise before the sun,
To beat the thicket where the tiger slept,
Or seek the lion in his dreadful haunts:
How did the color mount into your cheeks,
When first you rous'd him to the chase! I've
seen you,

E'en in the Libyan dog-days, hunt him down,
Then charge him close, provoke him to the
rage

Of fangs and claws, and stooping from your
Rivet the panting savage to the ground.

Jub. Prythee, no more.

Sy. How would the old king smile
To see you weigh the paws when tipp'd with
gold,

And throw the shaggy spoils about your shoul-
Jub. Syphax, this old man's talk, though
honey flow'd

In ev'ry word, would now lose all its sweetness.
Cato's displeas'd, and Marcia lost for ever.

Sy. Young prince, I yet could give you
good advice,

Marcia might still be yours.

Jub. What say'st thou, Syphax?

By heavens, thou turn'st me all into attention.

Sy. Marcia might still be yours.

Jub. As how, dear Syphax?

Sy. Juba commands Numidia's hardy troops,
Mounted on steeds unus'd to the restraint
Of curbs or bits, and fleetier than the winds.

Give but the word, we'll snatch this damsel up,
And bear her off.

Jub. Can such dishonest thoughts
Rise up in man? Wouldst thou seduce my youth
To do an act that would destroy my honor?

Sy. Gods, I could tear my hair to hear you
Honor's a fine imaginary notion
That draws in raw and unexperienc'd men

To real mischiefs, while they hunt a shadow.

Jub. Wouldst thou degrade thy prince into a
ruffian?

Sy. The boasted ancestors of these great men,
Whose virtues you admire, were all such ruf-
fians.

This dread of nations, this almighty Rome,
That comprehends in her wide empire's bounds
All under heaven, was founded on a rape;
Your Scipios, Cæsars, Pompeys, and your Catos
(The gods on earth), are all the spurious brood
Of violated maids, of ravish'd Sabines.

Jub. Syphax, I fear that hoary head of thine
Abounds too much in our Numidian wiles.

Sy. Indeed, my prince, you want to know
the world.

You have not read mankind; your youth ad-
The throes and swellings of a Roman soul,
Cato's bold flights, th' extravagance of virtue.

Jub. If knowledge of the world makes man
perfidious,

May Juba ever live in ignorance!

Sy. Go, go; you're young.

Jub. Gods, must I tamely bear
This arrogance unanswer'd? Thou'rt a traitor,
A false old traitor.

Sy. I have gone too far.

Jub. Cato shall know the baseness of thy
soul.

Sy. I must appease this storm, or perish in it.

Young prince, behold these locks, that are
grown white

Beneath a helmet in your father's battles.

Jub. Those locks shall ne'er protect thy in-
solence.

Sy. Must one rash word, th' infirmity of age,
Throw down the merit of my better years?

This the reward of a whole life of service!

—Curse on the boy, how steadily he hears me!

Jub. Is it because the throne of my forefa-
thers

Still stands unfill'd, and that Numidia's crown
Hangs doubtful yet whose head it shall enclose,
Thou thus presum'st to treat thy prince with
scorn?

Sy. Why will you rive my heart with such
Does not old Syphax follow you to war? [darts
What are his aims? Why does he load with
His trembling hand, and crush beneath a casque
His wrinkled brows? What is it he aspires to?
Is it not this: to shed the slow remains,
His last poor ebb of blood in your defence?

Jub. Syphax, no more: I would not hear you
talk.

Sy. Not hear me talk! what, when my faith
My royal master's son, is call'd in question?
My prince may strike me dead, and I'll be
dumb;

But whilst I live I must not hold my tongue,
And languish out old age in his displeasure.

Jub. Thou know'st the way too well into my
I do believe thee loyal to thy prince.

Sy. What greater instance can I give? I've offer'd

To do an action which my soul abhors,
And gain you whom you love at any price.

Jub. Was this thy motive? I've been too hasty. [traitor.

Sy. And 'tis for this my prince has call'd me

Jub. Sure thou mistak'st: I did not call thee so. [me traitor;

Sy. You did indeed, my prince, you call'd me
Nay, further, threaten'd you'd complain to Cato. [Cato?

Of what, my prince, would you complain to
That Syphax loves you, and would sacrifice
His life, nay more, his honor, in your service?

Jub. Syphax, I know thou lov'st me; but indeed

Thy zeal for Juba carried thee too far.
Honor's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That aids and strengthens virtue where it meets her,

And imitates her actions where she is not:
It ought not to be sported with.

Sy. By heavens,
I'm ravish'd when you talk thus, though you chide me!

Alas! I've hitherto been us'd to think
A blind officious zeal to serve my king
The ruling principle, that ought to burn
And quench all others in a subject's heart.
Happy the people who preserve their honor
By the same duties that oblige their prince!

Jub. Syphax, thou now beginn'st to speak thyself.

Numidia's grown a scorn among the nations,
For breach of public vows. Our Punic faith
Is infamous, and branded to a proverb.

Syphax, we'll join our cares, to purge away
Our country's crimes, and clear her reputation.

Sy. Believe me, prince, you make old Syphax weep

To hear you talk—but 'tis with tears of joy.
If e'er your father's crown adorn your brows,
Numidia will be blest by Cato's lectures.

Jub. Syphax, thy hand; we'll mutually forget

The warmth of youth, and frowardness of age:
Thy prince esteems thy worth, and loves thy person.

If e'er the sceptre comes into my hand,
Syphax shall stand the second in my kingdom.

Sy. Why will you overwhelm my age with kindness?

My joy grows burthensome, I shan't support it.

Jub. Syphax, farewell. I'll hence, and try to find

Some blest occasion that may set me right
In Cato's thoughts. I'd rather have that man
Approve my deeds, than worlds for my admirers. [Exit.

Sy. Young men soon give, and soon forget affronts:

Old age is slow in both—A false old traitor!—

These words, rash boy, may chance to cost thee dear. [thee:

My heart had still some foolish fondness for
But hence! 'tis gone: I give it to the winds:
Cæsar, I am wholly thine.

Enter Sempronius.

All hail, Sempronius!

Well, Cato's senate is resolv'd to wait

The fury of a siege before it yields.

Sem. Syphax, we both were on the verge of fate! [offer'd

Lucius declar'd for peace, and terms were
To Cato, by a messenger from Cæsar.

Should they submit ere our designs are ripe,
We both must perish in the common wreck,
Lost in the gen'ral undistinguish'd ruin.

Sy. But how stands Cato?

Sem. Thou hast seen mount Atlas:

While storms and tempests thunder on its
brows,

And oceans break their billows at its feet,
It stands unmov'd, and glories in its height:
Such is that haughty man; his tow'ring soul,
'Midst all the shocks and injuries of fortune,
Rises superior, and looks down on Cæsar.

Sy. But what's this messenger?

Sem. I've practis'd with him,

And found a means to let the victor know
That Syphax and Sempronius are his friends:
But let me now examine in my turn:
Is Juba fix'd?

Sy. Yes—but it is to Cato:

I've tried the force of every reason on him,
Sooth'd and caress'd; been angry, sooth'd again;
Laid safety, life, and int'rest in his sight.
But all are vain, he scorns them all for Cato.

Sem. Come, 'tis no matter; we shall do
without him.

He'll make a pretty figure in a triumph,
And serve to trip before the victor's chariot.
Syphax, I now may hope thou hast forsook
Thy Juba's cause, and wishest Marcia mine.

Sy. May she be thine as fast as thou wouldst
have her! [curse

Sem. Syphax, I love that woman; though I
Her and myself, yet, spite of me, I love her.

Sy. Make Cato sure, and give up Utica,
Cæsar will ne'er refuse thee such a trifle.
But are thy troops prepar'd for a revolt?
Does the sedition catch from man to man,
And run among their ranks?

Sem. All, all is ready.

The factious leaders are our friends, that spread
Murmurs and discontents among the soldiers;
They count their toilsome marches, long fa-
tigues,

Unusual fastings, and will bear no more
This medley of philosophy and war.

Within an hour they'll storm the senate-house.

Sy. Meanwhile I'll draw up my Numidian
troops

Within the square, to exercise their arms,
And, as I see occasion, favor thee.

I laugh to think how your unshaken Cato
Will look aghast, while unforeseen destruction
Pours in upon him thus from every side.

So where our wide Numidian wastes extend,
Sudden, th' impetuous hurricanes descend,
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains
away.

The helpless traveller, with wild surprise,
Sees the dry desert all around him rise,
And, smother'd in the dusty whirlwind, dies.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

Enter Marcus and Portius.

Marc. THANKS to my stars, I have not
rang'd about

The wilds of life, ere I could find a friend:
Nature first pointed out my Portius to me,
And early taught me, by her sacred force,
To love thy person ere I knew thy merit,
Till what was instinct grew up into friendship.

Por. Marcus, the friendships of the world
are oft

Confed'racies in vice, or leagues of pleasure;
Ours has severest virtue for its basis,
And such a friendship ends not but with life.

Marc. Portius, thou know'st my soul in all
its weakness,

Then pr'ythee spare me on its tender side.
Indulge me but in love, my other passions
Shall rise and fall by virtue's nicest rules.

Por. When love 's well-tim'd, 'tis not a fault
to love.

The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wise,
Sink in the soft captivity together.

I would not urge thee to dismiss thy passion,
(I know 'twere vain), but to suppress its force,
Till better times may make it look more graceful.
[*felt*]

Marc. Alas! thou talk'st like one who never
Th' impatient throbs and longings of a soul
That pants and reaches after distant good.

A lover does not live by vulgar time:
Believe me, Portius, in my Lucia's absence
Life hangs upon me, and becomes a burden;
And yet, when I behold the charming maid,
I'm ten times more undone; while hope and
fear,

And grief, and rage, and love, rise up at once,
And with variety of pain distract me.

Por. What can thy Portius do to give thee
help? [presence;]

Marc. Portius, thou oft enjoy'st the fair one's
Then undertake my cause, and plead it to her
With all the strength and heat of eloquence
Fraternal love and friendship can inspire.

Tell her thy brother languishes to death,
And fades away, and withers in his bloom;
That he forgets his sleep, and loathes his food;
That youth, and health, and war, are joyless to
him:

Describe his anxious days and restless nights,

And all the torments that thou seest me suffer.

Por. Marcus, I beg thee, give me not an
office [temper.]

That suits with me so ill. Thou know'st my
Marc. Wilt thou behold me sinking in my
woes,

And wilt thou not reach out a friendly arm,
To raise me from amidst this plunge of sorrows?

Por. Marcus, thou canst not ask what I'd
refuse.

But here, believe me, I've a thousand reasons—
Marc. I know thou 'lt say my passion's out
of season,

That Cato's great example and misfortunes
Should both conspire to drive it from my
thoughts.

But what 's all this to one that loves like me?
O Portius, Portius, from my soul I wish

Thou didst but know thyself what 'tis to love!
Then wouldst thou pity and assist thy brother.

Por. Wouldst should I do? If I disclose my
passion,

Our friendship 's at an end; if I conceal it,
The world will call me false to a friend and
brother. [*Aside.*]

Marc. But see where Lucia, at her wonted
Amid the cool of yon high marble arch, [hour,
Enjoys the noon-day breeze! Observe her, Por-
tius; [of beauty!]

That face, that shape, those eyes, that heaven
Observe her well and blame me if thou canst.

Por. She sees us, and advances—

Marc. I'll withdraw,
And leave you for a while. Remember, Portius,
Thy brother's life depends upon thy tongue.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Lucia.

Luc. Did not I see your brother Marcus here?
Why did he fly the place and shun my pre-
sence?

Por. O Lucia! language is too faint to show
His rage of love; it preys upon his life;
He pines, he sickens, he despairs, he dies:
His passions and his virtues lie confus'd,
And mixt together in so wild a tumult,
That the whole man is quite disfigured in him.
Heavens! would one think 'twere possible for
To make such ravages in a noble soul? [love
O Lucia! I'm distrest; my heart bleeds for him:
Ev'n now, while thus I stand blest in thy pre-
sence,

A secret damp of grief comes o'er my thoughts,
And I'm unhappy, tho' thou smil'st upon me.

Luc. How wilt thou guard thy honor in the
shock [Portius,

Of love and friendship? Think betimes, my
Think how the nuptial tie, that might ensure
Our mutual bliss, would raise to such a height
Thy brother's griefs, as might perhaps destroy
him. [think, my Lucia?]

Por. Alas, poor youth! what dost thou
His gen'rous, open, undesigning heart
Has begg'd his rival to solicit for him:

Then do not strike him dead with a denial ;
But hold him up in life, and cheer his soul
With the faint glimm'ring of a doubtful hope:
Perhaps when we have passed those gloomy
hours, [us—

And weather'd out the storm that beats about

Luc. No, Portius, no : I see thy sister's tears,
Thy father's anguish, and thy brother's death,
In the pursuit of our ill-fated loves :

And, Portius, here I swear, to heaven I swear,
To heaven and all the powers that judge man-
kind,

Never to mix my plighted hands with thine,
While such a cloud of mischiefs hang about us,
But to forget our loves, and drive thee out
From all my thoughts as far—as I am able.

Por. What hast thou said? I'm thunder-
struck—recall

Those hasty words, or I am lost for ever.

Luc. Has not the vow already pass'd my lips?
The gods have heard it and 'tis seal'd in heaven.
May all the vengeance that was ever pour'd
On perjurd heads o'erwhelm me if I break it!

Por. Fix'd in astonishment, I gaze upon thee,
Like one just blasted by a stroke from heaven,
Who pants for breath, and stiffens, yet alive,
In dreadful looks; a monument of wrath!

Luc. At length I've acted my severest part:
I feel the woman breaking in upon me,
And melt about my heart; my tears will flow.
But O! I'll think no more! the hand of fate
Has torn thee from me, and I must forget thee.

Por. Hard-hearted, cruel maid!

Luc. O stop those sounds, [upon me?
Those killing sounds! Why dost thou frown
My blood runs cold, my heart forgets to heave,
And life itself goes out at thy displeasure.
The gods forbid us to indulge our loves;
But O! I cannot bear thy hate and live.

Por. Talk not of love, thou never knew'st its
I've been deluded, led into a dream [force.
Of fancied bliss. O Lucia, cruel maid!
Thy dreadful vow, loaden with death, still sounds
In my stunn'd ears. What shall I say or do?
Quick let us part! Perdition's in thy presence,
And horror dwells about thee!—Ha! she faints!
Wretch that I am, what has my rashness done!
Lucia, thou injur'd innocence! thou best
And loveliest of thy sex! awake, my Lucia,
Or Portius rushes on his sword to join thee.
—Her imprecations reach not to the tomb,
They shut not out society in death—
But, ah! she moves, life wanders up and down
Through all her face, and lights up ev'ry charm.

Luc. O Portius, was this well—to frown on
her

That lives upon thy smiles? to call in doubt
The faith of one expiring at thy feet,
That loves thee more than ever woman lov'd?
—What do I say? My half-recover'd sense
Forgets the vow in which my soul is bound.
Destruction stands betwixt us; we must part.

Por. Name not the word; my frightened
thoughts run back,

And startle into madness at the sound.

Luc. What wouldst thou have me do? Con-
sider well

The train of ills our love would draw behind it.
Think, Portius, think thou seest thy dying bro-
ther [blood,

Stabb'd at his heart, and all besmear'd with
Storming at heaven and thee! Thy awful sire
Sternly demands the cause, th' accursed cause,
That robs him of his son: poor Marcia trem-
bles,

Then tears her hair, and, frantic in her griefs,
Calls out on Lucia. What could Lucia answer,
Or how stand up in such a scene of sorrow?

Por. To my confusion, and eternal grief,
I must approve the sentence that destroys me.
The mist that hung about my mind clears up;
And now, athwart the terrors that thy vow
Has planted round thee, thou appear'st more
More amiable, and risest in thy charms. [fair,
Loveliest of women! Heaven is in thy soul;
Beauty and virtue shine for ever round thee,
Brightening each other! Thou art all divine.

Luc. Portius, no more; thy words shoot
through my heart,

Melt my resolves, and turn me all to love.

Why are those tears of fondness in thy eyes?

Why heaves thy heart? why swells thy soul
with sorrow?

It softens me too much—farewell, my Portius;
Farewell, though death is in the word—for ever!

Por. Stay, Lucia, stay! What dost thou say?
For ever? [success

Luc. Have I not sworn? If, Portius, thy
Must throw thy brother on his fate, farewell—
O, how shall I repeat the word, for ever!

Por. Thus o'er the dying lamp th' unsteady
flame

Hangs quivering on the point, leaps off by fits,
And falls again, as loath to quit its hold.

—Thou must not go! my soul still hovers o'er
And can't let loose. [thee,

Luc. If the firm Portius shakes

To hear of parting, think what Lucia suffers!

Por. 'Tis true, unruffled and serene I've met
The common accidents of life; but here
Such an unlook'd-for storm of ills falls on me,
It beats down all my strength. I cannot bear it.
We must not part.

Luc. What dost thou say? not part!

Hast thou forgot the vow that I have made?

Are there not heavens, and gods, that thunder
o'er us?

—But see, thy brother Marcus bends this way;
I sicken at the sight. Once more farewell;
Farewell, and know thou wrong'st me if thou
think'st

Ever was love, or ever grief, like mine!

[Exit Lucia.

Enter Marcus.

Marc. Portius, what hopes? How stands
she? Am I doom'd
To life or death?

Por. What wouldst thou have me say?

Marc. What means this pensive posture?
Thou appear'st

Like one amaz'd and terrified.

Por. I've reason. [dered thoughts]

Marc. Thy down-cast looks and thy disorder—
Tell me my fate. I ask not the success
My cause has found.

Por. I'm griev'd I undertook it. [my heart,
Marc. What! does the barbarous maid insult
My aching heart, and triumph in my pains?
That I could cast her from my thoughts for
ever! [griefs;

Por. Away, you're too suspicious in your
Lucia, though sworn never to think of love,
Compassionates your pains, and pities you.

Marc. Compassionates my pains, and pities
me!

What is compassion, when 'tis void of love?
Fool that I was to choose so cold a friend
To urge my cause!—Compassionates my pains!
Pr'ythee, what art, what rhet'ric didst thou use
To gain this mighty boon?—She pities me!
To one that asks the warm return of love,
Compassion's cruelty, 'tis scorn, 'tis death—

Por. Marcus, no more; have I deserv'd this
treatment?

Marc. What have I said? O Portius, O for—
A soul exasperate in ills falls out [give me!
With ev'ry thing, its friend, itself—but ha!
What means that shout, big with the sounds of
What new alarms? [war?

Por. A second, louder yet, [us.
Swells in the winds, and comes more full upon

Marc. O, for some glorious cause to fall in
battle!

Lucia, thou hast undone me; thy disdain
Has broke my heart: 'tis death must give me
ease.

Por. Quick, let us hence. Who knows if
Cato's life

Stands sure? O Marcus, I am warm'd, my heart
Leaps at the trumpet's voice, and burns for
glory. [Exeunt.

*Enter Sempronius with the Leaders of the
Mutiny.*

Sem. At length the winds are rais'd, the
storm blows high:

Be it your care, my friends, to keep it up
In its full fury and direct it right,
Till it has spent itself on Cato's head.
Meanwhile I'll herd among his friends, and
seem

One of the number, that whate'er arrive,
My friends and fellow-soldiers may be safe. [Exit.

1st Leader. We are all safe, Sempronius is
our friend.

Sempronius is as brave a man as Cato.
But hark! he enters. Bear up boldly to him;
Be sure you beat him down and bind him fast.
This day will end our toils and give us rest;
Fear nothing, for Sempronius is our friend.

*Re-enter Sempronius, with Cato, Lucius, Portius,
and Marcus.*

Cato. Where are these bold intrepid sons of
war

That greatly turn their backs upon the foe,
And to their general send a brave defiance?

Sem. Curse on their dastard souls, they stand
astonish'd. [Aside.

Cato. Perfidious men! and will you thus
dishonor

Your past exploits, and sully all your wars?
Do you confess 'twas not a zeal for Rome,
Nor love of liberty, nor thirst of honor,
Drew you thus far; but hopes to share the spoil
Of conquer'd towns, and plunder'd provinces?
Fir'd with such motives, you do well to join
With Cato's foes, and follow Cæsar's banners.
Why did I 'scape th' envenom'd asp's rage,
And all the fiery monsters of the desert,
To see this day? Why could not Cato fall
Without your guilt? Behold, ungrateful men,
Behold my bosom naked to your swords,
And let the man that's injur'd strike the blow.
Which of you all suspects that he is wrong'd,
Or thinks he suffers greater ills than Cato?
Am I distinguish'd from you but by toils,
Superior toils, and heavier weight of cares?
Painful pre-eminence!

Sem. By heavens they droop!
Confusion to the villains; all is lost. [Aside.

Cato. Have you forgotten Libya's burning
waste, [sand,
Its barren rocks, parch'd earth, and hills of
Its tainted air, and all its broods of poison?
Who was the first to explore th' untrodden path,
When life was hazarded in every step?
Or, fainting in the long laborious march,
When on the banks of an unlook'd-for stream
You sunk the river with repeated draughts,
Who was the last in all your host that thirsted?

Sem. If some penurious source by chance
appear'd,

Scanty of waters, when you scoop'd it dry,
And offered the full helmet up to Cato,
Did he not dash th' untasted moisture from him?
Did he not lead you through the mid-day sun,
And clouds of dust? Did not his temples glow,
In the same sultry winds, and scorching heats?

Cato. Hence, worthless men! hence! and
complain to Cæsar,

You could not undergo the toil of war,
Nor bear the hardships that your leaders bore.

Luc. See, Cato, see the unhappy men; they
weep!

Fear and remorse and sorrow for their crime
Appear in ev'ry look, and plead for mercy.

Cato. Learn to be honest men, give up your
leaders,

And pardon shall descend on all the rest.

Sem. Cato, commit these wretches to my
care:

First let 'em each be broken on the rack;
Then with what life remains, unpal'd, and left

To writhe at leisure round the bloody stake ;
There let 'em hang, and taint the southern
wind. [ence,

The partners of their crime will learn obedi-
When they look up and see their fellow traitors
Stuck on a fork, and black'ning in the sun.

Luc. Sempronius, why, why wilt thou urge
Of wretched men ? [the fate

Sem. How ! wouldst thou clear rebellion ?

Lucius (good man) pities the poor offenders
That would imbrue their hands in Cato's blood.

Cato. Forbear, Sempronius !—see they suffer
death,

But in their deaths remember they are men :
Strain not the laws to make their tortures grie-
vous.

Lucius, the base degenerate age requires
Severity and justice in its rigor :

This awes an impious, bold, offending world,
Commands obedience, and gives force to laws.

When by just vengeance guilty mortals perish,
The gods behold their punishment with plea-
And lay th' uplifted thunderbolt aside. [sure,

Sem. Cato I execute thy will with pleasure.

Cato. Meanwhile we'll sacrifice to liberty.
Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,

The gen'rous plan of pow'r deliver'd down,
From age to age, by your renown'd forefathers,

(So dearly bought, the price of so much blood :)
O let it never perish in your hands !

But piously transmit it to your children.
Do thou, great Liberty, inspire our souls,

And make our lives in thy possession happy,
Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence.

[*Exeunt Cato, &c.*

1st Leader. Sempronius, you have acted
like yourself,

One would have thought you had been half in
earnest.

Sem. Villain, stand off ! base grov'ling
worthless wretches,

Mongrels in faction, poor faint-hearted traitors !

2d. Lead. Nay, now you carry it too far,
Sempronius ; [friends.

Throw off the mask, there are none here but

Sem. Know, villains, when such paltry
slaves presume

To mix in treason, if the plot succeeds,
They're thrown neglected by : but if it fails,

They're sure to die like dogs as you shall do.
Here, take these factious monsters, drag 'em

To sudden death. [forth

1st. Lead. Nay, since it comes to this—

Sem. Dispatch 'em quick ! but first pluck
out their tongues,

Lest with their dying breath they sow sedition.
[*Exeunt Guards, with the leaders.*

Enter Syphax.

Sy. Our first design, my friend, has prov'd
abortive :

Still there remains an after game to play :
My troops are mounted ; their Numidian steeds

Snuff up the wind and long to scour the desert :

Let but Sempronius head us in our flight,
We'll force the gate where Marcus keeps his
guard, [sage.

And hew down all that would oppose our pas-
A day will bring us into Cæsar's camp.

Sem. Confusion ! I have fail'd of half my
purpose.

Marcia, the charming Marcia's left behind !

Sy. How ! will Sempronius turn a woman's
slave ? [soft

Sem. Think not thy friend can ever feel the
Unmanly warmth and tenderness of love.

Syphax, I long to clasp that haughty maid,
And bend her stubborn virtue to my passion :

When I have gone thus far, I'd cast her off.
Sy. Well said ! that's spoken like thyself,

Sempronius.

What hinders, then, but that thou find her out,
And hurry her away by manly force ?

Sem. But how to gain admission ? For access
Is given to none but Juba, and her brothers.

Sy. Thou shalt have Juba's dress, and Juba's
guards ;

The doors will open when Numidia's prince
Seems to appear before the slaves that watch
them.

Sem. Heavens, what a thought is there !
Marcia's my own !

How will my bosom swell with anxious joy,
When I behold her struggling in my arms,

With glowing beauty and disorder'd charms,
While fear and anger, with alternate grace,

Pant in her breast and vary in her face !
So Pluto, seiz'd of Proserpine, convey'd

To hell's tremendous gloom th'affrighted maid,
There grimly smil'd, pleas'd with the beauteous
prize,

Nor envied Jove his sunshine and his skies.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Lucia and Marcia.

Luc. Now tell me, Marcia, tell me from
thy soul,

If thou believ'st 'tis possible for woman
To suffer greater ills than Lucia suffers ?

Mar. O Lucia, Lucia ! might my big-swoln
heart

Vent all its griefs, and give a loose to sorrow,
Marcia could answer thee in sighs, keep pace

With all thy woes, and count out tear for tear.
Luc. I know thou art doom'd alike to be

belov'd
By Juba, and thy father's friend Sempronius ;
But which of these has power to charm like

Portius ?
Mar. Still I must beg thee not to name
Sempronius ;

Lucia, I like not that loud boist'rous man ;
Juba to all the brav'ry of a hero [ness ;

Adds softest love and more than female sweet-
Juba might make the proudest of our sex,

Any of womankind, but Marcia, happy.

Luc. And why not Marcia? Come, you strive in vain [too well
To hide your thoughts from one who knows
The inward glowings of a heart in love.

Mar. While Cato lives, his daughter has no right
To love or hate, but as his choice directs.

Luc. But should this father give you to Sempronius?

Mar. I dare not think he will: but if he should—

Why wilt thou add to all the griefs I suffer
Imaginary ills, and fancied tortures?
I hear the sound of feet! they march this way!
Let us retire, and try if we can drown
Each softer thought in sense of present danger:
When love once pleads admission to our hearts,
(In spite of all the virtue we can boast)
The woman that deliberates is lost. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sempronius, dressed like Juba, with Numidian Guards.

Sem. The deer is lodg'd, I've track'd her to her covert.

Be sure you mind the word, and when I give
Rush in at once, and seize upon your prey. [it,
Let not her cries or tears have force to move you.

—How will the young Numidian rave to see
His mistress lost! If aught could glad my soul
Beyond the enjoyment of so bright a prize,
'Twould be to torture that young gay barbarian.
But hark, what noise! Death to my hopes!
'tis he,

'Tis Juba's self! there is but one way left—
He must be murder'd, and a passage cut
Through those his guard—Hah, dastards, do you tremble!
Or act like men, or by yon azure heaven—

Enter Juba.

Juba. What do I see? Who's this, that dares usurp

The guards and habit of Numidia's prince?

Sem. One who was born to scourge thy arrogance,
Presumptuous youth.

Jub. What can this mean, Sempronius?

Sem. My sword shall answer thee. Have at thy heart!

Jub. Nay, then beware thy own, proud barbarous man!

[*They fight, Sem. falls; his guards surrender.*]

Sem. Curse on my stars! am I then doom'd
By a boy's hand, disfigured in a vile [to fall
Numidian dress, and for a worthless woman?
Gods, I'm distracted! this my close of life!
O, for a peal of thunder that would make
Earth, sea, and air, and heaven, and Cato tremble. [*Dies.*

Jub. With what a spring his furious soul
broke loose, [ground!
And left the limbs still quivering on the
Hence let us carry off those slaves to Cato,

That we may there at length unravel all
This dark design, this mystery of fate.
[*Exit Juba, with Prisoners, &c.*

Enter Lucia and Marcia.

Luc. Sure 'twas the clash of swords; my troubled heart

Is so cast down, and sunk amidst its sorrows,
It throbs with fear, and aches at every sound.
O Marcia, should thy brothers for my sake!—
I die away with horror at the thought.

Mar. See, Lucia, see! here's blood! here's blood and murder!

Ha! a Numidian! Heaven preserve the prince!
The face lies muffled up within the garment,
But ah! death to my sight! a diadem,
And royal robes! O gods! 'tis he, 'tis he;
Juba, the loveliest youth that ever warm'd
A virgin's heart, Juba lies dead before us!

Luc. Now, Marcia, call up to thy assistance
Thy wonted strength and constancy of mind;
Thou canst not put it to a greater trial.

Mar. Lucia, look there, and wonder at my patience:

Have I not cause to rave, and beat my breast,
To rend my heart with grief, and run distracted?

Luc. What can I think or say to give thee comfort? [ills;

Mar. Talk not of comfort, 'tis for lighter
Behold a sight that strikes all comfort dead.

Enter Juba, listening.

I will indulge my sorrows, and give way
To all the pangs and fury of despair;
That man, that best of men, deserv'd it from me.

Jub. (Aside.) What do I hear? and was the false Sempronius
That best of men? O, had I fallen like him,
And could have thus been mourn'd, I had been happy. [woes,

Luc. Here will I stand companion in thy
And help thee with my tears; when I behold
A loss like thine, I shall forget my own.

Mar. 'Tis not in fate to ease my tortur'd breast.

This empty world, to me a joyless desert,
Has nothing left to make poor Marcia happy.

Jub. I'm on the rack! was he so near her heart? [*Aside.*

Mar. O, he was all made up of love and charms:

Whatever maid could wish or man admire:
Delight of every eye; when he appear'd,
A secret pleasure gladden'd all that saw him;
But when he talk'd, the proudest Roman blush'd
To hear his virtues, and old age grew wise.

Jub. I shall run mad!— [*Aside.*

Mar. O Juba! Juba! Juba!

Jub. What means that voice? did she not call on Juba? [*Aside.*

Mar. Why do I think on what he was! he's dead!

He's dead, and never knew how much I lov'd him.

Lucia, who knows but his poor bleeding heart,
Amidst his agonies, remember'd Marcia,
And the last words he utter'd call'd me cruel!
Alas! he knew not, hapless youth, he knew not

Marcia's whole soul was full of love and Juba!

Jub. Where am I? do I live? am I indeed
What Marcia thinks? All is Elysium round me!

[*Aside.*

Mar. Ye dear remains of the most lov'd of men,

Nor modesty nor virtue here forbids
A last embrace, while thus——

Jub. See, Marcia, see

[*Throwing himself before her.*

The happy Juba lives! He lives to catch
That dear embrace, and to return it too
With mutual warmth and eagerness of love.

Mar. With pleasure and amaze I stand transported!

Sure 'tis a dream! dead and alive at once!
If thou art Juba, who lies there?

Jub. A wretch,
Disguis'd like Juba, on a curst design.
The tale is long, nor have I heard it out:
Thy father knows it all. I could not bear
To leave thee in the neighbourhood of death,
But flew, in all the haste of love, to find thee;
I found thee weeping, and confess this once,
Am wrapt with joy to see my Marcia's tears.

Mar. I've been surpris'd in an unguarded hour,

But must not now go back; the love that lay
Half smother'd in my breast, has broke through all

Its weak restraints, and burns in its full lustre.
I cannot, if I would, conceal it from thee.

Jub. I am lost in ecstasy: and dost thou love,

Thou charming maid?——

Mar. And dost thou live to ask it?

Jub. This, this is life indeed! life worth preserving,

Such life as Juba never felt till now!

Mar. Believe me, prince, before I thought thee dead,

I did not know myself how much I lov'd thee.

Jub. O fortunate mistake!

Mar. O happy Marcia!

Jub. My joy, my best belov'd, my only wish!
How shall I speak the transport of my soul!

Mar. Lucia, thy arm. O, let me rest upon it!
The vital blood that had forsook my heart,
Returns again in such tumultuous tides,
It quite o'ercomes me. Lead to my apartment.—

O prince, I blush to think what I have said,
But fate has wrested the confession from me.
Go on, and prosper in the paths of honor:
Thy virtue will excuse my passion for thee,
And make the gods propitious to our love.

[*Exit Mar. and Luc.*

Jub. I am so blest, I fear 'tis all a dream.
Fortune, thou now hast made amends for all
Thy past unkindness; I absolve my stars.
What though Numidia add her conquer'd towns
And provinces to swell the victor's triumph,
Juba will never at his fate repine:
Let Cæsar have the world, if Marcia's mine.

[*Exit.*

A March at a Distance.

Enter Cato and Lucius.

Luc. I stand astonish'd! What, the bold
Sempronius,
That still broke foremost through the crowd of patriots,

And with a hurricane of zeal transported,
And virtuous even to madness——

Cato. Trust me, Lucius,
Our civil discords have produc'd such crimes,
Such monstrous crimes, I am surpris'd at nothing.

—O Lucius, I am sick of this bad world!
The daylight and the sun grow painful to me.

[*Enter Portius.*

But see where Portius comes: what means this
Why are thy looks thus chang'd? [haste?

Por. My heart is griev'd,
I bring such news as will afflict my father.

Cato. Has Cæsar shed more Roman blood?
Por. Not so.

The traitor Syphax, as within the square
He exercis'd his troops, the signal given,
Flew off at once with his Numidian horse
To the south gate where Marcus holds the watch:

I saw, and call'd to stop him, but in vain:
He toss'd his arm aloft, and proudly told me,
He would not stay and perish like Sempronius.

Cato. Perfidious man! But haste, my son,
and see [Exit *Por.*

Thy brother Marcus acts a Roman's part.
—Lucius, the torrent bears too hard upon me:
Justice gives way to force; the conquer'd world
Is Cæsar's; Cato has no business in it.

Luc. While pride, oppression, and injustice reign,

The world will still demand her Cato's presence.
In pity to mankind submit to Cæsar,
And reconcile thy mighty soul to life.

Cato. Would Lucius have me live to swell
the number

Of Cæsar's slaves, or by a base submission
Give up the cause of Rome, and own a tyrant?

Luc. The victor never will impose on Cato
Ungenerous terms. His enemies confess
The virtues of humanity are Cæsar's.

Cato. Curse on his virtues! they've undone
his country.

Such popular humanity is treason——
But see young Juba; the good youth appears,
Full of the guilt of his perfidious subjects!

Luc. Alas! poor prince! his fate deserves
compassion.

Enter Juba.

Jub. I blush, and am confounded to appear
Before thy presence, Cato.

Cato. What's thy crime?

Jub. I'm a Numidian. [Roman soul.

Cato. And a brave one too. Thou hast a

Jub. Hast thou not heard of my false coun-

Cato. Alas, young prince! [trymen?

Falsehood and fraud shoot up in ev'ry soil,
The product of all climes—Rome has its Cæsars.

Jub. 'Tis generous thus to comfort the dis-
tress'd. [deserv'd.

Cato. 'Tis just to give applause where 'tis
Thy virtue, prince, has stood the test of fortune,
Like purest gold that, tortur'd in the furnace,
Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its
weight. [heart

Jub. What shall I answer thee? My ravish'd
O'erflows with secret joy: I'd rather gain
Thy praise, O Cato, than Numidia's empire.

Enter Portius.

Por. Misfortune on misfortune! grief on grief!
My brother Marcus—

Cato. Hah! what has he done?
Has he forsook his post? Has he given way?
Did he look tamely on, and let 'em pass?

Por. Scarce had I left my father, but I met
him

Borne on the shields of his surviving soldiers,
Breathless and pale, and cover'd o'er with
wounds.

Long at the head of his few faithful friends,
He stood the shock of a whole host of foes,
Till, obstinately brave, and bent on death,
Oppress'd with multitudes he greatly fell.

Cato. I'm satisfied!

Por. Nor did he fall before [Syphax.
His sword had pierc'd through the false heart of
Yonder he lies. I saw the hoary traitor
Grin in the pangs of death and bite the ground.

Cato. Thanks to the gods, my boy has done
his duty!

—Portius, when I am dead, be sure you place
His urn near mine.

Por. Long may they keep asunder! [tience;

Luc. O Cato, arm thy soul with all its pa-
See where the corpse of thy dead son approaches!
The citizens and senators, alarm'd,
Have gather'd round it, and attend it weeping.

Cato, meeting the Corpse.

Cato. Welcome, my son! here lay him down,
my friends,
Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure
The bloody corpse, and count those glorious
wounds.

—How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!
Who would not be that youth? What pity is it
That we can die but once to serve our country!
—Why sits this sadness on your brows, my
friends?

I should have blush'd if Cato's house had stood
Secure, and flourish'd in a civil war.

—Portius, behold thy brother, and remember
Thy life is not thy own, when Rome demands it.

Jub. Was ever man like this! [Aside.

Cato. Alas, my friends!

Why mourn you thus? Let not a private loss
Afflict your hearts. 'Tis Rome requires our tears;
The mistress of the world, the seat of empire,
The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods,
That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,
And set the nations free, Rome is no more.
O liberty! O virtue! O my country!

Jub. Behold that upright man! Rome fills
his eyes

With tears that flow'd not o'er his own dead son.
[Aside.

Cato. Whate'er the Roman virtue has sub-
du'd, [Cæsar's;

The sun's whole course, the day and year are
For him the self-devoted Decii died,
The Fabii fell, and the great Scipio's conquer'd;
Even Pompey fought for Cæsar. O my friends!
How is the toil of fate, the work of ages,
The Roman empire, fallen! O curst ambition!
Fallen into Cæsar's hands! Our great fore-
fathers

Had left him nought to conquer but his country.

Jub. While Cato lives, Cæsar will blush to see
Mankind enslav'd, and be asham'd of empire.

Cato. Cæsar asham'd! has he not seen Phar-
salia?

Luc. Cato, 'tis time thou save thyself and us.

Cato. Lose not a thought on me, I'm out of
danger,

Heaven will not leave me in the victor's hand.

Cæsar shall never say he conquer'd Cato.

But, O my friends, your safety fills my heart
With anxious thoughts; a thousand secret terrors
Rise in my soul—How shall I save my friends?
'Tis now, O Cæsar, I begin to fear thee.

Luc. Cæsar has mercy, if we ask it of him.

Cato. Then ask it, I conjure you! let him
know

Whate'er was done against him, Cato did it.
And, if you please, that I request it of him,
That I myself, with tears, request it of him,
The virtue of my friends may pass unpunish'd.
Juba, my heart is troubled for thy sake.
Should I advise thee to regain Numidia,
Or seek the conqueror?

Jub. If I forsake thee

Whilst I have life, may Heaven abandon Juba!

Cato. Thy virtues, prince, if I foresee aright,
Will one day make thee great; at Rome, here-
after,

'Twill be no crime to have been Cato's friend.
Portius, draw near: my son, thou oft hast seen
Thy sire engag'd in a corrupted state,
Wrestling with vice and faction: now thou
seest me

Spent, overpower'd, despairing of success.

Let me advise thee to retreat betimes

To thy paternal seat, the Sabine field,

Where the great Censor toil'd with his own
hands,

And all our frugal ancestors were bless'd,
In humble virtues, and a rural life;
There live retir'd, pray for the peace of Rome,
Content thyself to be obscurely good.
When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honor is a private station.

Por. I hope my father does not recommend
A life to Portius, that he scorns himself.

Cato. Farewell, my friends! if there be any
of you

Who dare not trust the victor's clemency,
Know there are ships prepar'd by my command
(Their sails already op'ning to the winds)
That shall convey you to the wish'd-for port.
Is there aught else, my friends, I can do for you?
The conqueror draws near. Once more farewell!
If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
In happier climes, and on a safer shore,
Where Cæsar never shall approach us more.

[*Pointing to his dead Son.*

There the brave youth, with love of virtue fir'd,
Who greatly in his country's cause expir'd,
Shall know he conquer'd. The firm patriot there,
Who made the welfare of mankind his care,
Tho' still by faction, vice, and fortune crost,
Shall find the gen'rous labor was not lost.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

*Cato solus, sitting in a thoughtful Posture; in
his Hand Plato's Book on the Immortality of
the Soul.*

A drawn Sword on the Table by him.

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man:
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Thro' what new scenes and changes must we pass?
The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me,
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a power above
(And that there is all nature cries aloud [tue;
Through all her works), he must delight in vir-
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when! or where!—this world was made for
Cæsar.

I'm weary of conjectures—this must end 'em.

[*Laying his Hand on his Sword.*

Thus am I doubly arm'd: my death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself

Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.
What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?
This lethargy that creeps thro' all my senses?
Nature oppress'd, and harass'd out with care,
Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favor her,
That my awaken'd soul may take her flight,
Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An off'ring fit for heaven. Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest, Cato knows neither of 'em,
Indiff'rent in his choice to sleep or die.

Enter Portius.

But ah! how's this, my son? Why this intrusion?

Were not my orders that I would be private?

Why am I disobey'd?

Por. Alas, my father!

[*death!*

What means this sword, this instrument of
Let me convey it hence.

Cato. Rash youth, forbear!

[*friends,*

Por. O, let the pray'rs, th' entreaties of your
Their tears, their common danger, wrest it from
you!

Cato. Wouldst thou betray me? Wouldst
thou give me up,

A slave, a captive into Cæsar's hands?

Retire, and learn obedience to a father,

Or know, young man!—

Por. Look not thus sternly on me;

You know I'd rather die than disobey you.

Cato. 'Tis well! again I'm master of myself.
Now, Cæsar, let thy troops beset our gates,
And bar each avenue; thy gathering fleets
O'spread the sea, and stop up ev'ry port;
Cato shall open to himself a passage,
And mock thy hopes—

Por. O Sir! forgive your son,
Whose grief hangs heavy on him. O my father!
How am I sure it is not the last time
I e'er shall call you so? Be not pleas'd,
O, be not angry with me whilst I weep,
And, in the anguish of my heart, beseech you
To quit the dreadful purpose of your soul!

Cato. Thou hast been ever good and dutiful.

[*Embracing him.*

Weep not, my son, all will be well again:

The righteous gods, whom I have sought to
please,

Will succour Cato, and preserve his children.

Por. Your words give comfort to my droop-
ing heart.

[*duct;*

Cato. Portius, thou mayst rely upon my con-
Thy father will not act what misbecomes him.
But go, my son, and see if aught be wanting
Among thy father's friends; see them embark'd,
And tell me if the winds and seas befriend them.
My soul is quite weigh'd down with care, and
The soft refreshment of a moment's sleep. [asks

Exit.

Por. My thoughts are more at ease, my heart
revives.

Enter Marcia.

O Marcia, O my sister, still there's hope
Our father will not cast away a life
So needful to us all, and to his country.
He is retir'd to rest, and seems to cherish
Thoughts full of peace. He has dispatch'd me
hence

With orders that bespeak a mind compos'd,
And studious for the safety of his friends.
Marcia, take care that none disturb his slum-
bers. *[Exit.]*

Mar. O ye immortal powers that guard the
just,
Watch round his couch, and soften his repose,
Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul
With easy dreams; remember all his virtues!
And show mankind that goodness is your care.

Enter Lucia.

Luc. Where is your father, Marcia, where is
Cato!

Mar. Lucia, speak low, he is retir'd to rest.
Lucia, I feel a gentle dawning hope
Rise in my soul. We shall be happy still.

Luc. Alas! I tremble when I think on Cato!
In every view, in every thought I tremble!
Cato is stern and awful as a god;
He knows not how to wink at human frailty,
Or pardon weakness that he never felt.

Mar. Tho' stern and awful to the foes of
He is all goodness, Lucia, always mild, [Rome,
Compassionate and gentle to his friends.
Fill'd with domestic tenderness, the best,
The kindest father I have ever found him,
Easy and good, and bounteous to my wishes.

Luc. 'Tis his consent alone can make us
Marcia, we are both equally involv'd [bless'd.
In the same intricate, perplex'd distress.
The cruel hand of fate, that has destroy'd
Thy brother Marcus, whom we both lament—

Mar. And ever shall lament, unhappy youth!
Luc. Has set my soul at large, and now I stand
Loose of my vow. But who knows Cato's
thoughts?

Who knows how yet he may dispose of Portius,
Or how he has determined of thyself?

Mar. Let him but live, commit the rest to
Heaven.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous
O Marcia, I have seen thy godlike father; [man!
Some power invisible supports his soul,
And bears it up in all its wonted greatness.
A kind refreshing sleep is fallen on him:
I saw him stretch'd at ease, his fancy lost
In pleasing dreams: as I drew near his couch,
He smil'd, and cried, Cæsar, thou canst not
hurt me. [ful thought.

Mar. His mind still labors with some dread-
Luc. Lucia, why all this grief, these floods of
sorrow?

Dry up thy tears, my child, we all are safe
While Cato lives—his presence will protect us.

Enter Juba.

Jub. Lucius, the horsemen are returned from
viewing

The number, strength, and posture of our foes,
Who now encamp within a short hour's march;
On the high point of yon bright western tower
We ken them from afar; the setting sun
Plays on their shining arms and burnish'd hel-
mets,

And covers all the field with gleams of fire.

Luc. Marcia, 'tis time we should awake thy
Cæsar is still dispos'd to give us terms, [father,
And waits at distance till he hears from Cato.

Enter Portius.

Portius, thy looks speak somewhat of importance;
What tidings dost thou bring? Methinks I see,
Unusual gladness sparkling in thine eyes.

Por. As I was hasting to the port, where now
My father's friends, impatient for a passage,
Accuse the ling'ring winds, a sail arriv'd
From Pompey's son, who thro' the realms of
Spain

Calls out for vengeance on his father's death,
And rouses the whole nation up to arms.
Were Cato at their head, once more might Rome
Assert her rights, and claim her liberty.

But, hark! what means that groan? O, give
me way,

And let me fly into my father's presence. *[Exit.]*

Luc. Cato, amidst his slumbers, thinks on
And in the wild disorder of his soul [Rome,
Mourns o'er his country. Hah! a second groan!
Heaven guard us all!

Mar. Alas! 'tis not the voice
Of one who sleeps; 'tis agonizing pain,
'Tis death is in that sound.—

Re-enter Portius.

Por. O sight of woe!
O Marcia, what we fear'd is come to pass!
Cato is fallen upon his sword.—

Luc. O, Portius,
Hide all the horrors of thy mournful tale,
And let us guess the rest.

Por. I've rais'd him up, [faint,
And plac'd him in his chair, where, pale and
He gasps for breath, and, as his life flows from
him, [ing,

Demands to see his friends. His servants weep-
Obsequious to his order, bear him hither.

Mar. O Heaven assist me in this dreadful hour,
To pay the last sad duties to my father!

Jub. These are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O
Cæsar!

Luc. Now is Rome fallen indeed!

Cato brought in on a Chair.

Cato. Here set me down— [bark'd?
Portius, come near me—Are my friends em-
Can any thing be thought of for their service?
Whilst I yet live, let me not live in vain.

—O Lucius, art thou here?—thou art too good—
Let this our friendship live between our children,

Make Portius happy in thy daughter Lucia.
Alas! poor man, he weeps!—Marcia, my daughter—

O, bend me forward! Juba loves thee, Marcia:
A senator of Rome, while Rome surviv'd,
Would not have match'd his daughter with a king;

But Cæsar's arms have thrown down all distinc-
Whoe'er is brave and virtuous, is a Roman—
—I'm sick to death—O, when shall I get loose
From this vain world, the abode of guilt and sorrow!

And yet, methinks, a beam of light breaks in
On my departing soul. Alas! I fear
I've been too hasty. O ye pow'rs, that search
The heart of man and weigh his inmost thoughts,
If I have done amiss, impute it not!—
The best may err, but you are good and—O!

[Dies.]

Luc. There fled the greatest soul that ever
warm'd

A Roman breast; O Cato! O my friend!
Thy will shall be religiously observ'd.
But let us bear this awful corse to Cæsar,
And lay it in his sight, that it may stand
A fence betwixt us and the victor's wrath;
Cato, though dead, shall still protect his friends.

From hence, let fierce contending nations
What dire effects from civil discord flow. [know
'Tis this that shakes our country with alarms,
And gives up Rome a prey to Roman arms,
Produces fraud, and cruelty, and strife,
And robs the guilty world of Cato's life.

[Exeunt omnes.]

§ 42. *The Happiness of a free Government.*

S. JOHNSON.

If there be any land, as fame reports,
Where common laws restrain the prince and subject,

A happy land, where circulating pow'r [state;
Flows through each member of th' embodied
Sure not unconscious of the mighty blessing,
Her grateful sons shine bright with every virtue;
Untainted with the lust of innovation,
Sure all unite to hold her league of rule
Unbroken as the sacred chain of nature,
That links the jarring elements in peace.

§ 43. *The killing of a Boar.* OTWAY.

FORTH from the thicket rush'd another boar,
So large, he seem'd the tyrant of the woods,
With all his dreadful bristles rais'd up high;
They seem'd a grove of spears upon his back:
Foaming he came at me, where I was posted,
Whetting his huge long tusks, and gaping wide,
As he already had me for his prey;
Till, brandishing my well-pois'd javelin high,
With this bold executing arm I struck
The ugly brindled monster to the heart.

§ 44. *Description of a populous City.* YOUNG.

—This ancient city,
How wanton sits she amidst nature's smiles!
Nor from her highest turret has to view

But golden landscapes and luxuriant scenes,
A waste of wealth, the storehouse of the world;
Here fruitful vales far stretching fly the sight;
There sails unnumber'd whiten all the stream;
While from the banks full twenty thousand cities

Survey their pride, and see their gilded towers
Float on the waves, and break against the shore.

—Various nations meet

As in the sea, yet not confin'd in space,
But streaming freely through the spacious streets,

Which send forth millions at each brazen gate;
Whene'er the trumpet calls, high over head
On the broad walls the chariots bound along.

§ 45. *Rural Courtship.* DRYDEN.

—He prefer'd me

Above the maidens of my age and rank; [mine.
Still shunn'd their company, and still sought
I was not won by gifts, yet still he gave; [love.
And all his gifts though small, yet spoke his
He pick'd the earliest strawberries in the woods,
The cluster'd filberts, and the purple grapes:
He taught a prating stare to speak my name;
And when he found a nest of nightingales,
Or callow linnets, he would show 'em me,
And let me take 'em out.

§ 46. *Description of a Person left on a desert Island.* THOMSON.

NEXT night—a dreary night!

Cast on the wildest of the Cyclad Isles,
Where never human foot had mark'd the shore,
These ruffians left me.

Beneath a shade

I sat me down, more heavily oppress'd,
More desolate at heart than e'er I felt
Before; when Philomela o'er my head
Began to tune her melancholy strain,
As piteous of my woes: till, by degrees,
Composing sleep on wounded nature shed
A kind but short relief. At early morn,
Wak'd by the chant of birds, I look'd around
For usual objects: objects found I none,
Except before me stretch'd the toiling main,
And rocks and woods, in savage view, behind.

§ 47. *The first Feats of a young Eagle.* ROWE.

—So the Eagle,

That bears the thunder of our grandsire Jove,
With joy beholds his hardy youthful offspring
Forsake the nest, to try his tender pinions
In the wide untrack'd air; till, bolder grown,
Now, like a whirlwind on a shepherd's fold,
He darts precipitate, and gripes the prey;
Or fixing on some dragon's scaly hide,
Eager of combat, and his future feast,
Bears him aloft reluctant, and in vain
Wreathing his spiry tail.

§ 48. *The true End of Education.* ROWE.

AND therefore wert thou bred to virtuous
knowledge,

And wisdom early planted in thy soul, [sions,
That thou mightst know to rule thy fiery pas-
To bind their rage and stay their headlong course;
To bear with accidents, and every change
Of various life; to struggle with adversity;
To wait the leisure of the righteous gods,
Till they, in their own good appointed hour,
Shall bid their better days come forth at once,
A long and shining train; till thou, well pleas'd,
Shalt bow, and bless thy fate, and say the gods
are just.

§ 49. *Filial Piety.* MALLET.

E'ER since reflection beam'd her light upon
me,
You, Sir, have been my study. I have plac'd
Before mine eyes, in every light of life,
The father and the king. What weight of duty
Lay on a son from such a parent sprung,
What virtuous toil to shine with his renown,
Has been my thought by day, my dream by
night:

But first and ever nearest to my heart
Was this prime duty, so to frame my conduct
Tow'rd such a father, as were I a father,
My soul would wish to meet with from a son.
And may reproach transmit my name abhorr'd
To latest time—if ever thought was mine
Unjust to filial reverence, filial love!

§ 50. *The same.* THOMSON.

HAVE I then no tears for thee, my father?
Can I forget thy cares, from helpless years
Thy tenderness for me? an eye still beam'd
With love? A brow that never knew a frown?
Nor a harsh word thy tongue? Shall I for these
Repay thy stooping venerable age
With shame, disquiet, anguish, and dishonor?
It must not be!—thou first of angels! come,
Sweet filial piety! and firm my breast:
Yes! let one daughter to her fate submit,
Be nobly wretched—but her father happy.

§ 51. *Bad Fortune more easily borne than good.* ROWE.

WITH such unshaken temper of the soul
To bear the swelling tide of prosp'rous fortune,
Is to deserve that fortune.—In adversity
The mind grows tough by buffeting the tem-
But in success dissolving, sinks to ease, [pest;
And loses all her firmness.

§ 52. *Despair never to be indulged.* PHILIPS.

THOUGH plung'd in ills, and exercis'd in care,
Yet never let the noble mind despair:
When press'd by dangers, and beset by foes,
The gods their timely succour interpose;
And when our virtue sinks, o'erwhelm'd with
By unforeseen expedients bring relief. [grief,

§ 53. *A Friend to Freedom can never be a Traitor.* THOMSON.

—HE who contends for freedom,
Can ne'er be justly deem'd his sovereign's foe;
No! 'Tis the wretch who tempts him to sub-
vert it,
The soothing slave, the traitor in the bosom,
Who best deserves that name; he is a worm
That eats out all the happiness of kingdoms.

§ 54. *Description of a Hag.* OTWAY.

IN a close lane, as I pursued my journey,
I spied a wither'd hag, with age grown double,
Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself;
Her eyes with scalding rheum were gall'd and
red, [wither'd,
Cold palsy shook her head, her hand seem'd
And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapp'd
The tatter'd remnants of an old strip'd hanging,
Which serv'd to keep her carcass from the cold:
So there was nothing of a piece about her.
Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd
With different colored rags, black, red, white,
yellow,
And seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness:

§ 55. *Happiness the inseparable Companion of Virtue.* ROWE.

—To be good is to be happy; angels
Are happier than men, because they're better
Guilt is the source of sorrow; 'tis the fiend,
Th' avenging fiend, that follows us behind
With whips and stings: the blest know none
But rest in everlasting peace of mind, [of this,
And find the height of all their heaven is good-
ness.

§ 56. *Honor superior to Justice.*

HONOR, my lord, is much too proud to catch
At every slender twig of nice distinctions.
These for the unfeeling vulgar may do well;
But those whose souls are by the nicer rule
Of virtuous delicacy only sway'd,
Stand at another bar than that of laws.

§ 57. *In what Manner Princes ought to be taught.* MALLET:

LET truth and virtue be their earliest teachers;
Keep from their ear the syren-voice of flattery,
Keep from their eye the harlot form of vice,
Who spread in every court their silken snares,
And charm but to betray. Betimes instruct
Superior rank demands superior worth, [them;
Pre-eminence of valor, justice, mercy:
But chief, that, though exalted o'er mankind,
They are themselves but men—frail suffering
From no one injury of human lot [dust;
Exempt; but fever'd by the same heat, chill'd
By the same cold, torn by the same disease,
That scorches, freezes, racks, and kills the beggar.

§ 58. *True End of Royalty.* MALLET.

—O WITNESS, Heaven! [plores,
Whose eye the heart's profoundest depth ex-

That if not to perform my regal task;
 To be the common father of my people,
 Patron of honor, virtue, and religion;
 If not to shelter useful worth, to guard
 His well-earn'd portion from the sons of rapine,
 And deal out justice with impartial hand;
 If not to spread on all good men my bounty,
 The treasures trusted to me, not my own;
 If not to raise anew our English name
 By peaceful arts, that grace the land they bless,
 And generous war to humble proud oppressors:
 Yet more, if not to build the public weal
 On that firm base, which can alone resist
 Both time and chance, fair liberty and law;
 If I for these great ends am not ordain'd—
 May I ne'er poorly fill the throne of England.

§ 59. *The real Duty of a King.* ROWE.

—'Tis true I am a king:
 Honor and glory too have been my aim;
 But though I dare face death and all the dangers
 Which furious war wears in its bloody front;
 Yet could I choose to fix my name by peace,
 By justice, and by mercy; and to raise
 My trophies on the blessings of mankind:
 Nor would I buy the empire of the world,
 With ruin of the people whom I sway,
 Or forfeit of my honor.

§ 60. *Character of a good King.* THOMSON.

—YES, we have lost a father! [tals,
 The greatest blessing Heaven bestows on mor-
 And seldom found amidst these wilds of time,
 A good, a worthy king!—Hear me, my Tancred!
 And I will tell thee in a few plain words,
 How he deserv'd that best, that glorious title.
 'Tis nought complex, 'tis clear as truth and
 virtue. [dren,
 He lov'd his people, deem'd them all his chil-
 The good exalted, and depress'd the bad:
 He spurn'd the flattering crew, with scorn re-
 jected [selves,
 Their smooth advice, that only means them-
 Their schemes to aggrandize him into baseness,
 Well knowing that a people in their rights
 And industry protected; living safe
 Beneath the sacred shelter of the laws;
 Encourag'd in their genius, arts, and labors;
 And happy each as he himself deserves,
 Are ne'er ungrateful. With unsparing hand
 They will for him provide: their filial love
 And confidence are his unfailing treasury,
 And every honest man his faithful guard.

§ 61. *The Guilt of bad Kings.* MALLETT.

WHEN those whom Heaven distinguishes
 o'er millions,
 And show'rs profusely pow'r and splendor on
 them, [they,
 Whate'er th' expanded heart can wish: when
 Accepting the reward, neglect the duty,
 Or, worse, pervert those gifts to deeds of ruin,

Is there a wretch they rule so base as they?
 Guilty, at once, of sacrilege to Heaven,
 And of perfidious robbery to man!

§ 62. *The true End of Life.* THOMSON.

WHO, who would live, my Narva, just to
 breathe
 This idle air, and indolently run,
 Day after day, the still returning round
 Of life's mean offices and sickly joys?
 But in the service of mankind to be
 A guardian god below; still to employ
 The mind's brave ardor in heroic arms,
 Such as may raise us o'er the grovelling herd,
 And make us shine for ever—that is life.

§ 63. *The same.* S. JOHNSON.

REFLECT that life and death, affecting
 sounds,
 Are only varied modes of endless being.
 Reflect that life, like every other blessing,
 Derives its value from its use alone;
 Nor for itself, but for a nobler end,
 Th' Eternal gave it, and that end is virtue. }
 When inconsistent with a greater good,
 Reason commands to cast the less away;
 Thus, life, with loss of wealth, is well preserv'd,
 And virtue cheaply sav'd with loss of life.

§ 64. *A Lion overcome by a Man.* LEE.

THE prince in a lone court was plac'd,
 Unarm'd, all but his hands, on which he wore
 A pair of gantlets.
 At last, the door of an old lion's den
 Being drawn up, the horrid beast appear'd:
 The flames which from his eyes shot glaring
 red,
 Made the sun start, as the spectators thought,
 And round them cast a day of blood and death.
 The prince walk'd forward: the large beast
 descried
 His prey; and with a roar that made us pale,
 Flew fiercely on him: but Lysimachus,
 Starting aside, avoided his first stroke
 With a slight hurt, and, as the lion turn'd,
 Thrust gantlet, arm, and all, into his throat:
 Then with Herculean force tore forth by the
 roots
 The foaming, bloody tongue; and while the
 savage,
 Faint with the loss, sunk to the blushing
 earth,
 To plow it with his teeth, your conqu'ring
 soldier
 Leap'd on his back, and dash'd his skull to
 pieces.

§ 65. *Character of an excellent Man.* ROWE.

—How could my tongue
 Take pleasure, and be lavish in thy praise!

How could I speak thy nobleness of nature !
Thy open, manly heart, thy courage, constancy,
And inborn truth, unknowing to dissemble !
Thou art the man in whom my soul delights,
In whom, next Heaven, I trust.

§ 66. *Virtue the only true Source of Nobility.*
THOMSON.

I TELL thee, then, whoe'er amidst the sons
Of reason, valor, liberty, and virtue,
Displays distinguish'd merit, is a noble
Of nature's own creating. Such have risen,
Sprung from the dust, or where had been our
honors ?

And such, in radiant bands, will rise again
In yon immortal city ; that, when most
Deprest by fate, and near apparent ruin,
Returns, as with an energy divine,
On her astonish'd foes, and shakes them from
her.

§ 67. *The happy Effects of Misfortune.*
THOMSON.

—If misfortune comes, she brings along
The bravest virtues. And so many great
Illustrious spirits have convers'd with woe,
Have in her school been taught, as are enough
To consecrate distress, and make ambition
E'en with the frown beyond the smile of fortune.

§ 68. *A Description of the Morning.*
OTWAY.

Wish'd morning's come ; and now upon the
plains,
And distant mountains, where they feed their
flocks,

The happy shepherds leave their homely huts,
And with their pipes proclaim the new-born
day :

The lusty swain comes with his well-fill'd scrip
Of healthful viands, which, when hunger calls,
With much content and appetite he eats,
To follow in the field his daily toil,
And dress the grateful glebe that yields him
fruits :

The beasts, that under the warm hedges slept,
And weather'd out the cold bleak night, are
up :

And, looking tow'rd's the neighbouring pastures, raise
Their voice, and bid their fellow brutes good
morrow :

The cheerful birds too on the tops of trees
Assemble all in choirs ; and with their notes
Salute and welcome up the rising sun.

§ 69. *Another.* LEE.

From amber shrouds I see the morning
rise ;

Her rosy hands begin to paint the skies ;
And now the city emmets leave their hive,
And rousing hinds to cheerful labor drive ;

High cliffs and rocks are pleasing objects now,
And nature smiles upon the mountain brow :
The joyful birds salute the sun's approach :
The sun too laughs, and mounts his gaudy
coach ;

While from his car the dropping gems distil,
And all the earth, and all the heavens, do smile.

§ 70. *The charming Notes of the Nightingale.*
LEE.

Thus, in some poplar shade, the nightingale
With piercing moans does her lost young
bewail :

Which the rough hind observing, as they lay
Warm in their downy nest, had stolen away :
But she in mournful sounds does still complain,
Sings all the night, though all her songs are
vain,

And still renews her miserable strain.

§ 71. *The same.* ROWE.

So when the spring renews the flow'ry field,
And warns the pregnant nightingale to build ;
She seeks the safest shelter of the wood,
Where she may trust her little tuneful brood,
Where no rude swains her shady cell may
know,

No serpents climb, nor blasting winds may
blow :

Fond of the chosen place, she views it o'er,
Sits there, and wanders through the grove no
more ;

Warbling she charms it each returning night,
And loves it with a mother's dear delight.

§ 72. *A worthless Person can claim no Merit
from the Virtues of his Ancestors.* ROWE.

WERE honor to be scann'd by long descent
From ancestors illustrious, I could vaunt
A lineage of the greatest ; and recount,
Among my fathers, names of ancient story,
Heroes and godlike patriots, who subdu'd
The world by arms and virtue.
But that be their own praise ;
Nor will I borrow merit from the dead,
Myself an undeserver.

§ 73. *The Love of our Country the greatest
Virtue.* THOMSON.

HIS only plot was this : that, much provoked,
He rais'd his vengeful arm against his country :

And lo ! the righteous gods have now chastis'd
him

Even by the hands of those for whom he
fought.

Whatever private views and passions plead,
No cause can justify so black a deed :

These, when the angry tempest clouds the soul,
May darken reason and her course control ;
But when the prospect clears, her startled eye
Must from the treach'rous gulf with horror fly,
On whose wide wave by stormy passions tost,
So many helpless wretches have been lost.
Then be this truth the star by which we steer :
Above ourselves our country shall be dear.

§ 74. *The same.* W. WHITEHEAD.

LEARN hence, ye Romans ! on how sure a
base

The patriot builds his happiness ; no stroke,
No keenest, deadliest shaft of adverse fate
Can make his generous bosom quite despair,
But that alone by which his country falls.
Grief may to grief in endless round succeed,
And nature suffer when our children bleed :
Yet still superior must that hero prove,
Whose first, best passion, is his country's love.

§ 75. *In what Philosophy really consists.*

THOMSON.

—PHILOSOPHY consists not

In airy schemes or idle speculations.
The rule and conduct of all social life
Is her great province. Not in lonely cells
Obscure she lurks, but holds her heavenly light
To senates and to kings, to guide their counsels,
And teach them to reform and bless mankind.
All policy but hers is false and rotten ;
All valor not conducted by her precepts
Is a destroying fury sent from hell,
To plague unhappy man, and ruin nations.

§ 76. *Scipio restoring the captive Princess to her
Royal Lover.*

THOMSON.

—WHAT with admiration

Struck every heart, was this : A noble virgin,
Conspicuous far o'er all the captive dames,
Was mark'd the general's prize. She wept and
blush'd,

Young, fresh, and blooming like the morn.
An eye,

As when the blue sky trembles through a cloud
Of purest white. A secret charm combin'd
Her features, and infus'd enchantment through
them :

Her shape was harmony.—But eloquence
Beneath her beauty fails ; which seem'd on pur-
pose

By nature lavish'd on her, that mankind
Might see the virtue of a hero tried
Almost beyond the stretch of human force.
Soft as she pass'd along, with downcast eyes,
Where gentle sorrows swell'd, and now and
then

Dropp'd o'er her modest cheek a trickling tear,
The Roman legions languish'd, and hard war
Felt more than pity. E'en their chief himself,
As on his high tribunal rais'd he sat,

Turn'd from the dang'rous sight, and chiding
ask'd

His officers, if by this gift they meant
To cloud his virtue in its very dawn.

She, question'd of her birth, in trembling ac-
cents,

With tears and blushes broken, told her tale.
But when he found her royally descended,
Of her old captive parents the sole joy ;
And that a hapless Celtiberian prince,
Her lover, and belov'd, forgot his chains,
His lost dominions, and for her alone
Wept out his tender soul ; sudden the heart
Of this young, conqu'ring, loving, godlike Ro-
man

Felt all the great divinity of virtue.

His wishing youth stood check'd, his tempting
pow'r

Restrain'd by kind humanity.—At once

He for her parents and her lover call'd.

The various scene imagine ; how his troops

Look'd dubious on, and wonder'd what he
meant ;

While stretch'd below the trembling suppliants
lay

Rack'd by a thousand mingling passions, fear,
Hope, jealousy, disdain, submission, grief,
Anxiety, and love, in every shape ;

To these as different sentiments succeeded,

As mix'd emotions : when the man divine

Thus the dread silence to the lover broke :

" We both are young, both charm'd. The
right of war

Has put thy beauteous mistress in my pow'r,

With whom I could in the most sacred ties

Live out a happy life : but know that Romans

Their hearts, as well as enemies, can conquer.

Then take her to thy soul ; and with her take

Thy liberty and kingdom. In return

I ask but this :—when you behold these eyes,
These charms, with transport, be a friend to
Rome."

§ 77. *The Blessings of Peace.* THOMSON.

—O BEAUTEOUS Peace !

Sweet union of a state ! what else but thou
Gives safety, strength, and glory, to a people ?

I bow, Lord Constable, beneath the snow

Of many years ; yet in my breast revives

A youthful flame. Methinks I see again

Those gentle days renew'd, that bless'd our isle

Ere by this wasteful fury of division,

Worse than our Ætæa's most destructive fires,

It desolated sunk. I see our plains

Unbounded waving with the gifts of harvest :

Our seas with commerce throng'd, our busy
ports

With cheerful toil. Our Enna blooms afresh ;

Afresh the sweets of thymy Hybla blow.

Our nymphs and shepherds, sporting in each
vale,

Inspire new song, and wake the pastoral reed.

§ 78. *Providence.* THOMSON.

—THERE is a Pow'r
Unseen, that rules th' illimitable world,
That gides its motions from the brightest star
To the least dust of this sin-tainted mould;
While man, who madly deems himself the
lord
Of all, is nought but weakness and depend-
ence.
This sacred truth, by sure experience taught,
Thou must have learnt when wandering all
alone,
Each bird, each insect, flitting through the sky,
Was more sufficient for itself than thou.

§ 79. *Prudence.* THOMSON.

—LET us
Act with cool prudence, and with manly tem-
per,
As well as manly firmness.
'Tis godlike magnanimity to keep,
When most provok'd, our reason calm and clear,
And execute her will, from a strong sense
Of what is right, without the vulgar aid
Of heat and passion, which, tho' honest, bear us
Often too far.

§ 80. *Description of Ships appearing at a Dis-
tance, and approaching the Shore.* DRYDEN.

Guim. As far as I could cast my eyes
Upon the sea, something, methought, did rise
Like blueish mists, which still appearing more,
Took dreadful shapes, and thus mov'd tow'rd's
the shore:
The object I could first distinctly view,
Was tall, straight trees, which on the water
flew:
Wings on their sides instead of leaves did grow,
Which gather'd all the breath the winds could
blow;
And at their roots grew floating palaces,
Whose out-blow'd bellies cut the yielding seas.
Montezuma. What divine monsters, O ye
gods! are these,
That float in air, and fly upon the seas?
Came they alive, or dead, upon the shore?
Guim. Alas! they liv'd too sure: I heard
them roar:
All turn'd their sides, and to each other spoke:
I saw their words break out in fire and smoke.
Sure 'tis their voice that thunders from on high,
And these the younger brothers of the sky:
Deaf with the noise, I took my hasty flight;
No mortal courage can support the fright.

§ 81. *Virtue preferable to Rank.* ROWE.

WHAT tho' no gaudy titles grace my birth;
Titles, the servile courtier's lean reward!
Sometimes the pay of virtue, but more oft

The hire which greatness gives to slaves and sy-
cophants:
Yet Heaven, that made me honest, made me
more
Than e'er a king did when he made a lord.

§ 82. *Description of an ancient Cathedral.*
CONGREVE

—'Tis dreadful:
How rev'rend is the face of this tall pile
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immove-
able!
Looking tranquillity; it strikes an awe
And terror to my aching sight! The tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.

§ 83. *Description of a Triumph.* LEE.

—HE comes, and with a port so proud,
As if he had subdu'd the spacious world:
And all Sinope's streets are fill'd with such
A glut of people, you would think some god
Had conquer'd in their cause, and them thus
rank'd,
That he might make his entrance on their
heads!
While from the scaffolds, windows, tops of
houses,
Are cast such gaudy show'rs of garlands down,
That e'en the crowd appear like conquerors,
And the whole city seems like one vast meadow
Set all with flow'rs, as a clear heaven with
stars.
Nay, as I have heard, ere he the city enter'd,
Your subjects lin'd the way for many furlongs;
The very trees bore men: and as our God,
When from the portal of the east he dawns,
To welcome him with all their warbling throats,
And prune their feathers in his golden beams;
So did your subjects, in their gaudy trim,
Upon the pendant branches speak his praise.
Mothers, who cover'd all the banks beneath,
Did rob the crying infants of the breast,
Pointing Ziphares out, to make them smile;
And climbing boys stood on their fathers'
shoulders,
Answering their shouting sires with tender
cries,
To make the concert up of general joy.

§ 84. *A Shepherd's Life happier than a King's.*
HILL

TH' unbusied shepherd, stretch'd beneath
the hawthorn,
His careless limbs thrown out in wanton ease,
With thoughtless gaze perusing the arch'd
heavens,
And idly whistling while his sheep feed round
him,

Enjoys a sweeter shade than that of canopies
Hemm'd in with cares, and shook by storms of
treason.

§ 85. *Virtue its own Reward.* ROWE.

GREAT minds, like Heav'n, are pleas'd with
doing good,
Though the ungrateful subjects of their favors
Are barren in return. Virtue does still
With scorn the mercenary world regard,
Where abject souls do good, and hope reward.

Above the worthless trophies man can raise,
She seeks not honor, wealth, nor airy praise,
But with herself, herself the goddess pays.

§ 86. *No Difficulties insuperable to the Prudent
and Brave.* ROWE.

THE wise and active conquer difficulties
By daring to attempt them : sloth and folly
Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard,
And make th' impossibility they fear.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

POETICAL.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

SENTIMENTAL, LYRICAL, AND LUDICROUS.

CONSISTING OF

ODES, SONNETS, CLASSICAL SONGS, ANCIENT AND MODERN BALLADS, COMIC TALES, EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS, VARIOUS AMUSING LITTLE POEMS, PROLOGUES, AND EPILOGUES.

§ 1. L'ALLEGRO. MILTON.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights
unholy ;
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous
wings,
And the night-raven sings ;
There, under ebon shades, and low-brow'd
As ragged as thy locks, [rocks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou goddess, fair and free,
In heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore ;
Or whether (as some sages sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair ;
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek ;

Sport, that wrinkled care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides :
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty ;
And, if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her and live with thee,
In unproved pleasures free ;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tow'r in the skies,
Till the dapple dawn doth rise ;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-brier or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine :
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before ;
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill :
Some time walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight ;
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,

And the milk-maid singing blithe,
 And the mower whets his sithe,
 And ev'ry shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.
 Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
 Whilst the landscape round it measures;
 Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
 Mountains, on whose barren breast
 The lab'ring clouds do often rest;
 Meadows trim, with daisies pied,
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
 Tow'rs and battlements it sees,
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The Cynosure of neighb'ring eyes,
 Hard by, a cottage-chimney smokes
 From betwixt two aged oaks,
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met;
 Are at their savory dinner set
 Of herbs, and other country messes,
 Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses:
 And then in haste her bow'r she leaves,
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
 Or, if the earlier season lead,
 To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
 Sometimes with secure delight
 The upland hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks sound,
 To many a youth and many a maid,
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a sunshine holiday,
 Till the live-long daylight fail;
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How fairy Mab the junkets eat;
 She was pinch'd and pull'd, she said,
 And he by friar's lantern led;
 Tells how the drudging goblin sweat,
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
 When, in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
 His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,
 That ten day-lab'ers could not end;
 Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
 And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
 And crop-full out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
 By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.
 Tow'rd cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men,
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold
 In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of wit, or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace whom all commend:
 There let Hymen oft appear
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask, and antique pageantry,

Such sights as youthful poets dream
 On summer eves by haunted stream.
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Jonson's learned sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.
 And ever against eating cares,
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
 Married to immortal verse,
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
 In notes with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
 With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running;
 Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony;
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free
 His half-regain'd Eurydice.
 These delights, if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

§ 2. IL PENSEROSO. MILTON.

HENCE, vain deluding joys,
 The brood of folly, without father bred,
 How little you bestead,
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
 Dwell in some idle brain,
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,
 Or likest hovering dreams,
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
 But hail, thou Goddess sage and holy!
 Hail divinest Melancholy!
 Whose saintly visage is too bright
 To hit the sense of human sight;
 And therefore to our weaker view
 O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
 Black, but such as in esteem
 Prince Memnon's sister might beseem:
 Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
 To set her beauty's praise above
 The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended:
 Yet thou art higher far descended;
 Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore
 To solitary Saturn bore;
 His daughter she, (in Saturn's reign
 Such mixture was not held a stain.)
 Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
 He met her, and in secret shades
 Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
 While yet there was no fear of Jove.
 Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, steadfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestic train,
 And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.

Come, but keep thy wonted state,
 With even step, and musing gait,
 And looks commercing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes :
 There, held in holy passion still,
 Forget thyself to marble, till
 With a sad leaden downward cast
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast :
 And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
 Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,
 And hears the Muses in a ring
 Ay round about Jove's altars sing :
 And add to these retired Leisure,
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure.
 But first and chiefest with thee bring
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
 The cherub Contemplation ;
 And the mute Silence hist along,
 'Less Philomel will deign a song,
 In her sweetest, saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
 Gently o'er th' accustom'd oak ;
 Sweet bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy !
 Thee, chantress, oft the woods among
 I woo, to hear thy even-song,
 And missing thee, I walk unseen
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,
 To behold the wand'ring moon,
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray
 Through the heaven's wide pathless way,
 And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
 Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far-off curfew sound
 Over some wide-water'd shore,
 Swinging slow with sullen roar ;
 Or, if the air will not permit,
 Some still removed place will fit,
 Where glowing embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth,
 Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
 To bless the doors from nightly harm :
 Or let my lamp at midnight hour,
 Be seen in some high lonely tow'r,
 Where I may oft out-watch the Bear
 With thrice great Ilermes, or unsphere
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold
 What worlds, or what vast regions hold
 The immortal mind that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook :
 And of those demons that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
 Whose power hath a true consent
 With planet, or with element.
 Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
 In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
 Presenting Thebes' or Pelops' line,
 Or else the tale of Troy divine,

Or what (though rare) of later age
 Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
 But, O sad Virgin, that thy pow'r
 Might raise Musæus from his bow'r,
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
 Such notes as warbled to the string,
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
 And made Hell grant what love did seek.
 Or call up him that left half told
 The story of Cambuscan bold,
 Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
 And who had Caracé to wife,
 That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
 And of the wondrous horse of brass,
 On which the Tartar king did ride ;
 And if aught else great bards beside
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
 Of turneys and of trophies hung,
 Of forests, and enchantments drear,
 Where more is meant than meets the ear.
 Thus, night, oft see me in thy pale career,
 Till silver-suited morn appear,
 Nor trickt and frounc'd as she was wont
 With the Attic boy to hunt,
 But kercheft in a comely cloud,
 While rocking winds are piping loud,
 Or usher'd with a shower still
 When the gust hath blown his fill,
 Ending on the rustling leaves,
 With minute drops from off the eaves,
 And when the sun begins to fling
 His flaring beams, me, goddess bring
 To arched walks of twilight groves,
 And shadows brown that Sylvan loves,
 Of pine, or monumental oak,
 Where the rude axe with heaved stroke
 Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
 Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
 There in close covert by some brook,
 Where no profaner eye may look,
 Hide me from day's garish eye,
 While the bee with honied thigh,
 That at her flow'ry work doth sing,
 And the waters murmuring,
 With such concert as they keep,
 Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep ;
 And let some strange, mysterious dream
 Wave at his wings an airy stream
 Of lively portraiture display'd
 Softly on my eyelids laid.
 And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
 Above, about, or underneath,
 Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
 Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.
 But let my due feet never fail
 To walk the studious cloisters pale,
 And love the high embowed roof,
 With antique pillars massy proof,
 And storied windows richly dight,
 Casting a dim, religious light.
 There let the pealing organ blow,
 To the full-voic'd quire below,
 In service high, and anthems clear,
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,

Dissolve me into ecstasies,
 And bring all Heaven before mine eyes,
 And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,
 The hairy gown and mossy cell,
 Where I may sit and rightly spell
 Of ev'ry star that heav'n doth shew,
 And ev'ry herb that sips the dew;
 Till old experience do attain
 To something like prophetic strain.
 These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
 And I with thee will choose to live.

§ 3. LYCIDAS. MILTON.

YET once more, O ye Laurels, and once more,
 Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never sere,
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
 And with forc'd fingers rude,
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year;
 Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
 Compels me to disturb your season due;
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
 Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
 He must not float upon his wat'ry bier
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, sisters of the sacred well,
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
 Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
 So may some gentle Muse
 With lucky words favor my destin'd urn;
 And, as she passes, turn,
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
 For we were nurst upon the self-same hill,
 Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade and rill.

Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
 Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
 We drove a-field, and both together heard
 What time the grey-fly winds her sultry horn,
 Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of
 night,
 Oft till the star that rose at evening bright
 Tow'rd heaven's descent had slop'd his west-
 'ring wheel.

Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
 Temper'd to the oaten flute; [heel
 Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fauns with cloven
 From the glad sound would not be absent long,
 And old Dametas lov'd to hear our song.

But, O the heavy change! now thou art gone,
 Now thou art gone, and never must return!
 Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods, and desert
 caves [grown,
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'er-
 And all their echoes, mourn.
 The willows and the hazel copses green,
 Shall now no more be seen
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
 As killing as the canker to the rose,
 Or taint-worm to the weaning herds that graze;

Or frost to flow'rs, that their gay wardrobe
 When first the white-thorn blows; [wear,
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds' ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorse-
 less deep
 Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?
 For neither were ye playing on the steep,
 Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wisard stream:
 Ah me, I fondly dream!
 Had ye been there—for what could that have
 done? [bore,

What could the Muse herself that Orpheus
 The Muse herself for her enchanting son,
 Whom universal nature did lament,
 When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
 His gory visage down the stream was sent,
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with incessant care
 To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade,
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
 Were it not better done, as others use,
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of Neära's hair?
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
 (That last infirmity of noble minds)

To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears,
 And slits the thin-spun life. But not the
 praise, [ears;

Phœbus replied, and touch'd my trembling
 Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
 Nor in the glist'ring foil,
 Set off to th' world: nor in broad rumor lies,
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
 And perfect witness of all-judging Jove:
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
 Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honor'd flood,
 Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal
 reeds,

That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
 But now my oat proceeds,
 And listens to the herald of the sea
 That came in Neptune's plea;
 He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,
 What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle
 swain?

And question'd ev'ry gust of rugged winds
 That blows from off each beaked promontory;
 They knew not of his story,
 And sage Hippodates their answer brings,
 That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,
 The air was calm, and on the level brine
 Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
 It was that fatal and perfidious bark
 Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire! went footing
 slow,
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,

Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flow'r inscrib'd with woe.
Ah! who hath reft (quo' he) my dearest
Last came, and last did go, [pledge?

The pilot of the Galilean lake:
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain,)
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake,
How well could I have spar'd for thee, young
swain,

Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reck'ning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearer's feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know
how to hold [least

A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They
are sped;

And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw:
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But swoll'n with wind, and the rank mist they
draw,

Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said,
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian
Muse,

And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells, and flow'rets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing
brooks,

On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied show'rs,
And purple all the ground with vernal flow'rs.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white-pink, and the pansy freakt with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flow'r that sad embroidery wears:
Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureat herse where Lycid lies.
For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ah me! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding
seas

Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd,
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded mount

Looks tow'rd Namancos and Bayona's hold;
Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with
ruth:

And, O ye Dolphins, waft the hapless youth.
Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead; [more,
Sunk though he be beneath the wat'ry floor;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head, [ore
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky;
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of him that walk'd
the waves,

Where other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the Saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to th' oaks and
rills,

While the still morn went out with sandals grey,
He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:
And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay;
At last he rose and twitch'd his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

§ 4. *Virtue, Wisdom, and Contemplation.*
MILTON.

VIRTUE could see to do what Virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where with her best nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.
He that hath light within his own clear breast
May sit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.

§ 5. *Meditation and Beauty.* MILTON.

MUSING Meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
And sits as safe as in a senate-house;
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
Or do his grey hairs any violence?
But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon watch, with unenchanted eye,

To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
From the rash hand of bold incontinence.

§ 6. *Chastity.* MILTON.

SHE that has that, is clad in complete steel,
And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen
May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,
Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds,
Where through the sacred rays of chastity,
No savage, fierce bandite, or mountaineer,
Will dare to soil her virgin purity:
Yea there, where very desolation dwells,
By grots, and caverns shagg'd with horrid
shades,

She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,
No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine,
Hath hurtful pow'r o'er true virginity.
Do you believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
To testify the arms of chastity?
Hence hath the huntress Dian' her dread bow,
Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,
Wherewith she tam'd the brinded lioness
And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought
The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o' th'
woods.

What was the snaky-headed Gorgon shield,
That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd
But rigid looks of chaste austerity, [stone,
And noble grace that dash'd brute violence
With sudden adoration and blank awe?
So dear to Heaven is saintly Chastity,
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turn it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal: but when lust,
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
But most by lewd and lavish acts of sin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being.
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp
Oft seen in charnel vaults, and sepulchres,
Ling'ring and sitting by a new-made grave,
As loth to leave the body that it lov'd,
And link'd itself by carnal sensuality
To a degenerate and degraded state.

§ 7. *Philosophy.* MILTON.

How charming is divine Philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,

But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns!

§ 8. *True Liberty.* MILTON.

—TRUE Liberty
Is lost, which always with right reason dwells
Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being:
Reason in man obscur'd or not obey'd,
Immediately inordinate desires
And upstart passions catch the government
From reason, and to servitude reduce
Man, till then free.

§ 9. *Powers of Body and Mind.* MILTON.

OH how comely it is, and how reviving
To the spirits of just men, long oppress'd,
When God into the hands of their deliverer
Puts invincible might,
To quell the mighty of the earth, th' oppressor,
The brute and boisterous force of violent men,
Hardy and industrious to support
Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue
The righteous, and all such as honor truth!
He all their ammunition
And feats of war defeats;
With plain heroic magnitude of mind,
And celestial vigor arm'd,
Their armories and magazines contemns,
Renders them useless, while
With winged expedition,
Swift as the lightning glance, he executes
His errand on the wicked, who, surpris'd,
Lose their defence, distracted and amaz'd.

§ 10. *On Shakspeare.* MILTON.

WHAT needs my Shakspeare for his honor'd
bones
The labor of an age in piled stones,
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a starry-pointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory! great heir of fame!
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy
Thou in our wonder and astonishment [name?
Hast built thyself a live-long monument.
For whilst to th' shame of slow-endeavouring art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

§ 11. *Song: on May Morning.* MILTON.

Now the bright morning-star, day's har-
binger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap
throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire!

Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing
Thus we salute thee with our early song
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

§ 12. *Virtue and Evil.* MILTON.

VIRTUE may be assail'd, but never hurt,
Surpris'd by unjust force, but not enthral'd:
Yea, even that which mischief meant most
harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory;
But even on itself shall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodness, when at last,
Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself,
It shall be in eternal restless change
Self-fed, and self-consumed: if this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble.

§ 13. *Patience.* MILTON.

MANY are the sayings of the wise,
In ancient and in modern books inroll'd,
Extolling Patience as the truest fortitude;
And to the bearing well of all calamities,
All chances incident to man's frail life,
Consolatories writ [sought,
With studied argument, and much persuasion
Lenient of grief and anxious thought;
But with thy afflicted, in his pangs, their sound
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his com-
Unless he feel within [plaint;
Some source of consolation from above,
Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,
And fainting spirits uphold.

§ 14. *Sonnet: on his deceased Wife.* MILTON.

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused saint
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband
gave, [faint.
Rescued from death by force, though pale and
Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed
Purification in the old law did save, [taint
And such, as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied sight
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person
shin'd
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But, oh! as to embrace me she inclin'd,
I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.

§ 15. *Spirits.* MILTON.

—SPIRITS, when they please,
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure;
Not tied or manacled with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they
choose,
Dilated or condens'd, bright or obscure,

Can execute their airy purposes,
And works of love or enmity fulfil,

§ 16. *Pain.* MILTON.

—WHAT avails [with pain,
Valour or strength, though matchless, quell'd
Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands
Of mightiest? Sense of pleasure we may well
Spare out of life, perhaps, and not repine;
But live content, which is the calmest life:
But pain is perfect misery, the worst
Of evils! and, excessive, overturns
All patience.

§ 17. *Hypocrisy.* MILTON.

NEITHER man nor angel can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By his permissive will thro' heaven and earth:
And oft though Wisdom wake, Suspicion sleeps
At Wisdom's gate, and to Simplicity [ill
Resigns her charge, while Goodness thinks no
Where no ill seems.

§ 18. *The Lady reproving Comus.* MILTON.

I HATE when vice can bolt her arguments,
And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
Impostor! do not charge most innocent Nature,
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance! she, good cateress,
Means her provision only to the good,
That live according to her sober laws,
And holy dictate of spare Temperance:
If every just man, that now pines with want,
Had but a moderate and beseeching share
Of that which lewdly-pamper'd luxury
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
Nature's full blessings would be well dispens'd
In unsuperfluous even proportion,
And she no whit encumber'd with her store,
And then the giver would be better thank'd,
His praise due paid; for swinish gluttony
Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted, base ingratitude
Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I
go on?

Or have I said enough? To him that dares
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous
words

Against the sun-clad pow'r of Chastity,
Fain would I something say, yet to what end?
Thou hast not ear, nor soul to apprehend
The sublime notion, and high mystery
That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
And serious doctrine of Virginity, [know
And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not
More happiness than this thy present lot.
Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric, [fence,
That hath so well been taught her dazzling
Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinc'd;
Yet should I try, the uncontrolled worth
Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits
To such a flame of sacred vehemence, [thize,
That dumb things would be mov'd to sympa-

And the brute earth would lend her nerves,
and shake,
Till all the magic structures, rear'd so high,
Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

§ 19. *Sonnet to the Nightingale.* MILTON.

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes, that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love; oh if Jove's will
Have link'd that amorous pow'r to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretel my hopeless doom in some grove nigh;
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:
Whether the muse or love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

§ 20. *Echo: A Song.* MILTON.

SWEET Echo, sweetest nymph! that liv'st
Within thy airy shell, [unseen
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That liketh thy Narcissus are?
Oh if thou have
Hid them in some flow'ry cave,
Tell me but where, [sphere!
Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the
So mayst thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heav'n's
harmonies.

VARIOUS DESCRIPTIONS FROM
SPENSER.

§ 21. *Adonis's Garden.*

BUT were it not that Time their troubler is,
All that in this delightful garden grows
Should happy be, and have immortal bliss:
For here all plenty and all pleasure flows,
And sweet love gentle fits amongst them throws,
Without fell rancour, or fond jealousy;
Frankly each paramour his leman knows,
Each bird his mate; ne any does envie
Their goodly merriment, and gay felicitie.

Right in the midst of that paradise
There stood a stately mount, on whose round
top

A gloomy grove of myrtle trees did rise,
Whose shady boughs sharp steele did never lop,
Nor wicked beasts their tender buds did crop:

But, like a girlond compassed the hight,
And from their fruitful sides sweet gumes did
drop, [dight,

That all the ground with precious dew be-
Threw forth most dainty odours and most
sweet delight!

And, in the thickest covert in that shade,
There was a pleasant arbour, not by art,
But of the trees own inclination made,
Which knitting their ranke branches part to
part,
With wanton ivie-twine entail'd athwart,
And eglantine and caprisfole emong,
Fashion'd above within her inmost part,
That neither Phoebus' beams could through
them throng, [wrong.
Nor Æolus' sharp blast could work them any
And all about grew every sort of flowre,
To which sad lovers were transform'd of yore;
Fresh Hyacinthus, Phœbus' paramoure,
And dearest love;
Foolish Narcisse, that likes the wat'ry shore;
Sad Aramantus, made a flowre but late;
Sad Aramantus, in whose purple gore
Meseemes I see Amintas' wretched fate,
To whom sweet poets verse hath given endless
date.

§ 22. *Avarice.*

AND greedy Avarice by him did ride,
Upon a camel loaden all with gold;
Two iron coffers hung on either side,
With precious metall full as they might hold,
And in his lap a heap of coin he told;
For of his wicked pelf his god he made,
And unto hell himself for money sold:
Accurs'd usury was all his trade, [waide.
And right and wrong ylike in equall balance
At last he came into a gloomy glade, [light,
Cover'd with boughs and shrubs from heaven's
Whereas he sitting found, in secret shade,
An uncouth, salvage, and uncivill wight,
Of griesly hew, and foul ill-favour'd sight;
His face with smoake was tann'd, and eyes
were blear'd;
His head and beard with soot were ill bedight;
His coale-black hands did seem to have been
sear'd
In smithe's fire-speting forge, and nails like
claws appear'd.

His iron coat, all overgrown with rust,
Was underneath enveloped with gold,
Whose glistring gloss, darkened with filthy
Well it appeared to have been of old [dust,
A work of rich entaile, and curious mould,
Woven with anticks, and wild imagery;
And in his lap a mass of coine he told,
And turned upside down, to feed his eye,
And covetous desire, with his huge treasury.

And round about him lay, on every side,
Great heaps of gold, that never could be spent;
Of which, some were ore not purifide
Of Mulciber's devouring element;
Some others were new driven, and distent
Into great ingots, and to wedges square;
Some in round plates withouten monument;
But most were stamp't, and in their metall
bare

The antick shapes of kings and Cæsars strange
and rare.

§ 23. *Beauty.*

Nought is there under heav'n's wide hollow-
ness

That moves more dear compassion of mind,
Than beauty brought t' unworthy wretched-
ness

By env'y's snares or fortune's freaks unkind :
I, whether lately through her brightness blind,
Or through allegiance and fast fealty,
Which I do owe unto all womankind,
Feel my heart pierc'd with so great agony,
When such I see, that all for pity I could die.

Eftsoons there stepped forth
A goodly lady, clad in hunter's weed,
That seem'd to be a woman of great worth,
And by her stately portance borne of heavenly
Her face so fair, as flesh it seem'd not, [birth.
But heavenly portraict of bright angels hiew,
Clear as the sky withouten blame or blot,
Through goodly mixture of complexions dew,
And in her cheeks the vermill' red did shew
Like roses in a bed of lillies shed,
The which ambrosial odours from them threw,
And gazers sense with double pleasure fed,
Able to heal the sick, and to revive the dead.

In her fair eyes two living lamps did flame,
Kindled above, at th' heavenly Maker's light,
And darted fiery beams out of the same,
So passing pearceant, and so wondrous bright,
That quite bereav'd the rash beholders of their
In them the blinded god his lustful fire [sight:
To kindle oft assay'd, but had no might ;
For, with dread majesty, and awful ire,
She broke his wanton darts, and quenched base
desire.

Nought under heaven so strongly doth allure
The sense of man, and all his mind possess,
As beauty's love-bait, that doth procure
Great warriors of their rigour to repress,
And mighty hands forget their manliness,
Drawn with the pow'r of an heart-robbing eye,
And wrapt in fetters of a golden tress,
That can with melting pleasance mollify
Their harden'd hearts, enur'd to blood and cruelty.

So whilome learn'd that mighty Jewish swain,
Each of whose locks did match a man of might,
To lay his spoils before his leman's train :
So also did the great Cetean knight,
For his love's sake, his lion's skin undight :
And so did warlike Antony neglect
The world's whole rule, for Cleopatra's sight.
Such wondrous pow'r has women's fair aspect,
To captive men, and make them all the world
reject.

§ 24. *Bower of Bliss.*

Thence passing forth, they shortly do arrive
Wherat the Bower of Bliss was situate ;
A place pick'd out by choice of best alive,
That nature's work by art can imitate ;

In which whatever in this worldly state
Is sweet and pleasing unto living sense,
Or that may daintiest fantasie aggrate,
Was poured forth with plentiful dispense,
And made there to abound with lavish affluence.

Goodly it was enclosed round about,
As well their enter'd guests to keep within,
As those unruly beasts to hold without ;
Yet was the fence thereof but weak and thin :
Nought fear'd their force that fortilage to win,
But wisdom's powre and temperance's might,
By which the mightiest things efforc'd bin :
And eke the gate was wrought of substance
light,
Rather for pleasure than for battery or fight.

It framed was of precious ivory,
That seem'd a work of admirable wit ;
And therein all the famous historie
Of Jason and Medæa was ywrit ;
Her mighty charmes, her furious loving fit,
His goodly conquest of the golden fleece,
His falsed faith, and love to lightly flit,
The wondred Argo, which invent'rous peece
First through the Euxian seas bore all the flow'r
of Greece.

Ye might have seen the frothy billowes fry
Under the ship, as thorough them she went,
That seem'd waves were into ivory,
Or ivory into the waves were sent :
And other where the snowy substance sprent,
With vermill like the boyes bloud therein shed,
A piteous spectacle did represent ;
And otherwhiles with gold besprinkled, [wed.
It seem'd th' enchanted flame which did Creüsa
All this and more might in this goodly gate
Be read ; that ever open stood to all
Which thither came ; but in the porch there
A comely personage of stature tall, [sate
And semblance pleasing more than natural,
That travellers to him seem'd to entice ;
His looser garments to the ground did fall,
And flew about his heels in wanton wise,
Not fit for speedy pace or manly exercise.

The foe of life, that good envies to all,
That secretly doth us procure to fall, [us see,
Through guileful semblaunce which he makes
He of this garden had the governall,
And pleasure's porter was devis'd to be,
Holding a staffe in hand for more formalitie.

Thus being entred, they behold around
A large and spatious plaine on every side
Strow'd with pleasaunce, whose faire grassie
ground
Mantled with green, and goodly beatifide
With all the ornaments of Floraes pride,
Wherewith her mother Art, as half in scorne
Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride,
Did deck her, and too lavishly adorne,
When forth from virgin bowrs she comes in
th' early morn.

Thereto the heavens always joviall,
 Lookt on them lovely, still in stedfast state,
 Ne suffer'd storme nor frost on them to fall,
 Their tender buds or leaves to violate,
 Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate,
 T' afflict the creatures which therein did
 But the mild air with season moderate [dwell;
 Gently attempted and disposed so well,
 That still it breathed forth sweet spirit and
 wholesome smell.

More sweet and wholesome than the pleasant hill
 Of Rhodopè, on which the nymph that bore
 A giant-babe, herselfe for griefe did kill;
 Or the Thessalian Tempè, where of yore
 Faire Daphne Phœbus' heart with love did gore;
 Or Ida, where the gods lov'd to repaire,
 When-ever they their heavenly bowres forlore;
 Or sweet Parnasse, the haunt of muses faire;
 Or Eden, if that aught with Eden mote compare.
 Till that he came unto another gate,
 No gate, but like one, beeing goodly dight
 With boughes and branches, which did broad
 dilate [intricate.
 Their clasping armes, in wanton wreathings

So fashioned a porch with rare divise,
 Archt over head with an embracing vine,
 Whose bunches hanging downe, seem'd to
 entice
 All passers by to taste their luscious wine,
 And did themselves into their hands incline,
 As freely offering to be gathered:
 Some deep empurpled as the hyacinth,
 Some as the rubine laughing, sweetly red,
 Some like fair emeraudes not yet ripened.

And them amongst, some were of burnisht
 So made by art, to beautifie the rest, [gold,
 Which did themselves amongst the leaves
 enfold,
 As lurking from the view of covetous guest,
 That the weak boughes, with so rich load op-
 Did bow adown as over-burthened. [prest,

There the most dainty paradise on ground,
 Itself doth offer to his sober eye,
 In which all pleasures plentifully abound,
 And none does others happiness envie:
 The painted flowres, the trees upshooting hie,
 The dales for shade, the hills for breathing
 place,
 The trembling groves, the crystall running by;
 And that which all fair works doth most
 aggrace, [place.
 The art which wrought it all appeared in no

One would have thought (so cunningly the
 rude
 And scorned parts were mingled with the fine)
 That Nature had for wantonness ensue
 Art, and that Art at Nature did repine;
 So striving each the other to undermine,
 Each did the other's work more beautify;
 So differing both in willes, agreed in fine:

So all agreed through sweet diversitie,
 This garden to adorne with all varietie.

And in the midst of all, a fountaine stood,
 Of richest substance that on earth might be,
 So pure and shiny, that the silver flood
 Through every channell running, one might
 Most goodly it with pure imageree [see;
 Was over-wrought, and shapes of naked boyes,
 Of which some seem'd with lively jollitee
 To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,
 While others did themselves embay in liquid
 joyes.

And over all, of purest gold, was spread
 A trayle of ivie in his native bew:
 For the rich metall was so coloured,
 That wight that did not well advised view,
 Would surely deem it to be ivie true:
 Low his lascivious armes adowne did creep,
 That themselves dipping in the silver dew,
 Their fleecie flowres they tenderly did steepe,
 Which drops of crystall seem'd for wantonness
 to weepe.

Infinite streames continually did well
 Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,
 The which into an ample laver fell,
 And shortly grew to so great quantitie,
 That like a little lake it seem'd to bee;
 Whose depth exceeded not three cubits
 height, [see
 That through the waves one might the bottom
 All pay'd beneath with jaspers shining bright,
 That seem'd the fountaine in that sea did sayle
 upright.
 And all the margent round about was set
 With shady lawrell-trees, thence to defend
 The sunny beames, which on the billows bet,
 And those which therein bathed, mote offend.

§ 25. Calumny.

It is a monster bred of hellish race,
 Then answer'd he, which often had annoy'd
 Good knights and ladies true, and many else
 Of Cerberus whylome he was begot, [destroy'd.
 And fell Chimæra in her darksome den,
 Through foule commixture of his filthy blot,
 Where he was fostred long in Stygian fen,
 Till he to perfect ripeness grew, and then
 Into this wicked world he forth was sent,
 To be the plague and scourge of wretched men:
 Whom with vile tongue and venomous intent
 Ill sore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly tor-
 ment.

§ 26. Cannon.

As when the devilish iron engine wrought
 In deepest hell, and fram'd by furies' skill,
 With windy nitre and quick sulphur fraught,
 And ramm'd with bullet round ordain'd to kill,
 Conceiveth fire, the heavens it doth fill
 With thundering noise, and all the aire doth
 choke,
 That none can breath, nor see, nor hear, at
 will,

Through smouldry cloud of duskish stinking
smoke,
That th' only breath him daunts who hath
escaped his stroke.

§ 27. *Charity.*

SHE was a woman in her freshest age,
Of wondrous beauty, and of bountie rare,
With goodly grace and comely personage,
That was on earth not easy to compare;
Full of great love, but Cupid's wanton snare
As hell she hated, chaste in work and will;
Her neck and breasts were ever open bare, [fill;
That aye thereof her babes might suck their
The rest was all in yellow robes arraigned still.
A multitude of babes about her hang,
Plying their sports, that joy'd her to behold,
Whom still she fed, whilst they were weak
and young,
But thrust them forth still, as they waxed old:
And on her head she wore a tire of gold, [fair,
Adorn'd with gemmes and owches wondrous
Whose passing price uneth was to be told;
And by her side there sate a gentle pair
Of turtle doves, she sitting in an ivory chaire.

§ 28. *Cupid.*

LIKE a Cupido on Idæan hill,
When having laid his cruel bowe away,
And mortal arrows, wherewith he doth fill
The world with wondrous spoils and bloodie
prey:
With his faire mother he him dights to play,
And with his goodly sisters, graces three;
The goddesses pleased with his wanton play,
Suffers herself through sleep beguill'd to be,
The whiles the other ladies mind their merry
glee. [he used
First, she him sought in court where most
Whylome to haunt, but there she found him
not; [cused
But many there she found, which sore ac-
His falsehood, and with foule infamous blot,
His cruel deeds and wicked wiles did spot:
Ladies and lords she every where mote hear
Complaining, how with his empoysned shot
Their woful hearts he wounded had why-
leare, [and feare.
And so had left them languishing 'twixt hope
She then the cities sought from gate to gate,
And every one did ask, did he him see;
And every one her answer'd, and too late
He had him seen, and felt the crueltie
Of his sharp darts, and hot artillerie;
And every one threw forth reproaches rife
Of his mischievous deeds, and said, that hee
Was the disturber of all civil life,
The enimie of peace, and author of all strife.

Then in the country she abroad him sought,
And in the rural cottages enquired:
Where also many complaints to her were brought,
How he their heedless hearts with love had fired,
And false venom thorough their veines inspired;

And eke the gentle shepheard'swaines, which
sate,
Keeping their fleecy flocks, as they were hired,
She sweetly heard complaine, both how and
what [thereat.
Her sonne had to them doen; yet she did smile

And at the upper end of the faire towne,
There was an altar built of precious stone,
Of passing value, and of great renowne,
On which there stood an image all alone,
Of massie gold, which with his own light shone;
And wings it had with sundry colours dight,
More sundry colours than the proud pavone
Bears in his boasted fan, or Iris bright,
When her discolour'd bow she spreads through
heaven bright.

Blindfold he was, and in his cruel fist
A mortal bow and arrowes keen did hold,
With which he shot at random when he list:
Some headed with sad lead, some with pure
gold [hold).
(Ah, man! beware how thou those darts be-
A wounded dragon under him did lie,
Whose hideous tayle his left foot did enfold,
And with a shaft was shot through eyther
eye, [remedy.
That no man forth could draw, ne no man

Next after her, the winged god himself
Came riding on a lyon ravenous,
Taught to obey the menage of that elfe,
That man and beast with powre imperious
Subdueth to his kingdom tyrannous:
His blindfold eyes he had awhile unbind,
That his proud spoyle of that same dolorous
Fair dame he might behold in perfect kind;
Which seen he much rejoiceth in his cruel
mind.

Of which full proud, himself up-rearing hye,
He looked round about with stern disdain;
And did survey his goodly company;
And marshalling the evil ordered traine,
With that the darts which his right hand did
straine,
Full dreadfully he shook, that all did quake,
And clapt on high his coloured wings twaine,
That all his many it affraide did make:
Though binding him againe, his way he forth
did take.

§ 29. *Death.*

AND in his hand a bended bow was seene,
And many arrows under his right side,
All deadly dangerous, all cruel keene,
Hheaded with flint, and feathers bloodie dide.
Such as the Indians in their quivers hide:
Those could he well direct, and strait as line,
And bid them strike the marke which he had
eyde;

Ne was there salve, ne was there medicine,
That mote recure their wounds; so inly they
did time.

As pale and wan as ashes was his look,
 His body lean and meagre as a rake,
 And skin all wither'd as a dried rook,
 Thereto as cold and drery as a snake,
 That seem'd to tremble evermore, and quake;
 All in a canvas thin he was bedight,
 And girded with a belt of twisted brake,
 Upon his head he wore an helmet light,
 Made of a dead man's skull, that seem'd a
 gastly sight.

§ 30. *Discord's House.*

HARD by the gates of hell her dwelling is,
 There whereas all plagues and harmes abound,
 Which punish wicked men, that walk amiss;
 It is a darksome delve farre under ground,
 With thornes and barren brakes environ'd round.
 That none the same way may out-win;
 Yet many wayes to enter may be found,
 But none to issue forth when one is in;
 For discord harder is to end than to begin.

And all within the riven walles were hung
 With ragged monuments of times fore-past,
 Of which, the sad effects of discord hang;
 There were rent robes, and broken scepters
 plac't,
 Altars defil'd, and holy things defac't,
 Dishevered spears, and shields ytorne in
 twaine.
 Great cittys ransack't, and strong castles ras't,
 Nations captiv'd, and huge armies slaine:
 Of all which ruines there some reliques did
 remaine.

There was the signe of antique Babylon,
 Of fatal Thebes, of Rome that rain'd long,
 Of sacred Salem, and sad Ilion,
 For memory of which, on high there hong
 The golden apple (cause of all their wrong)
 For which the three faire goddesses did strive:
 There also was the name of Nimrod strong,
 Of Alexander, and his princes five,
 Which shar'd to them the spoiles which he
 had got alive.

And there the reliques of the drunken fray,
 The which amongst the Lapithes befell,
 And of the bloody feast, which sent away
 So many Centaures' drunken soules to hell,
 That under great Alcides' furie fell:
 And of the dreadful discord, which did drive
 The noble Argonauts to outrage fell,
 That each of life sought other to deprive,
 All mindless of the golden-fleece which made
 them strive.

And eke of private persons many moe,
 That were too long a worke to count them all;
 Some of sworne friends, that did their faith
 forgoe;
 Some of borne brethren, prov'd unnatural;
 Some of deare lovers, foes perpetual;
 Witness their broken bands there to be seen,
 Their girdles rent, their bowers dispos'd all;

The monuments whereof there byding been
 As plaine as at the first, when they were fresh
 and green.

Such was the house within; but all without
 The barren ground was full of wicked weeds,
 Which she herself had sown all about,
 Now grown great, at first of little seedes,
 The seedes of evil words, and factious deedes;
 Which when to ripeness due they grown are,
 Bring forth an infinite increase, that breeds
 Tumultuous trouble, and contentious jarre,
 The which most often end in blood-shed and in
 warre.

And those same cursed seedes do also serve
 To her for bread, and yield a living food:
 For life it is to her, when others sterve
 Thro' mischievous debate and deadly feod,
 That she may suck their life, and drink their
 blood, [fed,
 With which she from her childhood had been
 For she at first was born of hellish brood,
 And by infernal furies nourished, [read,
 That by her monstrous shape might easily be

Her face most foule and filthy was to see,
 With squinting eyes contrary ways entended,
 And loathly mouth, unmeet a mouth to be;
 That nought but gall and venom comprehended,
 And wicked words that God and man offended:
 Her lying tongue was in two parts divided,
 And both the parts did speak, and both con-
 tended,
 And as her tongue, so was her heart decided,
 That never thought one thing, but doubly still
 was guided.

Als as she double spake, so heard she double,
 With matchless ears deformed and distort,
 Fil'd with false rumors, and seditious trouble,
 Bred in assemblies of the vulgar sort,
 That still are led with every light report,
 And as her eares, so eke her feet were odde,
 And much unlike, th' one long, the other short,
 And both misplac't; that when th' one for-
 ward gode,
 The other back retired, and contrary trode.

Likewise unequal were her handes twaine;
 That one did reach, the other pusht away;
 The one did make, the other marr'd againe,
 And sought to bring all things unto decay;
 Whereby great riches, gather'd many a day,
 She in short space did often bring to nought,
 And their possessours often did dismay.
 For all her study was, and all her thought,
 How she might overthrowe the thing that con-
 cord wrought.

So much her malice did her might surpass,
 That even th' Almighty selfe she did maligne
 Because to man so merciful he was,
 And unto all his creatures so benigne,
 Sith she her self was of his grace indigne:
 For all this world's faire workmanship she
 Unto his last confusion to bring, [tride

And that great golden chain quite to divide,
With which it blessed concord hath together
tied.

§ 31. *Envy.*

AND next to him malicious Envie rode,
Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw
Between his cankered teeth a venomous toad,
That all the poyson ran about his jaw;
But inwardly he chawed his own maw [sad,
At neighbours wealth, that made him ever
For death it was, when any good he saw,
And wept, that cause of weeping none he
had: [drows glad.
But when he heard of harme, he waxed won-

All in a kirtle of discolour'd say
He clothed was, ypainted full of eyes;
And in his bosom secretly there lay
An hateful snake, the which his tail up ties
In many folds, and mortal sting implies.
Still as he rode, he gnasht his teeth, to see
Those heaps of gold with gurple covetise,
And grudged at the great felicity
Of proud Lucifera, and his own company.

He hated all good works and virtuous deeds,
And him no less, that any like did use; [feeds,
And who with gracious bread the hungry
His alms for want of faith he doth accuse;
So every good to bad he doth abuse;
And eke the verse of famous poet's wit
He doth back-bite, and spiteful poison spues
From leprous mouth, on all that ever writ:
Such on vile Envy was, that first in rowe did sit.

§ 32. *Faith.*

Of which the eldest, that Fidelia hight,
Like sunny beames threw from her crystal face,
That could have daz'd the rash beholder's
sight, [light.
And round her head did shine like heaven's

She was arraid all in lily white,
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
With wine and water fill'd up to the height,
In which a serpent did himself enfold,
That horror made to all that did behold; [mood;
But she no whit did change her constant
And in her other hand she fast did hold
A book that was both sign'd and seal'd with
blood, [derstood.
Wherein dark things were writ, hard to be un-

§ 33. *Gluttony.*

AND by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,
Deformed creature, on a filthy swine,
His belly was up-blown with luxury,
And eke with fatness swollen were his eyene:
And like a crane his neck was long and fine,
With which he swallowed up excessive feast,
For want whereof poor people oft did pine;
And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
He spewed up his gerge, that all did him de-
test.

In green vine leaves he was right fitly clad,
For other clothes he could not wear for heat,
And on his head an ivy girland had,
From under which fast trickled down the sweat:
Still as he rode he somewhat did eat,
And in his hand did bear a bouzing cann,
On which he sapt so oft, that on his seat
His drunken corse he scarce upholden can,
In shape and life more like a monster than a
man.

Unfit he was for any worldly thing,
And eke unable once to stirre or go;
Not meet to be a counsellor to a king, [so:
Whose minde in meat and drink was drowned
Full of disease was his carcase blue,
And a dry dropsy through his flesh did flow,
Which by misdiet daily greater grew:
Such one was Gluttony, the second of that crew.

§ 34. *Grove.*

INTO that forest farre they thence him led,
Where was their dwelling in a pleasant glade.
With mountains round about environed,
And mighty woods, which did the valley shade,
And like a stately theatre it made,
Spreading itself into a spacious plaine,
And in the midst a little river plaid [plaine
Emongst the pumystones, which seem'd to
With gentler murmur that his course they did
restraine.

Enforc'd to seek some covert nigh at hand,
A shady grove not farre away they spide;
That promis't ayde the tempest to withstand:
Whose lofty trees yclad with summer's pride,
Did spread so broad that heaven's light did hide,
Not perceivable with power of any starre:
And all within were paths and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward
farre: [entred are.
Fairst harbour, that them seemes; so in they

§ 35. *Harmony.*

ERTSOONES they heard a most melodious
Of all that mote delight a dainty eare, [sound,
Such as at once might not on living ground,
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere:
Right hard was it for wight that did it heare,
To read what manner musick that mote be:
For all that pleasing is to living eare,
Was there consorted in one harmonie,
Birds, voices, instruments, windes, waters,—
all agree.

The joyous birds shrouded in chearful shade,
Their notes unto the voyce attempted sweet;
The angel call soft trembling voyces made
To the instruments divine response meet:
The silver sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmure of the waters fall:
The waters fall, with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call,
The gently warbling wind lowe answering to all.

§ 36. *Hermitage.*

A LITTLE lowly hermitage it was,
Down in a dale hard by a forest side,
Farre from resort of people that did pass
In travell to and fro: a little wide
There was an holy chapell edified,
Wherein the hermit duly went to say
His holy things each morn and evening tide:
Thereby a crystal streame did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountain welled forth
away.

He thence led me into this hermitage,
Letting his steeds to graze upon the green;
Small was his house, and like a little cage,
For his own turne, yet inly neat and clean,
Deckt with green boughes, and flowers gay be
seene;
Therein he them full faire did entertaine,
Not with such forged showes, as fitter beene
For courting fools that courtesies would faine,
But with entire affection, and appearance plaine.

§ 37. *Honor.*

Whoso in pompe of proud estate (quoth she)
Does swim, and bathes himself in courtly bliss,
Does wast his daies in darke obscurity
And in oblivion ever buried is;
Where ease abounds, it's easie to doe amiss;
But who his limbs with labours, and his mind
Behaves with cares, cannot so easy miss.
Abroad in arms, at home in studious kind,
Who seekes with painefull toile, shall honour
soonest find.

In woods, in waves, in wars she wents to
dwell,
And will be found with perill and with paine;
Ne can the man that moulds in idle cell,
Unto her happy mansion attain:
Before her gate high God did sweat ordaine,
And wakeful watches ever to abide;
But easie is the way, and passage plaine,
To pleasure's palace; it may soon be spide,
And day and night her doors to all stand open
wide.

§ 38. *Hope.*

With him went Hope in rank, a handsome
Of chearful look, and lovely to behold; [mayd,
In silken samite she was light arraid,
And her faire locks were woven up in gold;
She always smil'd, and in her hand did hold
An holy water sprinkle dipt in deawe,
In which she sprinkled favours manyfold,
Op whom she list, and did great liking shewe;
Great liking unto many, but true love to fewe.

Another.

Her youngest sister, that Speranza hight,
Was clad in blue, that her beseeemed well,
Not all so chearful seemed she of sight,
As was her sister; whether dread did dwell,
Or anguish in her heart, is hard to tell:

Upon her arme a silver anchor lay,
Whereon she leaned ever, as befell:
And ever up to Heaven as she did pray, [way.
Her stedfast eyes were bent, ne swarved other

§ 39. *Idleness.*

Or which the first, that all the rest did guide,
Was sluggish Idleness, the nurse of sin;
Upon a slothful ass he chose to ride,
Arraid in habit black, and amis thin,
Like to an holy monk the servis to begin.

And in his hand a portesse still he bare,
That much was worne, but therein little red;
For of devotion he had little care.
Still drown'd in sleep, and most of his days dead,
Scarce could he once uphold his heavy head
To looken whether it were night or day.
May seem the waine was very evil led,
When such an one had guiding of the way,
That knew not whether right he went, or else
astray.

From worldly cares himself he did esloine,
And greatly shunned manly exercise
For every work he challenged effoine,
For contemplation sake: yet otherwise,
His life he led in lawless riotise:
By which he grew to grievous maladie;
For in his lustless limbs through evil guise
A shaking feaver raign'd continually:
Such one was Idleness, first of this company.

§ 40. *Ignorance.*

At last, with creeping crooked pace, forth
came
An old man, with beard as white as snow,
That on a staff his feeble steps did frame,
And guide his weary steps both too and fro;
For his eye-sight him fail'd long ago;
And on his arme a bunch of keys he bore,
The which, unus'd, rust did overgrowse:
Those were the keys of every inward dore;
But he could not them use, but kept them still
in store.

But very uncouth sight was to behold
How he did fashion his untoward pace:
For as he forward mov'd his footing old,
So backward still was turn'd his wrinkled face;
Unlike to men, who ever as they trace,
Both feet and face one way are wont to lead;
This was the ancient keeper of that place,
And foster father of the giant dead,
His name Ignaro did his nature right aread.

§ 41. *Inconstancy.*

For those same islands, seeing now and
then,
Are not firme land, or any certein wonne,
But straggling plots: which to and fro do
ronne
In the wide waters: therefore are they hight
The Wandring Islands: therefore do them
shonne;

For they have oft drawn many a wandring
wight
Into most deadly danger and distressed plight.

Yet will they seem to him, that farre doth
view,
Both faire and fruitful, and the ground dispreed
With grassie green of delectable hew,
And the tall trees with leaves unparallel,
Are deckt with blossoms dyed in white and red,
That mote the passengers there to allure :
But whosoever once hath fastened
His foot thereon, may never yet recure,
But wandreth evermore uncertain and unsure.

§ 42. *Incontinence.*

THE wanton lady with her lover rose, [pose.
Whoes sleepey head she in her lap did soft dis-
Upon a bed of roses she was laid,
As faint through heat, or dight to pleasant sin,
And was arraid, or rather disarraid,
All in a veil of silk and silver thin,
That hid no whit her alabaster skin, [be :
But rather showed more white, if more might
More subtle web Arachne cannot spin,
Nor the fine nets which off we woven see
Of scorched dew, do not in th' air more lightly
flee.

§ 43. *Lechery.*

AND next to him rode lustfull Lechery,
Upon a bearded goat, whoes rugged haire,
And whaley eyes (the signe of jealousie)
Was like the person self whom he did beare ;
Who rough and black, and filthy did appeare,
Unseemly man to please fair lady's eye ;
Yet he of ladys oft was loved dear,
When fairer faces were bid standen by :
O ! who does know the bent of woman's fan-
tasie ?

In a green gowne he clothed was full faire,
Which underneath did hide his filthiness,
And in his hand a burning heart did bare,
Full of vaine follies, and new fangleness,
For he was false, and fraught with fickleness,
And learned had to love with secret looks,
And well could dance and sing with rueful-
ness, [books,
And fortunes tell, and read in loveing
And thousand other waies, to bait his fleshly
hooks.

Inconstant man, that loved all he saw,
And lusted after all that he did love,
Ne would his looser life be tied to law,
But joy'd weak women's hearts to tempt and
prove,
If from their loyal loves he might them move ;
Which lewdness fill'd him with reproachful
paine
Of that foul evill which all men reprove :
That rots the marrow and consumes the
braine :
Such one was Lechery, the third of all this
traine.

§ 44. *Life.*

O WHY doe wretched men so much desire
To draw their days unto the utmost date,
And do not rather wish them soon expire,
Knowing the misery of their estate,
And thousand perils which them still awaite,
Tossing themselves like a boat amid the
maine
That every hour they knock at deathes gate ?
And he that happy seemes, and least in
paine,
Yet is as nigh his end, as he that most doth
plaine.

The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely
lay ;
Ah see, who so faire thing dost faine to see,
In springing flowre the image of thy day ;
All see thy virgin rose, how sweetly shee
Doth first peep forth with bashful modestie,
Thus fairer seems, the less you see her may ;
Lo, see soon after, how more bold and free
Her bared bosom she doth broad display ;
Lo, see soon after, how she fades and falls
away.

So passeth in the passing of a day,
Of mortal life the leafe, the bud, the flowre,
Ne more doth flourish after first decay,
That earst was sought to deck both bed and
bowre
Of many a lady, and many a paramoure :
Gather the rose of love, whilst yet is time,
Whilst loving thou mayst loved be with equal
crime.

§ 45. *Love.*

O SACRED fire that burnest mightily
In living breasts, ykindled first above,
Emongst th' eternal spheres and lamping
sky,
And thence pour'd into men, which men call
love :
Not that same which doth base affections
move
In brutish mindes, and filthy lust inflame ;
But that sweet fit, that does true beauty love,
And choseth virtue for his dearest dame,
Whence spring all noble deeds, and never-
dying fame.

Well did antiquitie a god thee deeme,
That over mortal minds has so great might,
To order them as best to thee doth seeme,
And all their actions to direct aright ;
The fatal purpose of divine foresight
Thou dost effect in destined descents,
Through deep impression of thy secret might ;
And stirrest up the heroes high intents,
Which the late world admires for wondrous
monuments.

Wondrous it is to see in diverse mindes,
How diversely Love doth his pageants play,
And shows his power in variable kinds :
The baser wit, whose idle thoughts alway

Are wont to cleave unto the lowly clay,
It stirreth up to sensual desire,
And in lewd sloth to wast its careless day;
But in brave sprite it kindles goodly fire,
That to all high desert and honor doth aspire.

Ne suffereth uncomely idleness
In his free thought to build her sluggish nest;
Ne suffereth it thought of ungentleness
Ever to creep into his noble brest;
But to the highest and the worthiest
Lifteth it up, that else would lowly fall:
It lets not fall, it lets it not to rest:

It lets not scarce this prince to breathe at
all,
But to his first pursuit him forward still doth
call.

§ 46. *Madness.*

With hundred iron chains he did him bind,
An hundred knots that did him sore con-
straine:

Yet his great iron teeth he still did grinde,
And grimly gnash, threatning revenge in vaine:
His burning eyn, whom bloody strakes did
staine,

Stared full wide, and threw forth sparks of
fire;
And more for rank despight, than for great
paine,

Shak't his long locks, colour'd like copper
wire,
And bit his tawny beard to shew his raging
ire.

§ 47. *Mercy.*

They, passing by, were guided by degree
Unto the presence of that gracious queen:
Who sate on high, that she might all men see,
And might of all men royally be seene,
Upon a throne of gold full bright and sheene;
Adorned all with gemmes of endless price,
As either might for wealth have gotten been,
Or could be fram'd by workman's rare device;
And all embost with lyons and with flowre-de-
lice.

And over all her cloth of state was spred,
Not of rich tisnew, nor of cloth of gold,
Nor of aught else that may be richest red,
But like a cloud, as likest may be told,
That her broad spreading wings did wide un-
fold;

Whose skirts were bordered with bright
sunny beames,
Glistring like gold, amongst the plights enrold,
And here and there shooting forth silver
streames,
'Mongst which crept the little angels through
the glittering gleames.

Seemed those little angels did uphold
The cloth of state, and on their purpled wings
Did bear the pendants, thro' their nimble
bold,

Besides a thousand more of such, as rings

Hymnes to high God, and carols heavenly
things,

Encompassed the throne, on which she sate:
She angel-like, the heir of ancient kings
And mighty conquerors, in royal state,
Whilst kings and Cæsars at her feet did them
prostrate.

Thus she did sit in sovereign majestie,
Holding a sceptre in her royal hand,
The sacred pledge of peace and clemencie,
With which high God had blest her happy land,
Maugre so many foes which did withstand.

But at her feet her sword was likewise lay'd,
Whose long rest rusted the bright steely brand,
Yet when as foes enfor't, or friends sought
ayde, [made.

She could it sternly draw, that all the world dis-

And round about before her feet there sate
A beaute of faire virgins clad in white,
That goodly seem'd t' adorne her royal state,
All lovely daughters of high Jove, that hight
Litæ, by him begot in love's delight,

Upon the righteous Themis: those they say
Upon Jove's judgment seat waite day and night,
And when in wrath he threatens the world's de-
cay,

They do his anger calme, and cruel vengeance
stay.

They also doe, by his divine permission,
Upon the thrones of mortal princes tend,
And often treat for pardon and remission
To suppliants through frailtie which offend;
Those did upon Marcillæ's throne attend:

Just Dice, wise Economie, mild Eirene;
And them amongst, her glory to commend,
Sate goodly Temperance, in garments clehe,
And sacred Reverence, yborne of heavenly
strene.

Some clerks doe doubt in their deviceful art,
Whether this heavenly thing, whereof I treat,
To weeten, mercy, be of justice part,
Or drawne forth from her by divine extreate.

This well I wote; that sure she is as great,
And meriteth to have as high a place,
Sith in th' Almighty's everlasting seat
She first was bred, and borne of heavenly
race; [of grace.

From thence pour'd down on men, by influence

For if that virtue be of that great might,
Which from just verdict will for nothing start,

But to preserve inviolated right,
Oft spoils the principal to save the part;
So much more then is that of powre and art,

That seeks to save the subject of her skill,
Yet never doth for doom of right depart:

As it is greater praise to save, than spill;
And better to reforme, than to cut off the ill.

§ 48. *Morning.*

At last fair Hesperus, in his highest sky
Had spent his lamp, and brought forth dawning
light,

Then up he rose, and clad him hastily;
The dwarfe him brought his steed: so both
away did fly.

Another.

Now when the rosy-finger'd morning faire,
Weary of aged Tithon's saffron bed,
Had spred her purple robe through deawy
aire,
And the high hills Titan discovered,
The royal virgin shook her drowsy head.

Another.

At last the golden oriental gate
Of greatest heaven gan to open faire,
And Phœbus fresh, as bridegroom to his
mate,
Came dancing forth, shaking his deawy heare:
And hurles his glistering beams thro' gloomy
aire.

Another.

Soone as the fiery streakes with purple beames
Disperse the shadowes of the misty night,
And Titan playing on the easterne streames,
Can cleare the deawy aire with springing light:
So soon as day, forth dawning from the east,
Night's humid curtaine from the heavens with-
drew,
And early calling forth both man and beast,
Commanded them their daily workes renew.

§ 49. *Mountain.*

It was an hill plac'd in an open plaine,
That round about was bordered with a wood
Of matchless height, that seem'd th' earth to
disdaine,
In which all trees of honour stately stood,
And did all winter as in summer bud,
Spreading pavilions for the birds to bowre,
Which in the lowly branches sung aloud,
And in their tops the soaring haulke did
towre,
Sitting like king of fowles in majesty and
powre.

And at the foot thereof, a gentle flood
His silver waves did softly tumble down,
Unmarr'd with ragged moss or filthy mud;
Ne mote wild beasts, ne mote the ruder clowne
There to approach, ne filth mote therein
drowne:

But nymphs and faeries by the bankes did sit,
In the wood shade, which did the waters
crowne,

Keeping all noisome things away from it,
And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit.

And on the top thereof a spatious plaine
Did spread itself, to serve to all delight,
Either to dance, when they to dance would
faine,

Or else to course about their bases light:
Ne aught there wanted, which for pleasure
might

Desired be, or thence to banish bale:
So pleasantly the hill, with equal height,
Did seem to overlook the lowly vale,
Therefore it rightly cleeped was Mount Acidale.

§ 50. *Night.*

WHERE griesly Night, with visage deadly sad,
That Phœbus' chearful face durst never view,
And in a foul black pitchy mantle clad,
She finds forth coming from her darksome
mew,
Where she all day did hide her hated heed.
Before the door her iron chariot stood,
Already harnessed for journey new;
And cole-black steeds yborne of hellish
brood,
That on their rusty bits did champ, as they were
wood.

By this, eternall lamps, where-with high Jove
Did light the world, were half yspent,
And the moist daughters of huge Atlas shove
In the ocean deep to drive their wearied
rove,
Now when as all the world in silence deep
Yshrowded was, and every mortal wight
Was drowned in the depth of deadly sleep.

Night, thou foule mother of annoyance sad,
Sister of heavy death, and nurse of woe,
Which was begot in heaven, but for thy bad
And brutish shape, thrust down to hell be-
low,

Where, by the grim flood of Cocytus slowe,
That dwelling is Herebus' black hous,
(Black Herebus, thy husband, is the foe
Of all the gods) where thou ungracious,
Half of thy days doest lead in horror hedeous.

What had th' Eternal Maker need of thee,
The world in his continual course to keep,
That doest all things deface, ne lettest see
The beauties of his work? Indeed in sleep
The slothful body doth love to steep [mind;
His lustless limbs, and drowne his baser
Doth praise thee oft, and oft from Stygian deep
Calls thee his goddess, in his error blind,
And great dame Nature's hand-maid chearing
every kind.

But well I wote, that to an heavy heart
Thou art the root and nurse of bitter cares,
Breeder of new, renewer of old smart;
Instead of rest, thou lendest rayling tears,
And dreadful visions, in the which alive,
The dreary image of sad death appears:
So from the warie spirite thou dost drive
Desired rest, and men of happiness deprive.

Under thy mantle black there hidden lye,
Light-shunning theft, and travertous intent,
Abhorred bloudshed, and vile felony,
Shameful deceit, and danger iminent,
Foule horror, and eke hellish dreriment:
All these (I wote) in thy protection bee,
And light doe shunne, for fear being shent:

For, light ylike is loth'd of them and thee,
And all that lewdness love, doe hate the light to
see.

For day discovers all dishonest wayes,
And sheweth each thing as it is indeed;
The prayes of high God he fair displayes,
And his large bounty rightly doth areed,
Days blessed children be the blessed seed,
Which darkness shall subdue, and heaven
win:

Truth is his daughter, he her first did breed,
Most sacred virgin, without spot or sin:
Our life is day; but death with darkness doth
begin.

Now gan the humid vapour shed the ground
With pearly dew, and the earth's gloomy shade
Did dim the brightness of the welkin round,
That every bird and beast awarned made
To shroud themselves, while sleep their senses
did invade.

§ 51. *Palace of Sleep.*

To Morpheus' house doth hastily repara:
Amid the bowels of the earth full steep
And lowe, where dawning day doth never
peep,
His dwelling is; there Thetys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steep
In silver dew his ever drouping head,
Whiles sad night over him her mantle black
doth spread.

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
The one fair fram'd with burnish'd ivory,
The other all with silver overcast;
And wakefull dogges before them farre doe lye,
Watching to banish Care their enemy,

Who oft is wont to trouble gentle sleep.
By them the spright doth pass in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned
deep,
In drowsie fit he finds of nothing he takes keep.

And more to lull him in his slumbers soft,
A trickling stream from high rock tumbling
down,

And ever drizzling raine upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring wind, much like the
sound

Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swoone:
No other noise, nor peoples troublous cries,
As still are wont t' annoy the walled town,
Might there be heard: but careless quiet lies,
Wrapt in eternal silence, farre from enemies.

§ 52. *Storm.*

HEE cryde, as rageing seas are wont to rore,
When wintry storme his wrathfull wreck does
threat,

The rolling billows beat the rugged shore,
As they the earth would shoulder from her seat,
And greedy gulph does gape, as he would eat

His neighbour element in his revenge:
Then gin the blustering breathren boldly threat,

To move the world from off his steadfast
henge,
And boystrous battell make, each other to
avenge.

53. *Superstition.*

WHERE that old woman day and night did
pray

Upon her beades devoutly penitent;
Nine hundred Pater-nosters every day,
And thrice nine hundred Aves she was wont
to say,

And to augment her painful penance more,
Thrice every week in ashes she did sit,
And next her wrinkled skin rough sackcloth
wore,

And thrice three times did fast from any bite.

Upon the image which his naked blade
Three times, as in defiance, there he stroke;
And the third time, out of an hidden shade,
There forth issued from under the altar smooke
A dreadful fiend, with foul deformed look,
That stretcht itself, as it had long lain still,
That her long taile and feathers strongly shook,
That all the temple did with terror fill;
Yet him nought terrified, that feared nothing
ill.

An huge great beast it was, when it in length
Was stretched forth, that nigh fill'd all the
place,

And seem'd to be of infinite great strength;
Horrible, hideous, and of hellish race,
Borne of the brooding of Echidna base,

Or other like infernal furies kind:
For of a maide she had the outwarde face,
To hide the horror which did lurk behind,
The better to beguile whom she so fond did
find.

Thereto the body of a dog she had,
Full of fell ravin and fierce greediness;
A lyon's claws with power and rigour clad,
To rend and teare what so she can oppress;
And dragon's taile, whose sting without re-
dress

Full deadly wounds, when so it is empight;
An eagle's wings for scope, and speediness,
That nothing might escape her ravening
might,

Whereto she ever list to make her hardy flight.

Much like in foulness and deformitie
Unto that monster, whom the Theban knight,
The father of that fatal progeny,
Made kill herself for very heart's despight,
That he had red her riddle, which no wight
Could ever loose, but suffred deadly doole:
So also did this monster use like slight

To many a one, which came into her school,
Whom she did put to death, deceived like a
fool.

§ 54. *Venus.*

RIGHT in the midst the goddesse self did stand,

Upon an altar of some costly masse,
Whose substance was uneath to understand:
For neither precious stones, nor durefull brasse,
Nor shining gold, nor mouldring clay it was;

But yet more rare and precious to esteeme,
Pure in aspect, and like to chrystall glass;
Yet glass was not, if one did rightly deem;
But being faire and brittle, likest glass did seeme.

But it in shape and beauty did excell
All other idols which the heathen adore:
Farre passing that, which by surpassing skill
Phidias did make in Paphos isle of yore,
With which that wretched Greeke that life for-
lore

Did fall in love: yet this much fairer shined,
But covered with slender veil afore,
And both her feet and legs together twined
Were with a snake, whose head and taile were
fast combined.

The cause why she was covered with a veile,
Was hard to know, for that her priests the
same [ceale;

From people's knowledge labour'd to con-
But sooth it was not sure for womanish shame,
Nor any blemish which the work mote blame;
But for (they say) she hath both kinds in one,
Both male and female, both under one name:
She sire and mother is herself alone;
Begets, and eke conceives, she needeth other
none.

And all about her neck and shoulders flew
A flock of little loves, and sports, and joyes,
With nimble wings of gold and purple hew;
Whose shapes seem'd not like to terrestrial
boyes,

But like to angels playing heavenly toyes;
The whilst their elder brother was away,
Cupid, their elder brother; he enjoys
The wide kingdom of love with lordly sway,
And to his law compels all creatures to obey.

And all about her altar scatter'd lay,
Great sorts of lovers piteously complaining,
Some of their loss, some of their love's delay,
Some of their pride, some paragons disdainning,
Some fearing fraude, some fraudulently fayning,
As ever one had cause of good or ill.

§ 55. *Temple of Venus.*

THE temple of great Venus, that is hight
The queen of beauty, and of love the mother,
There worshipp'd of every living wight:
Whose goodly workmanship farre past all other
That ever were on earth, all were they set
together.

Not that same famous temple of Diane,
Whose height all Ephesus did oversee,
And which all Asia sought with vows profane,

One of the world's seven wonders said to be,
Might match with this by many a degree:

Nor that, which that wise king of Jurie
framed,

With endless cost to be the Almighty's see;
Nor all that else thro' all the world is named
To all the heathen gods, might like to this be
clamed.

I, much admiring that so goodly frame,
Unto the porch approacht, which open stood,
But therein sat an amiable dame,
That seem'd to be of very sober mood,
And in her semblant show'd great womanhood:
Strange was her tire; for on her head a crown
She wore, much like unto a Danisk hood,
Poudred with pearl and stone; and all her
gowne [adowne.
Enwoven was with gold, that raght full low

On either side of her two young men stood,
Both strongly arm'd, as fearing one another,
Yet were they brethren both of half the blood,
Begotten by two fathers of one mother,
Though of contrary natures each to other:
The one of them hight Love, the other Hate,
Hate was the elder, Love the younger brother;
Yet was the younger stronger in his state
Than th' elder, and him mastred still in all
debate.

Nath'less that dame so well them tempred
both

That she them forced hand to join in hand,
Albe that Hatred was thereof full loth,
And turn'd his face away as he did stand,
Unwilling to behold that lovely band.

Yet she was of such grace and vertuous might,
That her commandment he could not with-
stand,
But bit his lips for felonous despight,
And gnasht his iron tusks at that displeasing
sight.

Concord she cleeped was in common reed,
Mother of blessed Peace, and Friendship true;
They both her twins, both born of heavenly
seed,

And she herself likewise divinely grew;
The which right well her works divine did
shew: [lends,

For strength, and wealth, and happiness, she
And strife, and war, and anger, does subdue:
Of little, much, of foes she maketh friends,
And to afflicted minds sweet rest and quiet
sends.

By her the heaven is in his course contained,
And all the world in state unmoved stands,
As their Almighty Maker first ordained,
And bound them with inviolable bands;
Else would the waters overflow the lands,
And fire devour the aire, and hell them quite,
But that she holds them with her blessed hands.
She is the nurse of pleasure and delight,
And unto Venus grace the gate doth open right.

Into the inmost temple thus I came,
Which fuming all with frankencense I found,
And odours rising from the altars flame:
Upon an hundred marble pillars round,
The roof up high was reared from the ground,
All deckt with crowns, and chains, and girl-
londs gay,
A thousand precious gifts worth many a pound,
The which sad lovers for their vows did pay;
And all the ground was strew'd with flowers as
fresh as May.

An hundred altars round about were set,
All flaming with their sacrifices fire,
That with the steme thereof the temple swet,
Which rould in cloudes, to heaven did aspire,
And in them bore true lovers' vows entire:
And eke an hundred brazen cauldrons bright
To bathe in joy and amorous desire,
Every which was to a damzell hight:
For all the priests were damzells, in soft linnen
dight.

§ 56. *Wrath.*

AFTER that varlet's sight, it was not long
Ere on the plaine fast pricking Guion spide,
One in bright arms embattailed full strong,
That as the sunny beams doe glance and glide
Upon the trembling wave, so shined bright,
And round about him threw forth sparkling
fire,

That seemed him to enflame on every side:
His steed was bloody red, and foamed ire,
When with the maist'ring spur he did him
roughly stire.

Approaching nigh he never staid to greet,
Ne chaffer words, proud courage to provoke,
But prickt so fierce, that underneath his feet
The smoldering dust did round about him
smoke,

Both horse and man nigh able for to choke;
And fairly couching his steel-headed spear,
Him first saluted with a sturdy stroke.

And him beside rides fierce revenging Wrath,
Upon a lyon, loth for to be led;

And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
The which he brandisheth about his head;
His eyes did hurle forth sparkles fiery red,
And stared stern on all that him beheld,
As ashes pale of hue, and seeming dead;

And on his dagger still his hand he held,
Trembling thro' hasty rage, when choler in
him swell'd.

His ruffin raiment all was stain'd in blood
Which he had spilt, and all to rage yrent,
Thro' unadvised rashness woxen wood,
For of his hands he had no government,
Ne car'd for blood in his avengement;

But when the furious fit was overpast,
His cruel facts he often would repent,
Yet, wilful man, he never would forecast,
How many mischiefs should ensue his heedless
hast!

Full many mischiefs follow cruel Wrath;
Abhorred bloudshood, and tumultuous strife,
Unmanly murder, and unthrifty scath,
Bitter despight, with rancour's rusty knife,
And fretting grief, the enemy of life,
And these and many evils more haunt ire,
The swelling spleen, and phrenzy raging rife,
The shaking palsey, and St. Francis' fire,
Such one was Wrath, the last of this ungodly
tire.

§ 57. *Description of the Garden of Adonis.*

THERE is continual spring and harvest there,
Continual, both meeting at one time;
For both the boughs do laughing blossoms bear,
And with fresh colours deck the wanton prime,
And eke at once the heavy trees they climb,
Which seem to labour under their fruits load:
The whiles the joyous birds make their pas-
time
Emongst the shady leaves, their sweet abode,
And their true loves without suspicion tell
abroad.

FROM CARY'S DANTE.

§ 58. *Francesca of Rimini.*

WHEN I had heard my sage instructor name
These dames and knights of antique days, o'er-
By pity, well-nigh in amaze my mind [power'd
Was lost; and I began: "Bard! willingly
I would address those two together coming,
Which seem so light before the wind." He thus:
"Note thou, when nearer they to us approach.
Then by that love which carries them along,
Entreat; and they will come." Soon as the wind
Sway'd them toward us, I thus fram'd my speech:
"O wearied spirits! come, and hold discourse
With us, if by none else restrain'd." As doves
By fond desire invited, on wide wings
And firm, to their sweet nest returning home,
Cleave the air, wafted by their will along;
Thus issu'd, from that troop where Dido ranks,
They, through the ill air speeding: with such
force

My cry prevail'd, by strong affection urg'd.

"O gracious creature and benign! who go'st
Visiting, through this element obscure,
Us, who the world with bloody stain imbrud;
If, for a friend, the King of all, we own'd,
Our pray'r to him should for thy peace arise,
Since thou hast pity on our evil plight.
Of whatsoe'er to hear or to discourse
It pleases thee, that will we hear, of that
Freely with thee discourse, while e'er the wind,
As now, is mute. The land, that gave me birth,
Is situate on the coast, where Po descends
To rest in ocean with his sequent streams.

"Love, that in gentle heart is quickly learnt,
Entangled him by that fair form, from me
Ta'en in such cruel sort, as grieves me still:
Love, that denial takes from none belov'd,
Caught me with pleasing him so passing well,

That, as thou see'st, he yet deserts me not:
Love brought us to one death: Caina waits
The soul, who spilt our life." Such were their
words;

At hearing which, downward I bent my looks,
And held them there so long, that the bard
cried:

"What art thou pond'ring?" I in answer thus:
"Alas! by what sweet thoughts, what fond
desire

Must they at length to that ill pass have reach'd!"

Then turning, I to them my speech address'd,
And thus began: "Francesca! your sad fate
Even to tears my grief and pity moves.

But tell me; in the time of your sweet sighs,
By what, and how Love granted, that ye knew
Your yet uncertain wishes?" She replied:

"No greater grief than to remember days
Of joy, when mis'ry is at hand. That kens
Thy learn'd instructor. Yet so eagerly

If thou art bent to know the primal root,
From whence our love gat being, I will do
As one, who weeps and tells his tale. One day,

For our delight we read of Lancelot,
How him love thrall'd. Alone we were, and no
Suspicion near us. Oft times by that reading

Our eyes were drawn together, and the hue
Fled from our alter'd cheek. But at one point
Alone we fell. When of that smile we read,

The wished smile, so rapturously kiss'd
By one so deep in love, then he, who ne'er
From me shall separate, at once my lips

All trembling kiss'd. The book and writer both
Were love's purveyors. In its leaves that day
We read no more." While thus one spirit spake,

The other wail'd so sorely, that heart-struck
I, through compassion fainting, seem'd not far
From death, and like a corse fell to the ground.

§ 59. *Ugolino.*

I BEHELD two spirits by the ice
Pent in one hollow, that the head of one
Was cowl unto the other; and as bread
Is raven'd up through hunger, th' uppermost
Did so apply his fangs, to th' other's brain,
Where the spine joins it. Not more furiously
On Menallippus' temples Tydeus gnaw'd,
Than on that skull and on its garbage he.

"O thou! who show'st so beastly sign of hate
'Gainst him thou prey'st on, let me hear," said I,
"The cause, on such condition, that if right

Warrant thy grievance, knowing who ye are,
And what the colour of his sinning was,
I may repay thee in the world above,

If that, wherewith I speak, be moist so long."
His jaws uplifting from their fell repast,
That sinner wip'd them on the hairs o' the head,

Which he behind had mangled, then began:
"Thy will obeying, I call up afresh
Sorrow past cure; which, but to think of, wrings

My heart, or ere I tell on't. But if words
That I may utter, shall prove seed to bear
Fruit of eternal infamy to him,

The traitor whom I gnaw at, thou at once

Shalt see me speak and weep. Who thou
mayst be

I know not, nor how here below art come:

But Florentine thou seemest of a truth,
When I do hear thee. Know, I was on earth
Count Ugolino, and th' Archbishop he

Ruggieri. Why I neighbour him so close,
Now list. That through effect of his ill thoughts
In him my trust reposing, I was ta'en

And after murder'd, need is not I tell.
What therefore thou canst not have heard, that is,
How cruel was the murder, shalt thou hear,

And know if he have wrong'd me. A small grate
Within that mew, which for my sake the name
Of famine bears, where others yet must pine,

Already through its opening sev'ral moons
Had shown me, when I slept the evil sleep
That from the future tore the curtain off.

This one, methought, as master of the sport,
Rode forth to chase the gaunt wolf, and his
whelps,

Unto the mountain which forbids the sight
Of Lucca to the Pisan. With lean brachs
Inquisitive and keen, before him rang'd

Lanfranchi with Sismondi and Gualandi.
After short course the father and the sons
Seem'd tir'd and lagging, and methought I saw

The sharp tusks gore their sides. When I awoke,
Before the dawn, amid their sleep I heard
My sons (for they were with me) weep and ask

For bread. Right cruel art thou, if no pang
Thou feel at thinking what my heart foretold;
And if not now, why use thy tears to flow?

Now had they waken'd; and the hour drew near
When they were wont to bring us food; the
mind

Of each misgave him through his dream, and I
Heard, at its outlet underneath lock'd up
Th' horrible tower: whence, uttering not a

I look'd upon the visage of my sons. [word,
I wept not: so all stone I felt within.

They wept: and one, my little Anselm, cried,
'Thou lookest so! Father, what ails thee?' Yet
I shed no tear, nor answer'd all that day

Nor the next night, until another sun
Came out upon the world. When a faint beam
Had to our doleful prison made its way,

And in four countenances I descri'd
The image of my own, on either hand
Through agony I bit; and they, who thought

I did it through desire of feeding, rose [grieve
O' the sudden, and cried, 'Father, we should
'Far less, if thou wouldst eat of us: thou gav'st

'These weeds of miserable flesh we wear;
'And do thou strip them off from us again.'

Then, not to make them sadder, I kept down
My spirit in stillness. That day and the next
We all were silent. Ah, obdurate earth!

Why open'dst not upon us? When we came
To the fourth day, then Gaddo at my feet
Outstretch'd did fling him, crying, 'Hast no help

'For me, my Father! There he died; and e'en
Plainly as thou seest me, saw I the three
Fall one by one 'twixt the fifth day and sixth:

Whence I betook me, now grown blind, to grope
 Over them all, and for three days aloud
 Call'd on them who were dead. Then, fasting got
 The mastery of grief." Thus having spoke,
 Once more upon the wretched skull his teeth
 He fasten'd, like a mastiff's 'gainst the bone,
 Firm and unyielding. Oh, thou Pisa! shame
 Of all the people, who their dwelling make
 In that fair region, where th' Italian voice
 Is heard; since that thy neighbours are so slack
 To punish, from their deep foundations rise
 Capraria and Gorgona, and dam up
 The mouth of Arno; that each soul in thee
 May perish in the waters. What if fame
 Reported that thy castles were betray'd
 By Ugolino, yet no right hadst thou
 To stretch his children on the rack. For them,
 Brigata, Uguccione, and the pair
 Of gentle ones, of whom my song hath told,
 Their tender years, thou modern Thebes, did
 Uncapable of guilt. [make

§ 60. FROM J. H. HUNT'S TASSO.

THE fair Armida, conscious of her pow'r,
 Strong in her sex, and beauty's vernal flow'r,
 Assumes the welcome task; with closing day
 She parts, through many a lone and hidden way;
 With curling locks and silken vest she boasts:
 To match unconquer'd chiefs, and steel-clad
 hosts:

While various rumours, 'mong the vulgar
 Excus'd her parting, and their thoughts misled.

Few days elaps'd, ere reach'd the beauteous
 maid [display'd:

Where their white tents the Christian bands
 Soon as the bright attraction caught their eyes,
 The whispering soldiers view'd her with surprise;
 As when some meteor's omen'd splendors glare,
 Or redd'ning comet fires the cloudless air,
 With straining eyes assembled mortals gaze,
 And watch his wond'rous progress with amaze;
 So thronging crowds the stranger fair admir'd,
 Her errand, country, and her name inquir'd.
 Nor Argos, Delos, nor the Cyprian shore
 E'er saw a face, a dress, so fare of yore;
 Gold were her locks; now beaming through
 the shade

Of her white veil, now floating loose they play'd:
 So, when some tempest ends its short-liv'd reign,
 And bright'ning æther grows serene again
 Now shines through fleecy clouds the solar ray;
 Now from his covert issuing, bright and gay,
 The golden orb burst forth, and pours redoubled
 In native curls her waving ringlets flow, [day,
 Yet added curls the breathing gales bestow:
 Her eye was fix'd upon herself alone,
 As greedy of Love's treasures, and its own:
 Glow'd on her cheek the rose's purple light,
 Though soften'd by the blending iv'ry's white;
 But on her lips, whence breezy fragrance blows,
 In all its genuine lustre bloom'd the rose.
 Her beauteous breast its naked snow displays,
 Potent to wake and feed the am'rous blaze;

Half stood to view each firm unyielding globe,
 Half lurk'd conceal'd beneath her envious robe;
 But though her robe the roving eye restrain,
 To curb the bolder thought, its power is vain;
 Unsatisfied with charms expos'd to view,
 Thought leaps o'er ev'ry bound, and thirsts for
 new.

As lucid crystal, or th' impassive stream,
 Admits, unharm'd, light's penetrating beam,
 So Fancy there beneath the silken fold
 Intrudes unfelt, and spaciates uncontroll'd;
 There at its will, with analyzing gaze,
 The secret wonders leisurely surveys,
 Proclaims each beauty to the keen desire,
 Stirs the rous'd sense, and wakes intenser fire.

Through wond'ring crowds the fair enchan-
 tress past,

And many a longing look the gazers cast.
 She marked the infant fire with conscious eye,
 And inly smil'd, foretasting victory.

In fix'd suspense awhile she seem'd to stand,
 And sought with timid glance some friendly
 hand,

To guide her footsteps through th' admiring
 throng; [young,

'Twas then that Eustace, gallant, bold, and
 The brother of the pious chief, whose sway
 Th' united armies own'd, first cross'd her way.
 He stopp'd, confounded, as the lustre bright

Of angel beauty flash'd upon his sight, [view
 Then turn'd, with nearer gaze those eyes to

Which on the ground the bashful virgin threw,
 And felt a sudden fire through all his frame,
 As fuel kindles from contiguous flame.

Then to the fair his speech he thus address'd,
 For youth and love gave courage to his breast.

* * * * *

As when, high-flaming through the parched air,
 A blood-red comet shakes his horrid hair,
 And threatens to despairing man below

Disease and battle, pestilence and woe;
 States see their doom portended by his rays,
 And purple tyrants tremble as they gaze;

So shone Argantes arm'd, a living fire,
 And roll'd his blood-shot eye-balls, drunk with
 In ev'ry gesture deadly horrors breathe; [ire,
 Death sate enthron'd his with'ring scowl be-

neath. [high,

There liv'd no mortal breast, though proud and
 But cower'd beneath the terrors of his eye.

With horrid shout he wav'd his falchion bare,
 And smote with empty rage the yielding air.

"Ere long yon robber of the west, whose
 "pride

"Has dar'd to match himself with me," he cried,
 "Low on the plain his gory form shall spread,

"And dust defile the honours of his head.
 "And though his boasted God his aid should

"lend, [rend,
 "This hand, while yet he lives, his arms shall

"And heedless of his last, his dying pray'r,
 "Shall give his carcase to the dogs to tear."

As when the stings of jealousy and love
 Some mighty bull to furious phrenzy move,

Loud roars the savage lord, and with his roar
Augments his rage, though terrible before;
Against the wounded trunks his horns he whets,
And with his impotent and idle threats
He seems the winds impassive to provoke;
Wide flies, dispers'd by many a trampling
stroke,

The yellow sand; his bellows heard afar,
His hated rival call to mortal war:
So into rage self-lash'd, the dreadful chief
The herald call'd, and gave his orders brief:

"Go to the camp with haste, and there invite
"The Christian champion to the deadly fight."

This said, he waits for none, but mounts his
steed;

His captive at his side th' attendants lead.
He sallies forth, and with impetuous force
Drives down th' inclining hill his goaded horse.
He gives his bugle breath; th' appalling sound
Shook far and wide the startled air around,
Of pow'r, like Heav'n's own thunder, to impart
Alarm to many an ear, and many an heart.

* * * * *

Meanwhile, high-mounted in her car of flame,
Triumphant from the east the purple morning
came.

While through the camp the wild confusion ran,
Burst from his prison-bonds fierce Argillan.
With thoughtless speed around his limbs he
threw

Such arms, as chance first offer'd to his view,
Then hasted to partake the martial fray,
And wash with glorious deeds his guilt away.
As from his stall some high-fed courser springs,
Where late confin'd, he grac'd the pomp of
In courtly tournament, or banner'd war; [kings
To seek the well-known streams he bounds
afar,

Where once at ease he cropp'd the flow'ry
Or reign'd the hero of his pamper'd loves.
His mane luxuriant o'er his shoulders sports,
He tosses high his neck, he foams, he snorts,
His rampant neighings fill the air around;
Beneath his trampling hoofs the plains resound;
His glowing frame takes fire, and smokes along
the ground.

So sprang fierce Argillan; he lifted high
His dauntless front; like lightning flash'd his
So light his airy bound, so swift he sped, [eye;
Scarce was the dust imprinted by his tread.

* * * * *

The Sultan's page, amid the light-arm'd crew
Who toss'd the javelin, or the bow who drew,
A beauteous stripling, rode; no beard display'd
Upon his youthful chin, its early shade:
Down his fair cheeks, that bloom'd with rosy
hues,

The trepid moisture roll'd its pearly dews:
The gather'd dust adorn'd his clust'ring hair,
And sweet was anger in a face so fair.
Milk-white his steed; the purest snows that
On the high top of cloud-capt Apennine, [shine
Match'd not the whiteness of that courser's frame,
Nor winged whirlwind, nor impetuous flame

Surpass'd his speed, when straining in the
course, [horse.

Or wheels, or bounds, or vaults, the light-heel'd
Grasp'd in the midst, a barbed dart he swung;
Loose at his side his crooked sabre hung;
Shone with barbaric pomp his vesture's fold,
Of finest purple wrought, and tissued gold.

While Glory, fatal but alluring toy,
Play'd round the bosom of the lovely boy,
While here and there the parted ranks he drove,
And none to stay his bloodless progress strove,
Stern Argillan observ'd the youth's advance,
And mark'd his time, and with portended lance,
Struck his fleet courser lifeless to the plain,

Then o'er the stripling, ere he rose again,
Stood threat'ning; at his face, whose suppliant
Invok'd the aid of Pity's arms alone, [tone
Th' unfeeling victor drove his lifted brand,
To mar the fairest work of Nature's hand.

As if with sense endued, the shrinking sword
Seem'd more alive to mercy than its lord;
Flat on its side it fell;—in vain! the foe
With the keen point redeem'd the failing blow.

His royal master, who not far remote
Against the might of valiant Godfrey fought,
Soon as his favourite's danger struck his sight,
Spurr'd his hot courser from th' unfinished fight,
An open road through serried squadrons made,
And to revenge arriv'd, though not to aid.
Stretch'd on the ground, ah! sad, ill-fated hour!

He saw, a lovely, but a with'red flow'r,
His own, his best-belov'd Lesbino lie!
So fair, so languid, droop'd his fading eye,
His neck, declining with such piteous air,
Fell fainting on his back, and rested there;
So pale he seem'd, while death's fix'd glare
beneath,

So soft did soul-subduing Pity breathe,
That he, the proud, the mighty, learn'd to feel,
Whose heart was adamant, whose nerves were
steel!

Down his hard cheeks the streaming tear-drops
What? could'st thou weep, relentless Solyman,
Who with dry eyes, with heart unmov'd as stone,
Hadst seen thy hosts subdued, thy realm o'er-
thrown?

But when the hostile sword he saw, bedew'd
And smoking with the hapless stripling's
blood,

His pity soon gave way; his tears retire,
And in its fulness wak'd his dreadful ire.
At Argillan with lifted sword he darts,
The high-raisd shield, the yielding helm he
parts;

Through head, and throat, the weapon drove
The blow did honour to an arm so strong.
Nor yet content, dismounting from his horse,
He wag'd fresh battle 'gainst th' unbreathing
course:

So, wounded from afar, and furious grown,
The snarling mastiff bites th' unconscious stone:
Oh! solace vain of anger and of hate,
To rage against the dust inanimate!

* * * * *

But lo! the fated moment now was come,
The moment, charter'd with Clorinda's doom:
Great Tancred's sword her beauteous bosom
tore; [virgin gore!

Deep lodg'd the greedy blade, and drank her
Her robe, of golden tissue, that repress
Th' ambitious heavings of her snowy breast,
With the warm stream was fill'd; cold death
assail'd

Her bloodless frame: her languid footsteps fail'd:
Tancred with threats the falling fair pursues,
His conquest urges, and his blow renews.
She raises, as she falls, her voice of woe,
And from her lips life's latest accents flow,
Th' infusion of the Spirit from on high,
Spirit of Faith, of Hope, of Charity!

New virtue, by th' Almighty Father giv'n;
For if in life she spurn'd the laws of Heav'n,
He will'd at least, that in her dying hour,
Her contrite soul should own her Saviour's
pow'r. [free;

"Friend, I am conquer'd; thou hast pardon
"And pardon I demand in death from thee;
"Not on this frame, which no base fear can
know,

"But on my parting spirit mercy show:

"'Tis for my sinful soul I bid thee pray;

"Let rites baptismal wash my guilt away."

From her pale lips these languid words that
Such sweetness breath'd, divine, ineffable, [fell,
As to the hero's heart resistless crept;
His enmity was hush'd, his anger slept, [force,
And straight, compell'd by some mysterious
Unbidden tears gush'd copious from their source.
Emerging from the hill, a scanty brook
Not far remote its murmur'd progress took:
Thither the soul-struck warrior ran, to fill
His hollow helmet at the limpid rill,
Then hasten'd to perform the sad demand;
Some conscious instinct shook his trembling
hand,

As from her face, till now unknown, he drew
The helm that cover'd it; he saw, he knew:—
All pow'r of speech, of motion, then was gone;
Ah! cruel sight! ah! knowledge, best unknown!
Nor yet he died; in that momentous hour,
Collecting all the remnant of his pow'r,
Deep in his soul his sorrows he suppress,
And for the solemn office arm'd his breast,
That she, whom late his murder'd steel had
By water's saving pow'r might live again. [slain,
As from his tongue Salvation's accents came,
New joy transform'd the virgin's dying frame;
A smile of gladness o'er her features past,
And sweetly tranquil, as she breath'd her last,
She seem'd to say, "Earth's vain delusions
cease;

"Heav'n opens on my eyes; I part in peace."

O'er her fair face death's livid hue arose;

So mix'd with violets the lily shows.

She fix'd her eyes on heav'n; the sun, the sky,

Seem'd to look down in pity from on high:

She wav'd her hand, and since her lips denied

All pow'r of speech, the pledge of peace supplied.

So past from earthly scenes the maid forgiv'n;
So her pure spirit fled, redeem'd to Heav'n;
Not death's rude hand her features fair imprest,
But the calm slumber of unclouded rest.

* * * * *

"He marks, the river's surface smooth above,
"One sep'rate wave in circling eddies move;
"Thence auburn ringlets soon were seen to rise,

"And soon a female face surpris'd his eyes:

"Next on his sight, as wond'ring he beheld,

"Her heaving breasts in full luxuriance swell'd,

"And next her tap'ring waist, and all below

"To what coy Modesty forbids to show:

"So in some nightly theatre appears

"A nymph or goddess, that, slow rising, rears

"Her beauteous form. Although no syren she,

"But witchcraft's child, a shade, a phantasy,

"Yet one of those she seem'd, renown'd of yore,

"That dwelt insidious, on the Tuscan shore.

"Her voice was melting, as her face was fair;

"And as she sung, she sooth'd the list'ning air:"

"Ye gentle youths, while Spring's enchanting
hours [flow'rs,

"Smile o'er your heads, and deck with all their

"Ah! let not Virtue's, Fame's, fallacious ray

"Lead, with attraction vain, your minds astray.

"Who follows Pleasure's path, alone is wise,

"And culls Life's blooming garlands as they rise.

"Thus Nature bids; and say, will ye alone

"Refuse, with stubborn hearts, her voice to own?

"Deluded youths! why will ye cast away

"The new-born pleasures of your short-liv'd day?

"The goods, which valour, honour, worth, ye call,

"Are names, and unsubstantial idols all.

"And Fame, so subtly-potent to trepan

"With unresisted lure, the heart of man,

"Though sweet her voice, though wond'rous
fair she seem,

"Is but an echo vain, an empty dream,

"A dream's more empty shadow, rather say,

"Which ev'ry passing wind can waft away.

"Live free from care; let gay delights employ

"Each sense, each thought; drink deepest
draughts of joy:

"Your sorrows past forget; away with gloom,

"Nor care forestal with fancied ills to come.

"Though thunders roar, and clouds the sky
deform,

"Be ye regardless of the passing storm;

"Such is true bliss, and such is wisdom's choice;

"Nature directs, and thwart not Nature's voice."

"'Twas thus she sung; her tuneful accents
steep

"The list'ning warrior's pow'rs in sweetest sleep.

"By soft degrees the potent influence stole

"O'er all his senses, and usurp'd his soul;

"Nor would the thunder's loudest voice have
woke [broke.

"His death-like slumber, or th' enchantment

* * * * *

Now fail'd her voice, more furious as she grew;

Then from the desert shore she slow withdrew,

Her hair, all flying in the wind, exprest

The stormy tumult that convuls'd her breast,

Stern glar'd her rolling eye, that flash'd with fire,
And all her changing visage glow'd with ire.
She reach'd her palace; from their dark abodes
With dreadful voice full thrice an hundred
gods

She call'd; dark clouds, by sweeping tempests
driven,

Veil'd the blue sky, and dimm'd the sun of
heav'n; [bow'd;

Strong winds the lofty mountain shook and
Hell bellow'd underneath her feet aloud.

Strange screams were heard th' enchanted dome
within;

Hiss, howl, and bark, enhanc'd the mingled din;
Thick darkness reign'd, as when meridian night

Comes on, unmingled with one ray of light,
Save that the temporary lightnings play'd,

To show the horrors of th' infernal shade.
At length the gloom withdrew; the orb of day

Return'd, but pale, and with diminish'd sway,
Nor æther yet resum'd its smiles serene:

The stately fabric now no more was seen,
No traces of its recent pride appear,

Nor could the observer say, "It once was here."
As when the clouds, suspended high in air,

Present the image of some mansion fair,
Th' illusions vain but one short moment stay;

Driv'n by some rising gust of wind away,
Or melted by the fervent solar beam,

They fleet, as transient as a sick man's dream;
So faded that proud dome, nor aught appear'd,

Save the dark rocks and hills that Nature rear'd.
She sprang into her car, that waited nigh,

And mounted to the regions of the sky.
Sublime she mov'd through æther's liquid plain;

Thick clouds, and sounding tempests form'd
her train:

The lands of men unknown, the regions vast
That border on the Austral Pole, she past;

She left behind the fam'd Herculean bound,
Nor touch'd the Moorish, nor Hesperian ground,

But flew, the rolling main suspended o'er,
Till safe she landed on the Syrian shore.

Nor to Damascus' smiling realm she mov'd,
But shunn'd her native regions, once so lov'd,

And to that sterile plain her course pursued,
Where 'mid th' Asphaltic lake her castle stood.

* * * * *

Without the walls, a spacious plain along,
Before their master fil'd th' unnumber'd throng.

Exalted on a throne of royal state,
Rais'd on an hundred iv'ry steps, he sate;

Purple and gold beneath his feet were spread;
A sky of silver canopied his head;

With costly robes adorn'd, he seem'd to shine
In awful pomp, half-barb'rous, half-divine.

Wreath'd in aspiring folds his temples o'er,
A diadem of linen white he wore;

A sceptre grac'd his hand; his beard was snow;
Severely reverend his features show;

In his keen eye, by age's frost untam'd,
His youthful fire, his pristine vigour flam'd.

In ev'ry movement, rank supreme appears,
In ev'ry look, the majesty of years.

Thus Phidias or the fam'd Apelles, known
For skill to animate the breathing stone,
Display'd the sculptur'd thund'rer, as he hurl'd
His forked bolt and aw'd the shrinking world.

On either side a Satrap took his stand,
Each high in rank; one lifted in his hand,

Stern minister of law, the naked steel;
One, of his place the badge, th' imperial seal:

This, guardian of his master's secrets, bears
The delegated weight of civil cares;

That o'er the armies of the realm presides,
Exerts unbounded pow'r, and justice guides.

Arrang'd beneath his throne, a trusty ring
His bold Circassians form'd around their King;

Tall lances they, and polish'd breast-plates bore,
And at their sides long crooked falchions wore.

'Twas thus he sate enthron'd, and from on high
Survey'd his armies with experienc'd eye,

While at his feet their arms, their banners proud
Each passing rank in adoration bow'd.

* * * * *

None now remain'd, when lo! to sudden view
Armida came, and show'd her goodly crew.

Sublime upon her car the royal dame
With robes succinct, a quiver'd arch'ress came.

Imparting strength to beauty's softer grace,
Indignant wrath sate thron'd upon her face;

There blended in discordant union met
The soft allurements, the repulsive threat.

Her car was like the chariot of the day,
With amethysts and flaming rubies gay;

Harness'd in pairs, and docile to command,
Four unicorns obey'd the driver's hand:

An hundred boys, an hundred maidens young,
Their sounding quivers o'er their shoulders

flung, [they rode,

Mov'd round their queen; on prancing steeds
Fleet as the winds, and white as snow untrod.

Then march'd, led on by Aradine, her band
By Idraot rais'd in Syria's vassal land.

As when the phoenix, wond'rous bird, reborn,
Visits the glowing kingdoms of the morn,

Gives to the sun, in gay confusion roll'd,
His thousand hues, vermilion, azure, gold;

His form divine transcendent glories deck,
Flame on his breast, and tremble on his neck;

Majestic to the breeze his pinions wave,
And sparkles the bright crown that nature gave:

To watch his flight the pleas'd spectators throng,
And nations wonder as he sails along;

Behind, around, the birds their homage bring,
And grace the brilliant progress of their king.

So shone adorn'd, so mov'd the matchless queen,
Th' inspiring goddess of th' enchanted scene.

No breast so stubborn, and no heart so proud,
But to Love's soul-compelling pow'r had bow'd.

If, hardly seen, and clouded by disdain,
Her charms inflam'd so various, vast, a train,

What might they then, when with instructed
wile [insidious smile?

She roll'd the speaking glance, and drest th'
* * * * *

Ne'er was the sky so bright, serene, and gay,
As at the dawning of that mighty day:

Fair smil'd the richly-vestur'd Morn; 'twould
As if the Sun had lent his ev'ry beam [seem
To gild her blushing charms; at length, enhanc'd,
To splendor full the flood of light advanc'd,
And unobscur'd by cloud, or misty shade,
High Heav'n the wonders of the field survey'd.

Forth with th' awaken'd morning, to the plain
Illustrious Godfrey led his marshall'd train;
Raymond he left, to form a watchful ring
Round the last refuge of the Syrian king:
Those faithful Christians too, a num'rous throng,
Who from Judæa's plains had flock'd along
To join their great deliv'rer, staid behind;
To them a troop of Gascons brave was join'd.
He went; and in his lofty gate and mien,
Tokens of certain victory were seen.
To his proud form new dignity was giv'n;
Such favour had the glorious chief from Heav'n:
His features beam'd with ev'ry nobler grace;
Youth's purple light shone radiant in his face;
So mov'd his manly limbs, so glanc'd his eye,
He seem'd far rais'd above mortality.

Thus the pois'd battle hangs in equal scale;
Alternate hopes, alternate fears prevail. [fields,
Thick strew'd with shiver'd spears were all the
With shatter'd helmets, and with broken shields;
Here, on the ground lay many an useless sword:
There, fix'd in bellies gash'd, in bosoms gor'd:
Some corpses lay supine, some prone were found,
And bit, in parting agony, the ground.
Close to his lord, th' expiring steed was spread,
And comrades lay amid their comrades dead;
The foe repos'd beside his mortal foe;
Conquer'd and conqueror all alike lay low,
And living mix'd with dead, enhanc'd the sight
of woe.

No cries were heard, nor silence yet was there;
An indistinct, hoarse murmur fill'd the air,
The roar of rage, the murmur deep of ire,
The groans of them that languish, or expire.
Those arms, that lately show'd so fair, so bright,
Present a fearful, melancholy sight.
The iron's flash, the gold's rich gleam was gone;
Beauteous no more the varying colours shone;
The tow'ring crest, the painted plumage gay,
Now trampled on the ground, dishonour'd, lay:
All was with dust defil'd, or foul with gore:
Such alter'd semblance each brave army wore.

The Sultan saw it not; behind him far
Those scenes he now had left, and join'd more
mighty war,

He reach'd the field, all warm, all red with gore,
And still with carnage streaming more and more;
To hold his empire there grim Death appear'd,
There stalk'd victorious, there his trophies rear'd.
A steed he spies, which, free from bit or rein,
Had left the ranks, and scour'd at large the plain.
He grasps the bridle, on the vacant horse
Springs with light bound, and goads him to the
course,

And to the Saracens, dishearten'd, spent,
A short-liv'd, but momentous aid he lent,

Like Heaven's dread bolt, of great, but tran-
sient pow'r,

That bursts and passes in unlook'd for hour
But on the rocks, all shatter'd by its force,
Imprints eternal traces of its course.
Hundreds he slaughter'd, but of all that fell,
Two gallant names alone the muse shall tell,
And snatch from envious time: Ye noble pair,
Edward the brave, Gildippe brave and fair!
Your fate disastrous, and your worth sublime
In many a distant, undiscover'd clime,
(If to my Tuscan lays such pow'r belong)
Shall live, embalm'd in never-dying song:
Thus future ages shall your names approve
As prodigies of valour, and of love,
And lovers fond their tearful homage pay
To your sad doom, and Tasso's happier lay.

GLOVER's LEONIDAS.

§ 61. *Leonidas's Address to his Countrymen.*

HE alone
Remains unshaken. Rising he displays
His godlike presence. Dignity and grace
Adorn his frame, and manly beauty, join'd
With strength Herculean. On his aspect shines
Sublimest virtue, and desire of fame,
Where justice gives the laurel; in his eye
The inextinguishable spark, which fires
The souls of patriots; while his brow supports
Undaunted valor, and contempt of death.
Serene he rose, and thus address'd the throng:

Why this astonishment on every face,
Ye men of Sparta? Does the name of death
Create this fear and wonder? O my friends!
Why do we labour through the arduous paths
Which lead to virtue? Fruitless were the toil,
Above the reach of human feet were plac'd
The distant summit, if the fear of death
Could intercept our passage. But in vain
His blackest frowns and terrors he assumes
To shake the firmness of the mind, which
knows

That wanting virtue, life is pain and woe;
That wanting liberty, e'en virtue mourns,
And looks around for happiness in vain.
Then speak O Sparta, and demand my life;
My heart exulting, answers to thy call,
And smiles on glorious fate. To live with fame
The gods allow to many! but to die
With equal lustre, is a blessing Heaven
Selects from all the choicest boons of fate,
And with a sparing hand on few bestows.

§ 62. *Leonidas's Answer to the Persian Ambassador.*

Return to Xerxes; tell him on this rock
The Grecians, faithful to their post await
His chosen myriads; tell him, thou hast seen
How far the lust of empire is below
A free-born mind; and tell him, to behold
A tyrant humbled, and by virtuous death
To seal my country's freedom, is a good
Surpassing all his boasted pow'r can give.

§ 63 *Pathetic Farewell of Leonidas to his Wife and Family.*

I SEE, I feel thy anguish, nor my soul
Has ever known the prevalence of love,
E'er prov'd a father's fondness, as this hour;
Nor, when most ardent to assert my fame,
Was once my heart insensible to thee.
How had it stain'd the honors of my name
To hesitate a moment, and suspend
My country's fate, till shameful life preferr'd
By my inglorious colleague left no choice,
But what in me were infamy to shun,
Not virtue to accept! Then deem no more
That, of my love regardless, or thy tears,
I haste uncall'd to death. The voice of fate,
The gods, my fame, my country, bid me bleed.
O thou dear mourner! wherefore streams afresh
That flood of woe? Why heaves with sighs
renew'd

That tender breast? Leonidas must fall.
Alas! far heavier misery impends
O'er thee and these, if soften'd by thy tears
I shamefully refuse to yield that breath,
Which justice, glory, liberty, and Heaven
Claim for my country, for my sons, and thee.
Think on my long unalter'd love. Reflect
On my paternal fondness. Has my heart
E'er known a pause of love, or pious care?
Now shall that care, that tenderness, be prov'd
Most warm and faithful. When thy husband
dies

For Lacedæmon's safety, thou wilt share,
Thou and thy children, the diffusive good.
Should I, thus singled from the rest of men;
Alone entrusted by th' immortal gods
With pow'r to save a people; should my soul
Desert that sacred cause, thee too I yield
To sorrow and to shame: for thou must weep
With Lacedæmon, must with her sustain
Thy painful portion of oppression's weight.
Thy sons behold now worthy of their names,
And Spartan birth. Their growing bloom
must pine

In shame and bondage, and their youthful hearts
Beat at the sound of liberty no more.
On their own virtue and their father's fame,
When he the Spartan freedom hath confirm'd,
Before the world illustrious shall they rise,
Their country's bulwark, and their mother's joy.

Here paus'd the patriot. With religious awe
Grief heard the voice of virtue. No complaint
The solemn silence broke. Tears ceased to
flow:

Ceas'd for a moment; soon again to stream.
For now in arms before the palace rang'd,
His brave companions of the war demand
Their leader's presence; then her griefs re-
new'd,

Too great for utterance, intercept her sighs,
And freeze each accent on her fault'ring tongue.
In speechless anguish on the hero's breast
She sinks. On ev'ry side his children press,
Hang on his knees, and kiss his honor'd hand.

His soul no longer struggles to confine
Its strong compunction. Down the hero's
cheek,

Down flows the manly sorrow. Great in woe,
Amid his children, who enclose him round,
He stands indulging tenderness and love
In graceful tears, when thus, with lifted eyes,
Address'd to Heaven: Thou ever-living Pow'r,
Look down propitious, sire of gods and men!
And to this faithful woman, whose desert
May claim thy favor, grant the hours of peace.
And thou, my great forefather, son of Jove,
O Hercules, neglect not these thy race!
But since that spirit I from thee derive,
Now bears me from them to resistless fate,
Do thou support their virtue! Be they taught,
Like thee, with glorious labor life to grace,
And from their father let them learn to die!

§ 64. *Characters of Teribazus and Ariana.*

AMID the van of Persia was a youth
Nam'd Teribazus, not for golden stores,
Not for wide pastures travers'd o'er with herds,
With bleating thousands, or with bounding
steeds.

Nor yet for pow'r, nor splendid honors fam'd.
Rich was his mind in ev'ry art divine,
And through the paths of science had he walk'd
The votary of wisdom. In the years
When tender down invests the ruddy cheek,
He with the Magi turn'd the hallow'd page
Of Zoroaster; then his tow'ring soul
High on the plumes of contemplation soar'd,
And from the lofty Babylonian fane
With learn'd Chaldeans trac'd the mystic
sphere,

There number'd o'er the vivid fires that gleam
Upon the dusky bosom of the night.
Nor on the sands of Ganges were unheard
The Indian sages from sequester'd bow'rs,
While, as attention wonder'd, they disclos'd
The pow'rs of nature; whether in the woods,
The fruitful glebe, or flow'r, or healing plant,
The limpid waters, or the ambient air,
Or in the purer element of fire.

The fertile plains where great Sesostris reign'd,
Mysterious Egypt, next the youth survey'd,
From Elephantis, where impetuous Nile
Precipitates his waters to the sea,
Which far below receives the sevenfold stream.
Thence o'er th' Ionic coast he stray'd: nor
pass'd

Miletus by, which once enraptur'd heard
The tongue of Thales; nor Priene's walls,
Where wisdom dwelt with Bias; nor the seat
Of Pittacus, along the Lesbian shore.
Here too melodious numbers charm'd his ears,
Which flow'd from Orpheus, and Musæus old,
And thee, O father of immortal verse,
Mæonides, whose strains through every age
Time with his own eternal lips shall sing.
Back to his native Susa then he turn'd
His wand'ring steps. His merit soon was dear

To Hyperanthes, generous and good ;
 And Ariana, from Darius sprung
 With Hyperanthes, of th' imperial race
 Which rul'd th' extent of Asia, in disdain
 Of all her greatness, oft an humble ear
 To him would bend, and listen to his voice.
 Her charms, her mind, her virtue, he explor'd
 Admiring. Soon was admiration chang'd
 To love, nor lov'd he sooner than despair'd.
 But unreveal'd and silent was his pain ;
 Nor yet in solitary shades he roam'd,
 Nor shunn'd resort ; but o'er his sorrows cast
 A sickly dawn of gladness, and in smiles
 Conceal'd his anguish ; while the secret flame
 Rag'd in his bosom, and his peace consum'd.

§ 65. *Ariana and Polydorus come by Night
 into the Grecian Camp.*

In sable pomp, with all her starry train,
 The night resum'd her throne. Recall'd from
 war,

Her long protracted labors Greece forgets,
 Dissolv'd in silent slumber ; all but those
 Who watch'd th' uncertain perils of the dark,
 An hundred warriors : Agis was their chief,
 High on the wall intent the hero sat,
 As o'er the surface of the tranquil main
 Along its undulating breast the wind
 The various din of Asia's host convey'd,
 In one deep murmur swelling in his ear :
 When, by the sound of footsteps down the pass
 Alarm'd, he calls aloud : What feet are those,
 Which beat the echoing pavement of the rock ?
 With speed reply, nor tempt your instant fate.

He said : and thus return'd a voice unknown :
 Not with the feet of enemies we come,
 But crave admittance with a friendly tongue.

The Spartan answers : Thro' the midnight
 shade [broad ?

What purpose draws your wand'ring steps a-
 To whom the stranger. We are friends to
 Greece,

And to the presence of the Spartan king
 Admission we implore. The cautious chief
 Of Lacedæmon hesitates again :

When thus, with accents musically sweet,
 A tender voice his wond'ring ear allur'd :

O gen'rous Grecian, listen to the pray'r
 Of one distress'd ! whom grief alone hath led
 In this dark hour to these victorious tents,
 A wretched woman, innocent of fraud.

The Greek descending thro' th' unfolded gates
 Upheld a flaming brand. One first appear'd
 In servile garb attir'd ; but near his side
 A woman graceful and majestic stood ;
 Not with an aspect rivalling the pow'r
 Of fatal Helen, or the wanton charms
 Of love's soft queen ; but such as far excell'd
 Whate'er the lily blending with the rose
 Paints on the cheek of beauty, soon to fade ;
 Such as express'd a mind which wisdom rul'd,
 And sweetness temper'd, virtue's purest light
 Illumining the countenance divine ;

Yet could not soothe remorseless fate, nor
 teach

Malignant fortune to revere the good ;
 Which oft with anguish rends the spotless
 heart,

And oft associates wisdom with despair.

In courteous phrase began the chief humane :

Exalted fair, who thus adorn'st the night,
 Forbear to blame the vigilance of war,
 And to the laws of rigid Mars impute
 That I thus long unwilling have delay'd
 Before the great Leonidas to place
 This your apparent dignity and worth.

He spake ; and gently to the lofty tent
 Of Sparta's king the lovely stranger guides.

At Agis' summons, with a mantle broad

His mighty limbs Leonidas infolds,
 And quits his couch. In wonder he surveys
 Th' illustrious virgin, whom his presence
 aw'd :

Her eye submissive to the ground inclin'd
 With veneration of the god-like man.

But soon his voice her anxious dread dispell'd,
 Benevolent and hospitable thus :

Thy form alone, thus amiable and great,
 Thy mind delineates, and from all commands
 Supreme regard. Relate, thou noble dame,
 By what relentless destiny compell'd,
 Thy tender feet the paths of darkness tread :
 Rehearse th' afflictions whence thy virtue
 mourns.

On her wan cheek a sudden blush arose,
 Like day's first dawn upon the twilight pale,
 And wrapt in grief, these words a passage
 broke :

If to be most unhappy, and to know,
 That hope is irrecoverably fled :

If to be great and wretched, may deserve
 Commiseration from the good, behold,

Thou glorious leader of unconquer'd bands,
 Behold, descended from Darius' loins,

Th' afflicted Ariana ; and my pray'r
 Accept with pity, nor my tears disdain !

First, that I lov'd the best of human race,
 By nature's hand with ev'ry virtue form'd,

Heroic, wise, adorn'd with ev'ry art,
 Of shame unconscious does my heart reveal.

This day in Grecian arms conspicuous clad
 He fought, he fell ! A passion long conceal'd

For me, alas ! within my brother's arms
 His dying breath resigning, he disclos'd.

—Oh I will stay my sorrows, !—will forbid
 My eyes to stream before thee, and my heart,

Thus full of anguish, will from sighs restrain !
 For why should thy humanity be griev'd

With my distress, and learn from me to mourn
 The lot of nature, doom'd to care and pain !

Hear then, O king, and grant my sole request,
 To seek his body in the heaps of slain.

Thus to the Spartan sued the regal maid,
 Resembling Ceres in majestic woe,
 When supplicant at Jove's resplendent throne,
 From dreary Pluto, and th' infernal gloom,
 Her lov'd and lost Proserpina she sought.

Fix'd on the weeping queen with steadfast eyes,

Laconia's chief these tender thoughts recall'd :

Such are thy sorrows, O for ever dear !

Who now at Lacedæmon dost deplore

My everlasting absence !—then inclin'd

His head, and sigh'd ; nor yet forgot to charge

His friend, the gentle Agis, through the straits

The Persian princess to attend and aid.

With careful steps they seek her lover's corse.

The Greeks remember'd, where by fate repress'd

His arm first ceas'd to mow their legions down :

And from beneath a mass of Persian slain

Soon drew the hero, by his armour known.

To Agis' high pavilion they resort.

Now Ariana, what transcending pangs

Thy soul involv'd ! what horror clasp'd thy heart !

But love grew mightiest ; and her beauteous limbs

On the cold breast of Teribazus, threw

The grief-distracted maid. The clotted gore

Deform'd her snowy bosom. O'er his wounds

Loose flow'd her hair, and bubbling from her eyes

Impetuous sorrow lav'd the purple clay,

When forth in groans her lamentations broke :

O torn for ever from my weeping eyes !

Thou, who despairing to obtain her heart,

Who then most lov'd thee, didst untimely yield

Thy life to fate's inevitable dart

For her who now in agony unfolds

Her tender bosom, and repeats her vows

To thy deaf ear, who fondly to her own

Now clasps thy breast insensible and cold.

Alas ! do those unmoving ghastly orbs

Perceive my gushing anguish ? Does that heart,

Which death's inanimating hand hath chill'd,

Share in my suff'rings, and return my sighs ?

—O bitter unsurmountable distress !

Lo ! on thy breast is Ariana bow'd,

Hangs o'er thy face, unites her cheek to thine,

Not now to listen with enchanted ears

To thy persuasive eloquence, no more

Charm'd with the wisdom of thy copious mind !

She could no more : invincible despair

Suppress'd her utterance. As a marble form

Fix'd on the solemn sepulchre, unmov'd,

O'er some dead hero, whom his country lov'd,

Bends down the head with imitated woe ;

So paus'd the princess o'er the breathless clay,

Entranc'd in sorrow. On the dreary wound,

Where Dithyrambus' sword was deepest plung'd,

Mute for a space and motionless she gaz'd ;

Then with a look unchang'd, nor trembling hand,

Drew forth a poniard, with her garment veil'd,

And, sheathing in her heart th' abhorred steel,

On her slain lover silent sinks in death.

SONNETS, BY CHARLOTTE SMITH.

§ 66. *To the Moon.*

Queen of the silver bow ! by thy pale beam,

Alone and pensive I delight to stray,

And watch thy shadow trembling in the stream,

Or mark the floating clouds that cross thy way.

And while I gaze, thy mild and placid light

Sheds a soft calm upon my troubled breast ;

And oft I think, fair planet of the night !

That in thy orb the wretched may have rest ;

The sufferers of the earth perhaps may go,

Releas'd by death, to thy benignant sphere ;

And the sad children of despair and woe

Forget, in thee, their cup of sorrow here.

O ! that I soon may reach thy world serene,

Poor wearied pilgrim—in this toiling scene !

§ 67. *On the Departure of the Nightingale.*

Sweet poet of the woods—a long adieu !

Farewell soft minstrel of the early year !

Ah ! 'twill be long ere thou shalt sing anew,

And pour thy music on the ' night's dull ear.'

Whether on spring thy wand'ring flights await,

Or whether silent in our groves you dwell,

The pensive muse shall own thee for her mate,

And still protect the song she loves so well.

With cautious step the love-lorn youth shall glide

Thro' the lone brake that shades thy mossy

And shepherd girls from eyes profane shall hide

The gentle bird, who sings of pity best :

For still thy voice shall soft affections move,

And still be dear to sorrow and to love !

§ 68. *Written at the Close of Spring.*

The garlands fade that Spring so lately wove,

Each simple flow'r which she had nurs'd in dew,

Anemonies, that spangled every grove,

The primrose wan, and harebell mildly blue,

No more shall violets linger in the dell,

Or purple orchis variegate the plain,

Till Spring again shall call forth every bell,

And dress with humid hands her wreaths again.—

Ah ! poor humanity ! so frail, so fair,

Are the fond visions of thy early day,

Till tyrant passion and corrosive care

Bid all thy fairy colours fade away !

Another May new buds and flow'rs shall bring ;

Ah ! why has happiness—no second Spring !

§ 69. *Written in the Churchyard at Middleton in Sussex.*

PRESS'd by the moon, mute arbitress of tides,

While the loud equinox its power combines,

The sea no more its swelling surge confines,

But o'er the shrinking land sublimely rides.

The wild blast, rising from the western cave,

Drives the huge billows from their heaving bed ;

Tears from their grassy tombs the village dead,

And breaks the silent sabbath of the grave !
With shells and sea-weed mingled, on the shore,
Lo ! their bones whiten in the frequent
wave,

But vain to them the winds and waters rave :
They hear the warring elements no more :
While I am doom'd, by life's long storm oppress'd,
To gaze with envy on their gloomy rest.

§ 70. *Written at Penthurst, in Autumn, 1783.*

YE tow'rs sublime, deserted now and drear,
Ye woods, deep sighing to the hollow blast,
The musing wanderer loves to linger near,
While history points to all your glories past :
And startling from their haunts the timid deer,
To trace the walks obscur'd by matted fern,
Which Waller's soothing lyre were wont to
hear,

But where now clamors the discordant horn !
The spoiling hand of time may overturn
These lofty battlements, and quite deface
The fading canvass whence we love to learn
Sydney's keen look, and Sacharissa's grace ;
But fame and beauty still defy decay,
Sav'd by th' historic page, the poet's tender lay !

§ 71. *On the Recovery of a Lady of Quality
from the Small-Pox.* SAVAGE.

LONG a lov'd fair had bless'd her consort's sight
With amorous pride, and undisturb'd delight ;
Till Death, grown envious, with repugnant aim
Frown'd at their joys, and urg'd a tyrant's claim.
He summons each disease !—the noxious crew,
Writhing in dire distortions, strike his view !
From various plagues, which various natures
know,

Forth rushes beauty's fear'd and fervent foe.
Fierce to the fair the missile mischief flies,
The sanguine streams in raging ferments rise !
It drives, ignipotent, through every vein,
Hangs on the heart, and burns around the
brain !

Now a chill damp the charmer's lustre dims :
Sad o'er her eyes the livid languor swims !
Her eyes, that with a glance could joy inspire,
Like setting stars, scarce shoot a glimmering
fire. [press'd,

Here stands her consort, sore with anguish
Grief in his eye, and terror in his breast.
The Paphian Graces, smit with anxious care,
In silent sorrow weep the waning fair.
Eight suns, successive, roll their fire away,
And eight slow nights see their deep shades
decay. [appears,

While these revolve, though mute each Muse
Each speaking eye drops eloquence in tears.
On the ninth noon great Phœbus listening
bends,

On the ninth noon each voice in prayer ascends—
Great god of light, of song, and physic's art,
Restore the languid fair, new soul impart !
Her beauty, wit, and virtue claim thy care,
And thine own bounty's almost rivall'd there.

Each paus'd : the god assents. Would death
advance ?

Phœbus unseen arrests that threatening lance !
Down from that orb a vivid influence streams,
And quickening earth imbibes salubrious
beams ;

Each balmy plant increase of virtue knows,
And art inspir'd with all her patron glows.
The charmer's opening eye kind hope reveals,
Kind hope her consort's breast enlivening feels ;
Each grace revives, each Muse resumes the lyre,
Each beauty brightens with relumin'd fire :
As health's auspicious pow'rs gay life display,
Death, sullen at the sight, stalks slow away.

§ 72. *Ode to Pity.* COLLINS.

O THOU, the friend of man assign'd,
With balmy hands his wounds to bind,
And charm his frantic woe ;
When first Distress, with dagger keen,
Broke forth to waste his destin'd scene,
His wild unsated foe !

By Pella's Bard, a magic name,
By all the griefs his thought could frame,
Receive my humble rite :
Long, Pity, let the nations view
Thy sky-worn robes of tenderest blue,
And eyes of dewy light !

But wherefore need I wander wide
To old Ilissus' distant side,
Deserted stream, and mute ?
Wild Arun * too has heard thy strains,
And Echo, 'midst my native plains,
Been sooth'd by Pity's lute.

There first the wren thy myrtles shed
On gentlest Otway's infant head :
To him thy cell was shown :
And while he sung the female heart,
With youth's soft notes unspoil'd by art,
The turtles mix'd their own.

Come, Pity, come, by fancy's aid,
E'en now my thoughts, relenting maid,
Thy temple's pride design :
Its southern site, its truth complete
Shall raise a wild enthusiast heat,
In all who view the shrine.

There Picture's toil shall well relate
How chance or hard involving fate,
O'er mortal bliss prevail :
The buskin'd Muse shall near her stand,
And sighing prompt her tender hand,
With each disastrous tale.

There let me oft, retir'd by day,
In dreams of passion melt away,
Allow'd with thee to dwell :
There waste the mournful lamp of night,
Till, Virgin, thou again delight
To hear a British shell !

* A river in Sussex;

§ 73. *Ode to Mercy.* COLLINS.*

STROPHIC.

O THOU, who sitt'st a smiling bride
By Valor's arm'd and awful side,
Gentlest of sky-born forms, and best adorn'd:
Who oft with songs, divine to hear,
Winn'st from his fatal grasp the spear,
And hid'st in wreaths of flowers his bloodless
sword!

Thou who, amidst the deathful field,
By godlike chiefs alone beheld,
Oft with thy bosom bare art found,
Pleading for him the youth who sinks to ground:
See, Mercy, see, with pure and loaded hands,
Before thy shrine my country's genius stands,
And decks thy altar still though pierc'd with
many a wound!

ANTISTROPHE.

When he whom e'en our joys provoke,
The fiend of Nature, join'd his yoke,
And rush'd in wrath to make our isle his prey;
Thy form, from out thy sweet abode,
O'ertook him on his blasted road,
And stopp'd his wheels, and look'd his rage
away.

I see recoil'd his sable steeds,
That bore him swift to savage deeds;
Thy tender melting eyes thy own,
O Maid, for all thy love to Britain shown,
Where Justice bars her iron tow'r,
To thee we build a roseate bow'r,
Thou, thou shalt rule our queen, and share our
monarch's throne.

§ 74. *Ode to Liberty.* COLLINS.

STROPHE.

Who shall awake the Spartan life,
And call in solemn sounds to life
The youths whose locks divinely spreading,
Like vernal hyacinths in sullen hue,
At once the breath of fear and virtue shedding,
Applauding Freedom lov'd of old to view!

What new Alcæus, fancy-blest,
Shall sing the sword in myrtles drest, [cealing.
At Wisdom's shrine a while its flame con-
(What place so fit to seal a dead renown'd?)

Till she her brightest lightnings round re-
vealing, [wound!

It leap'd in glory forth, and dealt her prompted
O goddess, in that feeling hour,

When most its sounds would court thy ears,
Let not my shell's misguided pow'r
E'er draw thy sad, thy mindful tears.

No, Freedom, no, I will not tell,

How Rome, before thy face,
With heaviest sound, a giant-statue, fell,
Push'd by a wild and artless race,
From off its wide ambitious base,
When Time his northern sons of spoil awoke,
And all the blended work of strength and
With many a rude repeated stroke, [grace,
And many a barbarous yell, to thousand frag-
ments broke.

EPODE.

Yet, e'en where'er the least appear'd,
Th' admiring world thy hand rever'd;
Still, 'midst the scatter'd states around,
Some remnants of her strength were found:
They saw, by what escap'd the storm,
How wondrous rose her perfect form;
How in the great, the labor'd whole,
Each mighty master pour'd his soul;
For sunny Florence, seat of art,
Beneath her vines preserv'd a part,
Till they, whom science lov'd to name,
(O who could fear it?) quench'd her flame;
And, lo, an humbler relic laid
In jealous Pisa's olive shade;
See small Marino joins the theme,
Though least, not last in thy esteem.
Strike, louder strike th' ennobling strings
To those whose merchant sons were kings;
To him who, deck'd with pearly pride,
In Adria weds his green-hair'd bride:
Hail, port of glory, wealth, and pleasure,
N'er let me change this Lydian measure;
Nor e'er her former pride relate
To sad Liguria's bleeding state.
Ah, no! more pleas'd thy haunts I seek
On wild Helvetia's mountains bleak,
(Where, when the favor'd of thy choice,
The daring archer, heard thy voice;
Forth from his eyrie rous'd in dread,
The ravening eagle northward fled:)
Or dwell in willow'd meads more near,
With those * to whom thy stork is dear;
Those whom the rod of Alva bruis'd;
Whose crown a British queen refus'd!
The magic works, thou feel'st the strains,
One holier name alone remains:
The perfect spell shall then avail,
Hail, Nymph, adorn'd by Britain, hail!

ANTISTROPHE.

Beyond the measure vast of thought,
The works the vizard time has wrought,
The Gaul, 'tis held of antique story,
Saw Britain link'd to his now adverse strand,†

* The Dutch: among whom there are very severe penalties for those who are convicted of killing this bird. They are kept tame in almost all their towns, and particularly at the Hague, of the arms of which they make a part. The common people of Holland are said to entertain a superstitious sentiment, that if the whole species of them should become extinct, they should lose their liberties.

† This tradition is mentioned by several of our old historians. Some naturalists too have endeavoured to support the probability of the fact, by arguments drawn from the correspondent

No sea between, nor cliff sublime and hoary,
He pass'd with unwet feet through all our land.

To the blown Baltic then, they say,

The wild waves found another way,

Where Orcas howls, his wolfish mountains
rounding;

Till all the banded west at once 'gan rise,

A wide wild storm e'en nature's self confound-
ing,

[couth surprise,
Withering her giant sons, with strange un-

This pillard'd earth, so firm and wide,

By winds and inward labors torn,

In thunders dread was push'd aside,

And down the shouldering billows borne.

And see like gems her laughing train,

The little isles on every side—

Mona,* once hid from those who search'd the
main,

Where thousand elfin shapes abide,

And Wight, who checks the western tide—

For thee consenting heaven has each be-
stow'd

A fair attendant on her sovereign pride;

To thee this blest divorce she ow'd,

For thou hast made her vales thy lov'd, thy
last abode.

SECOND EPODE.

Then too, 'tis said, on hoary pile,

'Midst the green navel of our isle,

Thy shrine in some religious wood,

O soul-enforcing Goddess, stood!

There oft the painted natives' feet
Were wont thy form celestial meet:

Though now with hopeless toil we trace

Time's backward-rolls, to find its place,

Whether the fiery-tressy Dane,

Or Roman's self o'erturn'd the fane,

Or in what heaven-left age it fell,

'Twere hard for modern song to tell.

Yet still, if truth those beams infuse,

Which guide at once and charm the Muse,

Beyond yon braided clouds that lie,

Paving the light-embroider'd sky,

Amidst the light pavilion'd plains,

The beauteous model still remains.

There happier than in islands blest,

Or bowers by Spring or Hebe drest,

The chiefs who fill our Albion's story,

In warlike weeds, retir'd in glory,

Hear their consorted Druids sing

Their triumphs to th' immortal string.

How may the poet now unfold

What never tongue or numbers told?

How learn, delighted and amaz'd,

What hands unknown that fabric rais'd?

disposition of the two opposite coasts. I do not remember that any poetical use has been hitherto made of it.

* There is a tradition in the Isle of Man, that a Mermaid, becoming enamoured of a young man of extraordinary beauty, took the opportunity of meeting him one day as he walked on the shore, and opened her passion to him, but was received with a coldness, occasioned by his horror and surprise at her appearance. This, however, was so misconstrued by the sea-lady, that, in revenge for his treatment of her, she punished the whole island, by covering it with a mist, so that all who attempted to carry on any commerce with it, either never arrived at it, but wandered up and down the sea, or were on a sudden wrecked upon its cliffs.

E'en now, before his favour'd eyes,
In Gothic pride it seems to rise!

Yet Græcia's graceful orders join,

Majestic, through the mix'd design;

The secret builder knew to choose

Each sphere-found gem of richest hues:

Whate'er heaven's purer mould contains,

When nearer suns emblaze its veins;

There on the walls the Patriot's sight

May ever hang with fresh delight,

And grav'd with some prophetic rage,

Read Albion's fame through every age.

Ye forms divine, ye laureate band,

That near her inmost altar stand!

Now soothe her, to her blessful train

Blithe Concord's social form to gain.

Concord, whose myrtle wand can steep

E'en Anger's blood-shot eyes in sleep:

Before whose breathing bosom's balm

Rage drops his steel, and storms grow calm;

Her let our sires and matrons hoar

Welcome to Britain's ravag'd shore:

Our youths, enamour'd of the fair,

Play with the tangles of her hair;

Till, in one loud applauding sound,

The nations shout to her around—

O how supremely art thou blest,

Thou, Lady, thou shalt rule the west!

§ 75. *Ode to Evening.* COLLINS.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,

May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest

Like thy own solemn springs, [ear,

Thy springs, and dying gales;

O nymph reserv'd, while now the bright-hair'd
sun

Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,

With brede ethereal wove,

O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-eyed
bat [wing,

With short shrill shriek flies by on leathern

Or where the beetle winds

His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,

Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:

Now teach me, maid compos'd,

To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening
vale,

May not unseemly with its stillness suit,

As, musing slow I hail

Thy genial lov'd return!

For when thy folding-star arising shews
 His paly circle, at his warning lamp,
 The fragrant hours, and elves
 Who slept in buds the day,
 And many a nymph who wreathes her brows
 with sedge,
 And sheds the freshening dew; and, lovelier
 still,
 The pensive pleasures sweet,
 Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
 Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
 Whose walls more awful nod
 By thy religious gleams.

Or, if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
 Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
 That from the mountain's side
 Views wilds and swelling floods,
 And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,
 And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
 Thy dewy fingers draw
 The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his show'rs, as oft he
 wont, [Eve!
 And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest
 While Summer loves to sport
 Beneath thy lingering light;
 While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
 Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air
 Affrights thy shrinking train,
 And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
 Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
 Thy gentlest influence own,
 And love thy favorite name!

§ 76. *Ode to Peace.* COLLINS.

O THOU, who bad'st thy turtles bear
 Swift from his grasp thy golden hair,
 And sought'st thy native skies;
 When War, by vultures drawn from far,
 To Britain bent his iron car,
 And bade his storms arise!

Tir'd of his rude tyrannic sway,
 Our youth shall fix some festive day,
 His sullen shrines to burn:
 But thou, who hear'st the turning spheres,
 What sounds may charm thy partial ears,
 And gain thy blest return!

O Peace, thy injur'd robes upbind!
 O rise, and leave not one behind
 Of all thy beaming train!

The British lion, goddess sweet,
 Lies stretch'd on earth to kiss thy feet,
 And own thy holier reign.

Let others court thy transient smile,
 But come to grace thy western isle,
 By warlike Honor led;
 And while around her ports rejoice,
 While all her sons adore thy choice,
 With him for ever wed!

§ 77. *The Passions. An Ode for Music.*
 COLLINS.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
 While yet in early Greece she sung,
 The passions oft, to hear her shell,
 Throng'd around her magic cell,
 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
 Possess'd beyond the Muses' painting;
 By turns they felt the glowing mind
 Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd:
 Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
 Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
 From the supporting myrtles round
 They snatch'd her instruments of sound:
 And, as they oft had heard apart
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
 Each, for Madness rul'd the hour,
 Would prove his own expressive pow'r.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
 Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
 And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
 E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
 In lightnings own'd his secret stings,
 In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
 And swept with hurried hand the strings:

With woful measures wan Despair,
 Low, sullen sounds his grief beguil'd;
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
 'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
 What was thy delighted measure?
 Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
 Still would her touch the strain prolong,
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
 She call'd on Echo still through all the song;
 And where her sweetest theme she chose,
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every
 close, [golden hair.

And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her
 And longer had she sung—but with a frown,
 Revenge impatient rose:
 He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder
 down,
 And with a withering look,
 The war-denouncing trumpet took,
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe;
 And ever and anon he beat
 The doubling drum with furious heat:
 And though sometimes, each dreary pause be-
 Dejected Pity at his side [tween,
 Her soul-subduing voice applied,
 Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien;
 While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd burst-
 ing from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd,
 Sad proof of thy distressful state!
 Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd;
 And now it courted Love, now raving call'd
 on Hate.

With eyes uprais'd, as one inspir'd,
Pale Melancholy sat retir'd,
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive
soul :

And dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound ;
Through glades and glooms the mingled mea-
sure stole,

Or o'ersome haunted stream with fond delay,

Round an holy calm diffusing,

Love of peace and lonely musing,

In hollow murmurs died away.

But, O how alter'd was its sprightlier tone!

When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,

Her bow across her shoulder flung,

Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,

Blew an aspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,

The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known ;

The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-eyed
queen,

Satyrs and sylvan boys, were seen

Peeping from forth their alleys green ;

Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear, [spear.

And Sport leap'd up, and seiz'd his beechen

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial :

He, with viny crown advancing,

First to the lively pipe his hand address'd,

But soon he saw the brisk-awakening viol,

Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best :

They would have thought, who heard the
strain,

They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,

Amidst the festal sounding shades,

To some unweari'd minstrel dancing,

While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,

Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic round ;

Loose were, her tresses seen, her zone un-
bound ;

And he, amidst his frolic play,

As if he would the charming air repay,

Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music, sphere-descended maid,

Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid !

Why, goddess, why to us denied,

Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside ?

As, in that lov'd Athenian bow'r,

You learn'd an all-commanding pow'r ;

Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd !

Can well recall what then it heard.

Where is thy native simple heart,

Devote to virtue, fancy, art ?

Arise, as in that elder time,

Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime !

Thy wonders in that godlike age

Fill thy recording sister's page—

'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age ;
E'en all at once together found
Cecilia's mingled world of sound—
O, bid our vain endeavours cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece,
Return in all thy simple state,
Confirm the tales her sons relate !

§ 78. *The Pauper's Funeral.* CRABBE.

Now once again the gloomy scene explore,
Less gloomy now, the bitter hour is o'er ;
The man of many sorrows sighs no more.
Up yonder hill behold how sadly slow
The bier moves winding from the vale below !
There lies the happy dead, from trouble free,
And the glad parish pays the frugal fee.
No more, O death ! thy victim starts to hear
Church-wardens stern, or kingly overseer :
No more the farmer claims his humble bow ;
Thou art his lord, the best of tyrants thou !

Now to the church behold the mourners come,
Sedately torpid, and devoutly dumb :
The village children now their games suspend,
To see the bier that bears their ancient friend ;
For he was one in all their idle sport,
And like a monarch rul'd their little court ;
The pliant bow he form'd, the flying ball,
The bat, the wicket, were his labours all ;
Him now they follow to his grave, and stand
Silent and sad, and gazing, hand in hand ;
While bending low, their eager eyes explore
The mingled relics of the parish poor :
The bell tolls late, the moping owl flies round,
Fear marks the flight and magnifies the sound,
The busy priest, detain'd by weightier care,
Defers his duty till the day of prayer,
And waiting long, the crowd retire distress'd,
To think a poor man's bones should lie unblest*.

§ 79. *The Village Foundling.* CRABBE.

To name an infant met our village sires,
Assembled all, as such event requires ;
Frequent and full the rural sages sate,
And speakers many urg'd the long debate.
Some hardened knaves who rov'd the country
round
Had left a babe within the parish-bound.
First of the fact they question'd—Was it true ?
The child was brought.—What then remain'd
to do ?
Was't dead, or living ?—this was fairly prov'd ;
'Twas pinch'd—it roar'd, and every doubt re-
moved.
Then by what name th' unwelcome guest to call
Was long a question, and it pass'd them all ;

* Some apology is due for the insertion of a circumstance by no means common : that it has been a subject for complaint in any place, is a sufficient reason for its being reckoned among the evils which may happen to the poor, and which must happen to them exclusively ; nevertheless, it is just to remark, that such neglect is very rare in any part of the kingdom, and in many parts totally unknown.

For he who lent a name to babe unknown,
 Censorious men might take it for his own.
 They look'd about, they ask'd the name of all,
 And not one *Richard* answer'd to the call;
 Next they inquir'd the day, when passing by,
 Th' *unlucky* peasant heard the stranger's cry:
 This known, how food and raiment they might
 give

Was next debated, for the rogue would live.
 At last with all their words and work content,
 Back to their homes the prudent vestry went,
 And *Richard Monday* to the work-house sent.
 There he was pinch'd, and pitied, thump'd and
 fed,

And duly took his beatings and his bread;
 Patient in all control, in all abuse,
 He found contempt and kicking have their use.
 Sad, silent, supple; bending to the blow,
 A slave of slaves, the lowest of the low;
 His pliant soul gave way to all things base,
 He knew no shame, he dreaded no disgrace:
 It seem'd, so well his passions he suppress'd,
 No feeling stirr'd his ever torpid breast:
 Him might the meanest pauper bruise and
 cheat;

He was a foot-stool for the beggar's feet;
 His were the legs that run at all commands,
 They used on all occasions *Richard's* hands:
 His very soul was not his own; he stole
 As others order'd, and without a dole:
 In all disputes, on either part he lied,
 And freely pledg'd his oath on either side:
 In all rebellions *Richard* join'd the rest,
 In all detections *Richard* first confess'd: [well,
 Yet though disgrac'd, he watch'd his time so
 He rose in favor, when in fame he fell:
 Base was his usage, vile his whole employ,
 And all despis'd and fed the pliant boy.
 At length 'tis time he should abroad be sent,
 Was whispered near him—and abroad he went;
 One morn they call'd him, *Richard* answered
 not;

They doom'd him hanging—and in time forgot;
 Yet miss'd him long, as each throughout the
 clan

Found he had "better spared a better man."

Now *Richard's* talents for the world were fit,
 He'd no small cunning and had some small wit;
 Had that calm look which seem'd to all assent,
 And that complacent speech which nothing
 meant.

He'd but one care, and that he strove to hide,
 How best for *Richard Monday* to provide.
 Steel through opposing plate the magnet draws,
 And steely atoms culs from dust and straws;
 And thus our hero, to his int'rest true,
 Gold through all bars and from each trifle drew.
 But still more surely round the world to go,
 This fortune's child had neither friend nor
 foe.

Long lost to us at last our man we trace,
 Sir *Richard Monday* died at *Monday Place*;
 His lady's worth, his daughter's we peruse,
 And find his grandsons all as rich as Jews:

He gave reforming charities a sum, [dumb
 And bought the blessings of the blind and
 Bequeath'd to missions money from the stocks,
 And Bibles issued from his private box:
 But to his native place severely just,
 He left a pittance bound in rigid trust;
 Two paltry pounds on every quarter's day,
 At church produc'd for forty loaves should pay,
 A stinted gift that to the parish shows,
 He kept in mind their bounty and their blows.

§ 80. *The Village Infidel.* CRABBE.

His a lone house by dead man's dyke way
 stood,
 And his a nightly haunt in lonely wood:
 Each village inn has heard the ruffian boast,
 That he believ'd in neither God nor ghost;
 That when the sod upon the sinner press'd,
 He, like the saint, had everlasting rest;
 That never priest believ'd his doctrines true,
 But would, for profit, own himself a Jew,
 Or worship wood and stone, as honest heathen
 That fools alone on future worlds rely, [do;
 And all who die for faith, deserve to die.

These maxims, part, th' attorney's clerk profess'd;

His own transcendent genius found the rest.
 Our pious matrons heard, and much amaz'd,
 Gaz'd on the man, and trembled as they gaz'd;
 And now his face explor'd, and now his feet,
 Man's dreaded foe in this bad man to meet:
 But him our drunkards as their champion rais'd,
 Their bishop call'd, and as their hero prais'd;
 Though most when sober, and the rest, when
 sick,

Had little question whence his bishopric.
 But he, triumphant spirit, all things dar'd,
 He poach'd the wood, and on the warren snar'd;
 'Twas his at cards each novice to trepan,
 And call the wants of rogues the rights of man;
 Wild as the winds he let his offspring rove,
 And deem'd the marriage bond the bane of
 love.

What age and sickness for a man so bold,
 Had done we know not; none beheld him old;
 By night as business urg'd, he sought the wood,
 The ditch was deep, the rain had caus'd a flood,
 The foot-bridge fail'd, he plung'd beneath the
 deep,
 And slept, if truth were his, th' eternal sleep,

§ 81. *Funeral of the Lady of the Manor.*

CRABBE.

NEXT died the lady who yon hall possess'd,
 And here they brought her noble bones to rest.
 In town she dwelt; forsaken stood the hall,
 Worms eat the floors, the tap'stry fled the wall;
 No fire the kitchen's cheerless grate display'd;
 No cheerful light the long-clos'd sash convey'd!
 The crawling worm that turns a summer-fly
 Here spun his shroud, and laid him up to die
 The winter-death upon the bed of state:
 The bat shrill shrieking woo'd his flickering
 mate;

To empty rooms the curious came no more,
 From empty cellars turn'd the angry boor,
 And surly beggars curs'd the ever-bolted door.
 To one small room the steward found his way,
 Where tenants followed to complain and pay;
 Yet no complaint before the *lady* came,
 The feeling servant spar'd the feeble dame,
 Who saw her farms with his observing eyes,
 And answer'd all requests with his replies:
 She came not down her falling groves to view;
 Why should she know what one so faithful
 knew?

Why come from many clamorous tongues to
 hear

What one so just might whisper in her ear?
 Her oaks or acres, why with care explore,
 Why learn the wants, the sufferings of the poor,
 When one so knowing all the worth could
 trace,

And one so piteous govern'd in her place;

Lo! now, what dismal sons of darkness come
 To bear this daughter of indulgence home,
 Tragedians all, and well arrang'd in black!
 Who nature, feeling, force, expression lack;
 Who cause no tear, but gloomily pass by,
 And shake the sables in the wearied eye,
 That turns disgusted from the pompous scene,
 Proud without grandeur, with profession mean.
 The tear for kindness past affection owes,
 For worth deceas'd the sigh from reason flows;
 E'en well-feign'd passions for our sorrows call,
 And real tears for mimic miseries fall;
 But this poor farce has neither truth nor art
 To please the fancy, or to touch the heart;
 Unlike the darkness of the sky, that pours
 On the dry ground its fertilizing showers;
 Unlike to that which strikes the soul with dread,
 When thunders roar, and forked fires are shed:
 Dark but not awful, dismal but yet mean,
 With anxious bustle moves the cumbrous scene;
 Presents no objects, tender or profound,
 But spreads its cold unmeaning gloom around.

When woes are feign'd, how ill such forms
 appear,

And oh! how needless when the woe's sincere!

Slow to the vault they come with heavy tread,
 Bending beneath the *lady* and her lead;
 A case of elm surrounds that pond'rous chest,
 Close on that case the crimson velvet's press'd;
 Ungen'rous this, that to the worm denies
 With niggard caution his appointed prize;
 For now, e'er yet he works his tedious way
 Thro' cloth, and wood, and metal, to his prey,
 That prey dissolving shall a mass remain
 That fancy loathes, and worms themselves disdain.

But see, the master-mourner makes his way
 To end his office for the coffin'd clay,
 Pleas'd that our rustic men and maids behold
 His plate like silver, and his studs like gold;
 As they approach to spell the age, the name,
 And all the titles of th' illustrious dame:—
 This as (my duty done) some scholar read,
 A village father look'd disdain, and said—

"Away my friends! why take such pains to
 know

What some brave marble soon in church shall
 show?

Where not alone her gracious name shall stand,
 But how she liv'd the blessing of the land;
 How much we all deplor'd the noble dead,
 What groans we utter'd, and what tears we shed;
 Tears true as those which in the sleepy eyes
 Of weeping cherubs on the stone shall rise:
 Tears true as those, which, ere she found her
 grave,

The noble *lady* to our sorrows gave."

§ 82. *Funeral of an ancient Maiden.* CRABBE.

Down by the church-way walk, and where
 the brook

Winds round the chancel like a shepherd's crook,
 In that small house, with those great pales before,
 Where jasmine trails on either side the door,
 Where those dark shrubs that now grow wild
 at will,

Were clipt in form, and tannis'd with skill;
 Where cockles blanch'd, and pebbles neatly
 spread,

Form'd shining borders for the larkspur bed;
 There liv'd a *lady* wise, austere, and nice,
 Who showed her virtue by her scorn of vice;
 In the dear fashions of her youth, she dress'd,
 A pea-green joseph was her fav'rite vest,
 Erect she stood, she walk'd with stately mien,
 Tight was her length of stays, and she was tall
 and lean.

There long she liv'd in maiden state immur'd
 From looks of love, and treacherous man se-
 cur'd;

Though evil fame (but that was long before)
 Had blown her dubious blasts at Catharine's door.
 A captain Huther, rich from India came,
 And though a cousin call'd, it touch'd her fame;
 Her annual stipend rose from his behest,
 And all the long-priz'd treasures she possess'd:
 If aught like joy a while appear'd to stay
 In that stern face, and chase those frowns away,
 'Twas when her treasures she dispos'd for view,
 And heard the praises to their splendour due;
 Silks beyond price, so rich they'd stand alone,
 And diamonds blazing on the buckled zone;
 Rows of rare pearls by curious workmen set,
 And bracelets fair, in box of glossy jet:
 Bright polish'd amber, precious from its size
 Or forms, the fairest fancy could devise;
 Her drawers of cedar, shut with secret springs,
 Conceal'd the watch of gold and rubied rings;
 Letters, long proofs of love, and verses fine,
 Round the pink'd rims of Crispin valentine.
 Her china closet, cause of daily care,
 For woman's wonder held her pencil'd ware;
 That pictured wealth of *China* and *Japan*,
 Like its cold mistress, shunn'd the eye of man.

Her neat small room, adorn'd with maiden
 taste,
 A clipt French puppy, first of fav'rites, grac'd;

A parrot next, but dead and stuff'd with art
 (For Poll, when living, lost his lady's heart,
 And then his life! for he was heard to speak
 Such frightful words as ting'd his lady's cheek);
 Unhappy bird! who had no power to prove,
 Save by such speech, his gratitude and love;
 A grey old cat his whiskers lick'd beside,
 A type of sadness in the house of pride:
 The polish'd surface of an Indian chest,
 A glassy globe in frame of ivory prest,
 Where swam two finny creatures, one of gold,
 Of silver one, both beauteous to behold:
 All these were form'd the guiding taste to suit,
 The beasts well-manner'd, and the fishes mute.
 A widow'd aunt was there, compell'd by need
 The nymph to flatter, and her tribe to feed;
 Who, veiling well her scorn, endur'd the clog
 Mute as the fish, and fawning as the dog.

As years increas'd, these treasures, her delight,

Arose in value in their owner's sight.
 A miser knows that, view it as he will,
 A guinea kept, is but a guinea still;
 And so he puts it to its proper use,
 That something more this guinea may produce:
 But silks and rings in the possessor's eyes
 The oftener seen, the more in value rise,
 And thus are wisely hoarded to bestow
 On pride that governs, pleasure that will grow;
 But what avail'd their worth, if worth had they,
 In the sad summer of her slow decay?

Then we beheld her turn an anxious look
 From trunks and chests, and fix it on her book,
 A rich-bound book of prayer the captain gave
 (Some princess had it, or was said to have),
 And then once more on all her stores look round,

And draw a sigh so piteous and profound,
 That told, "Alas! how hard from thee to part,
 And for new hopes and habits form the heart:
 What shall I do (she cried), my peace of mind
 To gain in dying, and to die resign'd?"
 Here we returned—"These baubles cast aside,
 Nor give thy God a rival in thy pride;
 Thy closet shut, and ope thy kitchen-door,
 There own thy failings—here invite the poor;
 A friend of mammon let thy bounty make,
 For widows' prayers thy vanity forsake,
 And let the hungry of thy pride partake;
 Then shall thy inward eye with joy survey
 The angel *Mercy* tempering *Death's* delay."

Alas! 'twas hard; the treasures still had charms,

Hope still its flattery, sickness its alarms;
 Still was the same unsettled cloudy view,
 And the same plaintive cry "What shall I do?"

Nor change appear'd: for when her race was run,
 Doubtful we all exclaim'd, "What has been done?"

Apart she liv'd, and still she lies alone;
 Yon earthly heap awaits the flatt'ring stone,
 On which invention shall be long employ'd
 To show the various worth of *Catharine Lloyd*.

§ 83. *Funeral of Isaac Ashford, a virtuous Peasant.* CRABBE.

NOBLE he was, condemning all things mean,
 His truth unquestion'd, and his soul serene;
 Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid;
 At no man's question Isaac look'd dismay'd:
 Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace;
 Truth, simple truth, was written in his face;
 Yet while the serious thought his soul approv'd,
 Cheerful he seem'd, and gentleness he lov'd:
 To bliss domestic he his heart resign'd,
 And with the firmest had the fondest mind.
 Were others joyful, he look'd smiling on,
 And gave allowance when he needed none;
 Good he refus'd with future ill to buy,
 Nor knew a joy that caus'd reflection's sigh;
 A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast
 No envy stung, no jealousy distress'd;
 Bane of the poor! it wounds their weaker mind
 To miss one favor which their neighbours find.
 Yet far was he from stoic pride remov'd,
 He felt humanely, and he warmly lov'd.
 I mark'd his action, when his infant died,
 And his old neighbour for offence was tried;
 The still tears stealing down that furrow'd
 cheek

Spoke pity plainer than the tongue can speak.
 If pride were his, 'twas not their vulgar pride
 Who, in their base contempt, the great deride;
 Nor pride in learning, though my clerk agreed;
 If fate should call him, Ashford might succeed;
 Nor pride in rustic skill, although he knew
 None his superior, and his equals few:
 But if that spirit in his soul had place,
 It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace;
 A pride in honest fame, by virtue gain'd,
 In sturdy boys to virtuous labours train'd;
 Pride in the power that guards his country's
 coast,

And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast;
 Pride in a life that slander's tongue defy'd;
 In fact a noble passion, misnam'd *pride*.

He had no party's rage, no sect'ry's whim,
 Christian and country was *all* with him:
 True to his church he came, no Sunday shower
 Kept him at home in that important hour;
 Nor his firm feet could one persuading sect,
 By the strong glare of their new-light, direct;
 On hope in mine own sober light I gaze,
 But should be blind and loose it in your blaze.

In times severe, when many a sturdy swain
 Felt it his pride, his comfort, to complain;
 Isaac their wants would soothe, his own would
 hide,

And feel in *that* his comfort and his pride.

At length he found, when seventy years were run,

His strength departed, and his labor done;
 When, save his honest fame, he kept no more,
 But lost his wife, and saw his children poor:
 'Twas then a spark of—(say not discontent),
 Struck on his mind, and thus he gave it vent:
 "Kind are your laws, 'tis not to be deny'd,
 That in yon house for ruin'd age provide;

And they are just; when young we give you all,
 And then for comforts in our weakness call;
 Why then this proud reluctance to be fed,
 To join your poor, and eat the parish bread?
 But yet I linger, loath with him to feed,
 Who gains his plenty by the sons of need;
 He who by contract all your paupers took
 And gauges stomachs with an anxious look:
 On some old master I could well depend;
 See him with joy, and thank him as a friend;
 But ill on him who doles the day's supply,
 And counts our chances who at night may die.
 Yet help me heaven! and let me not complain
 Of what befalls me, but the fate sustain."

Such were his thoughts, and so resign'd he
 grew,
 Daily he plac'd the work-house in his view;
 But came not there, for sudden was his fate,
 He dropp'd, expiring at his cottage-gate.

I feel his absence in the hours of prayer,
 And view his seat, and sigh for *Isaac* there:
 I see no more those white locks thinly spread
 Round the bald polish of that honor'd head;
 No more that awful glance on playful wight
 Compell'd to kneel, and tremble at the sight,
 To fold his fingers all in dread the while,
 Till *Mister Ashford* soften'd to a smile;
 No more that meek and suppliant look in prayer,
 Nor the pure faith, to give it force, are there:
 But he is blest, and I lament no more
 A wise good man, contented to be poor.

§ 84. *Dirge in Cymbeline, 'sung by Guiderius
 and Arviragus over Fidele, supposed to be
 dead.* COLLINS.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
 Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
 Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
 And rifle all the breathing Spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
 To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
 But shepherd lads assemble here,
 And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
 No goblins lead their nightly crew;
 The female fays shall haunt the green,
 And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The red-breast oft at evening hours
 Shall kindly lend his little aid,
 With hoary moss, and gather'd flow'rs,
 To deck the ground where thou art laid,

When howling winds, and beating rain,
 In tempests shake thy sylvan cell;
 Or 'midst the chase on every plain,
 The tender thought on thee shall dwell:

Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
 For thee the tear be duly shed;
 Belov'd, till life can charm no more:
 And mourn'd till Pity's self be dead.

§ 85. *Ode on the Death of Mr. Thomson.*
 COLLINS.

*The Scene of the following Stanzas is supposed
 to lie on the Thames, near Richmond.*

In yonder grave a Druid lies,
 Where slowly winds the stealing wave:
 The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
 To deck its Poet's sylvan grave.

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
 His airy harp* shall now be laid;
 That he whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
 May love through life the soothing shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
 And while its sounds at distance swell,
 Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear
 To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
 When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
 And oft suspend the dashing oar
 To bid his gentle spirit rest!

And oft as Ease and Health retire
 To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
 The friend shall view yon whitening † spire,
 And 'mid the varied landscape weep:

But thou, who own'st that earthly bed,
 Ah! what will every dirge avail!
 Or tears, which Love and Pity shed,
 That mourn beneath the gliding sail!

Yet lives there one whose heedless eye
 Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near?
 With him, sweet Bard, may Fancy die,
 And joy desert the blooming year!

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
 No sedge-crown'd sisters now attend,
 Now wait me from the green hill's side,
 Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

And see, the fairy valleys fade;
 Dun night has veil'd the solemn view;
 Yet once again, dear parted shade,
 Meek nature's child, again adieu!

The genial meads assign'd to bless
 Thy life ‡, shall mourn thy early doom!
 There hinds and shepherd girls shall dress
 With simple hands thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy stone and pointed clay
 Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes:
 O vales and wild woods, shall he say,
 In yonder grave your Druid lies!

* The Harp of Æolus, of which see a description in the Castle of Indolence.

† Mr. Thomson was buried in Richmond church.

‡ Mr. Thomson resided in the neighbourhood of Richmond some time before his death.

§ 86. *To a Mouse, on turning her up in her Nest with the Plough, November, 1785.*

BURNS.

WEE, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start away sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle!
I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal.
I doubt na, whyles, but thou mayst thieve:
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A *diamen-icker* in a *thrave*
'S a sma' request;
I'll get a blessing wi' the lave.
An' never miss't!

Thy wee bit *housie*, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the wins are strewing:
An' naething, now, to big a new ane
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's wind ensuing,
Baith snell and keen!
Thou saw the field laid bare and waste,
An' weary winter coming fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till, crash! the cruel *coulter* past,
Out thro' thy cell.
That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble!
Has cost thee monie a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
Baith house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld!
But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving *foresight* may be vain:
The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley.
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain
For promis'd joy!

Still thou art blest compar'd wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But, och! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear!
An' forward, though I canna see,
I guess an' fear.

§ 87. *To a Mountain Daisy, on turning one down with the Plough, in April, 1786.*

BURNS.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonie gem!

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonie lark, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weat!
Wi' spreckl'd breast,
When upwards springing, blythe to greet
The purpling east.

Could blew the bitter biting north
Upon thy early humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods an' wa's maun shield;
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie *stibble-field*,
Unseen, alane.

There in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the *share* up tears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet *flow'ret* of the rural shade,
By love's simplicity betray'd,
And guiltless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,

Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And overwhelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering *Worth* is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To Mis'ry's brink,
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heaven,
He ruin'd sink!

E'en thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That *fate* is *thine*—no distant date:
Stern ruin's *plough-share* drives elate
Full on thy bloom;
Till, crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom!

§ 88. *The Diverting History of John Gilpin; showing how he went farther than he intended; and came safe home again.*

COWPER.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen,
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

To-morrow is our wedding day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair,

My sister and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise, so you must ride
On horseback after we.

He soon replied, I do admire
Of woman kind but one :
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go.

Quoth Mistress Gilpin, That's well said ;
And, for that wine is dear,
We will be furnish'd with our own,
Which is both bright and clear.

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife ;
O'erjoy'd was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allow'd
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stay'd,
Where they did all get in,
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad ;
The stones did rattle underneath
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seiz'd fast the flowing mane :
And up he got in haste to ride,
But soon came down again :

For saddle-tree scarce reach'd had he,
His journey to begin,
When turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came ; for loss of time,
Although it griev'd him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind ;
When Betty screaming came down stairs,
" The wine is left behind ! "

Good lack ! quoth he—yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise.

Now Mistress Gilpin, careful soul !
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she lov'd,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true ;

Then over all, that he might be
Equipp'd from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which gall'd him in his seat.

So, fair and softly, John he cried,
But John he cried in vain ;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought,
Away went hat and wig ;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung ;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,
Up flew the windows all :
And every soul cried out, Well done !
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he ;
His fame soon spread around—
He carries weight ! he rides a race !
'Tis for a thousand pound.

And still as fast as he drew near
'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shatter'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seem'd to carry weight,
With leathern girdle brac'd ;
For all might see the bottles' necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
And till he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild-goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From balcony espied
Her tender husband, wond'ring much
To see how he did ride.

Stop, stop, John Gilpin! here's the house—
They all at once did cry:
The dinner waits, and we are tir'd:
Said Gilpin—So am I.

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclin'd to tarry there;
For why? his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend's the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amaz'd to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

What news? what news? your tidings tell,
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bare-headed you are come,
Or why you come at all!

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And lov'd a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke.

I came because your horse would come,
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,
They are upon the road.

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Return'd him not a single word,
But to the house went in.

When straight he came with hat and wig,
A wig that flow'd behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus show'd his ready wit:
My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case.

Said John, It is my wedding-day;
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware.

So turning to his horse, he said,
I am in haste to dine:
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine.

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear:

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar;
And gallop'd off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig;
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why? they were too big.

Now Mrs. Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pull'd out half a crown:

And thus unto the youth she said
That drove them to the Bell,
This shall be yours when you bring back
My husband safe and well.

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain,
Whom in a trice he tried to stop
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frighted steed he frighted more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went post-boy at his heels,
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumb'ring of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scamp'ring in the rear,
They rais'd the hue and cry :

Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that pass'd that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town,
Nor stopp'd till where he first got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the king,
And Gilpin, long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

§ 89. *The Three Warnings. A Tale.*

By Mrs. THRALE.

THE tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground:
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
That love of life increas'd with years
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.
This great affection to believe,
Which all confess, but few perceive,
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleas'd to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay,
On neighbour Dobson's wedding-day,
Death call'd aside the jocund groom
With him into another room;
And looking grave—'You must,' says he,
'Quit your sweet bride, and come with me.'
'With you? and quit my Susan's side?
With you?' the hapless husband cried:
'Young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard!
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepar'd:
My thoughts on other matters go;
This is my wedding night, you know.'

What more he urg'd I have not heard,
His reason could not well be stronger;
So Death the poor delinquent spar'd,
And left to live a little longer.

Yet calling up a serious look,
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke—
'Neighbour,' he said, 'farewell: no more
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour:
And farther, to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station,
Three several warnings you shall have,
Before you're summon'd to the grave!

Willing for once I'll quit my prey,
And grant a kind reprieve;
In hopes you'll have no more to say,
But when I call again this way,
Well pleas'd the world will leave.'
To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befel,
How long he liv'd, how wise, how well,
How roundly he pursu'd his course,
And smok'd his pipe, and strok'd his horse,
The willing muse shall tell:

He chaffer'd then, he bought, he sold,
Nor once perceiv'd his growing old,
Nor thought of Death as near;
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,

He pass'd his hours in peace:
But while he view'd his wealth increase,
While thus along life's dusty road
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncall'd, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.

And now, one night, in musing mood,
And all alone, he sat,
Th' unwelcome messenger of Fate
Once more before him stood.

Half kill'd with anger and surprise,
'So soon return'd!' old Dobson cries;
'So soon, d'ye call it?' Death replies;
'Surely, my friend, you're but in jest;
Since I was here before
'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,
And you are now fourscore.'
'So much the worse,' the elown rejoind;
'To spare the aged would be kind:
However, see your search be legal;
And your authority—is 't regal?
Else you are come on a fool's errand,
With but a secretary's warrant.
Besides, you promis'd me three warnings,
Which I have look'd for nights and mornings;
But for that loss of time and ease,
I can recover damages.'

'I know,' cries Death, 'that at the best,
I seldom am a welcome guest;
But don't be captious, friend, at least:
I little thought you'd still be able
To stump about your farm and stable;
Your years have run to a great length;
I wish you joy, though, of your strength!'

'Hold,' says the farmer, 'not so fast!
I have been lame these four years past.'

'And no great wonder,' Death replies;
'However, you still keep your eyes;
And sure to see one's loves and friends,
For legs and arms would make amends.'
'Perhaps,' says Dobson, 'so it might,
But latterly I've lost my sight.'

'This is a shocking story, faith;
Yet there's some comfort still,' says Death:
Each strives your sadness to amuse;
I warrant you hear all the news.'

'There's none,' cries he; 'and if there were,
I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear.'

'Nay, then!' the spectre stern rejoind,

'These are unjustifiable yearnings;
If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
You have had your three sufficient warnings.

So come along, no more we'll part;
He said, and touch'd him with his dart;
And now old Dobson turning pale,
Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

§ 90. *The Cit's Country Box.* LLOYD.

Vos sapere, et solos aio bene vivere, quorum
Conspicitur nitidis fundata pecunia villis. HOR.

THE wealthy cit, grown old in trade,
Now wishes for the rural shade,
And buckles to his one-horse chair
Old Dobin, or the founder'd mare:
While wedg'd in closely by his side,
Sits Madam, his unwieldy bride,
With Jacky on a stool before 'em,
And out they jog in due decorum.
Scarce past the turnpike half a mile,
'How all the country seems to smile!'
And as they slowly jog together,
The cit commends the road and weather:
While Madam doats upon the trees,
And longs for ev'ry house she sees;
Admires its views, its situation,
And thus she opens her oration:

'What signifies the loads of wealth,
Without that richest jewel, health?
Excuse the fondness of a wife,
Who doats upon your precious life!
Such ceaseless toil, such constant care,
Is more than human strength can bear:
One may observe it in your face—
Indeed, my dear, you break apace;
And nothing can your health repair,
But exercise and country air.
Sir Traffic has a house, you know,
About a mile from Cheney-row:
He's a good man, indeed, 'tis true;
But not so warm, my dear, as you:
And folks are always apt to sneer—
One would not be outdone, my dear!'

Sir Traffic's name, so well applied,
Awak'd his brother-merchant's pride;
And Thrifty, who had all his life
Paid utmost deference to his wife,
Confess'd her arguments had reason;
And by th' approaching summer season
Draws a few hundreds from the stocks,
And purchases his country box.

Some three or four miles out of town
(An hour's ride will bring you down)
He fixes on his choice abode,
Not half a furlong from the road;
And so convenient does it lay,
The stages pass it every day;
And then so snug, so mighty pretty,
To have a house so near the city!

Take but your places at the Boar,
You're set down at the very door.

Well then, suppose them fix'd at last,
White washing, painting, scrubbing past,
Hugging themselves in ease and clover,
With all the fuss of moving over;
Lo, a new heap of whims are bred,
And wanton in my lady's head.

'Well! to be sure, it must be own'd,
It is a charming spot of ground:
So sweet a distance for a ride,
And all about so countrified;
'Twould come but to a trifling price,
To make it quite a paradise!

I cannot bear those nasty rails,
Those ugly, broken, mouldy pales:
Suppose, my dear, instead of these,
We build a railing all Chinese;
Although one hates to be expos'd,
'Tis dismal to be thus enclos'd;
One hardly any object sees—
I wish you'd fell these odious trees,
Objects continually passing by,
Were something to amuse the eye;
But to be pent within the walls,
One might as well be at St. Paul's.
Our house beholders would adore,
Was there a level lawn before,
Nothing its views to incommode,
But quite laid open to the road;
While every traveller in amaze,
Should on our little mansion gaze;
And, pointing to the choice retreat,
Cry, "That's Sir Thrifty's country-seat!"

No doubt her arguments prevail,
For Madam's TASTE can never fail.
Blest age! when all men may procure
The title of a connoisseur;
When noble and ignoble herd
Are govern'd by a single word;
Though, like the royal German dames,
It bears an hundred Christian names,
As Genius, Fancy, Judgment, Gout,
Whim, Caprice, Je ne sçais quoi, Virtù;
Which appellations all describe
TASTE, and the modern tasteful tribe.

Now bricklayers, carpenters, and joiners,
With Chinese artists and designers,
Produce their schemes of alteration,
To work this wondrous reformation.
The useful dome, which secret stood,
Embosom'd in the yew tree's wood,
The traveller with amazement sees
A temple Gothic or Chinese,
With many a bell and tawdry rag on,
And crested with a sprawling dragon;
A wooden arch is bent astride
A ditch of water, four feet wide,
With angles, curves, and zig-zag lines,
From Halfpenny's exact designs;
In front a level lawn is seen,
Without a shrub upon the green;
Where taste would want its first great law,
But for the skulking sly ha-ha;

By whose miraculous assistance
You gain a prospect two fields distance.
And now from Hyde-park Corner come
The gods of Athens and of Rome.
Here squabby Cupids take their places,
With Venus, and the clumsy Graces;
Apollo there, with aim so clever,
Stretches his leaden bow for ever,
And there, without the power to fly,
Stands fix'd a tip-toe Mercury.

The villa thus completely grac'd,
All own that Thrifty has a taste;
And Madam's female friends and cousins,
With common-council men by dozens,
Flock every Sunday to the seat,
To stare about them and to eat.

§ 91. *Report of an adjudged Case, not to be found in any of the Books.* COWPER.

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest
arose;
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong;
The point in dispute was, as all the world
knows, [long.
To which the said spectacles ought to be-
So the tongue was the lawyer, and argu'd the
cause
With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of
learning; [laws,
While chief baron Ear sat to balance the
So fam'd for his talent in nicely discerning.

In behalf of the Nose, it will quickly appear,
And your lordship, he said, will undoubtedly
find, [wear,
That the Nose has had spectacles always in
Which amounts to possession time out of
mind.

Then holding the spectacles up to the court—
Your lordship observes they are made with a
straddle,
As wide as the ridge of the Nose is; in short,
Design'd to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

Again, would your lordship a moment suppose
(Tis a case that has happened and may be
again)
That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
Pray who would or who could wear specta-
cles then?

On the whole it appears, and my argument
shows, [demn,
With a reasoning the court will never con-
That the spectacles plainly were made for the
Nose, [them.
And the Nose was as plainly intended for

Then shifting his side, as the lawyer knows how,
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes;
But what were the arguments few people know,
For the world did not think they were equally
wise.

So his lordship decreed, with a grave solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*—
That whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
By day-light, or candle-light—Eyes should
be shut.

§ 92. *On the Invention of Letters.*

TELL me what Genius did the art invent,
The lively image of the voice to paint;
Who first the secret how to colour sound,
And to give shape to reason, wisely found;
With bodies how to clothe ideas, taught;
And how to draw the picture of a thought:
Who taught the hand to speak, the eye to hear
A silent language roving far and near;
Whose softest noise outstrips loud thunder's
sound, [vast round;
And spreads her accents through the world's
A voice heard by the deaf, spoke by the dumb,
Whose echo reaches long, long time to come:
Which dead men speak, as well as those alive—
Tell me what Genius did this art contrive.

§ 93. *The Answer.*

THE noble art to Cadmus owes its rise
Of painting words, and speaking to the eyes;
He first in wondrous magic fetters bound
The airy voice, and stopp'd the flying sound;
The various figures, by his pencil wrought,
Gave color, form, and body to the thought.

§ 94. *On a Spider.*

ARTIST, who underneath my table
Thy curious texture has display'd!
Who, if we may believe the fable,
Wert once a lovely blooming maid!
Insidious, restless, watchful spider,
Fear no officious damsel's broom;
Extend thy artful fabric wider,
And spread thy banners round my room.
Swept from the rich man's costly ceiling,
Thou'rt welcome to my homely roof;
Here may'st thou find a peaceful dwelling,
And undisturb'd attend thy woof:
Whilst I thy wondrous fabric stare at,
And think on hapless poet's fate;
Like thee confin'd to lonely garret,
And rudely banish'd rooms of state.
And as from out thy tortur'd body
Thou draw'st thy slender string with pain;
So does he labor, like a noddie,
To spin materials from his brain:
He for some fluttering tawdry creature,
That spreads her charms before his eye;
And that's a conquest little better
Than thine o'er captive butterfly.
Thus far 'tis plain we both agree,
Perhaps our deaths may better show it—
'Tis ten to one but penury
Ends both the spider and the poet.

§ 95. *The Extent of Cookery.* SHENSTONE.

———*Aliusque et idem.*

WHEN Tom to Cambridge first was sent,
A plain brown *bob* he wore,
Read much, and look'd as though he meant
To be a fop no more.

See him to Lincoln's Inn repair,
His resolution flag;
He cherishes a length of hair,
And tucks it in a bag.

Nor Coke nor Salkeld he regards,
But gets into the house;
And soon a judge's rank rewards
His pliant votes and bows.

Adieu ye *bobs*! ye *bags*, give place!
Full-bottoms come instead!
Good-lord! to see the various ways,
Of dressing a *calf's* head.

§ 96. *Slender's Ghost.* SHENSTONE.

Curræ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent.

BENEATH a church-yard yew,
Decay'd and worn with age,
At dusk of eve, methought I spied
Poor Slender's ghost, that whimpering cried,
O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!

Ye gentle bards, give ear!
Who talk of amorous rage,
Who spoil the lily, rob the rose;
Come learn of me to weep your woes!
O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!

Why should such labor'd strains
Your formal Muse engage?
I never dreamt of flame or dart,
That fir'd my breast, or pierc'd my heart,
But sigh'd, O sweet Anne Page!

And you whose love-sick minds
No medicine can assuage,
Accuse the leech's art no more,
But learn of Slender to deplore,
O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!

And you, whose souls are held
Like linnets in a cage,
Who talk of fetters, links, and chains,
Attend, and imitate my strains:
O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!

And you, who *boast* or *grieve*,
What horrid wars ye wage,
Of wounds receiv'd from many an eye;
Yet mean as I do when I sigh,
O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!

Hence every fond conceit
Of shepherd, or of sage!
'Tis Slender's voice, 'tis Slender's way,
Expresses all you have to say—
O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!

§ 97. *Hamlet's Soliloquy imitated.* JAGO.

To *print*, or not to *print*—that is the question:
Whether 'tis better in a trunk to bury
The quirks and crotchets of outrageous fancy,
Or send a well-wrote copy to the press,
And, by disclosing, end them. To print, to doubt
No more; and by one act to say we end
The head-ache, and a thousand natural shocks
Of scribbling phrenzy—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To print—to beam
From the same shelf with Pope, in *calf* well
bound: [the rub—
To sleep, perchance, with Quarles—Ay, there's
For to what class a writer may be doom'd,
When he hath shuffled off some paltry stuff,
Must give us pause. There's the respect that
makes
Th' unwilling poet keep his piece nine years.
For who would bear the impatient thirst of
fame,
The pride of conscious merit, and, 'bove all,
The tedious importunity of friends,
When he himself might his quietus make,
With a bare inkhorn? Who would fardels
bear,
To groan and sweat under a load of wit,
But that the tread of sweet Parnassus' hill
(That undiscover'd country, with whose bays
Few travellers return) puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear to live unknown,
Than run the hazard to be known and damn'd.
Thus critics do make cowards of us all;
And thus the healthful face of many a poem
Is sicklied o'er with a pale manuscript;
And enterprises of great fire and spirit
With this regard from Dodsley turn away,
And lose the name of Authors.

§ 98. *The Brewer's Coachman.* TAYLOR.

HONEST William, an easy and good-natur'd
fellow,
Would a little too oft get a little too mellow.
Body coachman was he to an eminent brewer—
No better e'er sat on a box to be sure.
His coach was kept clean, and no mothers or
nurses
Took that care of their babes that he took of
his horses.
He had these—aye, and fifty good qualities
more, [o'er,
But the business of *tippling* could ne'er be got
So his master effectually mended the matter,
By hiring a man who drank nothing but water.
Now, William, says he, you see the plain case;
Had you drank as he does, you had kept a good
place. [done so,
Drink water! quoth William—had all men
You'd never have wanted a coachman, I trow.
They're soakers, like me, whom you load with
reproaches,
That enable you brewers to ride in your
coaches.

§ 99. *Ode on the Death of Matzel, a favorite Bullfinch. Addressed to Philip Stanhope, Esq. (natural Son of the Earl of Chesterfield) to whom the Author had given the Reversion of it when he left Dresden.* WILLIAMS.

TRY not, my Stanhope, 'tis in vain,
To stop your tears, or hide your pain,
Or check your honest rage:
Give sorrow and revenge their scope,
My present joy, your future hope,
Lies murder'd in his cage.

Matzel's no more! Ye graces, loves,
Ye linnets, nightingales, and doves,
Attend th' untimely bier;
Let every sorrow be express'd,
Beat with your wings each mournful breast,
And drop the nat'ral tear.

In height of song, in beauty's pride,
By fell Grimalkin's claws he died—
But vengeance shall have way;
On pains and tortures I'll refine;
Yet, Matzel, that one death of thine
His nine will ill repay.

For thee, my bird, the sacred Nine,
Who lov'd thy tuneful notes, shall join
In thy funeral verse:
My painful task shall be to write
Th' eternal dirge which they indite,
And hang it on thy hearse.

In vain I lov'd, in vain I mourn
My bird, who, never to return,
Is fled to happier shades,
Where Lesbia shall for him prepare
The place most charming and most fair,
Of all th' Elysian glades.

There shall thy notes in cypress grove
Soothe wretched ghosts that died for love;
There shall thy plaintive strain
Lull impious Phædra's endless grief,
To Procris yield some short relief,
And soften Dido's pain:

'Till Proserpine by chance shall hear
Thy notes, and make thee all her care,
And love thee with my love;
While each attendant soul shall praise
The matchless Matzel's tuneful lays,
And all his songs approve.

§ 100. *To-morrow.* COTTON.

Pereunt et imputantur.

TO-MORROW, didst thou say?
Methought I heard Horatio say, To-morrow.
Go to—I will not bear of it—To-morrow!
'Tis a sharper, who stakes his penury
Against thy plenty—who takes thy ready cash,
And pays thee nought but wishes, hopes, and
promises,
The currency of idiots—injurious bankrupt,
That gulls the easy creditor!—To-morrow!
It is a period no where to be found

In all the hoary registers of Time,
Unless perchance in the fool's calendar.
Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society
With those who own it. No, my Horatio,
'Tis Fancy's child, and Folly is its father;
Wrought of such stuff as dreams are, and as
baseless

As the fantastic visions of the evening.

But soft, my friend—arrest the present mo-
ment;

For be assur'd they all are arrant tell-tales;
And though their flight be silent, and their path
Trackless, as the wing'd couriers of the air,
They post to heaven, and there record thy folly,
Because, though station'd on th' important
watch,

Thou, like a sleeping, faithless sentinel,
Didst let them pass unnotic'd, unimprov'd.
And know, for that thou slumb'rest on the
guard,

Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar
For every fugitive; and when thou thus
Shalt stand impealed at the high tribunal
Of hood-wink'd Justice, who shall tell thy
audit?

Then stay the present instant, dear Horatio,
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings.
'Tis of more worth than kingdoms! far more
precious

Than all the crimson treasures of life's fountain.
O! let it not elude thy grasp; but, like
The good old patriarch upon record,
Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee.

§ 101. *On Lord Cobham's Gardens.* COTTON.

IT puzzles much the sages' brains,
Where Eden stood of yore:
Some place it in Arabia's plains;
Some say, it is no more.
But Cobham can these tales confute,
As all the curious know;
For he has prov'd beyond dispute
That Paradise is Stowe.

§ 102. *To a Child five Years old.* COTTON.

FAIREST flow'r, all flow'rs excelling
Which in Eden's garden grew,
Flow'rs of Eve's embowered dwelling
Are, my fair one, types of you.
Mark, my Polly, how the roses
Emulate thy damask cheek;
How the bud its sweets discloses;
Buds thy opening bloom bespeak.
Lilies are, by plain direction,
Emblems of a double kind;
Emblems of thy fair complexion,
Emblems of thy fairer mind.
But, dear girl, both flow'rs and beauty,
Blossom, fade, and die away;
Then pursue good sense and duty,
Evergreens that ne'er decay.

§ 103. *To Miss Lucy Fortescue.* LYTTELTON.

ONCE by the Muse alone inspir'd,
 I sung my am'rous strains:
 No serious love my bosom fir'd;
 Yet every tender maid, deceiv'd,
 The idly mournful tale believ'd,
 And wept my fancied pains.
 But Venus now, to punish me,
 For having feign'd so well,
 Has made my heart so fond of thee,
 That not the whole Aonian quire
 Can accents soft enough inspire
 Its real name to tell.

§ 104. *To Mr. West*, at Wickham†.* 1740.
LYTTELTON.

FAIR Nature's sweet simplicity,
 With elegance refin'd,
 Well in thy seat, my friend, I see,
 But better in thy mind.
 To both from courts and all their state
 Eager I fly, to prove
 Joys far above a courtier's fate,
 Tranquillity and love.

§ 105. *The Temple of the Muses. To the Countess Temple.*

THE Muses and Graces to Phœbus complain'd,
 That no more on the earth a Sappho remain'd:
 That their empire of wit was now at an end,
 And on beauty alone the sex must depend:
 To the men he had given all his fancy and fire,
 Art of healing to Armstrong, as well as his lyre:
 When Apollo replied, "To make you amends,
 In one Fair you shall see wit and virtue, good friends;
 The Grecian high-spirit and sweetness I'll join
 With a true Roman virtue to make it divine:
 Your pride and my boast, thus form'd, would you know,
 You must visit the earthly Elysium of Stowe."

106. *To a Lady who sung in too low a Voice.*

WHEN beauteous Laura's gentle voice
 Divides the yielding air,
 Fix'd on her lips, the falt'ring sounds
 Excess of joy declare.
 There, lingering round the rosy gate,
 They view their fragrant cell;
 Unwilling to depart that mouth
 Where all the Graces dwell.
 Some tuneful accents strike the sense
 With soft imperfect sound;
 While thousand others die within,
 In their own honey drown'd.
 Yet through this cloud, distinct and clear,
 Sweet sense directs its dart;
 And while it seems to shun the ear,
 Strikes full upon the heart.

* Gilbert West, Esq. the author's cousin.

† Dr. John Armstrong, author of the *Art of Preserving Health*, &c.§ 107. *To Miss Wilkes, on her Birth-day,*
Aug. 16th, 1767. Written in France. WILKES.

AGAIN I tune the vocal lay
 On dear Maria's natal day.
 This happy day I'll not deplore
 My exile from my native shore.
 No tear of mine to-day shall flow
 For injur'd England's cruel woe,
 For impious wounds to Freedom given,
 The first, most sacred gift of Heaven.
 The Muse with joy shall prune her wing;
 Maria's ripen'd graces sing:
 And, at seventeen, with truth shall own
 The bud of beauty's fairly blown.
 Softness and sweetest innocence
 Here shed their gentle influence;
 Fair modesty comes in their train,
 To grace her sister virtue's reign.
 Then, to give spirit, taste, and ease,
 The sov'reign art, the art to please;
 Good-humour'd wit, and fancy gay,
 To-morrow cheerful as to-day,
 The sun-shine of a mind serene,
 Where all is peace within, are seen.
 What can the grateful Muse ask more?
 The gods have lavish'd all their store.
 Maria shines their darling care;
 Still, keep her, Heaven, from every snare:
 May still unspotted be her fame,
 May she remain through life the same,
 Unchang'd in all—except in name!

§ 108. *To Miss Wilkes on her Birth-day,*
Aug. 16th, 1768. Written in Prison. WILKES.

How shall the Muse in prison sing,
 How prune her drooping ruffled wing?
 Maria is the potent spell,
 E'en in these walls, all grief to quell;
 To cheer the heart, rapture inspire,
 And wake to notes of joy the lyre,
 The tribute verse again to pay
 On this auspicious festive day.
 When doom'd to quit the patriot band,
 And exil'd from my native land,
 Maria was my sure relief;
 Her presence banished every grief.
 Pleasure came smiling in her train,
 And chas'd the family of Pain.
 Let lovers every charm admire,
 The easy shape, the heavenly fire
 That from those modest beaming eyes
 The captive heart at once surprise.
 A father's is another part;
 I praise the virtues of the heart,
 And wit so elegant and free,
 Attempter'd sweet with modesty.
 And may kind Heaven a lover send
 Of sense, of honor, and a friend,
 Those virtues always to protect,
 Those beauties—never to neglect!

† Near Croydon.

§ 109. *An ode in imitation of Alcaeus.*

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

What constitutes a state?
 Not high rais'd battlements or labour'd mound,
 Thick wall or moated gate;
 Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crown'd:
 Not bays and broad-arm'd ports,
 Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
 Not starred and spangled courts,
 Where low brow'd baseness wafts perfume to pride.

No—MEN, high-minded MEN,
 With powers as far above dull brutes endu'd
 In forest, brake, or den,
 As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude:
 Men who their duties know,
 But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain;

Prevent the long aim'd blow,
 And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain;
 These constitute a state;
 And Sovereign Law, that State's collected will,
 O'er thrones and globes elate
 Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill:
 Smit by her sacred frown,

The fiend Discretion * like a vapour sinks,
 And e'en the all-dazzling crown
 Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.
 Such was this heaven-lov'd isle,

Than Lesbos fairer and the Cretan shore!
 No more shall freedom smile?

Shall Britons languish, and be men no more?
 Since all must life resign,

Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave
 'Tis folly to decline,
 And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

§ 110. *The Choice of a Wife by Cheese.*

CAPTAIN THOMPSON.

THERE liv'd in York an age ago,
 A man whose name was Pimlico:
 He lov'd three sisters passing well,
 But which the best he could not tell.
 These sisters three, divinely fair,
 Show'd Pimlico their tenderest care:
 For each was elegantly bred,
 And all were much inclin'd to wed:
 And all made Pimlico their choice,
 And praised him with their sweetest voice.
 Young Pim, the gallant and the gay,
 Like ass divided 'tween the hay,
 At last resolv'd to gain his ease,
 And choose his wife by eating cheese.
 He wrote his card, he seal'd it up,
 And said with them that night he'd sup;
 Desir'd that there might only be
 Good Cheshire cheese, and but them three;
 He was resolv'd to crown his life,
 And by that means to fix his wife.
 The girls were pleas'd at his conceit;
 Each dress'd herself divinely neat;

With faces full of peace and plenty,
 Blooming with roses under twenty.
 For surely Nancy, Betsy, Sally,
 Were sweet as lilies of the valley:
 But singly surely Buxom Bet
 Was like new hay and mignonet;
 But each surpass'd a poet's fancy,
 For that, of truth, was said of Nancy:
 And as for Sal, she was a Donna,
 As fair as those of old Cretona,†
 Who to Apelles lent their faces
 To make up madam Helen's graces.
 To those the gay divided Pim
 Came elegantly smart and trim:
 When ev'ry smiling maiden, certain,
 Cut of the cheese to try her fortune.
 Nancy, at once, not fearing—caring
 To show her saving ate the paring;
 And Bet, to show her gen'rous mind,
 Cut, and then threw away the rind;
 While prudent Sarah, sure to please,
 Like a clean maiden, scrap'd the cheese.
 This done, young Pimlico replied,
 "Sally I now declare my bride:
 With Nan I can't my welfare put,
 For she has prov'd a dirty slut:
 And Betsy, who has par'd the rind,
 Would give my fortune to the wind.
 Sally the happy medium chose,
 And I with Sally will repose;
 She's prudent, cleanly; and the man
 Who fixes on a nuptial plan
 Can never err, if he will choose
 A wife by cheese—before he ties the noose."

§ 111. *The Choice.* POMFRET.

If Heaven the grateful liberty would give,
 That I might choose my method how to live,
 And all those hours propitious fate should lend,
 In blissful ease and satisfaction spend:

Near some fair town I'd have a private seat,
 Built uniform, not little, nor too great:
 Better, if on a rising ground it stood;
 On this side fields, on that a neighbouring wood.
 It should within no other things contain,
 But what are useful, necessary, plain:
 Methinks 'tis nauseous, and I'll ne'er endure
 The needless pomp of gaudy furniture.
 A little garden, grateful to the eye,
 Where a cool rivulet runs murmuring by;
 On whose delicious banks a stately row
 Of shady limes or sycamores, should grow.
 At th' end of which a silent study plac'd
 Should be with all the noblest authors grac'd:
 Horace and Virgil, in whose mighty lines
 Immortal wit, and solid learning shines;
 Sharp Juvenal, and amorous Ovid too,
 Who all the turns of love's soft passion knew.
 He that with judgment reads his charming
 lines,

In which strong art with stronger nature joins,

* Discretionary or arbitrary power.

† Apelles, from five beautiful virgins of Cretona, drew the beautiful Helen.

Must grant his fancy does the best excel,
His thoughts so tender, and express'd so well:
With all those moderns, men of steady sense,
Esteem'd for learning and for eloquence.
In some of these, as fancy should advise,
I'd always take my morning exercise:
For sure no minutes bring us more content,
Than those in pleasing useful studies spent.

I'd have a clear and competent estate,
That I might live genteelly, but not great:
As much as I could moderately spend,
A little more sometimes t'oblige a friend.
Nor should the sons of poverty repine
Too much at fortune, they should taste of mine.
And all that objects of true pity were,
Should be reliev'd with what my wants could spare:

For that our Maker has too largely given,
Should be return'd in gratitude to Heaven.
A frugal plenty should my table spread;
My friends with no luxurious dishes fed:
Enough to satisfy, and something more
To feed the stranger and the neighbouring poor.

Strong meat indulges vice, and pampering food
Creates diseases, and inflames the blood.
But what's sufficient to make nature strong,
And the bright lamp of life continue long,
I'd freely take; and, as I did possess,
The bounteous Author of my plenty bless.
I'd have a little vault, but always stor'd
With the best wine each vintage could afford.
Wine whets the wit, improves its native force,
And gives a pleasant flavour to discourse:
By making all our spirits debonair,
Throws off the lees, the sediment of care.
But as the greatest blessing Heaven lends
May be debauch'd, and serve ignoble ends;
So, but too oft, the grape's refreshing juice
Does many mischievous effects produce:
My house should no such rude disorders know,
As from high drinking consequently flow;
Nor would I use what was so kindly given,
To the dishonour of indulgent Heaven.
If any neighbour came, he should be free,
Us'd with respect, and not uneasy be,
In my retreat, or to himself or me.
What freedom, prudence, and right reason give,
All men may, with impunity, receive:
But the least swerving from their rule's too much;

For what 's forbidden us, 'tis death to touch.

That life may be more comfortable yet,
And all my joys refin'd, sincere, and great;
I'd choose two friends, whose company would be
A great advance to my felicity:
Well-born, of humors suited to my own,
Discreet, and men as well as books have known:
Brave, generous, witty, and exactly free
From loose behaviour, or formality:
Airy and prudent; merry, but not light;
Quick in discerning, and in judging right:
Secret they should be, faithful to their trust;
In reasoning cool, strong, temperate, and just:

Obliging, open, without huffing, brave,
Brisk in gay talking, and in sober, grave:
Close in dispute, but not tenacious; try'd
By solid reason, and let that decide:
Not prone to lust, revenge, or envious hate;
Nor busy meddlers with intrigues of state:
Strangers to slander, and sworn foes to spite;
Not quarrelsome, but stout enough to fight:
Loyal, and pious; friends to Cæsar, true
As dying martyrs to their Maker too.
In their society I could not miss
A permanent, sincere, substantial bliss.

I'd be concerned in no litigious jar;
Belov'd by all, not vainly popular.
Whate'er assistance I had power to bring,
T'oblige my country, or to serve my king,
Whene'er they call, I'd readily afford
My tongue, my pen, my counsel, or my sword.
Law-suits I'd shun with as much studious care
As I would dens where hungry lions are;
And rather put up injuries, than be
A plague to him, who'd be a plague to me.
I value quiet at a price too great,
To give for my revenge so dear a rate:
For what do we by all our bustle gain,
But counterfeit delight for real pain!

If Heaven a date of many years would give,
Thus I'd in pleasure, ease, and plenty live.
And as I near approach'd the verge of life,
Some kind relation (for I'd have no wife)
Should take upon him all my worldly care,
Whilst I did for a better state prepare.
Then I'd not be with any trouble vex'd,
Nor have the evening of my days perplex'd;
But, by a silent and a peaceful death,
Without a sigh resign my aged breath,
And when committed to the dust, I'd have
Few tears, but friendly, dropt into my grave;
Then would my exit so propitious be,
All men would wish to live and die like me.

§ 112. *To my Candle.* PETER PINDAR.

Thou lone companion of the spectred night,
I wake amid thy friendly watchful light,
To steal a precious hour from lifeless sleep—
Hark, the wild uproar of the winds! and hark,
Hell's genius roams the regions of the dark,
And swells the thund'ring horrors of the deep.
From cloud to cloud the pale moon hurrying
flies;
Now blacken'd, and now flashing through her
skies,
But all is silence here—beneath thy beam.

I own I labor for the voice of praise—
For who would sink in dull oblivion's stream?
Who would not live in songs of distant days?
Thus while I wond'ring pause o'er Shakspeare's
page,
I mark, in visions of delight, the Sage,
High o'er the wrecks of man, who stands
sublime;
A column in the melancholy waste
(Its cities humbled, and its glories past)
Majestic 'mid the solitude of time.

Yet now to sadness let me yield the hour—
Yes, let the tears of purest friendship show'r.

I view, alas! what ne'er should die—
A form that wakes my deepest sigh;
A form that feels of death the leaden sleep—
Descending to the realms of shade,
I view a pale-ey'd, panting maid,
I see the Virtues o'er their fav'rite weep.

Ah! could the Muse's simple pray'r
Command the envied trump of fame,
Oblivion should Eliza spare:

E A world should echo with her name.
Art thou departing too, my trembling friend?
Ah! draws thy little lustre to its end?

Yes, on thy frame Fate too shall fix her seal—
O let me, pensive, watch thy pale decay;
How fast that frame, so tender, wears away!
How fast thy life the restless minutes steal!

How slender now, alas! thy thread of fire!
Ah! falling, falling, ready to expire!

In vain thy struggles—all will soon be o'er.
At life thou snatchest with an eager leap:
Now round I see thy flame so feeble creep,
Faint, less'ning, quiv'ring, glimm'ring—now
no more!

Thus shall the sons of science sink away,
And thus of beauty fade the fairest flow'r—
For where 's the giant who to Time shall say,
“Destructive tyrant, I arrest thy pow'r?”

§ 113. *Presented together with a Knife by the
Rev. SAMUEL BISHOP, Head Master of Mer-
chant Taylors' School, to his Wife on her Wed-
ding Day, which happened to be her Birth Day
and New Year's Day.*

A KNIFE, dear girl, cuts love, they say—
Mere modish love perhaps it may;
For any tool of any kind
Can sep'rate what was never join'd.
The knife that cuts our love in two
Will have much tougher work to do:
Must cut your softness, worth, and spirit
Down to the vulgar size of merit;
To level yours with modern taste,
Must cut a world of sense to waste;
And from your single beauty's store,
Clip what would dizen out a score.
The self-same blade from me must sever
Sensation, judgment, sight for ever!
All mem'ry of endearments past,
All hope of comforts long to last,
All that makes fourteen years with you
A summer—and a short one too:
All that affection feels and fears,
When hours, without you, seem like years.—
Till that be done (and I'd as soon
Believe this knife will clip the moon)
Accept my present undeter'd,
And leave their proverbs to the herd.
If in a kiss—delicious treat!
Your lips acknowledge the receipt;
Love, fond of such substantial fare,
And proud to play the glutton there,

All thoughts of cutting will disdain,
Save only—“cut and come again.”

§ 114. *By the same, with a Ring.*

“THREE, Mary, with this ring I wed,”
So sixteen years ago I said—
Behold another ring! “For what?”
To wed thee o'er again—why not?
With the first ring I married youth,
Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth:
Taste long admir'd, sense long rever'd:
And all my Molly then appear'd.

If she, by merit since disclos'd,
Prov'd twice the woman I suppos'd,
I plead that double merit now,
To justify a double vow.

Here then to-day (with faith as sure,
With ardour as intense and pure,
As when amidst the rights divine
I took thy troth, and plighted mine)
To thee, sweet girl, my second ring,
A token and a pledge I bring;
With this I wed, till death us part,
Thy ripper virtues to my heart;
These virtues, which, before untry'd,
The wife has added to the bride;
Those virtues, whose progressive claim,
Endearing wedlock's very name,
My soul enjoys, my song approves,
For conscience' sake, as well as love's.

For why?—They show me hour by hour
Honor's high thought, affection's pow'r,
Discretion's deed, sound judgment's sentence;
And teach me all things—but repentance.

§ 115. *The Family Fireside. BISHOP.*

“HOME's home, however homely,” wisdom
says,
And certain is the fact, though coarse the
phrase:

To prove it, if it need a proof at all,
Mark what a train attends the Muse's call;
And as she leads the ideal group along,
Let your own feelings realize the song.

Clear then the stage! no scen'ry we re-
quire,

Save the snug circle round the parlour fire;
And enter marshal'd in procession fair
Each happier influence that predominates
there.

First love, by friendship mellow'd into bliss,
Lights the glad glow, and sanctifies the kiss;
When fondly welcom'd to the accustom'd seat
In sweet complaisance wife and husband
meet,

Look mutual pleasure, mutual purpose share,
Repose from labors, but unite in care.
Ambition!—does ambition there reside?
Yes!—when the boy in manly mood astride,
Of headstrong prowess innocently vain,
Canters, the jockey of his father's cane.
While emulation in the daughter's heart
Bears a more mild, tho' not less powerful part;

With zeal to shine her fluttering bosom
warms,

And in the roinp the future housewife forms.

Or both perchance to graver sport incline,

And art and genius in their pastime join,

This the cramp riddle's puzzling knot invents,

That rears aloft the card-built tenements.

Think how joy animates intense though meek

The fading roses on the grandame cheek,

When proud the frolic progeny to survey,

She feels and owns an interest in their play,

Adopts each wish their wayward whims unfold,

And tells at every call, the story ten times told.

Good-humoured dignity endears meanwhile

The narrative grandsire's venerable style.

If haply feats achiev'd in prime of youth,

Or pristine anecdote, or historic truth,

Or maxim shrewd, or admonition bland,

Affectionate attention's ear command.

To such society, so form'd, so blest,

Time, Thought, Remembrance, all impart
a zest,

And Expectation, day by day, more bright,

Round every prospect throws increasing light.

The simplest comforts act with strongest
force;

Whate'er can give them, can improve, of
course.

All this is *common-place*, you'll tell me:—
True!

What pity 'tis not *common-fashion* too.

Roam as we will, plain sense at last will find

'Tis only seeking—*what we left behind*.

If *individual good* engage our hope,

Domestic virtues give the largest scope;

If plans of *public eminence* we trace,

Domestic virtues are its surest base.

Would great example make those truths more
clear,

The greatest of examples shall appear.

Is there a man whom general suffrage owns

An honour to the majesty of thrones?

Is there a man whom general love's acclaim

Greets with each noblest and each dearest
name?

He, 'midst the glare of state, and pomp of
power,

Courts the soft sympathies of the family hour;

Not less illustrious at his own fireside,

By private merit's sterling standard tried,

Than when the cares from royal worth that
spring,

Call forth the people's father, and the king.

§ 116. *Flowers.* BISHOP.

UNEQUAL to my theme with desperate feet

I sought the Muse's bow'r;

Anxious to see though all asham'd to meet

Some bland inspiring power;

When fleet along the rising gale

The queen fair *Fancy* past;

And through her rainbow-tinged veil

A glance benignant cast!

Then beck'ning to a secret glade,

"Come see," she cry'd, "the train,

Who own beneath this mystic shade,

My visionary reign!"

Proud to obey the glad command,

I took with awe my stand:—

Meanwhile, in many a varying vest

Of rich expression aptly dress'd,

Ideal myriads seem'd to rove

Promiscuous through the cultur'd grove:

And each, as inbred impulse led,

From every flow'r-embroider'd bed

Some certain plant, whose blossoms rose

Significantly pleasing, chose.

With frank, firm look, and light though steady
tread [Rose;

Came Courage first, and cropt a dew-charg'd

For in the tender rose might best be read

His very essence—bloom that gently glows

Impell'd by gentle breath—prone to dispense

To all, sweetness, yet alert to show,

If rash invasion ruder deeds commence,

That warm resentment points a thorn below.

Retiring from the public eye,

The maiden meek Humility

Was seen to turn with mildest grace

To heav'n her thoughts, to earth her face;

And all unconscious what fair fame

Merit like hers might well assume,

Preferr'd to every juster claim

The lowly Daisy's simple bloom.

Some bauble each moment arranging,

Admiring, exploding, or changing,

The coquet Affection skimm'd wantonly by;

On her breast a Narcissus she bore,

As if with Narcissus of yore.

Heedless of the scorner's joke,

Smiling at the ruffian's stroke,

Persevering Patience stood,

Conqu'ring evil still with good!

Binding for her brow the while

Artless wreaths of Camomile,

Hardy plant whose vigorous shoot

Springs beneath the trampler's foot.

Pure constant Love (whose hallow'd fires

Time still exalts, and truth inspires,

In spite of absence, grief, or pain)

Approv'd the faithful Marigold,

Whose leaves their saffron blaze unfold,

When first the sun asserts his reign,

Hail his glad progress through the day,

Close gradual with his parting ray,

Nor open, till he shines again.

Superstition came telling her steps and her
beads, [green,

Like Jack-in-a-Bush hung all over with

Agnus Castus by wholesale she cull'd from the

meads, [tween:

And stuck with due care Holy Thistle be-

A chaplet of Monkshood she pluck'd for her

head, [dead.

And Rosemary sprigs for the graves of the

Tiptoe o'er the level plain,
 Ardent Hope all panting flew ;
 Prompt her eager eye to strain
 Far beyond the present view ;
 Quick from hint to hint to stray,
 She the Primrose held most dear ;
 First-born of returning May,
 Promise of the future year.

Ill-nature to a corner stole,
 And taught her bloodshot eyes to roll,
 As if she long'd to blight
 Each flower of happier scent and hue,
 For none she chose of all that grew,
 Save pois'nous Aconite.

Hand in hand, for they never asunder are seen,
 All cheerful their features, all easy their mien,
 Contentment and Innocence tript it along ;
 By the soft virgin Snow-drop was Innocence
 known : [own ;
 Contentment took Heart-ease, and call'd it her
 Nor envied the great, nor the gay in the throng.

The throng!—just hint to wild conceit like
 mine ;
 Why, what a wreath had I begun to twine !
 Indulgent as she was, methinks I hear
 E'en Fancy's self now whisper in my ear,
 " Quit ere 'tis tedious, quit the flowing road,
 Nor what was meant a nosegay, make a load."

§ 117. *To a Young Lady, with a Copy of
 Moore's Fables.* BISHOP.

Books, my dear girl, when well design'd,
 Are moral maps of human kind ;
 Where, sketch'd before judicious eyes,
 The road to worth and wisdom lies.
 Serene Philosophy portrays
 The steep, the rough, the thorny ways :
 Cross woods and wilds, the learned tribe,
 A dark and doubtful path describe :
 But Poesy her votaries leads
 O'er level lawns, and verdant meads ;
 And if, perchance, in sportful vein,
 Through Fable's scenes she guides her train,
 All is at once enchanted ground,
 All Fancy's garden glitters round.

I, Sally! (who shall long to see,
 In you, how good your sex can be,)
 Before you range with curious speed,
 Where'er that garden's beauties lead ;
 And mark how Moore could once display
 A scene so varied, and so gay !
 Beg you, for introduction's sake,
 A short excursive trip to take,
 O'er one poor plat, unlike the rest,
 Which my more humble care hath drest ;
 Where if a little flowret blows,
 From pure affection's root it grows.

A virgin rose, in all the pride
 Of spring's luxuriant blushes dy'd,
 Above the vulgar flow'rs was rais'd,
 And with excess of lustre blaz'd.
 In full career of heedless play,
 Chance brought a Butterfly that way ;

She stopp'd at once her giddy flight,
 Proud on so sweet a spot to light ;
 Spread wide her plumage to the sun,
 And thus in fancy-strain begun :
 " Why but to soften my repose,
 Could nature rear so bright a rose ?
 Why but on roses to recline,
 Make forms so delicate as mine ?
 Fate destin'd by the same decree,
 Me for the rose—the rose for me ! "

A tiny Bug, who close between
 Th' unfolding bloom had lurk'd unseen,
 Heard, and in angry tone address'd
 This rude invader of his rest :
 " For thee, consummate fool, the rose !
 No—to a nobler end it blows :—
 The velvet o'er its foliage spread,
 Secures to me a downy bed :
 So thick its crowding leaves ascend
 To hide, to warm me, and defend.
 For me those odours they exhale,
 Which scent at second-hand the gale ;
 And give such *things* as thee to share
 What my superior claim can spare ! "

While thus the quarrel they pursu'd,
 A Bee the petty triflers view'd ;
 For once reluctant rais'd her head
 A moment from her toil, and said,
 " Cease, abject an'mals, to contest !
 They claim things most who use them best.
 Would nature finish works like these,
 That butterflies might bask at ease ?
 Or bugs intrench'd in splendor lie,
 Born but to crawl, and dose, and die ?
 The rose you vainly ramble o'er,
 Breathes balmy dews from ev'ry pore ;
 Which yield their treasur'd sweets alone
 To skill and labor like my own :
 With sense as keen as yours, I trace
 The expanding blossom's glossy grace ;
 Its shape, its fragrance, and its hue,
 But while I trace, improve them too :
 Still taste ; but still from hour to hour
 Bear home new honey from the flow'r."

Conceit may read for mere pretence,
 For mere amusement, indolence ;
 True spirit deems no study right,
 Till profit dignify delight.

§ 118. *The Library.* BISHOP.

HAIL! Contemplation! grave majestic dame,
 In thee glad Science greets a parent's name :
 Thine is each art of speech, each rapt'rous strain,
 The Graces lead, the Virtues fill thy train!

From all of evil, life or dreads or knows,
 Its real trifles, and its fancied woes,
 O lead thy votary! pensive, yet serene,
 To some lone seat, thy favorite, hallow'd scene,
 Where his calm breast may every pow'r em-
 ploy,
 Feel self-born peace and independent joy.
 And see! the Library my steps invites ;
 Fraught with true profit and with pure de-
 lights ;

Calls to a feast, whose elegance and love,
The man must relish, and the heart approve.

How awful is the spot!—each honor'd name,
Each theme of modern praise, and early fame;
Bards, statesmen, sages, lov'd, rever'd, admir'd,
Whom sense enlighten'd and whom glory fir'd,
Rise to my view, still sweet, still great, still
Alive in power, and active, as of old. [bold,
Yes! wasteful time! here, here, thy rage is vain!
Away! fond boaster! Genius scorns thy reign.

The poet here, whom gen'rous transport
rais'd,

Survives coeval with the worth he prais'd.
If deeds exalted gave his breast to glow,
Or pity bade him sympathize with woe;
If sweetly soft he chose the lover's part,
Or truth to satire urg'd his honest heart;
His verse still lives, his sentiment still warms,
His lyre still warbles, and his wit still charms.

Here, by the past to form the rising age,
The grave historian spreads his ample page;
Whose faithful care preserves the hero's fame,
Or damns to infamy the traitor's name;
Whose records bid fair virtue ever live,
And share immortal in the life they give.

Here the firm patriot, on whose winning
tongue

The snow-soft dews of mild persuasion hung,
Who knew to lead in spirit, and control
The ductile passions, and usurp the soul;
Still pleads, still rules; now lively, now severe,
Exalts the purpose, or commands the tear.

Here the firm friends of science, and of man,
Who taught new arts, or open'd nature's plan;
Who each improv'd, or drew from both com-
bin'd,

Health to the body, vigor to the mind;
Who bade mankind to nobler aims arise,
More good, more just, more happy, or more
wise;

Shine, deathless, as the bliss their toil procur'd,
While mem'ry pays the debt desert ensur'd.

In such lov'd sport (if fortune deign'd to
smile),

Calm let me live, and ev'ry care beguile;
Hold converse with the great of every time,
The learn'd of ev'ry class—the good of ev'ry
clime.

There better still, as wiser grow: and there
(Tis just ambition, though 'tis hopeless pray'r)
Still found, like them, on real worth my claim,
And catch their merit to partake their fame.

§ 119. *Water.* BISHOP.

If right *ἄριστον ὄδῳ* Pindar sings,
That simple Water is the best of things,
Would Water-poets were the best of bards!
But, Oh! that chance is not upon the cards!
Vain were th' attempt such logic to apply;
My verse would give my arguments the lie.—
Yet what I can I will:—not he whose lyre
Leads on the Aonian mount the sister choir,
(Though all the inspiring potions he explore,
From Water up to Nectar) can no more.

From earth's deep wound—for earth their store
supplies—

Through countless pores the moist effluvia rise,
Distinct below, where oozing strata shed
Drop after drop; till from their humid bed
Th' emergent vapors steam; and as they go,
Condense, incorporate, extend, and flow.
—Thanks, kind Philosophy! whose lore pro-
found

Thus helps me bring my Water above ground.
Henceforth to trace it, little will suffice,
Obvious to common sense, and common eyes.

If in the mental calm of joy serene,
I seek, through fancy's aid, the sylvan scene,
There Water meets me, by the pebbled side
Of sedgy-fringed brooks, expanding wide
In dimpled eddies—or with murmurs shrill,
Running sweet unisons, where responsive still
In cadence meet, impending aspens hail
Heav'n's mildest breath, soft quiv'ring to the
*gale.

Too charming visions of intense delight!
Why? whither vanish ye? Her eagle flight
Fancy renews; and full athwart mine eye
Throws an enormous cataract:—from on high,
In awful stillness deep'n'g Waters glide,
E'en to the rude rock's ridge abrupt, then slide
Pond'rous down, down the void; and pitch
below [know

In thunders:—Dash'd to foam, a while they
No certain current; till again combin'd,
In boiling tides along the waves they wind.
Oh! bear me hence, where Water's force
displays

More useful energy; where classic praise
Adorns the names of chiefs long dead, who
brought [and taught
Through channel'd rocks concentrating streams,
One aqueduct divided lands to lave,
And hostile realms to drink one common wave.

But soft—methinks some horrid sounds I
hear! [t'is fear.

What throbbing passion speaks?—'Tis fear,
Water where yonder spout to heav'n ascends,
Rides in tremendous triumphs; Ocean bends;
And ruin raising high her baleful head,
Broods o'er the waste, the bursting mass will
spread.

Enough of wat'ry wonder:—all dismay'd
E'en Fancy starts at forms herself hath made.
Let them whom terror can inspire, pursue
Themes too terrific: I with humble view,
Retire unequal, nor will e'er again
To Water's *greater* works devote my strain;
Content to praise it, when with gentle sway,
Profuse of rich increase, it winds its way
Through the parch'd glebe; or fills with influ-
ence bland

The cup of temperance in the peasant's hand.

§ 120. *On Instruments of Music.* BISHOP.

WHERE health and high spirits awaken the
morn, [rough thorn,
And dash through the dews that impearl the

To shouts and to cries
 Shrill Echo replies,
 While the horn prompts the shout, and the
 shout greets the horn.

Loud across the upland ground,
 Sweetly mellowing down the vale,
 The changeful bells ring jocund round
 Where joy bestrides the gale;
 Herald eager to proclaim
 The lover's bliss, or hero's fame.

Shall the fiddle's sprightly strain,
 In pleasure's realms our feet detain,
 Where youth and beauty, in the dance,
 Borrow new charms from elegance?

Or shall we stray,
 Where stately through the public way,
 Amidst the trumpet's clangors, and th' acclaim
 Of civic zeal, in long procession move
 Nobles and chiefs of venerable fame;
 Or haply sovereign majesty displays
 To public view the lustre of its rays,
 And proves at once, and wins, a nation's love?

Hark! how the solemn organ calls
 Attention's sober ears to hallow'd walls,
 Where meek, yet warm, beneath the temple's
 Devotion seeks, with steadfast eyes, [shade,
 The God whose glories every gloom pervade,
 To whom for ever prayer is made,
 And daily praises rise.

What notes, in swiftest cadence running,
 Through many a maze of varied measure,
 Mingled by the master's cunning,
 Give th' alarm to festive pleasure?
 Cambria, 'twas thy harps of old
 Each gallant heart's recess explor'd,
 Announcing feats of chieftains bold,
 To grace the hospitable board.

Mark how the soldier's eye [high,
 Looks proud defiance! How his heart beats
 With glorious expectation! What inspires,
 What fans his martial fires?
 What but the power of sound?
 The clam'rous drums his anxious ardor raise,
 His blood flows quicker round;
 At once he hears, he feels, enjoys, obeys.

Where gathering storms incessant lower,
 And niggard nature chills th' abortive grain,
 From her bleak heights see Scotland pour
 Blihe lads and lasses trim; a hardy train,
 Down the crag, and o'er the lea,
 Following still with hearty glee,
 The bagpipe's mellow minstrelsy.

Where cloudless suns, with glowing dyes,
 Tinge Italy's serener skies,
 Soft the winding lawns along
 The lover's lute complains;
 While ling'ring Echo learns the song,

Gives it the woods; and, loth to lose
 One accent of th' impassion'd muse,
 Bids woods return it to the plains.

Time was, when stretch'd beneath the beechen
 shade,
 The simple shepherd warbled his sweet lay;
 Lur'd to his rustic reed, the gentle maid
 Welcom'd the morn, and caroll'd down the
 day.

Why do our swains depart from ancient lore?
 Why sounds no pastoral reed on Britain's shore?
 —The innocence which tun'd it is no more!

§ 121. *An Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog.*
 GOLDSMITH.

Good people all, of every sort,
 Give ear unto my song,
 And if you find it wondrous short,
 It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
 Of whom the world might say,
 That still a godly race he ran,
 Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
 To comfort friends and foes;
 The naked every day he clad,
 When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
 As many dogs there be,
 Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
 And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
 But, when a pique began,
 The dog, to gain his private ends,
 Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets
 The wondering neighbours ran,
 And swore the dog had lost his wits,
 To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
 To ev'ry Christian eye;
 And while they swore the dog was mad,
 They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
 That show'd the rogues they lied;
 The man recover'd of the bite,
 The dog it was that died.

§ 122. *L' Allegro; or FUN, a Parody.*
 HUDDERSFIELD.

OFF, blubbering Melancholy;
 Of the blue devils and book-learning born,
 In dusty schools forlorn;
 Amongst black gowns, square caps, and books
 unjolly,

Hunt out some college cell, [schemes,
Where muzzing quizzes mutter monkish
And the old proctor dreams ;
There, in thy smutty walls o'errun with dock,
As ragged as thy smock,
With rusty, fusty fellows ever dwell.

But come, thou baggage, fat and free,
By gentles call'd Festivity,
And by us rolling kiddies, FUN,
Whom Mother Shipton, one by one,
With two Wapping weiches more,
To skipping Harlequino bore :
Or whether, as some deeper say,
Jack Pudding on a holiday
Along with Jenny Diver romping,
As he met her once a pumping,
There on heaps of dirt and mortar,
And cinders wash'd in cabbage-water,
Fill'd her with thee a strapping lassie,
So spunky, brazen, bold, and saucy.
Hip ! here jade, and bring with thee
Jokes and sniggering jollity,
Christmas gambols, waggyish tricks,
Winks, wry faces, licks, and kicks,
Such as fall from Moggy's knuckles,
And love to live about her buckles ;
Spunk, that hobbling watchmen boxes,
And Horse-laugh hugging both his doxies ;
Come, and kick it as you go,
On the stumping hornpipe-tee ;
And in thy right-hand haul with thee,
The *Mountain* brim French Liberty.
And if I give thee puffing due,
Fun, admit me of thy crew,
To pig with her, and pig with thee,
In everlasting frolics free ;
To hear the sweep begin his beat,
And squalling startle the dull street,
From his watch-box in the alley
Till the watch at six doth sally ;
Then to go, in spite of sleep,
And at the window cry, " Sweep, sweep !"
Through the street-door, or the area,
Or, in the country, through the dairy ;
While the dustman, with his din,
Bawls and rings to be let in,
And at the fore, or the back-door,
Slowly plods his jades before,
Oft hearing the sow-gelder's horn
Harshly rouse the snoring morn,
From the side of a large square,
Through the long street grunting far.
Sometimes walking I'll be seen
By Tower-hill, or Moorfields'-green,
Right against Old Bedlam-gate,
Where the mock king begins his state,
Crown'd with straw, and rob'd with rags,
Cover'd o'er with jags and tags,
While the keeper near at hand
Bullics those who leave their stand :
And milk maids' screams go through your ears,
And grinders sharpen rusty sheers,
And every crier squalls his cry
Under each window he goes by.

Straight mine eye hath caught new gambols,
While round and round this town it rambles,
Sloppy streets and foggy day,
Where the blundering folks do stray ;
Pavements, on whose slippery flags
Swearing coachmen drive their nags ;
Barbers jostled 'gainst your side,
Narrow streets, and gutters wide.
Grub-street garrets now it sees,
To the muse open, and the breeze,
Where, perhaps, some scribbler hungers,
The hack of neighbouring newsmongers.
Hard by, a tinker's furnace smokes,
From betwixt two pastry-cooks,
Where Dingy Dick and Peggy, met,
Are at their scurvy dinner set,
Of cow-heel, and such cellar messes,
Which the splay-foot Rachael dresses !
And then in haste the shop she leaves,
And with the boy the bellows heaves ;
Or if 'tis late and shop is shut,
Scrubs at the pump her face from smut.

Sometimes, all for sights agog,
To t' other end of the town I jog,
When St. James's bells ring round,
And the royal fiddles sound ;
When every Lord and Lady's bum
Jigs it in the drawing-room ;
And young and old dance down the tune
In honor of the fourth of June ;
Till candles fail and eyes are sore,
Then home we hie to talk it o'er,
With stories told of many a treat,
How Lady Swab the sweatmeats eat ;
She was pinch'd and something worse,
And she was fobb'd and lost her purse :
Tell how the drudging Weltjee sweat,
To bake his custards duly set,
When in one night ere clock went seven,
His 'prentice lad had robb'd the oven
Of more than twenty handfuls put in ;
Then lies him down, a little glutton,
Stretch'd lumb'ring 'fore the fire, they tell ye,
And bakes the custards in his belly ;
Then crop-sick down the stairs he flings,
Before his master's bell yet rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By hoofs and wheels soon lull'd to sleep.

But the city takes me then,
And the hums of busy men,
Where throngs of train-band captains bold
In time of peace fierce meetings hold,
With stores of stock-jobbers, whose lies
Work change of stocks and bankruptcies ;
Where bulls and bears alike contend
To get the cash they dare not spend.
Then let aldermen appear,
In scarlet robes, with chandelier,
And city feasts and gluttony,
With balls upon the lord-mayor's day ;
Sights that young 'prentices remember,
Sleeping or waking, all November.

Then to the play-houses anon,
If Quick, or Bannister be one ;

Or drollest Parsons, child of Drury,
 Bawls out his damns with comic fury.
 And ever against hum-drum cares,
 Sing me some of Dibdin's airs,
 Married to his own queer wit,
 Such as my shaking sides may split,
 In notes with many a jolly bout,
 Near Beaufort Buildings oft roar'd out,
 With wagging curls and smirk so cunning,
 His rig on many a booby running,
 Exposing all the ways and phizzes
 Of "wags, and oddities, and quizzes;"
 That Shuter's self might heave his head
 From drunken snoozes, on a bed
 Of pot-house benches sprawl'd, and hear,
 Such laughing songs as won the ear
 Of all the town, his slip to cover,
 Whene'er he met 'em half-seas over.
 Freaks like these if thou canst give,
 Fun, with thee I wish to live.

§ 123. *The Picture.* CUNNINGHAM.

A PORTRAIT at my lord's command
 Completed by a curious hand,
 For dabblers in the nice *virtù*
 His lordship set the piece to view,
 Bidding their connoisseurships tell
 Whether this work was finish'd well:
 Why, says the loudest, on my word,
 Tis not a *likeness* good, my lord;
 Nor, to be plain, for speak I must,
 Can I pronounce one feature just.
 Another effort straight was made,
 Another portraiture essay'd;
 The judges were again besought
 Each to deliver what he thought.
 Worse than the first, the critics bawl;
 Oh what a mouth! how monstrous small!
 Look at the cheeks—how lank and thin!
 See, what a most preposterous chin!
 After remonstrance made in vain,
 I'll, says the painter, once again
 (If my good lord vouchsafes to sit)
 Try for a more successful hit:
 If you'll to-morrow deign to call,
 We'll have a piece to please you all.
 To-morrow comes—a picture's plac'd
 Before those spurious sons of taste—
 In their opinions all agree,
 This is the vilest of the three.
 "Know—to confute your envious pride"
 (His lordship from the canvass cried),
 "Know—that it is my real face,
 Where you could no resemblance trace:
 I've tried you by a lucky trick,
 And prov'd your *genius* to the quick;
 Void of all judgment, goodness, sense,
 Out, ye pretending varlets,—hence!"
 The connoisseurs depart in haste,
 Despis'd, neglected, and disgrac'd.

§ 124. *The Modern Fine Gentleman. Written in the Year 1746.*

SOAME JENYNS.

Quale portentum neque militaris
 Daunia in latis alit esculetis,
 Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
 Arida nutrix.

Just broke from school, pert, impudent, and raw,

Expert in Latin, more expert in taw,
 His honor posts o'er Italy and France,
 Measures St. Peter's dome, and learns to dance;
 Thence, having quick through various countries

flown,
 Glean'd all their follies, and expos'd his own,
 He back returns, a thing so strange all o'er,
 As never ages past produc'd before;
 A monster of such complicated worth,
 As no one single clime could e'er bring forth;
 Half atheist, papist, gamester, bubble, rook,
 Half fiddler, coachman, dancer, groom, and cook.

Next, because business now is all the vogue,
 And who'd be quite polite must be a rogue,
 In parliament he purchases a seat,
 To make th' accomplish'd gentleman complete.
 There safe in self-sufficient impudence,
 Without experience, honesty, or sense,
 Unknowing in her interest, trade, or laws,
 He vainly undertakes his country's cause:
 Forth from his lips, prepar'd at all to rail,
 Torrents of nonsense burst like bottled ale,
 *Though shallow, muddy; brisk, though mighty dull;

Fierce, without strength; o'erflowing, though not full.

Now, quite a Frenchman in his garb and air,
 His neck yok'd down with bag and solitaire,
 The liberties of Britain he supports,
 And storms at placemen, ministers, and courts;
 Now in cropt greasy hair, and leather breeches,
 He loudly bellows out his patriot speeches;
 Kings, lords, and commons, ventures to abuse,
 Yet dares to show those ears he ought to lose.
 From hence to White's our virtuous Cato flies,
 There sits with countenance erect and wise,
 And talks of games of whist, and pig-tail pies;
 Plays all the night, nor doubts each law to break
 Himself unknowingly has help'd to make;
 Trembling and anxious, stakes his utmost groat,
 Peeps o'er his cards, and looks as if he thought;
 Next morn disowns the losses of the night,
 Because the fool would fain be thought a bite.

Devoted thus to politics and cards,
 Nor mirth, nor wine, nor women he regards;
 So far is ev'ry virtue from his heart,
 That not a gen'rous vice can claim a part;

* Parody on these lines of Sir John Denham:

Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull,
 Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

Nay, lest one human passion e'er should move
His soul to friendship, tenderness, or love,
To Figg and Broughton * he commits his
breast,

To steel it to the fashionable test.

Thus, poor in wealth, he labors to no end,
Wretched alone, in crowds without a friend ;
Insensible to all that 's good or kind,
Deaf to all merit, to all beauty blind;
For love too busy, and for wit too grave,
A harden'd, sober, proud, luxuriant knave ;
By little actions striving to be great,
And proud to be, and to be thought, a cheat.

And yet in this, so bad is his success,
That, as his fame improves, his rents grow less.
On parchment wings his acres take their flight,
And his unpeopl'd groves admit the light ;
With his estate his interest too is done,
His honest borough seeks a warmer sun ;
For him now cash and liquor flows no more,
His independent voters cease to roar ;
And Britons soon must want the great defence
Of all his honesty and eloquence ; [grown
But that the gen'rous youth, more anxious
For public liberty than for his own,
Marries some jointur'd antiquated crone ;
And boldly, when his country is at stake,
Braves the deep yawning gulph, like Curtius,
for its sake.

Quickly again distress'd for want of coin,
He digs no longer in th' exhausted mine,
But seeks preferment as the last resort,
Cringes each morn at levees, bows at court,
And from the hand he hates, implores support.
The minister well pleas'd at small expense
To silence so much rude impertinence,
With squeeze and whisper yields to his de-
mands,

And on the venal list enroll'd he stands :
A riband and a pension buy the slave ;
This bribes the fool about him, that the knave.
And now arriv'd at his meridian glory,
He sinks apace, despis'd by Whig and Tory ;
Of independence now he talks no more,
Nor shakes the senate with his patriot roar :
But silent votes, and with court trappings hung,
Eyes his own glitt'ring star, and holds his
tongue.

In craft political a bankrupt made,
He sticks to gaming, as a surer trade ;
Turns downright sharper, lives by sucking
blood,

And grows, in short, the very thing he would :
Hunts out young heirs who have their fortunes
spent,

And lends them ready cash at cent. per cent. ;
Lays wagers on his own and others' lives,
Fights uncles, fathers, grandmothers, and wives,
Till death at length, indignant to be made
The daily subject of his sport and trade,
Veils with his sable hand the wretch's eyes,
And, groaning for the betts he loses by't, he dies.

§ 125. *An Epistle, written in the Country, to
the Right Honorable the Lord Lovelace, then
in Town, September 1735.* JENYNS.

In days, my lord, when mother Time,
Though now grown old, was in her prime,
When Saturn first began to rule,
And Jove was hardly come from school,
How happy was a country life !
How free from wickedness and strife !
Then each man liv'd upon his farm,
And thought and did no mortal harm ;
On mossy banks fair virgins slept,
As harmless as the flocks they kept ;
Then love was all they had to do,
And nymphs were chaste, and swains were true.

But now, whatever poets write,
'Tis sure, the case is alter'd quite :
Virtue no more in rural plains,
Or innocence, or peace, remains ;
But vice is in the cottage found,
And country girls are oft unsound ;
Fierce party rage each village fires,
With wars of justices and squires ;
Attorneys for a barley straw,
Whole ages hamper folks in law ;
And every neighbour 's in a flame
About their rates, or tithes, or game :
Some quarrel for their hares and pigeons,
And some for difference in religions :
Some hold their parson the best preacher,
The tinker, some, a better teacher ;
These, to the church they fight for, strangers,
Have faith in nothing but her dangers ;
While those, a more believing people,
Can swallow all things—but a steeple.

But I, my lord, who, as you know,
Care little how these matters go,
And equally detest the strife
And usual joys of country life,
Have by good fortune little share
Of its diversions, or its care :
For seldom I with squires unite,
Who hunt all day, and drink all night,
Nor reckon wonderful inviting,
A quarter-sessions, or cock-fighting :
But then no farm I occupy,
With sheep to rot, and cows to die ;
Nor rage I much, or much despair,
Though in my hedge I find a snare
Nor view I, with due admiration,
All the high honors here in fashion ;
The great commissions of the quorum,
Terrors to all who come before 'em ;
Militia scarlet edg'd with gold,
Or the white staff high-sheriffs hold ;
The representative's caressing,
The judge's bow, the bishop's blessing ;
Nor can I for my soul delight
In the dull feast of neighb'ring knight,
Who, if you send three days before,
In white gloves meets you at the door,

* One, a celebrated prize-fighter ; the other, a no less famous boxer.

With superfluity of breeding
First makes you sick, and then with feeding :
Or, if with ceremony cloy'd,
You would next time such plagues avoid,
And visit without previous notice,
" John, John, a coach !—I can't think who
'tis, "

My lady cries, who spies your coach
Ere you the avenue approach :
" Lord, how unlucky !—washing-day !
And all the men are in the hay !"
Entrance to gain is something hard,
The dogs all bark, the gates are barr'd :
The yard 's with lines of linen cross'd,
The hall-door 's lock'd, the key is lost :
These difficulties all o'ercome,
We reach at length the drawing-room ;
Then there 's such trampling over-head,
Madam you 'd swear was brought to bed :
Miss in a hurry bursts her lock,
To get clean sleeves to hide her smock ;
The servants run, the pewter clatters,
My lady dresses, calls, and chatters ;
The cook-maid raves for want of butter,
Pigs squeak, fowls scream, and green geese
flutter.

Now after three hours' tedious waiting,
On all our neighbours' faults debating,
And having nine times view'd the garden,
In which there 's nothing worth a farthing,
In comes my lady and the pudding ;
" You will excuse, sir, on a sudden "—
Then, that we may have four and four,
The bacon, fowls, and cauliflour
Their ancient unity divide,
The top one graces, one each side ;
And by and by the second course
Comes lagging like a distanc'd horse ;
A salver then to church and king,
The butler sweats, the glasses ring :
The cloth remov'd, the toasts go round,
Bawdy and politics abound ;
And, as the knight more tipsy waxes,
We damn all ministers and taxes.
At last the ruddy sun quite sunk,
The coachman tolerably drunk,
Whirling o'er hillocks, ruts, and stones,
Enough to dislocate one's bones,
We home return, a wondrous token
Of Heaven's kind care, with limbs unbroken.
Afflict us not, ye gods, though sinners,
With many days like this, or dinners !

But if civilities thus tease me,
Nor business nor diversions please me ;
You 'll ask, my lord, how time I spend ?
I answer, with a book or friend ;
The circulating hours dividing
'Twixt reading, walking, eating, riding :
But books are still my highest joy,
These earliest please, and latest cloy.
Sometimes o'er distant climes I stray,
By guides experienc'd taught the way ;

The wonder of each region view,
From frozen Lapland to Peru ;
Bound o'er rough seas, and mountains bare,
Yet ne'er forsake my elbow chair.
Sometimes some fam'd historian's pen
Recalls past ages back again ;
Where all I see, through every page,
Is but how men, with senseless rage,
Each other rob, destroy, and burn,
To serve a priest's, a statesman's turn :
Though loaded with a different aim,
Yet always asses much the same.
Sometimes I view with much delight,
Divines their holy game-cocks fight :
Here faith and works, at variance set,
Strive hard who shall the vict'ry get ;
Presbytery and episcopacy,
They fight so long, it would amaze ye :
Here free-will holds a fierce dispute
With reprobation absolute ;
There sense kicks transubstantiation,
And reason pecks at revelation.
With learned Newton now I fly
O'er all the rolling orbs on high,
Visit new worlds, and for a minute
This old one scorn, and all that 's in it :
And now with lab'ring Boyle I trace
Nature through every winding maze ;
The latent qualities admire
Of vapors, water, air, and fire ;
With pleasing admiration see
Matter's surprising subtlety ;
As how the smallest lamp displays,
For miles around, its scatter'd rays ;
Or how (the case more to explain)
A fart *, that weighs not half a grain,
The atmosphere will oft perfume
Of a whole spacious drawing-room.

Sometimes I pass a whole long day
In happy indolence away,
In fondly meditating o'er
Past pleasures, and in hoping more ;
Or wander through the fields and woods,
And gardens bath'd in circling floods ;
There blooming flow'rs with rapture view,
The sparkling gems of morning dew,
Whence in my mind ideas rise
Of Celia's cheeks, and Chloe's eyes.
'Tis thus, my Lord, I, free from strife,
Spend an inglorious country life :
These are the joys I still pursue,
When absent from the town and you ;
Thus pass long summer suns away,
Busily idle, calmly gay ;
Nor great, nor mean, nor rich, nor poor,
Not having much, nor wishing more ;
Except that you, when weary grown
Of all the follies of the town,
And seeing in all public places
The same vain fops and painted faces,
Would sometimes kindly condescend
To visit a dull country friend :

* See Boyle's Experiments.

Here you'll be ever sure to meet
A hearty welcome, though no treat;
One who has nothing else to do,
But to divert himself and you:
A house, where quiet guards the door,
No rural wits smoke, drink, and roar;
Choice books, safe horses, wholesome liquor,
Billiards, backgammon, and the vicar.

§ 126. *Horace. Book II. Ode 10.*
COWPER.

RECEIVE, dear friend, the truths I teach,
So shalt thou live beyond the reach
Of adverse fortune's pow'r:
Not always tempt the distant deep,
Nor always timorously creep
Along the treach'rous shore.

He that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
Imbitt'ring all his state.

The tallest pines feel most the pow'r
Of wintry blast; the loftiest tow'r
Comes heaviest to the ground:
The bolts that spare the mountain's side
His cloud-capt eminence divide,
And spread the ruin round.

The well-inform'd philosopher
Rejoices with a wholesome fear,
And hopes in spite of pain:
If winter bellow from the north,
Soon the sweet spring comes dancing forth,
And nature laughs again.

What if thine heaven be overcast?
The dark appearance will not last;
Expect a brighter sky:
The God that strings the silver bow
Awakes sometimes the muses too,
And lays his arrows by.

If hindrances obstruct thy way,
Thy magnanimity display,
And let thy strength be seen:
But, oh! if fortune fill thy sail
With more than a propitious gale,
Take half thy canvass in.

§ 127. *A Reflection on the foregoing Ode.*
COWPER.

AND is this all? Can reason do no more
Than bid me shun the deep, and dread the shore?
Sweet moralist! afloat on life's rough sea,
The Christian has an art unknown to thee;
He holds no parley with unmanly fears,
Where duty bids he confidently steers;
Faces a thousand dangers at her call,
And trusting in his God surmounts them all.

§ 128. *The Shrubbery. Written in a Time of Affliction.*
COWPER.

O HAPPY shades! to me unblest,
Friendly to peace, but not to me;
How ill the scene that offers rest,
And heart that cannot rest, agree!

This glassy stream, that spreading pine,
Those alders quiv'ring to the breeze,
Might soothe a soul less hurt than mine,
And please, if any thing could please.

But fix'd unalterable care
Foregoes not what she feels within;
Shows the same sadness every where,
And slights the season and the scene.

For all that pleas'd in wood or lawn,
While peace possess'd these silent bow'rs,
Her animating smile withdrawn,
Has lost its beauties and its pow'rs.

The saint or moralist should tread
This moss-grown alley, musing slow;
They seek, like me, the secret shade,
But not, like me, to nourish woe.

Me fruitful scenes and prospects waste
Alike admonish not to roam:
These tell me of enjoyments past,
And those of sorrows yet to come.

§ 129. *Mutual Forbearance necessary to the Happiness of the married State.* COWPER.

THE Lady thus address'd her spouse—
What a mere dungeon is this house!
By no means large enough; and, was it,
Yet this dull room, and that dark closet,
Those hangings with their worn-out Graces,
Long beards, long noses, and pale faces,
Are such an antiquated scene,
They overwhelm me with the spleen.

Sir Humphrey, shooting in the dark,
Makes answer quite beside the mark;
No doubt, my dear; I bade him come,
Engag'd myself to be at home,
And shall expect him at the door
Precisely when the clock strikes four.

You are so deaf, the lady cried,
(And rais'd her voice, and frown'd beside,)
You are so sadly deaf, my dear,
What shall I do to make you hear?

Dismiss poor Harry! he replies,
Some people are more nice than wise;
For one slight trespass all this stir!
What if he did ride whip and spur?
'Twas but a mile—your fav'rite horse
Will never look one hair the worse.—
Well, I protest, 'tis past all bearing!—
Child, I am rather hard of hearing!

Yes, truly—one must scream and bawl;
I tell you, you can't hear at all.
Then, with a voice exceeding low,
No matter if you hear or no.

Alas! and is domestic strife,
That sorest ill of human life,

A plague so little to be fear'd,
 As to be wantonly incurr'd;
 To gratify a fretful passion,
 On every trivial provocation?
 The kindest and the happiest pair
 Will find occasion to forbear,
 And something ev'ry day they live
 To pity, and perhaps forgive.
 But if infirmities that fall
 In common to the lot of all,
 A blemish, or a sense impair'd,
 Are crimes so little to be spar'd,
 Then farewell all that must create
 The comfort of the wedded state.
 Instead of harmony, 'tis jar,
 And tumult, and intestine war.
 The love that cheers life's latest stage,
 Proof against sickness and old age,
 Preserv'd by virtue from declension,
 Becomes not weary of attention;
 But lives when that exterior grace
 Which first inspir'd the flame, decays.
 'Tis gentle, delicate, and kind,
 To faults compassionate or blind,
 And will with sympathy endure
 Those evils it would gladly cure:
 But angry, coarse, and harsh expression,
 Shows love to be a mere profession,
 Proves that the heart is none of his,
 Or soon expels him if it is.

§ 130. *Boadicea. An Ode.* COWPER.

WHEN the British warrior queen,
 Bleeding from the Roman rods,
 Sought, with an indignant mien,
 Counsel of her country's gods;
 Sage, beneath a spreading oak,
 Sat the Druid, hoary chief,
 Ev'ry burning word he spoke
 Full of rage, and full of grief:
 Princess! if our aged eyes
 Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
 'Tis because resentment ties
 All the terrors of our tongues.
 Rome shall perish—write that word
 In the blood that she has spilt;
 Perish hopeless and abhorr'd,
 Deep in ruin as in guilt.
 Rome, for empire far renown'd
 Tramples on a thousand states,
 Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
 Hark! the Gaul is at her gates.
 Other Romans shall arise,
 Heedless of a soldier's name;
 Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
 Harmony the path to fame.
 Then the progeny that springs
 From the forests of our land,
 Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,
 Shall a wider world command.
 Regions Caesar never knew
 Thy posterity shall sway,
 Where his eagles never flew,
 None invincible as they.

Such the bard's prophetic words,
 Pregnant with celestial fire,
 Bending as he swept the chords
 Of his sweet but awful lyre.
 She, with all a monarch's pride,
 Felt them in her bosom glow,
 Rush'd to battle, fought and died,
 Dying hurl'd them at the foe.
 Ruffians pitiless as proud,
 Heaven awards the vengeance due;
 Empire is on us bestow'd,
 Shame and ruin wait for you.

§ 131. *Heroism.* COWPER.

THERE was a time when Ætna's silent fire
 Slept unperceiv'd, the mountain yet entire;
 When, conscious of no danger from below,
 She tower'd a cloud-capt pyramid of snow;
 No thunders shook with deep intestine sound
 The blooming groves that girdled her around;
 Her unctuous olives and her purple vines
 (Unfelt the fury of those bursting mines)
 The peasant's hopes, and not in vain, assur'd,
 In peace upon her sloping sides matur'd.
 When on a day, like that of the last doom,
 A conflagration lab'ring in the womb,
 She teem'd and heav'd with an infernal birth,
 That shook the circling seas and solid earth.
 Dark and voluminous the vapours rise,
 And hang their horrors in the neighb'ring
 skies;

[day,
 While through the Stygian veil that blot the
 In dazzling streaks the vivid lightnings play:
 But O! what muse, and in what pow'rs of
 Can trace the torrent as it burns along? [song,
 Havoc and devastation in the van,
 It marches o'er the prostrate work of man;
 Vines, olives, herbage, forests disappear,
 And all the charms of a Sicilian year.

Revolving seasons, fruitless as they pass,
 See it an unform'd and an idle mass,
 Without a soil to invite the tiller's care,
 Or blade that might redeem it from despair.
 Yet time at length (what will not time achieve?)
 Clothes it with earth, and bids the produce live:
 Once more the spiry myrtle crowns the glade,
 And ruminating flocks enjoy the shade.
 O bliss precarious, and unsafe retreats!
 O charming paradise of short-liv'd sweets!
 The self-same gale that wafts the fragrance round,
 Brings to the distant ear a sullen sound:
 Again the mountain feels th' imprison'd foe,
 Again pours ruin on the vale below;
 Ten thousand swains the wasted scene deplore,
 That only future ages can restore.

Ye monarchs, whom the lure of honor draws,
 Who write in blood the merit of your cause,
 Who strike the blow, then plead your own de-
 Glory your aim, but justice your pretence; [fence,
 Behold in Ætna's emblematic fires
 The mischiefs your ambitious pride inspires.

Fast by the stream that bounds your just do-
 main,
 And tells you where ye have a right to reign,

A nation dwells, not envious of your throne,
 Studious of peace, their neighbours' and their
 Ill-fated race! how deeply must they rue [own.
 Their only crime, vicinity to you!
 The trumpet sounds, your legions swarm abroad,
 Through the ripe harvest lies their destin'd road.
 At ev'ry step beneath their feet they tread
 The life of multitudes, a nation's bread;
 Earth seems a garden in its loveliest dress
 Before them, and behind a wilderness;
 Famine, and Pestilence, her first-born son,
 Attend to finish what the sword begun;
 And echoing praises such as fiends might earn,
 And folly pays, resound at your return.
 A calm succeeds—but Plenty, with her train
 Of heart-felt joys, succeeds not soon again;
 And years of pining indigence must show
 What scourges are the gods that rule below.

Yet man, laborious man, by slow degrees
 (Such is his thirst of opulence and ease)
 Plies all the sinews of industrious toil,
 Gleans up the refuse of the gen'ral spoil;
 Rebuilds the tow'rs that smok'd upon the plain,
 And the sun gilds the shining spires again.

Increasing commerce and reviving art
 Renew the quarrel on the conqueror's part;
 And the sad lesson must be learn'd once more,
 That wealth within is ruin at the door.

What are ye, monarchs, laurel'd heroes, say,
 But Etna's of the suff'ring world ye sway?
 Sweet nature, stripp'd of her embroider'd robe,
 Deplores the wasted regions of her globe,
 And stands a witness at truth's awful bar,
 To prove you there destroyers as ye are.

O place me in some heav'n-protected isle,
 Where peace, and equity, and freedom smile;
 Where no volcano pours his fiery flood,
 No crested warrior dips his plume in blood;
 Where pow'r secures what industry has won,
 Where to succeed is not to be undone;
 A land that distant tyrants hate in vain,
 In Britain's isle, beneath a George's reign.

§ 132. *Art above Nature.* PETER PINDAR.

NATURE's a coarse, vile, daubing jade—

I've said it often, and repeat it—

She doth not understand her trade— [beat it.

Artists, ne'er mind her work; I hope you'll

Look now, for Heav'n's sake, at her skies!

What are they?—Smoke, for certainty, I
 From chimney-tops, behold! they rise, [know;

Made by some sweating cooks below.

Look at her dirt in lanes, from whence it comes—

From hogs, and ducks, and geese, and horses!

Then tell me, Decency, I must request, [bums—

Who'd copy such a dev'lish nasty beast?

Paint by the yard—your canvass spread,

Broad as the mainsail of a man-of-war—

Your whale shall eat up ev'ry other head,

E'en as the sun licks up each sneaking star!

I do assure you, bulk is no bad trick— [taken—

By bulky things both men and maids are

Mind, too, to lay the paints like mortar thick,

And make your pictures look as red as bacon.

All folks love size, believe my rhyme;

Burke says, 'tis part of the sublime.

A Dutchman, I forget his name—Van Grout,

Van Slabberchops, Van Stink, Van Swab,

No matter, though I cannot make it out—

At calling names I never was a dab—

This Dutchman, then, a man of taste,

Holding a cheese that weigh'd a hundred
 pound, [ment vast:

Thus, like a burgomaster, spoke with judge—

"No poet like my broder step de ground,

"He be de bestest poet, look!

"Dat all the world must please;

"Vor he heb vrite von book,

"So big as all this cheese!"

If at a distance you would paint a pig,

Let not the caxon a distinctness lack;

Else all the lady critics will so stare,

And angry vow, "'Tis not a bit like hair!"

Be smooth as glass—like Denner, finish high;

Then every tongue commends—

For people judge not only by the eye,

But feel your merit by their finger ends!

Make out each single bristle on his back.

Or if your meaner subject be a wig,

Nay, closely nosing, o'er the picture dwell,

As if to try the goodness by the smell.

Claude's distances are too confus'd—

One floating scene—nothing made out—

For which he ought to be abus'd,

Whose works have been so cried about,

Give me the pencil, whose amazing style

Makes a bird's beak appear at twenty mile;

And to my view, eyes, legs, and claws will

With every feather of his tail and wing, [bring,

Make all your trees alike, for Nature's wild—

Fond of variety—a wayward child— [sume;

To blame your taste some blockheads may pre-

But mind, that ev'ry one be like a broom.

Of steel and purest silver form your waters,

And make your clouds like rocks and alligators.

Whene'er you paint the moon, if you are

willing [ling;

To gain applause—why, paint her like a shil-

Or Sol's bright orb—he sure to make him glow

Precisely like a guinea or a jo.*

In short, to get your pictures prais'd and sold,

Convert, like Midas, ev'ry thing to gold.

I see, at excellence you'll come at last—

Your clouds are made of very brilliant stuff;

The blues on china mugs are now surpass'd,

Your sun-sets yield not to brick-walls nor buff.

In stumps of trees your art so finely thrives,

They really look like golden-hafted knives!

Go on, my lads, leave Nature's dismal hue,

And she ere long will come and copy you.

§ 133. *The School-Boy.* By the Rev. Mr. Mau-
 rice, Author of the *Indian Antiquities*. Writ-
 ten by him at a very early Age.

Multa tulit, fecitque puer. Hor.

THREE happy he, whose hours the cheering
 smiles

* A Portuguese Johannes.

Of freedom bless; who wantons uncontroll'd
Where Ease invites, or Pleasure's syren voice:
Him the stern tyrant with his iron scourge
Annoys not, nor the dire oppressive weight
Of galling chain: but when the blushing morn
Purples the east, with eager transport wild,
O'er hill, o'er valley, on his panting steed
He bounds exulting, as in full career
With horns, and hounds, and thund'ring shouts
he drives

The flying stag; or when the dusky shades
Of eve, advancing, veil the darken'd sky,
To neigh'ring tavern, blithsome, he resorts
With boon companion, where they drown their
cares

In sprightly bumpers, and the mantling bowl.

Far otherwise within these darksome walls,
Where gates, with rows of triple steel secur'd,
And many a bolt, prohibit all egress,
I spend my joyless days; ere dawn appears,
Rous'd from my peaceful slumbers by the sound
Of awe-inspiring bell, whose every stroke
Chills my heart-blood, all trembling, I descend
From dreary garret, round whose ancient roof,
Gaping with hideous chinks, the whistling blast
Perpetual raves, and fierce descending rains
Discharge their fury—dire lethargic dews
Oppress my drowsy sense; still fancy teems
With fond ideal joys, and, fir'd with what
Or poets sing, or fable tale records,
Presents transporting visions, goblets crown'd
With juice of nectar, or the food divine
Of rich ambrosia, tempting to the sight!
While in the shade of some embowering grove,
I lie reclin'd, or through Elysian plains
Enraptur'd stray; where every plant and flow'r
Send forth an odorous smell, and all the air
With songs of love and melody resounds.
Meanwhile benumbing cold invades my joints,
To where, of antique mould, a lofty dome
As with slow faltering footsteps I resort,
Rears its tremendous front; here all at once
From thousand different tongues a mighty hum
Assaults my ear; loud as the distant roar
Of tumbling torrents; or as in some mart
Of public note, for traffic far renown'd,
Where Jew with Grecian, Turk with African,
Assembled, in one general peal unite
Of dreadful jargon.—Straight on wooden bench
I take my seat, and con with studious care
Th' appointed tasks; o'er many a puzzling page
Poring intent, and sage Athenian bard,
With dialect, and mood, and tense perplex'd;
And conjugations varied without end.

When lo! with haughty stride (in size like
him

Who erst, extended on the burning lake,
"Lay floating many a rood") his sullen brow
With low'ring frowns and fearful glooms o'er-
Enters the Pedagogue! terrific sight; [cast,
An ample ninefold peruke, spread immense,
Luxuriant waving, down his shoulders plays;
His right hand fiercely grasps an oaken staff;
His left a bunch of limber twigs sustains,

Call'd by the vulgar birch, Tartarean root,
Whose rankling points, in blackest poison dipt,
Inflict a mortal pain; and, where they light,
A ghastly furrow leave.—A sullen pause en-
sues:

As when, of old, the monarch of the floods,
'Midst raging hurricanes and battling waves,
Shaking the dreadful trident, rear'd aloft
His awful brow, sudden the furious winds
Were hush'd in peace, the billows ceas'd their
rage:

Or when (if mighty themes like these allow
An humble metaphor) the sportive race
Of nibbling heroes, bent on wanton play,
Beneath the shelter of some well-stor'd barn,
In many an airy circle wheel around;
Some eye, perchance, in private nook conceal'd,
Beholds Grimalkin; instant they disperse
In headlong flight, each to his secret cell,
If haply he may 'scape impending fate.

Thus ceas'd the general clamor; all remain
In silent terror wrapt, and thought profound.

Meanwhile, the Pedagogue throughout the
dome

His fiery eye-balls, like two blazing stars,
Portentous rolls, on some unthinking wretch
To shed their baleful influence; whilst his voice,
Like thunder, or the cannon's sudden burst,
Three times is heard, and thrice the roofs re-
sound!

A sudden paleness gathers in my face;
Through all my limbs a stiffening horrorspreads,
Cold as the dews of death; nor heed my eyes
Their wonted function, but in stupid gaze
Ken the fell monster; from my trembling hands
The time-worn volume drops; oh, dire presage
Of instant woe! for now the mighty sound,
Pregnant with dismal tidings, once again
Strikes my astonish'd ears: transfix'd with awe,
And senseless for a time, I stand; but soon,
By friendly jog or neighbouring whisper rous'd,
Obey the dire injunction; straight I loose
Depending brogues, and mount the lofty throne
Indignant, or the back oblique ascend
Of sorrowful compeer: nor long delays
The monarch, from his palace stalking down,
With visage all inflam'd; his sable robe
Sweeping in lengthening folds along the ground:
He shakes his sceptre, and th' impending
scourge

Brandishes high: nor tears nor shrieks avail;
But with impetuous fury it descends,
Imprinting horrid wounds with fatal flow
Of blood attended, and convulsive pangs.

Curs'd be the wretch, for ever doom'd to bear
Infernal whippings; he, whose savage hands
First grasp'd these barbarous weapons, bitter
cause

Of foul disgrace and many a dolorous groan
To hapless school-boy!—Could it not suffice
I groan'd and toid beneath the merciless weight
By stern relentless tyranny impos'd;
But scourges, too, and cudgels were reserv'd,

To goad my harrow'd sides: this wretched life
 Loading with heavier ills! a life expos'd
 To all the woes of hunger, toil, distress;
 Cut off from every genial source of bliss;
 From every bland amusement, wont to soothe
 The youthful breast; except when father Time,
 In joyful change, rolls round the festive hour,
 That gives this meagre, pining figure back
 To parent fondness, and its native roofs!
 Fir'd with the thought, then, then, my tower-
 ing soul

Rises superior to its load, and spurns
 Its proud oppressors; frantic with delight,
 My fancy riots in successive scenes [laid
 Of bliss and pleasures: plans and schemes are
 How blest the fleeting moments to improve,
 Nor lose one portion of so rare a boon.

But soon, too soon, the glorious scenes are
 fled, [state
 Scarce one short moon enjoy'd; (oh! transient
 Of sublunary bliss!) by bitter change,
 And other scenes succeeded. What fierce pangs
 Then racks my soul! what ceaseless floods of
 grief [throbs
 Rush down my cheeks, while strong convulsive
 Heave all my frame, and choke the power of
 speech!

Forlorn I sigh, nor heed the gentle voice
 Of friend or stranger, who, with soothing words
 And slender gift, would fain beguile my woes:
 In vain, for what can aught avail to soothe
 Such raging anguish? Oft with sudden glance
 Before my eyes in all its horror glares
 That well-known form, and oft I seem to hear
 The thundering scourge—ah me! e'en now I
 Its deadly venom, raging as the pangs [feel
 That tore Alcides, when the burning vest
 Prey'd on his wasted sides.—At length, return'd
 Within these hated walls, again I mourn
 A sullen prisoner, till the wish'd approach
 Of joyous holiday or festive play
 Releases me: ah! freedom that must end
 With thee, declining Sol! All hail, ye sires
 For sanctity renown'd, whose glorious names
 In large conspicuous characters portray'd,
 Adorn the annual chronologic page
 Of Wing or Partridge; oft, when sore oppress'd
 With dire calamities, the glad return
 Of your triumphant festivals hath cheer'd
 My drooping soul. Nor be thy name forgot,
 Illustrious GEORGE! for much to thee I owe
 Of heart-felt rapture, as with loyal zeal
 Glowing, I pile the crackling bonfire high,
 Or hurl the mountain rocket through the air,
 Or fiery whizzing serpent: thus thy name
 Shall still be honor'd, as through future years
 The circling seasons roll their festive round.

Sometimes, by dire compulsive hunger
 press'd, [trunk
 I spring the neighbouring fence, and scale the
 Of apple-tree; or wide, o'er flowery lawns
 By hedge or thicket, bend my hasty steps,
 Intent, with secret ambush, to surprise
 The straw-built nest and unsuspecting brood

Of thrush or bull-finch; oft with watchful ken
 Eyeing the backward lawns, lest hostile glance
 Observe my footsteps, while each rustling leaf
 Stir'd by the gentle gale alarms my fears:
 Then, perch'd beneath the burning heats of
 noon,

I plunge into the limpid stream that laves
 The silent vale; or, on its grassy banks,
 Beneath some oak's majestic shade recline,
 Envyng the vagrant fishes, as they pass,
 Their boon of freedom, till the distant sound
 Of tolling curfew warns me to depart.

Thus under tyrant pow'r I groan, oppress'd
 With worse than slavery; yet my free-born soul
 Her native warmth forgets not, nor will brook
 Menace, or taunt, from proud insulting peer:
 But summons to the field the doughty foe
 In single combat, 'midst th' impartial throng,
 There to decide our fate; oft too, inflam'd
 With mutual rage, two rival armies meet
 Of youthful warriors; kindling at the sight,
 My soul is fill'd with vast heroic thoughts,
 Trusting in martial glory to surpass
 Roman or Grecian chief: instant, with shouts,
 The mingling squadrons join the horrid fray;
 No need of cannon, or the murderous steel,
 Wide wasting nature: rage our arms supplies,
 Fragments of rock are hurl'd, and showers of
 stones

Obscure the day; nor less the brawny arm
 Or knotted club avail; high in the midst
 Are seen the mighty chiefs, through hosts of foes
 Mowing their way: and now with tenfold rage
 The combat burns, full many a sanguine stream
 Distains the field, and many a veteran brave
 Lies prostrate; loud triumphant shouts ascend
 By turns from either host; each claims the palm
 Of glorious conquest; nor till night's dun shades
 Involve the sky, the doubtful conflict ends.

Thus, when rebellion shook the thrones of
 heaven,
 And all th' eternal powers in battle met,
 High o'er the rest, with vast gigantic strides,
 The godlike leaders on th' embattled plain
 Came towering, breathing forth revenge and
 Nor less terrific join'd the inferior hosts [fate:
 Of angel warriors, when encountering hills
 Tore the rent conclave; flashing with the blaze
 Of fiery arms, and lightnings not of Jove;
 All heaven resounded, and the astonish'd deep
 Of chaos bellow'd with the monstrous roar.

§ 134. *Written in a Lady's Ivory Table Book,*
 1699. SWIFT.

PERUSE my leaves through every part,
 And think thou seest my owner's heart,
 Scrawl'd o'er with trifles thus, and quite
 As hard, as senseless, and as light;
 Expos'd to every coxcomb's eyes,
 But hid with caution from the wise.
 Here you may read, "Dear charming saint!"
 Beneath, "A new receipt for paint;"
 Here, in beau-spelling, "Tru tel deth;"
 There, in her own, "For an ell breth!"

Here, "Lovely nymph, pronounce my doom!"
 There, "A safe way to use perfume:"
 Here, a page fill'd with billet-doux,
 On t' other side, "Laid out for shoes."
 "Madam, I die without your grace."
 "Item, for half a yard of lace."

Who that had wit would place it here,
 For every peeping fop to jeer?
 In pow'r of spittle and a clout,
 Whene'er he please to blot it out:
 And then, to heighten the disgrace,
 Clap his own nonsense in the place.
 Whoe'er expects to hold his part
 In such a book, and such a heart,
 If he be wealthy, and a fool,
 Is in all points the fittest tool;
 Of whom it may be justly said,
 He's a good pencil tipp'd with lead.

§ 135. *Mrs. Harris's Petition.* 1699.

To their Excellencies the Lord Justices of
 Ireland,* the humble petition of Frances Harris,
 (Who must starve, and die a maid, if it mis-
 Humbly sheweth, [carries],
 That I went to warm myself in Lady Betty's †
 chamber, because I was cold;
 And I had in a purse seven pounds four shillings
 and six-pence, besides farthings, in mo-
 ney and gold:
 So, because I had been buying things for my
 Lady last night. [right].
 I was resolv'd to tell my money to see if it was
 Now you must know, because my trunk has a
 very bad lock,
 Therefore all the money I have, which, God
 knows, is a very small stock,
 I keep in my pocket, tied about my middle,
 next to my smock.
 So when I went to put up my purse, as God
 would have it, my smock was unripp'd,
 And, instead of putting it into my pocket, down
 it slipp'd!
 Then the bell rung, and I went down to put
 my Lady to bed;
 And, God knows, I thought my money was as
 safe as my maidenhead.
 So, when I came up again, I found my pocket
 feel very light:
 But when I search'd, and miss'd my purse, Lord,
 I thought I should have sunk outright.
 Lord! madam, says Mary, how d'ye do? In-
 deed, says I, never worse:
 But pray, Mary, can you tell what I have done
 with my purse? [this place].
 Lord help me! said Mary, I never stirr'd out of
 Nay, said I, I had it in Lady Betty's chamber,
 that's a plain case.

So Mary got me to bed, and cover'd me up warm;
 However, she stole away my garters, that I
 might do myself no harm.
 So I tumbled and toss'd all night, as you may
 very well think, [wink].
 But hardly ever set my eyes together, or slept a
 So I was a-dream'd, methought, that we went
 and search'd the folks round,
 And in a corner of Mrs. Duke's ‡ box, tied in a
 rag, the money was found.
 So next morning we told Whittle,|| and he fell
 a-swearing:
 Then my dame Wadgar § came; and she, you
 know, is thick of hearing.
 Dame, said I, as loud as I could bawl, do you
 know what a loss I have had?
 Nay, said she, my Lord Colway's ¶ folks are
 all very sad;
 For my Lord Dromedary ** comes o' Tuesday
 without fail, [ail].
 Pugh! said I, but that's not the business that I
 Says Carry, †† says he, I have been a servant this
 five-and-twenty years come spring,
 And in all the places I liv'd I never heard of
 such a thing.
 Yes, says the ‡‡ steward, I remember, when I
 was at my Lady Shrewsbury's,
 Such a thing as this happened just about the
 time of gooseberries.
 So I went to the party suspected, and I found
 her full of grief:
 (Now you must know, of all things in the
 world, I hate a thief.)
 However, I was resolv'd to bring the discourse
 slyly about: [happen'd out]:
 Mrs. Dukes, said I, here's an ugly accident has
 'Tis not that I value the money three skips of a
 louse; ||| [house].
 But the thing I stand upon is the credit of the
 'Tis true, seven pounds, four shillings, and six-
 pence, makes a great hole in my wages:
 Besides, as they say, service is no inheritance in
 these ages.
 Now, Mrs. Dukes, you know, and every body
 understands
 That, though 'tis hard to judge, yet money can't
 go without hands.
 The devil take me! said she (blessing herself)
 if e'er I saw't.
 So she roar'd like a bedlam, as though I had
 call'd her all to nought.
 So you know, what could I say to her any more?
 I e'en left her, and came away as wise as I was
 before.
 Well; but then they would have had me gone
 to the cunning man!
 No, said I, 'tis the same thing, the chaplain will
 be here anon.

* The Earls of Berkeley and of Galway.

† Wife to one of the footmen.

‡ The old deaf housekeeper.

** The Earl of Drogheda, who, with the Primate, was to succeed the two Earls.

†† Clerk of the kitchen.

‡‡ Ferris.

‡ Lady Betty Berkeley, afterwards Germain.

|| The Earl of Berkeley's valet.

¶ Galway.

||| An usual saying of hers.

So the chaplain* came in: now the servants
 say he is my sweetheart,
 Because he is always in my chamber, and I al-
 ways take his part.
 So, as the devil would have it, before I was
 aware, out I blunder'd,
 Parson, said I, can you cast a nativity when a
 body's plunder'd?
 (Now you must know he hates to be call'd par-
 son like the devil!)

Truly, says he, Mrs. Nab, it might become you
 to be more civil!

If your money be gone, as a learned divine says,
 d'ye see, [from me:
 You are no text for my handling, so take that
 I was never taken for a conjurer before, I'd have
 you to know.

Lord, said I, don't be angry, I'm sure I never
 thought you so;

You know I honor the cloth; I design to be a
 parson's wife;

I never took one in your coat for a conjurer in
 all my life.

With that he twisted his girdle at me like a rope,
 as who should say,
 Now you may go hang yourself for me! and so
 went away.

Well, I thought I should have swoon'd: Lord!
 said I, what shall I do?

I have lost my money, and shall lose my true-
 love too!

Then my Lord call'd me: Harry,† said my
 Lord, don't cry;

I'll give something towards thy loss; and, says
 my Lady, so will I.

O! but, said I, what if, after all, the chaplain
 won't come to?

For that he said (an't please your Excellencies)
 I must petition you.

The premises tenderly consider'd, I desire your
 Excellencies' protection,

And that I may have a share in next Sunday's
 collection;

And, over and above, that I may have your
 Excellencies' letter,

With an order for the chaplain aforesaid, or, in-
 stead of him, a better: [day,
 And then your poor petitioner, both night and
 Or the chaplain (for 'tis his trade), as in duty
 bound, shall ever pray.

§ 136. *A Description of the Morning.* 1709.

Now hardly here and there a hackney-coach
 Appearing, show'd the ruddy morn's approach.
 Now Betty from her master's bed had flown,
 And softly stole to discompose her own.
 The slipshod 'prentice from his master's door
 Had par'd the dirt, and sprinkled round the floor.
 Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dext'rous
 Prepar'd to scrub the entry and the stairs. [airs,

The youth with broomy stumps began to trace
 The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the
 place. [deep,

The small-coal man was heard with cadence
 Till drown'd in shriller notes of chimney-sweep.
 Duns at his Lordship's gate began to meet,
 And brick-dust Moll had scream'd through half
 the street.

The turnkey now his flock returning sees,
 Duly let out a-nights to steal for fees.
 The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands,
 And school-boys lag with satchels in their hands.

§ 137. *A Description of a City Shower. In
 Imitation of Virgil's Georgics.* 1710.

CAREFUL observers may foretel the hour,
 By sure prognostics, when to dread a show'r.
 While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
 Her frolics, and pursues her tail no more.
 Returning home at night, you'll find the sink
 Strike your offended sense with double stink.
 If you be wise, then go not far to dine;
 You'll spend in coach-hire more than save in
 wine.

A coming show'r your shooting corns presage,
 Old aches will throb, your hollow tooth will
 rage;

Sauntering in coffee-house is Dulman seen;
 He damns the climate, and complains of spleen.
 Meanwhile the south, rising with dabbled
 wings,

A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
 That swill'd more liquor than it could contain,
 And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
 Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,
 While the first drizzling shower is borne aslope;
 Such is that sprinkling which some careless
 quean

Flirts on you from her mop, but not so clean:
 You fly, invoke the gods; then, turning, stop
 To rail; she, singing, still whirls on her mop.
 Not yet the dust had shunn'd th' unequal strife,
 But, aided by the wind, sought still for life;
 And, wafted with its foe by violent gust,
 'Twas doubtful which was rain, and which was
 dust.

Ah! where must needy poet seek for aid,
 When dust and rain at once his coat invade?
 Sole coat! where dust cemented by the rain
 Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy stain!
 Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
 Threatening with deluge this devoted town.
 To shops in crowds the daggled females fly
 Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
 The Templar spruce, while every spout's
 abroach,
 Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.
 The tuck'd-up sempstress walks with hasty
 strides, [sides,
 While streams run down her oil'd umbrella's

* Dr. Swift.

† A cant word of Lord and Lady B. to Mrs. Harris.

Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath a shed.
Triumphant Tories and desponding Whigs
Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.
Box'd in a chair, the beau impatient sits,
While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits,
And ever and anon with frightful din
The leather sounds, he trembles from within.
So when Troy chairmen bore the wooden steed,
Pregnant with Greeks impatient to be freed,
(Those bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,
Instead of paying chairmen, ran them through),
Lacoon struck the outside with his spear,
And each imprison'd hero quak'd for fear.

Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as they go:
Filth of all hues and odours seem to tell
What street they sail'd from, by their sight
and smell.

They, as each torrent drives, with rapid force
From Smithfield or St. Pulchre's shape their
course; [ridge,

And, in huge confluence join'd at Snow-hill
Fall from the conduit prone to Holborn-bridge.
Sweepings from butchers' stalls, dung, guts,
and blood,

Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drench'd
in mud,

Dead cats, and turnip-tops, come tumbling
down the flood.

§ 138. *On the little House by the Church-yard
of Castlenock. 1710.*

WHOEVER pleaseth to inquire
Why yonder steeple wants a spire,
The gray old fellow Poet Joe*
The philosophic cause will show.
Once on a time a western blast
At least twelve inches overcast,
Reckoning roof, weathercock, and all,
Which came with a prodigious fall!
And, tumbling topsy-turvy round,
Lit with its bottom on the ground;
For, by the laws of gravitation,
It fell into its proper station.

This is a little strutting pile
You see just by the church-yard stile;
The walls in tumbling gave a knock,
And thus the steeple got a shock;
From whence the neighbouring farmer calls
The steeple, Knock; the vicar, Walls.†

The vicar once a week creeps in,
Sits with his knee up to his chin;
Here cons his notes and takes a whet,
Till the small ragged flock is met.

A traveller, who by did pass,
Observ'd the roof behind the grass;
On tip-toe stood, and rear'd his snout,
And saw the parson creeping out;

Was much surpris'd to see a crow
Venture to build his nest so low.
A school-boy ran unto't and thought
The crib was down, the blackbird caught.

A third, who lost his way by night,
Was forc'd for safety to alight;
And, stepping o'er the fabric-roof,
His horse had like to spoil his hoof.

Warburton‡ took it in his noddle,
This building was design'd a model
Or of a pigeon-house or oven,
To bake one loaf, and keep one dove in.

Then Mrs. Johnson|| gave her verdict,
And every one was pleas'd that heard it:
"All that you make this stir about,
Is but a still which wants a spout."

The Reverend Dr. Raymond§ guess'd
More probably than all the rest;
He said, but that it wanted room,
It might have been a pigmy's tomb.

The doctor's family came by,
And little miss began to cry:
Give me that house in my own hand!
Then madam bade the chariot stand;
Call'd to the clerk in manner mild,
Pray, reach that thing here to the child:
That thing, I mean, among the kale;
And here's to buy a pot of ale.

The clerk said to her, in a heat,
What! sell my master's country-seat,
Where he comes every week from town!
He would not sell it for a crown.
Poh! fellow, keep not such a pother;
In half an hour thou'lt make another.

Says Nancy,¶ I can make for miss
A finer house ten times than this;
The Dean will give me willow-sticks,
And Joe, my apron-full of bricks.

§ 139. *The Fable of Midas. 1711.*

MIDAS, we are in story told,
Turn'd every thing he touch'd to gold.
He chipp'd his bread, the pieces round
Glitter'd like spangles on the ground:
A codling, ere it went his lip in,
Would straight become a golden pippin:
He call'd for drink; you saw him sup
Potable gold in golden cup:
His empty paunch that he might fill,
He suck'd his victuals through a quill;
Untouch'd it pass'd between his grinders,
Or 't had been happy for gold-finders;
He cock'd his hat, you would have said
Mambrino's helm adorn'd his head.
Whene'er he chanc'd his hands to lay
On magazines of corn or hay,
Gold ready-coin'd appear'd instead
Of paltry provender and bread:
Hence by wise farmers we are told,
Old hay is equal to old gold;

* Mr. Beaumont of Trim.

† Dr. Swift's curate at Laracor.

‡ Archdeacon Wall, a correspondent of Swift's.

§ Stella.

¶ Minister of Trim.

|| The waiting-woman.

And hence a critic deep maintains,
We learn'd to weigh our gold by grains.

This fool had got a lucky hit,
And people fancied he had wit.
Two gods their skill in music tried,
And both chose Midas to decide :
He against Phœbus' harp decreed,
And gave it for Pan's oaten reed.
The god of wit, to show his grudge,
Clapp'd ass's ears upon the judge ;
A goodly pair, erect and wide,
Which he could neither gild nor hide.

And now the virtue of his hands
Was lost among Pactolus' sands,
Against whose torrent while he swims,
The golden scurf peels off his limbs :
Fame spreads the news, and people travel
From far to gather golden gravel ;
Midas, expos'd to all their jeers,
Had lost his art, and kept his ears.

This tale inclines the gentle reader
To think upon a certain leader ;
To whom from Midas down descends
That virtue in the fingers' ends.
What else by perquisites are meant,
By pensions, bribes, and three per cent.
By places and commissions sold,
And turning dung itself to gold ;
By starving in the midst of store,
As t' other Midas did before ?

None e'er did modern Midas choose
Subject or patron of his muse,
But found him thus their merit scan,
That Phœbus must give place to Pan :
He values not the poet's praise,
Nor will exchange his plums for bays :
To Pan alone rich misers call ;
And there's the jest, for Pan is all.
Here English wits will be to seek ;
Howe'er, 'tis all one in the Greek.

Besides, it plainly now appears
Our Midas too hath ass's ears ;
Where every fool his mouth applies,
And whispers in a thousand lies ;
Such gross delusions could not pass
Through any ears but of an ass.

But gold defiles with frequent touch :
There's nothing fouls the hands so much :
And scholars give it for the cause
Of British Midas' dirty paws ;
Which while the senate strove to scour,
They wash'd away the chymic pow'r.

While he his utmost strength applied,
To swim against this pop'lar tide,
The golden spoils flew off apace :
Here fell a pension, there a place :
The torrent merciless imbibes
Commissions, perquisites, and bribes,
By their own weight sunk to the bottom ;
Much good may do them that have caught
em !

And Midas now neglected stands,
With ass's ears and dirty hands.

§ 140. *A Dialogue between a Member of Parliament and his Servant. In Imitation of Horace, Sat. II. vii. First printed in 1752.*

Serv. Long have I heard your fav'rite theme,
A general reformation scheme,
To keep the poor from every sin,
From gaming, murder, and from gin,
And now I have no less an itch
To venture to reform the rich.

Memb. What, John ! are you too turn'd
projector ?

Come then, for once I'll hear your lecture.
For since a member, as 'tis said,
His projects to his servants read,
And of a favourite speech a book made
With which he tir'd each night a cook-maid,
And so it hapt that every morning
The tasteless creatures gave him warning ;
Since thus we use them, 'tis but reason
We hear our servants in their season.
Begin. *Serv.* Like gamblers, half mankind
Persist in constant vice combin'd ;
In races, routs, the stews, and White's,
Pass all their days and all their nights.
Others again like Lady Prue,
Who gives the morning church its due ;
At noon is painted, dress'd, and curl'd,
And one amongst the wicked world ;
Keeps her account exactly even,
As thus : " Prue creditor to heaven :
To sermons heard on extra days.
Debtor : To masquerade and plays.
Item : To Whitfield, half an hour.
Per contra : To the colonel, four."

Others, I say, pass half their time
In folly, idleness, or crime :
Then all at once their zeal grows warm,
And every throat resounds reform.

A lord his youth in every vice
Indulg'd, but chief in drabs and dice,
Till worn by age, disease, and gout,
Then nature modestly gave out.
Not so my Lord—who still, by proxy,
Play'd with his darling dice and doxy.

I laud this constant wretch's state,
And pity all who fluctuate ;
Prefer this slave to dear backgammon,
To those who serve both God and mammon ;
To those who take such pains to awe
The nation's vices by the law,
Yet, while they draw their bill so ample,
Neglect the influence of example.

Memb. To whom d'ye preach this senseless
sermon ?

Serv. To you, good Sir. *Memb.* To me, ye
vermin ?

Serv. To you, who every day profess
T' admire the times of good Queen Bess,
But let your heart sincerer praise
Bestow on these or Charles's days :

You still approve some absent place—
(The present's ever in disgrace!)
And, such your special inconsistency,
Make the chief merit in the distance.

If e'er you miss a supper-card
(Though all the while you think it hard,)
You're all for solitude and quiet,
Good hours and vegetable diet,
Reflection, air, and elbow-room:
No prison like a crowded drum!
But, should you meet her Grace's summons
In full committee of the Commons,
Though well you know her crowded house
Will scarce contain another mouse,
You quit the business of the nation,
And brethren of the reformation;
Though — begs you 'il stay and vote,
And zealous — tears your coat,
You damn your coachman, storm and stare,
And tear your throat to call a chair.
Nay, never frown, and good-now hold
Your hand a while; I've been so bold
To paint your follies; now I'm in,
Let's have a word or two on sin.

Last night I heard a learned poult'rer
Lay down the law against th' adulterer;
And let me tell you, Sir, that few
Hear better doctrine in a pew.
Well! you may laugh at Robin Hood,
I wish your studies were as good.
From Mandeville you take your morals;
Your faith from controversial quarrels;
But ever lean to those who scribble
Their crudities against the Bible;
Yet tell me I shall crack my brain
With hearing Henley * or Romaine.

Deserves that critic most rebuke
In judging on the Pentateuch,
Who deems it, with some wild fanatics,
The only school of mathematics;
Or he, who, making grave profession
To lay aside all prepossession,
Calls it a bookseller's edition
Of maim'd records and vague tradition?

You covet, Sir, your neighbour's goods;
I take a piece at Peter Wood's:†
And when I've turn'd my back upon her,
Unwounded in my heart or honor,
I feel nor infamous, nor jealous
Of richer culls, or prettier fellows.
But you, the grave and sage reformer,
Must go by stealth to meet your charmer;
Must change your star, and every note
Of honor, for a bear-skin coat:
That legislative head so wise
Must stoop to base and mean disguise.
Some Abigail must then receive you,
Brib'd by the husband to deceive you.

* The celebrated orator of Clare Market.

† This worthy a few years before fell under the displeasure of the mob, who broke into his house, near St. Clement's, and burnt all his furniture, which they threw into the street.

‡ Places of entertainment at that time. Two of them have been since shut up.

She spies Cornuto on the stairs;
Wakes you; then, melted by your prayers,
Yields, if with greater bribe you ask it,
To pack your worship in the basket.
Laid neck and heels, true Falstaff-fashion,
There form new schemes of reformation.

Thus 'scap'd the murd'ring husband's fury,
Or thumping fine of cuckold jury;
Henceforth, in memory of your danger,
You 'll live to all intrigues a stranger?
No; ere you've time for this reflection,
Some new debauch is in projection;
And, for the next approaching night,
Contrivance for another fright.
This makes you, though so great, so grave,
(Nay! wonder not) an abject slave;
As much a slave as I; nay, more:
I serve one master, you a score,
And, as your various passions rule,
By turns are twenty tyrants' fool. [alone,

Memb. Who then is free? *Serv.* The wise
Who only bows to reason's throne;
Whom neither want, nor death, nor chains,
Nor subtle persecutors' pains,
Nor honors, wealth, nor lust, can move
From virtue and his country's love.
Self-guarded like a globe of steel,
External insults can he feel,
Or e'er present one weaker part
To Fortune's most insidious dart.
Much-honor'd master, may you find
These wholesome symptoms in your mind!
Can you be free while passions rule you;
While women every moment fool you;
While forty mad capricious whores
Invite, then turn you out of doors;
Of every doit contrive to trick you,
Then bid their happier footman kick you?

Convinc'd by every new disaster,
You serve a new despotick master;
Say, can your pride and folly see
Such diff'rence 'twixt yourself and me?
Shall you be struck with Titian's tints,
And mayn't I stop to stare at prints?
Dispos'd along the extensive glass,
They catch and hold me ere I pass.
Where Slack is made to box with Broughton,
I see the very stage they fought on:
The bruisers live, and move, and bleed,
As if they fought in very deed.
Yet I'm a loiterer, to be sure;
You a great judge and connoisseur!

Shall you prolong the midnight ball
With costly banquet at Vauxhall;
And yet prohibit earlier suppers
At Kilbourn, Sadler's-wells, or Cuper's?‡
Are these less innocent in fact,
Or only made so by the act?

Those who contribute to the tax
 On tea, and chocolate, and wax,*
 With high ragouts their blood inflame,
 And nauseate what they eat for fame;
 Of these the Houses take no knowledge,
 But leave them fairly to the College.
 O! ever prosper their endeavours
 To aid your dropsies, gouts, and fevers!
 Can it be deem'd a shame or sin
 To pawn my livery for gin;
 While bonds and mortgages at White's
 Shall raise your fame with Arthur's Knights?
 Those worthies seem to see no shame in,
 Nor strive to pass a slur on, gaming;
 But rather to devise each session
 Some law in honor o' the profession;
 Lest sordid hands or vulgar place
 The noble mystery should debase;
 Lest ragged scoundrels, in an ale-house,
 Should chalk their cheatings on the bellows;
 Or boys the sacred rites profane
 With orange-barrows in a lane.
 Where lies the merit of your labors
 To curb the follies of your neighbours;
 Deter the gambler, and prevent his
 Confederate arts to gull the 'prentice;
 Unless you could yourself desist
 From hazard, faro, brag, and whist;
 Unless your philosophic mind
 Can from within amusement find,
 And give at once to use and pleasure
 That truly precious time, your leisure?
 In vain your busy thoughts prepare
 Deceitful sepulchres of care:
 The downy couch, the sparkling bowl,
 And all that lulls or soothes the soul—

Memb. Where is my cane, my whip, my
 I'll teach you to provoke my anger. [hanger?

Serv. Heyday! my master's brain is crack'd,
 Or else he's making some new act.

Memb. To set such rogues as you to work,
 Perhaps, or send you to the Turk.†

§ 141. *The Intruder. In Imitation of Horace,
 Sat. I. ix. First printed in 1754.*

A CERTAIN free, familiar spark,
 Pertly accosts me in the Park;
 "'Tis lovely weather, sure! how gay
 The sun!—I give you, Sir, good-day."
*Your servant, Sir. To you the same—
 But—give me leave to crave your name.*
 "My name? Why sure you've seen my face
 About in every public place.
 I'm known to almost all your friends
 (No one e'er names you but comments)—
 For some I plant; for some I build;
 In every taste and fashion skill'd—
 Were there the least regard for merit!—
 The rich in purse are poor in spirit.

You know Sir Pagode (here, I'll give ye
 A front I've drawn him for a privy)—
 This winter, Sir, as I'm a sinner,
 He has not ask'd me once to dinner."

Quite overpowered with this intrusion,
 I stood in silence and confusion.

He took the advantage, and pursued:
 "Perhaps, Sir, you may think me rude;
 But sure I may suppose my talk
 Will less disturb you while you walk.
 And yet I now may spoil a thought,
 But that 's indeed a venial fault:—

I only mean to such d'ye see,
 Who write with ease, like you and me.
 I write a sonnet in a minute:

Upon my soul, there's nothing in it.
 But you to all your friends are partial:
 You reckon *** another Martial—
 He'd think a fortnight well bestow'd
 To write an epigram or ode.

****'s no poet, to my knowledge;
 I knew him very well at college:

I've writ more verses in an hour,
 Than he could ever do in four.
 You'll find me better worth your knowing—
 But tell me, which way are you going?"

What various tumults swell'd my breast,
 With passion, shame, disgust, oppress!
 This courtship from my *Brother Poet*.
 Sure no similitude can show it:
 Not young Adonis when pursu'd
 By amorous antiquated prude;
 Nor Gulliver's distressful face,
 When in the Yahoo's loath'd embrace.

In rage, confusion and dismay,
 Not knowing what to do or say;
 And having no resource but lying—
*A friend at Lambeth lies a-dying—
 "Lambeth!"*—(he re-assumes his talk)
 "Across the bridge—the finest walk—
 Don't you admire the Chinese bridges,
 That wave in furrows and in ridges!
 They've finish'd such a one at Hampton:
 'Faith, 'twas a plan I never dreamt on—
 The prettiest thing that e'er was seen—
 'Tis printed in the Magazine."

This wild farrago who could bear?
 Sometimes I run; then stop and stare:
 Vex'd and tormented to the quick,
 By turns grow choleric and sick;
 And glare my eye, and show the white,
 Like vicious horses when they bite.

Regardless of my eye or ear,
 His jargon he renews—"D'ye hear
 Who 'twas compos'd the tailor's dance?
 I practis'd fifteen months in France:
 I wrote a play—'twas done in haste—
 I know the present want of taste,

* It was urged in the petitions of some of the houses of public entertainment, that the suppression of them might greatly diminish the duties on tea, chocolate, and wax lights.

† Among the many projects for the punishment of rogues, it has been frequently proposed to send them in exchange for English slaves in Algiers.

And dare not trust it on the town—
 No tragedy will e'er go down;
 The new burletta now 's the thing—
 Pray did you ever hear me sing?"

Never indeed.—"Next time we meet—
 We're just now coming to the street.—
 Bless me! I had almost forgot:
 There's poor Jack Stiles will go to pot.
 Sir Scrutiny has press'd me daily
 To be this hour at the Old Bailey,
 To witness to his good behaviour:
 My uncle's voter, under favor—
 Egad, I'm puzzled what to do,
 To save him will be losing you:
 Yet we must save him if we can,
 For he's a staunch one, a DEAD MAN.*"
*By your account he's so indeed,
 Unless you make some better speed.
 This moment fly to save your friend—
 Or else prepare him for his end.*

"Hang him, he's but a single vote;
 I wish the halter round his throat.
 To Lambeth I attend you, Sir."
*Upon my soul! you shall not stir.
 Preserve your voter from the gallows:
 Can human nature be so callous,
 So negligent when life's at stake?*

"I'd hang a hundred for your sake."
*I wish you'd do as much by me—
 Or any thing to set me free.*

Deaf to my words, he talks along,
 Still louder than the buzzing throng.

"Are you," he cries, "as well as ever
 With Lady Grace? she's vastly clever!"
Her merit all the world declare:

Few, very few, her friendship share.

"If you'd contrive to introduce
 Your friend here, you might find an use—"

*Sir, in that house there's no such doing,
 And the attempt would be one's ruin.*

*No art, no project, no designing,
 No rivalry, and no outshining.*

"Indeed! you make me long the more

To get admittance. Is the door
 Kept by so rude, so hard a clown,
 As will not melt at half-a-crown?
 Can't I cajole the female tribe,
 And gain her woman with a bribe?
 Refus'd to-day, suck up my sorrow,
 And take my chance again to-morrow?
 Is there no shell-work to be seen;
 Or Chinese chair, or Indian screen;
 No cockatoo nor marmozet,
 Lapdog, gold fish, nor paroquet?
 No French embroidery on a quilt?
 And no bow window to be built?
 Can't I contrive, at times, to meet
 My lady in the park or street?
 At opera, play, or morning prayer,
 To hand her to her coach or chair?"

But now his voice, though late so loud,
 Was lost in the contentious crowd

Of fish-wives newly corporate,
 A colony from Billingsgate.†

That instant on the bridge I spied
 Lord Truewit coming from his ride.

My Lord—Sir William (I began)

*Has given me power to state a plan,
 To settle every thing between you;*

And so—'tis lucky that I've seen you.

*This morning—"Hold," replies the peer,
 And tips me a malicious leer,*

*"Against good-breeding to offend,
 And rudely take you from your FRIEND!"*

(His lordship, by the way, can spy
 How matters go, with half an eye;
 And loves in proper time and place,
 To laugh behind the gravest face.)

"'Tis Saturday—I should not choose

To break the Sabbath of the JEWS."
The Jews, my lord!—"Why, since this pother,

I own I'm grown a younger brother:

Faith, persecution is no joke;

I once was going to have spoke.—

Bus'ness may stay till Monday night:

'Tis prudent, to be sure you're right."

He went his way. I rav'd and fum'd:

To what ill fortune am I doom'd!

But fortune had, it seems, decreed

That moment for my being freed.

Our talk, which had been somewhat loud,

Insensibly the market-crowd

Around my persecutor drew,

And made them take him for a Jew.

To me the caitiff now appeals;

But I took fairly to my heels;

And, pitiless of his condition,

On brink of Thames and Inquisition,

Left him to take his turn, and listen

To each uncircumcised Philistine.

O Phœbus! happy he whose trust is

In thee, and thy poetic justice!

§ 142. Horace, Book I. Ep. VII. Addressed
 to the Earl of Oxford. 1713.

HARLEY, the nation's great support,
 Returning home one day from court,
 (His mind with public cares possess'd,
 All Europe's business in his breast.)
 Observ'd a parson near Whitehall
 Cheap'ning old authors on a stall.
 The priest was pretty well in case,
 And show'd some humour in his face;
 Look'd with an easy, careless mien,
 A perfect stranger to the spleen;
 Of size that might a pulpit fill,
 But more inclining to sit still.
 My lord (who, if a man may say't,
 Loves mischief better than his meat)
 Was now dispos'd to crack a jest;
 And bid friend Lewis † go in quest—
 (This Lewis is a cunning shaver;
 And very much in Harley's favour)

* A cant term for a sure vote.

† The fish-market at Westminster, just then opened.

† Erasmus Lewis, Esq. the treasurer's secretary.

In quest who might this parson be,
 What was his name, of what degree;
 If possible, to learn his story,
 And whether he were Whig or Tory.
 Lewis his patron's humor knows,
 Away upon his errand goes,
 And quickly did the matter sift,
 Found out that it was Doctor Swift;
 A clergyman of special note
 For shunning those of his own coat;
 Which made his brethren of the gown
 Take care at times to run him down:
 No libertine, nor over-nice,
 Addicted to no sort of vice,
 Went where he pleas'd, said what he thought,
 Not rich, but owed no man a groat;
 In state opinions *à-la-mode*,
 He hated Wharton like a toad;
 Had given the faction many a wound,
 And libell'd all the junto round;
 Kept company with men of wit,
 Who often father'd what he writ.
 His works were hawk'd in every street,
 But seldom rose above a sheet:
 Of late indeed the paper-stamp
 Did very much his genius cramp;
 And, since he could not spend his fire,
 He now intended to retire.

Said Harley, "I desire to know
 From his own mouth if this be so;
 Step to the Doctor straight, and say,
 I'd have him dine with me to-day."
 Swift seem'd to wonder what he meant,
 Nor would believe my lord had sent:
 So never offer'd once to stir;
 But coldly said, "Your servant, Sir!"
 "Does he refuse me?" Harley cried.
 "He does, with insolence, and pride."
 Some few days after, Harley spies
 The Doctor fasten'd by the eyes
 At Charing-cross among the rout,
 Where painted monsters are hung out:
 He pull'd the string, and stopp'd his coach,
 Beckoning the Doctor to approach.

Swift, who could neither fly nor hide,
 Came sneaking to the chariot-side,
 And offer'd many a lame excuse:
 He never meant the least abuse—
 "My lord—the honor you design'd—
 Extremely proud—but I had din'd.
 I'm sure I never should neglect—
 No man alive has more respect."
 "Well, I shall think of that no more,
 If you'll be sure to come at four."

The Doctor now obeys the summons,
 Likes both his company and commons;
 Displays his talents, sits till ten;
 Next day invited, comes again;
 Soon grown domestic, seldom fails
 Either at morning or at meals:
 Came early, and departed late;
 In short the gudgeon took the bait.
 My lord would carry on the jest,
 And down to Windsor take his guest.

Swift much admires the place and air,
 And longs to be a canon there;
 In summer round the park to ride,
 In winter never to reside.
 "A canon! that's a place too mean;
 No, Doctor, you shall be a Dean;
 Two dozen canons round your stall,
 And you the tyrant o'er them all:
 You need but cross the Irish seas,
 To live in plenty, pow'r, and ease."
 Poor Swift departs; and, what is worse,
 With borrow'd money in his purse;
 Travels at least a hundred leagues,
 And suffers numberless fatigues.
 Suppose him now a Dean complete,
 Demurely lolling in his seat;
 The silver verge, with decent pride,
 Stuck underneath his cushion-side;
 Suppose him gone through all vexations,
 Patents, instalments, abjurations,
 First-fruits, and tenths, and chapter-treats;
 Dues, payments, fees, demands, and cheats—
 (The wicked laity's contriving,
 To hinder clergymen from thriving).
 Now, all the Doctor's money spent,
 His tenants wrong him in his rent;
 The farmers, spitefully combin'd,
 Force him to take his tithes in kind:
 And Parvisol * discounts arrears
 By bills for taxes and repairs.

Poor Swift, with all his losses vex'd,
 Not knowing where to turn him next,
 Above a thousand pounds in debt,
 Takes horse, and in a mighty fret,
 Rides day and night at such a rate,
 He soon arrives at Harley's gate;
 But was so dirty, pale, and thin,
 Old Read † would hardly let him in.

Said Harley, "Welcome, Reverend Dean!
 What makes your worship look so lean?
 Why, sure you won't appear in town
 In that old wig and rusty gown?
 I doubt your heart is set on pelf,
 So much that you neglect yourself.
 What! I suppose, now stocks are high,
 You've some good purchase in your eye?
 Or is your money out at use?"
 "Truce, good my lord, I beg a truce,"
 The Doctor in a passion cried,
 "Your raillery is misapplied;
 Experience I have dearly bought;
 You know I am not worth a groat;
 But you resolv'd to have your jest,
 And 'twas a folly to contest,
 Then, since you now have done your worst,
 Pray leave me where you found me first.

§ 143. *Horace, Book II. Sat. VI.*

I've often wish'd that I had clear,
 For life, six hundred pounds a year,

* The Dean's agent, a Frenchman.

† The Lord Treasurer's porter.

A handsome house to lodge a friend,
 A river at my garden's end,
 A terrace-walk, and half a rood
 Of land set out to plant a wood.
 Well, now I have all this and more,
 I ask not to increase my store;
 But here a grievance seems to lie,
 All this is mine but till I die;
 I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,
 "To me and to my heirs for ever."
 If I ne'er got or lost a groat,
 By any trick or any fault;
 And if I pray by reason's rules,
 And not like forty other fools:
 As thus: "Vouchsafe, O gracious Maker!
 To grant me this and t' other acre:
 Or, if it be thy will and pleasure,
 Direct my plough to find a treasure!"
 But only what my station fits,
 And to be kept in my right wits,
 Preserve, Almighty Providence!
 Just what you gave me, competence:
 And let me in these shades compose
 Something in verse as true as prose;
 Remov'd from all th' ambitious scene,
 Nor puff'd by pride, nor sunk by spleen.
 In short, I'm perfectly content,
 Let me but live on this side Trent;
 Nor cross the Channel twice a year,
 To spend six months with statesmen here.
 I must by all means come to town,
 'Tis for the service of the crown.
 "Lewis, the Dean will be of use;
 Send for him up, take no excuse."
 The toil, the danger of the seas—
 Great ministers ne'er think of these;
 Or let it cost five hundred pound,
 No matter where the money's found;
 It is but so much more in debt,
 And that they ne'er consider'd yet.
 "Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown;
 Let my lord know you're come to town."
 I hurry me in haste away,
 Not thinking it is levee-day;
 And find his Honor in a pound,
 Hemm'd by a triple circle round,
 Chequer'd with ribands blue and green:
 How should I thrust myself between?
 Some wag observes me thus perplex'd,
 And, smiling, whispers to the next:
 "I thought the Dean had been too proud
 To jostle here among the crowd!"
 Another, in a surly fit,
 Tells me I have more zeal than wit:
 "So eager to express your love,
 You ne'er consider whom you shove,
 But rudely press before a duke."
 I own I'm pleas'd with this rebuke,
 And take it kindly meant to show
 What I desire the world should know.
 I get a whisper, and withdraw;
 When twenty fools I never saw
 Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
 Desiring I would stand their friend.

This humbly offers me his case;
 That begs my interest for a place:
 A hundred other men's affairs,
 Like bees, are humming in my ears.
 "To-morrow my appeal comes on:
 Without your help the cause is gone."
 "The duke expects my lord and you,
 About some great affair, at two:
 Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind
 To get my warrant quickly sign'd:
 Consider, 'tis my first request."
 Be satisfied, I'll do my best.
 Then presently he falls to tease:
 "You may for certain if you please:
 I doubt not, if his lordship knew—
 And, Mr. Dean, one word from you—"
 'Tis (let me see) three years and more
 (October next it will be four)
 Since Harley bid me first attend,
 And chose me for an humble friend;
 Would take me in his coach to chat,
 And question me of this and that: [wind?"
 As, "What's o'clock?" and "How's the
 "Whose chariot's that we left behind?"
 Or gravely try to read the lines
 Writ underneath the country signs:
 Or, have you nothing new to-day
 From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?"
 Such tattle often entertains
 My lord and me as far as Staines,
 As once a week we travel down
 To Windsor and again to town,
 Where all that passes *inter nos*
 Might be proclaim'd at Charing-cross.
 Yet some I know with envy swell,
 Because they see me used so well,
 "How think you of our friend the Dean?
 I wonder what some people mean!
 My lord and he are grown so great,
 Always together *tête-à-tête*:
 What! they admire him for his jokes?
 See but the fortune of some folks!"
 There flies about a strange report
 Of some express arriv'd at court.
 I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,
 And catechis'd in ev'ry street.
 "You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great;
 Inform us, will the emperor treat,
 Or do the prints and papers lie?"
 Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.
 "Ah, Doctor, how you love to jest!
 'Tis now no secret."—I protest
 'Tis one to me.—"Then tell us, pray,
 When are the troops to have their pay?"
 And though I solemnly declare
 I know no more than my lord mayor,
 They stand amaz'd, and think me grown
 The closest mortal ever known.
 Thus, in a sea of folly tost,
 My choicest hours of life are lost;
 Yet always wishing to retreat,
 O could I see my country-seat!
 There, leaning near a gentle brook,
 Sleep, or peruse some ancient book;

And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the court and town!

§ 144. *A true and faithful Inventory of the Goods belonging to Dr. Swift, Vicar of Larracor, upon lending his house to the Bishop of Meath till his Palace was rebuilt.*

An oaken broken elbow-chair;
A caudle-cup without an ear;
A batter'd shatter'd ash bedstead;
A box of deal without a lid;
A pair of tongs, but out of joint;
A back-sword poker, without point;
A pot that 's crack'd across, around
With an old knotted garter bound;
An iron lock without a key;
A wig, with hanging quite grown grey;
A curtain worn to half a stripe;
A pair of bellows, without pipe;
A dish which might good meat afford once;
An Ovid, and an old Concordance;
A bottle-bottom, wooden platter,
One is for meal and one for water;
There likewise is a copper skillet,
Which runs as fast out as you fill it;
A candlestick, snuff-dish, and save-all:
And thus his household goods you have all.
These to your Lordship, as a friend,
Till you have built, I freely lend:
They'll serve your Lordship for a shift;
Why not, as well as Doctor Swift?

§ 145. *An Elegy on the Death of Demar the Usurer, who died the 6th of July 1720.*

Know all men by these presents, Death the tamer

By mortgage hath secur'd the corpse of Demar:
Nor can four hundred thousand sterling pound
Redeem him from his prison under ground.
His heirs might well, of all his wealth possess,
Bestow to bury him one iron chest.
Plutus, the god of wealth, will joy to know
His faithful steward 's in the shades below.
He walk'd the streets, and wore a threadbare

cloak,
He din'd and supp'd at charge of other folk;
And by his looks, had he held out his palms,
He might be thought an object fit for alms.
So, to the poor if he refus'd his pelf,
He us'd them full as kindly as himself.

Where'er he went he never saw his betters;
Lords, knights, and squires, were all his humble debtors;

And under hand and seal the Irish nation
Were fore'd to own to him their obligation.

He that could once have half a kingdom
bought,

In half a minute is not worth a groat.
His coffers from the coffin could not save,
Nor all his interest keep him from the grave.
A golden monument could not be right,
Because we wish the earth upon him light.

O London tavern!* thou hast lost a friend,
Though in thy walls he ne'er did farthing
spend:

He touch'd the pence, when others touch'd the
pot; [shot.

The hand that sign'd the mortgage paid the
Old as he was, no vulgar known disease

On him could ever boast a pow'r to seize;

“† But, as he weigh'd his gold, grim Death
in spite [light;

Cast in his dart, which made three mouldres
And as he saw his darling money fail,
Blew his last breath to sink the lighter scale.”
He who so long was current, 'twould be strange
If he should now be cried down since his
change.

The Sexton shall green sods on thee bestow;
Alas, the Sexton is thy banker now!
A dismal banker must that banker be,
Who gives no bills but of mortality.

§ 146. *Epitaph on a Miser.*

BENEATH this verdant hillock lies
Demar the wealthy and the wise.
His heirs, that he might safely rest,
Have put his carcass in a chest;
The very chest in which, they say,
His other self, his money, lay.
And if his heirs continue kind
To that dear self he left behind,
I dare believe that four in five
Will think his better half alive.

§ 147. *To Mrs. Houghton of Bormoun, upon praising her Husband to Doctor Swift.*

You always are making a god of your spouse,
But this neither reason nor conscience allows:
Perhaps you will say, 'tis in gratitude due,
And you adore him because he adores you:
Your argument 's weak, and so you will find;
For you, by this rule, must adore all man-
kind.

§ 148. *Dr. Delany's Villa.*

WOULD you that Delville I describe?
Believe me, Sir, I will not jibe;
For who would be satirical
Upon a thing so very small?

You scarce upon the borders enter,
Before you're at the very centre.
A single crow can make it night,
When o'er your farm she takes her flight:
Yet, in this narrow compass, we
Observe a vast variety;
Both walks, walls, meadows, and parterres,
Windows, and doors, and rooms, and stairs,
And hills, and dales, and woods, and fields,
And hay, and grass, and corn, it yields;
All to your haggard brought so cheap in,
Without the mowing or the reaping:
A razor, though to say 't I'm loth,
Would shave you and your meadows both.

* A tavern in Dublin where Demar kept his office. † These four lines were written by Stella.

Though small's the farm, yet there's a house
Full large to entertain a mouse;
But where a rat is dreaded more
Than savage Caledonian boar;
For if it's enter'd by a rat,
There is no room to bring a cat.

A little riv'let seems to steal
Down through a thing you call a vale,
Like tears adown a wrinkled cheek,
Like rain along a blade of leek;
And this you call your sweet Meander,
Which might be suck'd up by a gander,
Could he but force his nether bill
To scoop the channel of the rill:
For sure you'd make a mighty clutter,
Were it as big as city-gutter.

Next come I to your kitchen-garden,
Where one poor mouse would fare but hard in;
And round this garden is a walk
No longer than a tailor's chalk.
Thus I compare what space is in it;
A snail creeps round it in a minute.
One lettuce makes a shift to squeeze
Up through a tuft you call your trees:
And, once a year, a single rose
Peeps from the bud but never blows;
In vain then you expect its bloom!
It cannot blow, from want of room.

In short, in all your boasted seat,
There's nothing but yourself that's great.

§ 149. *Mary the Cook-maid's Letter to Dr. Sheridan.* 1723.

WELL, if ever I saw such another man since
my mother bound my head!
You a gentleman! marry come up! I wonder
where you were bred,
I'm sure such words do not become a man of
your cloth: [and troth.
I would not give such language to a dog, faith
Yes, you call'd my master a knave: fie, Mr.
Sheridan, 'tis a shame
For a parson, who should know better things,
to come out with such a name.
Knave in your teeth, Mr. Sheridan! 'tis both
a shame and a sin;
And the Dean, my master, is an honest man
than you and all your kin;
He has more goodness in his little finger than
you have in your whole body;
My master is a personable man, and not a spin-
dle-shank'd hoddie-doddy.
And now, whereby I find you would fain make
an excuse
Because my master one day, in anger, call'd
you goose;
Which, and I am sure I have been his servant
four years since October,
And he never call'd me worse than sweetheart,
drunk or sober:
Not that I know his reverence was ever con-
cern'd to my knowledge,
Though you and your come-rogues keep him
out so late in your college.

You say you will eat grass on his grave: a
Christian eat grass!

Whereby you now confess yourself to be a
goose or an ass:

But that's as much as to say, that my master
should die before ye;

Well, well, that's as God pleases; and I don't
believe that's a true story:

And so say I told you so, and you may go tell
my master, what care I? [Mary.

And I don't care who knows it; 'tis all one to
Every body knows that I love to tell truth, and
shame the devil; [should be civil.

I am but a poor servant, but I think gentlefolks
Besides, you found fault with our victuals one
day that you was here; [the year;

I remember it was on a Tuesday, of all days in
And Saunders the man says you're always
jesting and mocking:

"Mary," said he one day as I was mending my
master's stocking,

"My master is so fond of that minister that
keeps the school— [makes him a fool."

I thought my master a wise man, but that man
"Saunders," said I, "I would rather than a
quart of ale

He would come into our kitchen, and I would
pin a dishelout to his tail."

And now I must go and get Saunders to direct
this letter;

For I write but a sad scrawl, but my sister
Marget she writes better.

Well, but I must run and make the bed, before
my master comes from pray'rs:

And see now, it strikes ten, and I hear him
coming up stairs:

Whereof I could say more to your verses, if I
could write written hand:

And so I remain, in a civil way, your servant
to command, MARY.

*Riddles by Dr. Swift and his Friends.
Written in or about the Year 1724.*

§ 150. *On a Pen.*

In youth exalted high in air,
Or bathing in the waters fair,
Nature to form me took delight,
And clad my body all in white,
My person tall, and slender waist,
On either side with fringes grac'd;
Till me that tyrant man espied,
And dragg'd me from my mother's side.
No wonder now I look so thin;
The tyrant stripp'd me to the skin;
My skin he flay'd, my hair he cropp'd;
At head and foot my body lopp'd:
And then with heart more hard than stone,
He pick'd my marrow from the bone.
To vex me more, he took a freak
To slit my tongue, and make me speak:
But that which wonderful appears;
I speak to eyes, and not to ears.

He oft employs me in disguise,
And makes me tell a thousand lies :
To me he chiefly gives in trust
To please his malice or his lust ;
From me no secret he can hide,
I see his vanity and pride :
And my delight is to expose
His follies to his greatest foes.

All languages I can command,
Yet not a word I understand.
Without my aid, the best divine
In learning would not know a line ;
The lawyer must forget his pleading ;
The scholar could not show his reading.

Nay, man, my master, is my slave :
I give command to kill or save ;
Can grant ten thousand pounds a year,
And make a beggar's brat a peer.

But while I thus my life relate,
I only hasten on my fate.
My tongue is black, my mouth is furr'd,
I hardly now can force a word.
I die unpitied and forgot,
And on some dunghill left to rot,

§ 151. *On Gold.*

ALL-RULING tyrant of the earth,
To vilest slaves I owe my birth.
How is the greatest monarch blest,
When in my gaudy liv'ry drest !
No haughty nymph has pow'r to run
From me, or my embraces shun.
Stabb'd to the heart, condemn'd to flame,
My constancy is still the same.
The favourite messenger of Jove,
The Lemnian God, consulting strove
To make me glorious to the sight
Of mortals, and the god's delight.
Soon would their altars' flame expire
If I refus'd to lend them fire.

§ 152. *On a Corkscrew.*

THOUGH I, alas ! a prisoner be,
My trade is, prisoners to set free.
No slave his lord's commands obeys
With such insinuating ways ;
My genius piercing, sharp, and bright,
Wherein the men of wit delight.
The clergy keep me for their ease,
And turn and wind me as they please.
A new and wondrous art I show
Of raising spirits from below ;
In scarlet some, and some in white :
They rise, walk round, yet never, fright.
In at each mouth the spirits pass,
Distinctly seen as through a glass ;
O'er head and body make a rout,
And drive at last all secrets out :
And still the more I show my art,
The more they open ev'ry heart.

A greater chemist none than I,
Who from materials hard and dry
Have taught men to extract with skill
More precious juice than from a still.

Although I'm often out of case,
I'm not asham'd to show my face.
Though at the tables of the great
I near the sideboard take my seat ;
Yet the plain squire, when dinner's done,
Is never pleas'd till I make one :
He kindly bids me near him stand,
And often takes me by the hand.
I twice a day a hunting go,
Nor ever fail to seize my foe ;
And, when I have him by the pole,
I drag him upwards from his hole ;
Though some are of so stubborn kind,
I'm forc'd to leave a limb behind.

I hourly wait some fatal end ;
For I can break, but scorn to bend.

§ 153. *On a Circle.*

I'm up and down, and round about,
Yet all the world can't find me out.
Though hundreds have employ'd their leisure,
They never yet could find my measure.
I'm found almost in ev'ry garden,
Nay, in the compass of a farthing.
There's neither chariot, coach, nor mill,
Can move an inch, except I will.

§ 154. *On Ink.*

I AM jet-black, as you my see,
The son of Pitch and gloomy Night :
Yet all that know me will agree
I'm dead, except I live in light.

Sometimes in panegyric high,
Like lofty Pindar I can soar ;
And raise a virgin to the sky,
Or sink her to a pocky whore.

My blood this day is very sweet,
To-morrow of a bitter juice ;
Like milk, 'tis cried about the street,
And so applied to different use.

Most wondrous is my magic pow'r,
For with one color I can paint ;
I'll make the devil a saint this hour,
Next make a devil of a saint.

Through distant regions I can fly,
Provide me with but paper wings ;
And fairly show a reason why
There should be quarrels among kings.

And, after all, you'll think it odd,
When learned doctors will dispute,
That I should point the word of God,
And show where they can best confute.

Let lawyers baw, and strain their throats;
 'Tis I that must their lands convey,
 And strip the clients to their coats;
 Nay, give their very souls away.

§ 155. *On the Five Senses.*

ALL of us in one you'll find,
 Brethren of a wondrous kind;
 Yet among us all no brother
 Knows one tittle of the other.
 We in frequent councils are,
 And our marks of things declare,
 Where to us unknown a clerk
 Sits and takes them in the dark.
 He's the register of all
 In our ken, both great and small;
 By us forms his laws and rules;
 He's our master, we his tools,
 Yet we can, with greatest ease,
 Turn and wind him where we please.

One of us alone can sleep,
 Yet no watch the rest will keep;
 But the moment that he closes,
 Ev'ry brother else reposes.

If wine's brought, or victuals drest,
 One enjoys them for the rest.

Pierce us all with wounding steel,
 One for all of us will feel.

Though ten thousand cannons roar,
 Add to them ten thousand more,
 Yet but one of us is found
 Who regards the dreadful sound.

Do what is not fit to tell,
 There's but one of us can smell.

§ 156. *On an Echo.*

NEVER sleeping, still awake,
 Pleasing most when most I speak:
 The delight of old and young,
 Though I speak without a tongue:
 Nought but one thing can confound me,
 Many voices joining round me;
 Then I fret and rave and gabble
 Like the labourers of Babel.
 Now I am a dog or cow,
 I can bark, or I can low;
 I can bleat, or I can sing
 Like the warblers of the spring.
 Let the love-sick bard complain,
 And I mourn the cruel pain;
 Let the happy swain rejoice,
 And I join my helping voice;
 Both are welcome, grief or joy,
 I with either sport and toy.
 Though a lady, I am stout,
 Drums and trumpets bring me out;
 Then I clash, and roar and rattle,
 Join in all the din of battle.
 Jove, with all his loudest thunder,
 When I'm vex'd, can't keep me under;
 Yet so tender is my ear,
 That the lowest voice I fear.

Much I dread the courtier's fate,
 When his merit's out of date;
 For I hate a silent breath,
 And a whisper is my death.

§ 157. *On a Shadow in a Glass.*

By something form'd, I nothing am,
 Yet every thing that you can name;
 In no place have I ever been,
 Yet ev'ry where I may be seen;
 In all things false, yet always true,
 I'm still the same, but ever new.
 Lifeless, life's perfect form I wear,
 Can show a nose, eye, tongue, or ear,
 Yet neither smell, see, taste, or hear.
 All shapes and features I can boast,
 No flesh, no bones, no blood—no ghost:
 All colours, without paint, put on,
 And change like the chameleon.
 Swiftly I come and enter there
 Where not a chink lets in the air;
 Like thought, I'm in a moment gone,
 Nor can I ever be alone;
 All things on earth I imitate
 Faster than nature can create;
 Sometimes imperial robes I wear,
 Anon in beggar's rags appear;
 A giant now, and straight an elf,
 I'm ev'ry one, but ne'er myself;
 Ne'er sad, I mourn; ne'er glad, rejoice;
 I move my lips, but want a voice;
 I ne'er was born, nor e'er can die:
 Then pr'ythee tell me, what am I?

§ 158. *On Time.*

EVER eating, never cloying,
 All devouring, all destroying;
 Never finding full repast,
 Till I eat the world at last.

§ 159. *On the Vowels.*

WE are little airy creatures,
 All of diff'rent voice and features:
 One of us in glass is set,
 One of us you'll find in jet;
 T' other you may see in tin,
 And the fourth a box within;
 If the fifth you should pursue;
 It can never fly from you.

§ 160. *On Snow.*

FROM heaven I fall, tho' from earth I begin,
 No lady alive can show such a skin.
 I'm bright as an angel, and light as a feather,
 But heavy and dark when you squeeze me to-
 gether.
 Though candor and truth in my aspect I bear,
 Yet many poor creatures I help to ensnare.
 Though so much of heaven appears in my
 make,
 The foulest impressions I easily take.

My parent and I produce one another ;
The mother the daughter, the daughter the
mother.

§ 161. *On a Cannon.*

BEGOTTEN, and born, and dying, with noise,
The terror of women, and pleasure of boys ;
Like the fiction of poets concerning the wind,
I'm chiefly unruly when strongest confin'd.
For silver and gold I don't trouble my head,
But all I delight in is pieces of lead ;
Except when I trade with a ship or a town,
Why then I make pieces of iron go down.
One property more I would have you remark,
No lady was ever more fond of a spark ;
The moment I get one, my soul's all afire,
And I roar out my joy, and in transport expire.

§ 162. *To Quilca, a Country-House of Dr. Sheridan, in no very good Repair.* 1725.

LET me thy properties explain :
A rotten cabin, dropping rain ;
Chimneys with scorn rejecting smoke ;
Stools, tables, chairs, and bedsteads, broke.
Here elements have lost their uses ;
Air ripens not, nor earth produces ;
In vain we make poor Shelah * toil,
Fire will not roast, nor water boil.
Through all the valleys, hills, and plains,
The goddess Want in triumph reigns :
And her chief officers of state,
Sloth, Dirt, and Theft, around her wait.

§ 163. *The grand Question debated, whether Hamilton's Bawn should be turned into a Barrack or a Malt-House.* 1729.

THUS spoke to my Lady the Knight † full of care :

" Let me have your advice in a weighty affair :
This Hamilton's Bawn ‡ whilst it sticks on my
I lose by the house what I get by the land ; [hand,
But how to dispose of it to the best bidder,
For a barrack § or malt-house, we now must
consider.

" First let me suppose I make it a malt-house,
Here I have computed the profit will fall thus ;
There's nine hundred pounds for labor and
grain, [main ;
I increase it to twelve, so three hundred re-
A handsome addition for wine and good cheer,
Three dishes a day, and three hogsheds a year :
With a dozen large vessels my vault shall be
stored ;

No little scrub joiat shall come on my board,
And you and the Dean no more shall combine
To stint me at night to one bottle of wine ; [loin
Nor shall I for his humor, permit you to pur-
A stone and a quarter of beef from my sirloin.

If I make it a barrack, the crown is my tenant ;
My dear, I have ponder'd again and again on't :
In poundage and drawbacks I lose half my rent ;
Whatever they give me I must be content,
Or join with the court in every debate,
And rather than that I would lose my estate."

Thus ended the Knight. Thus began his
meek wife :

" It must and it shall be a barrack, my life.
I'm grown a mere mopus ; no company comes
But a rabble of tenants and rusty dull rums : ||
With parsons what lady can keep herself clean ?
I'm all over daub'd when I sit by the Dean.
But if you will give us a barrack, my dear,
The Captain, I'm sure will always come here ;
I then shall not value his Deanship a straw,
For the Captain, I warrant, will keep him in
awe ;

Or, should he pretend to be brisk and alert,
Will tell him that chaplains should not be so
pert ; [pray'rs,

That men of his coat should be minding their
And not among ladies to give themselves airs."
Thus argued my Lady, but argued in vain ;
The Knight his opinion resolv'd to maintain.

But Hannah, ¶ who listen'd to all that was
And could not endure so vulgar a taste, [past,
As soon as her Ladyship call'd to be dress'd,
Cried, " Madam, why surely my master's possest.
Sir Arthur the maltster ! how fine it will sound !
I'd rather the bawn were sunk under ground.
But, Madam, I guess'd there would never come
good,

When I saw him so often with Darby and
Wood.**

And now my dream's out ; for I was a-dream'd
That I saw a huge rat—O dear, how I scream'd !
And after, methought, I had lost my new shoes ;
And Molly she said I shall hear some ill news.

" Dear Madam, had you but the spirit to tease,
You might have a barrack whenever you please :
And, madam, I always believ'd you so stout,
That for twenty denials you would not give out.
If I had a husband like him, I *parlest*, [rest ;
Till he gave me my will, I would give him no
And rather than come in the same pair of sheets
With such a cross man, I would lie in the streets :
But madam, I beg you, contrive and invent,
And worry him out till he gives his consent.
Dear madam, whene'er of a barrack I think,
An I were to be hang'd, I can't sleep a wink :
For if a new crotchet comes into my brain,
I can't get it out, though I never so fain.

I fancy already a barrack contriv'd
At Hamilton's Bawn, and the troop is arriv'd ;
Of this to be sure Sir Arthur has warning,
And waits on the Captain betimes the next
morning.

* The name of an Irish servant.

† Sir Arthur Acheson, at whose seat this was written.

‡ A large old house, two miles from Sir Arthur's seat.

§ The army in Ireland is lodged in strong buildings over the whole kingdom, called barracks.

|| A cant word in Ireland for a poor country-clergyman.

¶ My lady's waiting-woman.

** Two of Sir Arthur's managers.

Now see, when they meet, how their honors
behave :

‘ Noble Captain, your servant.’—‘ Sir Arthur,
your slave :

You honor me much.’—‘ The honor is mine.’

‘ ‘Twas a sad rainy night.’—‘ But the morning
is fine.’ [service.]

‘ Pray how does my Lady?’—‘ My wife’s at your

‘ I think I have seen her picture by Jervas.’—

‘ Good-morrow, good Captain, I’ll wait on you
down.’ [clown.]

‘ You shan’t stir a foot.’—‘ You’ll think me a
For all the world, Captain.’—‘ Not half an
inch farther.’ [Arthur!]

‘ You must be obey’d!’—‘ Your servant, Sir
My humble respects to my Lady unknown.’

‘ I hope you will use my house as your own.’”

“ Go bring me my smock, and leave off your
Thou hast certainly got a cup in thy pate.” [prate,

“ Pray, madam, be quiet, what was it I said?
You had like to have put it quite out of my head.

Next day, to be sure, the Captain will come

At the head of his troop, with trumpet and drum.

Now, madam, observe how he marches in state :

The man with the kettle-drums enters the gate ;

Dub, dub, adub, dub. The trumpeters follow,

Tantara, tantara ; while all the boys hallo.

See now comes the captain, all daub’d with
gold lace :

O la ! the sweet gentleman ! look in his face ;

And see how he rides like a lord of the land,

With the fine flaming sword that he holds in
his hand ; [rears,

And his horse, the dear *cretur*, it prances and

With ribands in knots at its tail and its ears :

At last comes the troop, by the word of com-
mand, [STAND !

Drawn up in our court ; when the Captain cries

Your Ladyship lifts up the sash to be seen

(For sure I have *dizen’d* you out like a queen),

The Captain, to show he is proud of the favor,

Looks up to your window, and cocks up his beaver ;

(His beaver is cock’d ; pray, madam, mark that,

For a captain of horse never takes off his hat,

Because he has never a hand that is idle ;

For the right holds the sword, and the left holds
the bridle ;)

Then flourishes thrice his sword in the air,

As a compliment due to a lady so fair ; [spilt !]

(How I tremble to think of the blood it hath

Then he lowers down the point, and kisses the

Your ladyship smiles, and thus you begin : [hilt,

‘ Pray, Captain, be pleas’d to alight and walk in.’

The Captain salutes you with congee profound,

And your Ladyship curtsies half-way to the
ground. [to us :

‘ Kit, run to your master, and bid-him come

I’m sure he’ll be proud of the honor you do us.

And, Captain, you’ll do us the favor to stay

And take a short dinner here with us to-day :

You’re heartily welcome : but as for good cheer,

You come in the very worst time of the year ;

If I had expected so worthy a guest—’

‘ Lord, madam ! your ladyship sure is in jest :

You banter me, madam.’—‘ The kingdom
must grant,

You officers, Captain, are so complaisant !”

“ Hist, hussy, I think I hear somebody coming.”

“ No, madam, ’tis only Sir Arthur a humming.

To shorten my tale (for I hate a long story)

The Captain at dinner appears in his glory :

The Dean and the Doctor * have humbled their
pride,

For the Captain’s entreated to sit by your side :

And, because he’s their betters, you carve for
him first :

The parsons for envy are ready to burst.

The servants, amazed, are scarce ever able

To keep off their eyes, as they wait at the table ;

And Molly and I have thrust in our nose

To peep at the Captain in all his fine *clo’es*.

Dear madam, be sure he’s a fine spoken man,

Do but hear on the Clergy how glib his tongue
ran : [give,

And, ‘ Madam,’ says he ‘ if such dinners you

You’ll ne’er want for parsons as long as you live.

I ne’er knew a parson without a good nose :

But the Devil’s as welcome wherever he goes.

G—d—n me ! they bid us reform and repent,

But, z—ds ! by their looks they never keep Lent,

Mister Curate, for all your grave looks, I’m afraid

You cast a sheep’s eye on her Ladyship’s maid :

I wish she would lend you her pretty white
hand [band

In mending your cassock, and smoothing your

(For the Dean was so shabby and look’d like
a ninny, Jinny).

That the Captain suppos’d he was curate to

Whenever you see a cassock and gown,

A hundred to one but it covers a clown.

Observe how a Parson comes into a room ;

G—d—n me ! he hobbles as bad as my groom :

A *scollard*, when just from his college broke
loose,

Can hardly tell how to cry *bo* to a goose :

Your † *Noveds*, and *Blueturks*, and *Omurs*, and
stuff,

By G—d, they don’t signify this pinch of snuff ;

To give a young gentleman right education,

The army’s the only good school in the nation :

My schoolmaster call’d me a dunce and a fool,

But at cuffs I was always the cock of the school :

I never could take to my book for the blood o’
me, [o’ me.

And the puppy confess’d he expected no good

He caught me one morning coquetting his
wife, [life :

But he maul’d me, I ne’er was so maul’d in my

So I took to the road ; and what’s very odd,

The first man I robb’d was a parson, by G—d.

Now, madam, you’ll think it a strange thing to
say,

But the sight of a book makes me sick to this
day.—

* Dr. Jinny, a clergyman in the neighbourhood.

† Ovids, Plutarchs, Homers.

Never since I was born did I hear so much wit ;
And, madam, I laugh'd till I thought I should
split.

[Dean,
So then you look'd scornful, and snift at the
As who should say, *Now am I skinny-and-lean?*
But he durst not so much as once open his lips,
And the Doctor was plaguily down in the hips."

Thus merciless Hannah ran on in her talk,
Till she heard the Dean call, "Will your Lady-
ship walk?"

[down :"
Her Ladyship answers, "I'm just coming
Then turning to Hannah, and forcing a frown,
Although it was plain in her heart she was glad,
Cried—"Hussy! why sure the wench is gone
mad!

[brains ?
How could all these chimeras get into your
Come hither, and take this old gown for your
pains,

[ears,
But the Dean, if this secret should come to his
Will never have done with his jibes and his
jeers:

[ye;
For your life, not a word of the matter, I charge
Give me but a barrack, a fig for the clergy."

§ 164. *On the Death of Dr. Swift. Occa-
sioned by reading the following Maxim in
Rocheffoucault: "Dans l'adversité de nos
meilleurs amis, nous trouvons toujours quelque
chose qui ne nous déplait pas."*

"In the adversity of our best friends we always
find something that doth not displease us."

As Rocheffoucault his maxim drew
From nature, I believe them true:
They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind.

This maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human breast:
"In all distresses of our friends,
We first consult our private ends;
While nature, kindly bent to ease us,
Points out some circumstance to please us."

If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.

We all behold with envious eyes
Our equals rais'd above our size.
Who would not at a crowded show
Stand high himself, keep others low?
I love my friend as well as you;
But why should he obstruct my view?
Then let me have the higher post,
Suppose it but an inch at most.
If in a battle you should find
One, whom you love of all mankind,
Had some heroic action done,
A champion kill'd, or trophy won:
Rather than thus be over-topt,
Would you not wish his laurels cropt?
Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
Lies rack'd with pain, and you without:
How patiently you bear him groan!
How glad the case is not your own!

What poet would not grieve to see
His brothers write as well as he;

But, rather than they should excel,
Would wish his rivals all in hell?

Her end when Emulation misses,
She turns to Envy, stings and hisses:
The strongest friendship yields to pride,
Unless the odds be on our side.
Vain human kind! fantastic race!
Thy various follies who can trace?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide.
Give others riches, pow'r, and station,
'Tis all to me an usurpation.

I have no title to aspire;
Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher.

In Pope I cannot read a line,
But, with a sigh, I wish it mine:
When he can in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six,
It gives me such a jealous fit,
I cry, "Pox take him and his wit!"

I grieve to be outdone by Gay
In my own humorous biting way.
Arbutnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refin'd it first, and show'd its use.
St. John as well as Pulteney knows
That I had some repute for prose;
And, till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a minister of state.
If they have mortified my pride,
And made me throw my pen aside;
If with such talents heaven hath bless'd 'em,
Have I not reason to detest 'em?

To all my foes, dear Fortune, send
Thy gifts, but never to my friend:
I tamely can endure the first;
But this with envy makes me burst.

Thus much may serve by way of poem;
Proceed we therefore to our poem.

The time is not remote, when I
Must, by the course of nature, die!
When, I foresee, my special friends
Will try to find their private ends:
And, though 'tis hardly understood
Which way my death may do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak:
"See how the Dean begins to break!
Poor gentleman, he droops apace!
You plainly find it in his face.
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him till he's dead.
Besides, his memory decays:
He recollects not what he says:
He cannot call his friends to mind;
Forgets the place where last he din'd;
Plies you with stories o'er and o'er;
He told them fifty times before.
How does he fancy we can sit
To hear this out-of-fashion wit?
But he takes up with younger folks,
Who for his wine will bear his jokes.

Faith! he must make his stories shorter,
Or change his comrades once a quarter:
In half the time he talks them round,
There must another set be found.

"For poetry he's past his prime:
He takes an hour to find a rhyme;
His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
His fancy sunk, his Muse a jade.
I'd have him throw away his pen;
But there's no talking to some men!"

And then their tenderness appears
By adding largely to my years:
"He's older than he would be reckon'd,
And well remembers Charles the Second.
He hardly drinks a pint of wine;
And that, I doubt, is no good sign.
His stomach too begins to fail:
Last year we thought him strong and hale;
But now he's quite another thing:
I wish he may hold out till spring!"
They hug themselves, and reason thus:
"It is not yet so bad with us!"

In such a case they talk in tropes,
And by their fears express their hopes:
Some great misfortune to portend,
No enemy can match a friend;
With all the kindness they profess,
The merit of a lucky guess
(When daily how-d'ye's come of course,
And servants answer, "Worse and worse!")
Would please them better, than to tell
That, "God be prais'd, the Dean is well."
Then he who prophesied the best,
Approves his foresight to the rest:
"You know I always fear'd the worst,
And often told you so at first."
He'd rather choose that I should die,
Than his predictions prove a lie.
Not one foretells I should recover;
But all agree to give me over.

Yet, should some neighbour feel a pain
Just in the parts where I complain;
How many a message would he send,
With hearty pray'rs that I should mend!
Inquire what regimen I kept,
What gave me ease, and how I slept;
And more lament when I was dead,
Than all the sniv'lers round my bed.

My good companions, never fear;
For though you may mistake a year,
Though your prognostics run too fast,
They must be verified at last.

Behold the fatal day arrive!
"How is the Dean?"—"He's just alive."
Now the departing-pray'r is read;
"He hardly breathes—the Dean is dead!"
Before the passing-bell begun,
The news through half the town is run:
"O may we all for death prepare!
What has he left? and who's his heir?"

"I know no more than what the news is;
'Tis all bequeath'd to public uses."
"To public uses! there's a whim;
What had the public done for him?
Mere envy, avarice, and pride!
He gave it all—but first he died.
And had the Dean, in all the nation,
No worthy friend, no poor relation?
So ready to do strangers good,
Forgetting his own flesh and blood!"

Now Grub-street wits are all employ'd;
With elegies the town is cloy'd:
Some paragraph in every paper,
To curse the Dean, or bless the Drapier.

The Doctors, tender of their fame,
Wisely on me lay all the blame.
"We must confess his case was nice,
But he would never take advice.
Had he been rul'd, for aught appears,
He might have liv'd these twenty years;
For when we open'd him, we found
That all his vital parts were sound."

From Dublin soon to London spread,
"Tis told at court, "The Dean is dead."
And Lady Suffolk,* in the spleen,
Runs laughing up to tell the Queen:
The Queen, so gracious, mild, and good,
Cries, "Is he gone? 'tis time he should.
He's dead, you say? then let him rot:
I'm glad the medals † were forgot.
I promis'd him, I own; but when?
I only was the Princess then:
But now, as consort of the King,
You know, 'tis quite another thing."

Now Chartres, at Sir Robert's levee,
Tells, with a sneer, the tidings heavy:
"Why, if he died without his shoes,"
Cries Bob, "I'm sorry for the news.
O were the wretch but living still,
And in his place my good friend Will!
Or had a mitre on his head,
Provided Bolingbroke were dead!"

Now Curll his shop from rubbish drains:
"Three genuine tomes of Swift's remains!"
And then, to make them pass the glibber,
"Revis'd by Tibbald, Moore, and Cibber."
He'll treat me as he does my betters,
Publish my will, my life, my letters,
Revive the libels born to die,
Which Pope must bear as well as I.

Here shift the scene, to represent
How those I lov'd my death lament.
Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day:
St. John himself will scarce forbear
To bite his pen and drop a tear.
The rest will give a shrug; and cry,
"I'm sorry—but we all must die!"
Indifference, clad in Wisdom's guise,
All fortitude of mind supplies:

* Mrs. Howard, at one time a favourite with the Dean.

† Which the Dean in vain expected, in return for a small present he had sent to the Princess.

For how can stony bowels melt
In those who never pity felt?
When we are lash'd they kiss the rod,
Resigning to the will of God.

The fools, my juniors by a year,
Are tortur'd with suspense and fear;
Who wisely thought my age a screen,
When death approach'd, to stand between:
The screen remov'd, their hearts are trembling:
They mourn for me without dissembling.

My female friends, whose tender hearts
Have better learn'd to act their parts,
Receive the news in doleful dumps:
"The Dean is dead: (pray what is trumps?)
Then Lord have mercy on his soul!
(Ladies, I'll venture for the vole)
Six Deans, they say, must bear the pall:
(I wish I knew what king to call.)
Madam, your husband will attend
The funeral of so good a friend?"
"No, madam, 'tis a shocking sight;
And he's engaged to-morrow night:
My Lady Club will take it ill
If he should fail at her quadrille.
He lov'd the Dean—(I lead a heart)—
But dearest friends, they say, must part.
His time was come: he ran his race;
We hope he's in a better place."

Why do we grieve that friends should die?
No loss more easy to supply:
One year is past—a different scene!
No farther mention of the Dean;
Who now, alas! no more is miss'd
Than if he never did exist.
Where's now the favourite of Apollo?
Departed—and his works must follow;
Must undergo the common fate;
His kind of wit is out of date.

Some country squire to Lintot goes,
Inquires for Swift in verse and prose.
Says Lintot, "I have heard the name;
He died a year ago?"—"The same."
He searches all the shop in vain:
"Sir, you may find them in Duck-lane:
I sent them with a load of books,
Last Monday, to the pastry-cook's.
To fancy they could live a year!
I find you're but a stranger here.
The Dean was famous in his time,
And had a kind of knack at rhyme.
His way of writing now is past:
The town has got a better taste.
I keep no antiquated stuff;
But spick and span I have enough.
Pray do but give me leave to show 'em:
Here's Colley Cibber's birth-day poem;
This ode you never yet have seen,
By Stephen Duck upon the Queen.
Then here's a letter finely penn'd
Against the Craftsman and his friend:
It clearly shows that all reflection
On ministers is disaffection.

Next, here's Sir Robert's vindication,
And Mr. Henley's last oration;
The hawkers have not got them yet:
Your honor please to buy a set?

"Here's Wolston's tracts, the twelfth edition;
'Tis read by every politician:
The country members, when in town,
To all their boroughs send them down:
You never met a thing so smart;
The courtiers have them all by heart.
Those maids of honor who can read
Are taught to use them for their creed;
The reverend author's good intention
Hath been rewarded with a pension:
He doth an honor to his gown,
By bravely running priestcraft down:
He shows, as sure as God's in Glo'ster,
That Moses was a grand impostor;
That all his miracles were cheats,
Perform'd as jugglers do their feats:
The church had never such a writer;
A shame he hath not got a mitre!"

Suppose me dead; and then suppose
A club assembled at the Rose;
Where, from discourse of this and that,
I grow the subject of their chat:
And while they toss my name about,
With favor some, and some without,
One, quite indifferent in the cause,
My character impartial draws:

"The Dean, if we believe report,
Was never ill receiv'd at court;
Although, ironically grave,
He sham'd the fool, and lash'd the knave;
To steal a hint was never known,
But what he writ was all his own."

"Sir, I have heard another story:
He was a most confounded Tory;
And grew, or he is much belied,
Extremely dull before he died."

"Can we the Drapier then forget?
Is not our nation in his debt?"

'Twas he that writ the Drapier's Letters!"

"He should have left them for his betters;
We had a hundred abler men,
Nor need depend upon his pen.
Say what you will about his reading,
You never can defend his breeding;
Who, in his satires running riot,
Could never leave the world in quiet;
Attacking, when he took the whim,
Court, city, camp—all one to him.
But why should he, except he slobber'd,
Offend our patriot, great Sir Robert,
Whose counsels aid the sovereign pow'r
To save the nation every hour?
What scenes of evil he unravels
In satires, libels, lying travels:
Not sparing his own clergy-cloth,
But eats into it, like a moth!"

"Perhaps I may allow the Dean
Had too much satire in his vein,

* Wolston is here confounded with Wollaston.

And seem'd determin'd not to starve it,
 Because no age could more deserve it.
 Yet malice never was his aim;
 He lash'd the vice, but spar'd the name.
 No individual could resent,
 Where thousands equally were meant:
 His satire points at no defect
 But what all mortals may correct;
 For he abhorr'd the senseless tribe
 Who call it humor when they jibe.
 He spar'd a hump or crooked nose,
 Whose owners set not up for beaux:
 True genuine dulness mov'd his pity,
 Unless it offer'd to be witty.
 Those who their ignorance confess'd
 He ne'er offended with a jest;
 But laugh'd to hear an idiot quote
 A verse from Horace learn'd by rote.
 Vice, if it e'er can be abash'd,
 Must be or ridicul'd or lash'd.
 If you resent it, who's to blame?
 He neither knows you, nor your name.
 Should vice expect to 'scape rebuke,
 Because its owner is a duke?
 His friendships, still to few confin'd,
 Were always of the middling kind;
 No fools of rank or mongrel breed,
 Who fain would pass for lords indeed:
 Where titles give no right or pow'r,
 And peerage is a wither'd flow'r,
 He would have deem'd it a disgrace
 If such a wretch had known his face.
 On rural squires, that kingdom's bane,
 He vented oft his wrath in vain.

——— squires to market brought,
 Who sell their souls and ——— for nought;
 The ——— go joyful back
 To rob the church, their tenants rack,
 Go snack with ——— justices.
 And keep the peace to pick up fees;
 In every job to have a share,
 A gaol or turnpike to repair;
 And turn ——— to public roads
 Commodious to their own abodes.

"He never thought an honor done him
 Because a peer was proud to own him;
 Would rather slip aside, and choose
 To talk with wits in dirty shoes;
 And scorn the tools with stars and garters,
 So often seen caressing Chartres.
 He never courted men in station;
 No persons held in admiration;
 Of no man's greatness was afraid,
 Because he sought for no man's aid.
 Though trusted long in great affairs,
 He gave himself no haughty airs;
 Without regarding private ends,
 Spent all his credit for his friends;
 And only chose the wise and good,
 No flatterers, no allies in blood,
 But succour'd virtue in distress,
 And seldom fail'd of good success;
 As numbers in their heart must own,
 Who, but for him, had been unknown.

He kept with princes due decorum,
 Yet never stood in awe before 'em.
 He follow'd David's lesson just;
 In princes never put his trust;
 And, would you make him truly sour,
 Provoke him with a slave in pow'r.
 The Irish senate if you nam'd,
 With what impatience he declaim'd!
 Fair LIBERTY was all his cry,
 For her he stood prepar'd to die;
 For her he boldly stood alone;
 For her he oft expos'd his own.
 Two kingdoms, just as faction led,
 Had set a price upon his head:
 But not a traitor could be found,
 To sell him for six hundred pound.

"Had he but spar'd his tongue and pen,
 He might have rose like other men:
 But pow'r was never in his thought,
 And wealth he valued not a groat:
 Ingratitude he often found,
 And pitied those who meant the wound:
 But kept the tenor of his mind,
 To merit well of human-kind;
 Nor made a sacrifice of those
 Who still were true, to please his foes.
 He labor'd many a fruitless hour
 To reconcile his friends in pow'r;
 Saw mischief by a faction brewing,
 While they pursued each other's ruin!
 But, finding vain was all his care,
 He left the court in mere despair.

"And, O! how short are human schemes!
 Here ended all our golden dreams.
 What St. John's skill in state-affairs,
 What Ormond's valour, Oxford's cares,
 To save their sinking country lent,
 Was all destroyed by one event.
 Too soon that precious life was ended,
 On which alone our weal depended:
 When up a dangerous faction starts,
 With wrath and vengeance in their hearts;
 By solemn league and cov'nant bound,
 To ruin, slaughter, and confound;
 To turn religion to a fable,
 And make the government a Babel;
 Pervert the laws, disgrace the gown,
 Corrupt the senate, rob the crown;
 To sacrifice Old England's glory,
 And make her infamous in story.
 When such a tempest shook the land,
 How could unguarded Virtue stand?
 With horror, grief, despair, the Dean
 Beheld the dire destructive scene:
 His friends in exile, or the Tower,
 Himself within the frown of power;
 Pursued by base envenom'd pens,
 Far to the land of s—— and fens;
 A servile race in folly nurst,
 Who truckle most when treated worst.

"By innocence and resolution,
 He bore continual persecution;
 While numbers to preferment rose,
 Whose merit was, to be his foes:

When e'en his own particular friends,
 Intent upon their private ends,
 Like renegades now he feels
 Against him lifting up their heels.
 The Dean did, by his pen, defeat
 An infamous, destructive cheat;
 Taught fools their interest how to know,
 And gave them arms to ward the blow.
 Envy bath own'd it was his doing,
 To save that hapless land from ruin;
 While they who at the steerage stood,
 And reap'd the profit, sought his blood.
 To save them from their evil fate,
 In him was held a crime of state.
 A wicked monster on the bench,
 Whose fury blood could never quench;
 As vile and profligate a villain
 As modern Scroggs, or old Tressilian;
 Who long all justice had discarded,
 Nor fear'd he God, nor man regarded;
 Vow'd on the Dean his rage to vent,
 And make him of his zeal repent.
 But heaven his innocence defends,
 The grateful people stand his friends:
 Not strains of law, nor judge's frown,
 Nor topics brought to please the crown,
 Nor witness hir'd, nor jury pick'd,
 Prevail to bring him in convict.

"In exile, with a steady heart,
 He spent his life's declining part;
 Where folly, pride, and faction sway,
 Remote from St. John, Pope, and Gay."—

"Alas, poor Dean! his only scope
 Was, to be held a misanthrope;
 This into general odium drew him;
 Which if he lik'd, much good may't do him.
 His zeal was not to lash our crimes,
 But discontent against the times;
 For had we made him timely offers
 To raise his post, or fill his coffers,
 Perhaps he might have truckled down,
 Like other brethren of his gown;
 For party he would scarce have bled:
 I say no more—because he's dead.
 What writings has he left behind?"

"I hear they're of a different kind:
 A few in verse, but most in prose."

"Some high-flown pamphlets, I suppose:
 All scribbled in the worst of times,
 To palliate his friend Oxford's crimes;
 To praise Queen Anne; nay more, defend her,
 As never favouring the Pretender;
 Or libels yet conceal'd from sight,
 Against the court to show his spite.
 Perhaps his Travels, part the third;
 A lie at every second word—
 Offensive to a loyal ear;
 But not one sermon, you may swear."

"He knew a hundred pleasing stories,
 With all the turns of Whigs and Tories:
 Was cheerful to his dying day,
 And friends would let him have his way.
 As for his works in verse or prose,
 I own myself no judge of those;

Nor can I tell what critics thought them,
 But this I know—all people bought them,
 As with a moral view design'd
 To please and to reform mankind:
 And, if he often miss'd his aim,
 The world must own it to their shame,
 The praise is his, and theirs the blame.
 He gave the little wealth he had,
 To build a house for fools and mad;
 To show, by one satiric touch,
 No nation wanted it so much.
 That kingdom he hath left his debtor,
 I wish it soon may have a better:
 And since you dread no farther lashes,
 Methinks you may forgive his ashes."

§ 165. *A poor Woman attending in the Field
 of Battle sees her only Son slain, and ex-
 presses her Feelings in the following Lamen-
 tation.* KNOX.

NAMELESS sons of want and sorrow,
 Few and evil were your days;
 To-day the cowslip buds, to-morrow
 Low the scythe the cowslip lays!
 Men and brethren still I hail ye,
 Though in hostile bands ye be;
 Men and brethren, I bewail ye
 With a tear of sympathy!

Yes, ye all were born of woman,
 Suck'd a tender mother's breast;
 Hark! she cries, O! sword inhuman,
 Spare my child! I'm sore distressed.

Me! me!—kill me! me, who bore him!
 Spare the babe this bosom fed!
 Rufians from my cottage tore him,
 Where he earn'd my daily bread.

Warrior, here, with rage unfeeling,
 Here behold my white breast bare;
 Dye it red, and plunge your steel in,
 But my child, poor stripling, spare.

My age's solace!—for his father
 Perish'd in the bloody field;
 A babe he left me, which I'd rather
 Than the gold the Indies yield.

Pledge of his love;—and I did dearly
 Love the father, in the child;
 Slay us both, I beg sincerely;
 On us both the earth be pil'd.

They sink; but lo! a wondrous vision,
 Cloud-clad ghosts unnumber'd rise;
 Pale wan looks, that speak contrition;
 Blood-stain'd cheeks and hollow eyes.

More in number than the ocean
 Rolls the pebbles on its shore,
 See they come! and lo! a motion
 From a hand all red with gore!

"Listen, listen, sons of sorrow,
 Few and evil were your days;
 To-day the cowslip buds, to-morrow
 Low the scythe the cowslip lays.

We, like you, O! heed our warning,
Warriors were, all blithe and gay:
But we fell in life's bright morning,
Ere we knew the joys of day.

Sons of men, all doom'd to trouble,
Travelling quickly to the grave,
Sheath the sword, for fame's a bubble;
Live to bless, O live to save!

Life to be enjoy'd was given:
Such the will of him above;
Live and love, make earth a heaven,
God made men to live and love!

Hark! the skies with music ringing,
Silver sounds the concave fill;
Angels' voices sweetly singing,
'Peace on Earth, to men good-will.'

§ 166. *Written on Occasion of a Ball, in which the Ladies agreed to dress in Silks, for the sake of encouraging the Spitalfields Manufacturers.* KNOX.

WEAVE the web of brightness blue,
Azure as its native sky;
Flow'rets add of ev'ry hue,
'Tis the vest of Charity.
Rich the tissue of the loom,
Glossy gleams the artist's dye;
Yet the mantle shall assume
Brighter tints from Charity.

Youth and beauty, lo! advance,
Light and gay as Love can be,
Nimbly tripping in the dance,
Clad in robes of Charity.

Babes and mothers lift the head,
Silk-clad trains of nymphs to see;
Beauty deals them daily bread,
Deck'd in silks of Charity.

Shiv'ring with the winter's wind,
Age, disease, and infancy,
In warm wool their cold limbs bind;
Silk's the dress of Charity.

Lovely ladies at the ball,
Lovelier still if that can be,
Rob'd in silk, in Pleasure's hall,
Dance the dance of Charity.

§ 167. *Written during the Captivity of the Queen of France.* KNOX.

If thy breast soft pity knows,
O! drop a tear with me;
Feel for the unexampled woes
Of widow'd royalty.

Fallen, fallen from a throne!
Lo! beauty, grandeur, power;
Hark! 'tis a queen's, a mother's moan,
From yonder dismal tower.

I hear her say, or seem to say,
"Ye who listen to my story,
Learn how transient beauty's day,
How unstable human glory."

And when ye hear that I was frail,
O! think what now I bear:
Heed not the page of scandal's tale,
But blot it with a tear."

§ 168. *Verses, by DR. GLYNN.*

TEAZE me no more, nor think I care
Though monarchs bow at Kitty's shrine,
Or powder'd coxcombs woo the fair,
Since Kitty is no longer mine.

Indifferent 'tis alike to me,
If my favorite dove be stole,
Whether its dainty feathers be
Pluck'd by the eagle or the owl.

If not for me its blushing lips
The rose-bud opens, what care I
Who the od'rous liquid sips;
The king of bees, or butterfly?

Like me, the Indians of Peru,
Rich in mines of golden ore,
Dejected, see the merchant's crew
Transport it to a foreign shore.

Seeks the slave despoil'd, to know,
Whether his gold in shape of lace
Shine on the coat of birth-day beau,
Or wear the stamp of George's face?

§ 169. *Hohenlinden; the Scene of a dreadful Engagement between the French and Imperialists, in which the former conquered.* By T. CAMPBELL, Esq.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly:

But Linden show'd another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death, to light
The darkness of the scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd
To join the dreadful revelry:

Then shook the hills by thunder riven;
Then flew the steed to battle driven;
And rolling like the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd their red artillery.

But redder yet their fires shall glow
On Linden's heights of crimson'd snow,
And bloodier still the torrent flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

The combat deepens! on, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry.

'Tis morn:—but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds rolling dun,
Where fiery Frank and furious Hun
Shout in their sulphury canopy.

Few, few shall part where many meet;
The snow shall be their winding-sheet;
And every sod beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

§ 170. *A British War-Song.*

Quit the plough, the loom, the mine;
Quit the joys the heart entwine!
Join our brothers on the brine;
Arm, ye brave,—or slavery!
Peace, so lov'd, away is fled;
War shall leave his iron bed;
To your arms, avengers dread!
Strike, oh strike at tyranny.

For our homes, our all, our name!
Blast again the tyrant's aim;
Britain's wrongs swift vengeance claim:
Rush to arms—or slavery.

Lo! the shades of Britons proud!
Hear them in yon flitting cloud!
"Freedom, children, or a shroud,
Choose with British bravery."

Heroes of the sea, the shore,
Quit your laurell'd rest once more;
Dreadly rouse the battle's roar,
Vengeance hurl on tyranny!

§ 171. *The Torch of Liberty.* THOMAS MOORE.

I saw it all in Fancy's glass—
Herself, the fair, the wild magician,
That bid this splendid day-dream pass,
And nam'd each gliding apparition.
'Twas like a torch-race—such as they
Of Greece perform'd, in ages gone,
When the fleet youths, in long array,
Pass'd the bright torch triumphant on.

I saw th' expectant nations stand,
To catch the coming flame in turn—
I saw, from ready hand to hand,
The clear, but struggling glory burn.

And, oh, their joy, as it came near,
'Twas, in itself, a joy to see—
While Fancy whisper'd in my ear,
"The torch they pass is Liberty!"

And each, as she receiv'd the flame,
Lighted her altar with its ray,
Then, smiling, to the next who came,
Speeded it on its sparkling way.

From Albion first, whose antient shrine
Was furnish'd with the fire already,
Columbia caught the spark divine,
And lit a flame, like Albion's, steady.

The splendid gift then Gallia took,
And like a wild Bacchante, raising
The brand aloft, its sparkles shook,
As she would set the world a-blazing!

And when she fir'd her altar, high
It flash'd into the redd'ning air
So fierce, that Albion, who stood nigh,
Shrunk, almost blinded by the glare!

Next, Spain, so new was light to her,
Leap'd at the torch—but, ere the spark
She flung upon her shrine could stir,
'Twas quench'd—and all again was dark.

Yet, no—not quench'd—a treasure, worth
So much to mortals, rarely dies—
Again her living light look'd forth,
And shone, a beacon, in all eyes!

Who next receiv'd the flame? alas,
Unworthy Naples—shame of shames,
That ever through such hands should pass
That brightest of all earthly flames!

Scarce had her fingers touch'd the torch,
When, frighted by the sparks it shed,
Nor waiting ev'n to feel the scorch,
She dropp'd it to the earth—and fled.

And fall'n it might have long remain'd,
But Greece, who saw her moment now,
Caught up the prize, though prostrate, stain'd,
And wav'd it round her beauteous brow.

And Fancy bid me mark where, o'er
Her altar, as its flame ascended,
Fair, laurell'd spirits seem'd to soar,
Who thus in song their voices blended:—

"Shine, shine for ever, glorious flame,
"Divinest gifts of gods to men!
"From Greece thy earliest splendour came,
"To Greece thy ray returns again.

"Take, Freedom, take thy radiant round,
"When dimm'd, revive, when lost, return,
"Till not a shrine through earth be found,
"On which thy glories shall not burn!"

§ 172. *The Lotos of Egypt; a Poem.* By the
REV. T. MURICE.

EMBLEM sublime of that primordial power,
That brooded o'er the vast chaotic wave,
Accept my duteous homage, holy flower,
As in thy favorite flood my limbs I lave.

From Ethiopia's lofty mountains roll'd,
Where Nile's proud stream through glad-
den'd Egypt pours,
In raptur'd strains thy praise was hymn'd of old,
And still resounds on Ganges' faithful shores!

Within thy beauteous coral's full blown bell
Long since the immortals fix'd their fond
abode;

There day's bright source, Osiris, lov'd to dwell,
While by his side enamour'd Isis glow'd.

Hence, not unconscious, to his orient beam
At dawn's first blush thy radiant petals spread,
Drink deep the effulgence of the solar stream,
And, as he mounts, still brighter glories
shed.

When at the noon-tide height his fervid rays
In a bright deluge burst on Cairo's spires,
With what new lustre then thy beauties blaze,
Full of the god, and radiant with his fires!

Brilliant thyself, in store of dazzling *white*
 Thy sister-plants more gaudy robes unfold;
This flames in purple—that, intensely bright,
Amid th' illumin'd waters burns in gold.

To brave the tropic's fiery beam is thine,
 Till in the distant west his splendours fade;
 Then too thy beauty and thy fire decline,
 With morn to rise in lovelier charms array'd.

Thus from Arabia borne, on golden wings,
 The Phœnix on the sun's bright altar dies;
 But from his flaming bed, refulgent, springs,
 And cleaves, with bolder plume, the sapphire
 skies.

What mystic treasures in thy form conceal'd
 Perpetual transport to the sage supply;
 Where Nature, in her deep designs reveal'd,
 Awes wondering man, and charms th' exploring eye!

In thy prolific *eup* and fertile *seeds*,
 Are trac'd her grand regenerative powers;
 Life springing warm from loath'd putrescence
 breeds,
 And lovelier germs shoot forth and brighter
 flowers.

Nor food to the enlighten'd mind alone,
 Substantial nutriment thy root bestow'd;
 In famine's vulture-fangs did Egypt groan,
 From thy rich bounteous horn abundance
 flow'd.

Hence the immortal race in Thebes rever'd,
 Thy praise the theme of endless rapture made,
 Thy image on a hundred columns rear'd
 And veil'd their altars with thine hallow'd
 shade.

But far beyond the bounds of Afric borne,
 Thy honors flourish'd 'mid Thibetian snows;
 Thy flowers the Lama's gilded shrine adorn,
 And Boodh and Bramah on thy stalk repose.

Where'er fair Science dawn'd on Asia's shore,
 Where'er her hallow'd voice Devotion rais'd,
 We see thee graven on the golden ore,
 And on a thousand sparkling gems emblaz'd.

Child of the sun, why droops thy withering
 head,
 While high in Leo flames thy radiant sire?
 With Egypt's glory is thy glory fled,
 And with her genius quench'd thy native fire?

For, direr than her desert's burning wind,
 Gaul's furious legions sweep yon ravag'd vale,
 Death stalks before, grim Famine howls be-
 hind,
 And screams of horror load the tainted gale.

Nile's crimson'd waves with blood polluted roll;
 Her groves, her fanes, devouring fire con-
 sumes;

But mark, slow-rising near the distant pole,
 A sudden splendor all her shores illumines.

Fatal to Gaul, 'tis Britain's rising star,
 That in the south the bright ascendant gains,
 Resplendent as her Sirius shines from far,
 And with new fervors fires the Libyan plains.

A race as Egypt's ancient warriors brave,
 For her insulted sons indignant glows;
 Defies the tropic storm, the faithless wave,
 And hurls destruction on their haughty foes.

Exulting to his source old Nilus hears
 The deep'ning thunders of the British line;
 Again its lovely head the Lotos rears,
 Again the fields in rainbow glories shine.

Still wider, beauteous plant! thy leaves extend,
 Nor dread the eye of an admiring muse;
 In union with the rising song ascend,
 Spread all thy charms, and all thy sweets
 diffuse.

Of that bold race beneath the Pleiads born,
 To chant thy praise a northern bard aspires;
 Nor with more ardor erst at early dawn
 The Theban artists smote their votive lyres.

For, oh! can climes th' excursive genius bound?
 No—'mid Siberia bursts the heav'n-taught
 strain,
 At either pole the Muse's songs resound,
 And snows descend and whirlwinds rage in
 vain.

Four thousand summers have thy pride survey'd,
 Thy Pharaohs moulder in their marble tombs;
 Oblivion's wings the pyramids shall shade,
 But thy fair family unfading blooms!

Still 'mid these ruin'd tow'rs admir'd, rever'd,
 Wave high thy foliage, and secure expand;
 These vast but crumbling piles by man were
 rear'd;
 But thou wert form'd by an immortal hand!

With Nature's charms alone thy charms shall
 fade;
 With Being's self thy beauteous tribe decline;
 Oh! living, may thy flow'rs my temple shade,
 And decorate when dead my envied shrine!

§ 173. *Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogene.*
 M. G. LEWIS, Esq.

A WARRIOR so bold, and a virgin so bright,
 Convers'd as they sat on the green;
 They gaz'd on each other with tender delight,
 Alonzo the Brave was the name of the knight,
 The maid was the Fair Imogene.

"And, ah!" said the youth, "since to-morrow
 I go,
 To fight in a far-distant land,
 Your tears for my absence soon ceasing to flow,
 Some other will court you, and you will bestow
 On a wealthier suitor your hand."

"O hush these suspicions," fair Imogene said,
 "So hurtful to love and to me;
 For if you be living, or if you be dead,
 I swear by the Virgin that none in your stead
 Shall husband of Imogene be.

"And if e'er for another my heart should decide,
 Forgetting Alonzo the brave,
 God grant that to punish my falsehood and pride,
 Thy ghost at my marriage may sit by my side,
 May tax me with perjury, claim me as bride,
 And bear me away to the grave."

To Palestine hasten'd the warrior so bold,
 His love she lamented him sore;
 But scarce had a twelvemonth elaps'd, when
 behold,

A baron, all cover'd with jewels and gold,
 Arriv'd at fair Imogene's door.

His treasure, his presents, his spacious domain,
 Soon made her untrue to her vows,
 He dazzled her eyes, he bewilder'd her brain,
 He caught her affections, so light and so vain,
 And carried her home as his spouse.

And now had the marriage been blest by the
 priest,

The revelry now was begun;
 The tables they groan'd with the weight of the
 feast,

Nor yet had the laughter and merriment ceas'd,
 When the bell of the castle toll'd—ONE!

'Twas then with amazement fair Imogene found
 A stranger was placed by her side;
 His air was terrific, he utter'd no sound,
 He spoke not, he mov'd not, he look'd not
 around,

But earnestly gaz'd on the bride.

His vizzor was clos'd, and gigantic his height,
 His armor was sable to view;
 All laughter and pleasure were hush'd at his
 sight. [afright,

The dogs as they eyed him drew back with
 And the lights in the chamber burnt blue.

His presence all bosoms appear'd to dismay,
 The guests sat in silence and fear;
 At length spoke the bride, while she trembled
 —"I pray,
 Sir knight, that your helmet aside you would lay,
 And deign to partake of our cheer."

The lady is silent—the stranger complies,
 And his vizzor he slowly unclos'd.
 Oh gods! what a sight met fair Imogene's eyes,
 What words can express her dismay and sur-
 prise,

When a skeleton's head was expos'd!

All present then utter'd a terrified shout,
 And turn'd with disgust from the scene;
 The worms they crept in, and the worms they
 crept out,

And sported his eyes and his temples about,
 While the spectre address'd Imogene:

"Behold me, thou false one! behold me!" he
 cried,

"Behold thy Alonzo the Brave.
 God grants that, to punish thy falsehood and
 pride,

My ghost at thy marriage should sit by thy side,
 Should tax thee with perjury, claim thee as
 bride,

And bear thee away to the grave."

This saying, his arms round the lady he wound,
 While fair Imogene shriek'd with dismay;
 Then sunk with his prey through the wide-
 yawning ground,
 Nor ever again was fair Imogene found,
 Or the spectre that bore her away.

Not long liv'd the baron, and none since that
 To inhabit the castle presume: [time
 For chronicles tell, that by order sublime,
 There Imogene suffers the pains of her crime,
 And mourns her deplorable doom.

At midnight four times in each year does her
 sprite,

When mortals in slumber are bound,
 Array'd in her bridal apparel of white,
 Appear in the hall with the skeleton knight,
 And shriek as he whirls her around.

While they drink out of skulls newly torn from
 the grave,

Dancing round them pale spectres are seen:
 Their liquor is blood, and this horrible stave
 They howl: "To the health of Alonzo the
 Brave,
 And his consort, the false Imogene."

§ 174. *My Birth-Day.*

THOMAS MOORE.

"Mr birth-day"—what a different sound
 That word had in my youthful ears!
 And how, each time the day comes round,
 Less and less white its mark appears!

When first our scanty years are told,
 It seems like pastime to grow old;
 And, as Youth counts the shining links,
 That Time around him binds so fast,
 Pleas'd with the task, he little thinks
 How hard that chain will press at last.
 Vain was the man, and false as vain,
 Who said—"were he ordain'd to run
 "His long career of life again,
 "He would do all that he *had* done."—
 Ah, 'tis not thus the voice, that dwells
 In sober birth-days, speaks to me
 Far otherwise—of time it tells,
 Lavish'd unwisely, carelessly—
 Of counsel mock'd—of talents, made
 Haply for high and pure designs,
 But oft, like Israel's incense, laid
 Upon unholy, earthly shrines—

Of nursing many a wrong desire—
 Of wandering after Love too far,
 And taking every meteor fire,
 That cross'd my path-way, for his star !
 All this it tells, and, could I trace
 Th' imperfect picture o'er again,
 With pow'r to add, retouch, efface
 The lights and shades, the joy and pain,
 How little of the past would stay !
 How quickly all should melt away—
 All—but that freedom of the mind,
 Which hath been more than wealth to me ;
 Those friendships, in my boyhood twin'd,
 And kept till now unchangingly ;
 And that dear home, that saving ark,
 Where Love's true light at last I've found,
 Cheering within, when all grows dark,
 And comfortless, and stormy round !

§ 175. *The Tunbridge School Boy. Spoken at
 the Annual Visitation of the School.* KNOX.

SWEET is thy month, O Maia ! nor less sweet
 Life's earliest prime, when roseate blossoms
 blow

In Fancy's fairy meads, the Elysian fields
 Of infantine illusion, on the breast
 Of boys, who court, like us, the classic Muse,
 And daily sip the dews of Castalie.

Happy the school-boy ! did he prize his bliss,
 'Twere ill exchang'd for all the dazzling gems
 That gaily sparkle in ambition's eye ;
 His are the joys of nature, his the smile,
 The cherub smile, of innocence and health ;
 Sorrow unknown, or if a tear be shed,
 He wipes it soon ; for hark ! the cheerful voice
 Of comrades calls him to the top, or ball.
 Away he hies, and clamors as he goes
 With glee, which causes him to tread on air ;
 Bounding along elastic to the field,
 Or play-ground, scarce the well-stuff'd leathern
 orb

Springs from the earth so light, so swift as he :
 And well he earns the sport he well enjoys,
 For from the morning's dawn o'er learning's
 His steady eye has por'd till eventide. [page
 Early he woke ; and scarce had chanticleer
 Announc'd Aurora's orient blushing beams,
 When from the turret of the classic dome
 The bell importunate rang shrill and loud,
 And call'd him from his pillow ; up he sprang,
 Shaking soft slumbers from his shining eyes,
 And eager to renew his daily task.
 First lowly on his knees with orisons
 His Father high in heaven he supplicates
 To bless his earthly sire, her that bore him,
 Friends, tutors, all that watch with anxious
 care

To guide his footsteps in the paths of peace :
 Then to the limpid spring he hies, and laves
 In the cold element his morning face.
 His flowing locks well kempt, all neat and
 fresh

As vernal violets wash'd with drops of dew,

He takes his seat upon the classic bench,
 With Lily's volume duly op'd before him,
 And cons the task to memory assign'd,
 Repeating rules of grammar o'er and o'er
 With patience unsubdued ; but now and then
 He sweetens toil with gingerbread's nice cates,
 Or apples par'd unseen beneath the form,
 Or conversation softly interchang'd
 Of nests, and slides, and marbles, weighty
 cares,

Yet not unpleasing. Soon the busy school
 Glows with a general hum, as when in May
 The bees go forth to rifle honey flowers,
 They buz and murmur, yet no labour slight,
 But bring home luscious loads to enrich the
 hive.

The morning part well said, new cares suc-
 ceed ;

For now the authors of a golden age,
 Virgil and Horace, Tully's copious page,
 And Homer's manly melody, invite
 The ear attun'd by nature and by art,
 To revel in the luxury of verse,
 Or prose well measur'd, fraught with sense and
 sound

Harmonious ; polish'd is his ear, and keen
 His intellect, he hears, he tastes, he feels,
 Till his whole soul elate with ecstasy,
 Catching the flame of genius, boldly dares
 To emulate the beauty he admires :
 Hence in the evening exercise the theme
 Pregnant with moral truth, express'd in style
 Purely Augustan ; one day sure to grace
 The bar, the pulpit, or the author's page,
 Himself to aggrandize, and serve mankind.
 Nor seldom does the stripling snatch the lyre,
 And strike the deep-ton'd shell. Alcæus now
 He emulates ; whose sinewy nervous lines
 Pour forth, like Handel's strains, full harmony ;
 And now he sings with Sappho softly sweet ;
 The liquid measures flow like honey'd drops
 That trickle from the dædal cells of bees,
 Adonis closing the mellifluent lay
 With gentlest cadence. Listen yet once more !
 'Tis elegy I hear : the mournful verse
 Is simple ; yet 'tis nature's voice, and comes
 Directly from the heart ;—and to the heart
 It deeply pierces ; I could weep, and smile
 To think I wept—how plaintive are the notes !
 Like such as oft I hear the nightingale
 Modestly warble from the thickest shade,
 Concealment seeking, yet betray'd by tones
 Softer and sweeter than Italia's sons
 Strain from their throats to raptur'd theatres.
 But not to ode and elegy alone
 His ardor leads ; his emulative skill
 In epigram he tries ; and many a point
 Inserts which Martial might not blush to own,
 With classical expression neat and terse.
 Oft on the banks of Medway, near the dome
 Of Sydney's noble race, he sits reclin'd,
 And meditates the verse where Waller sat
 And sang his Sacharissa ; by his side
 Horace and Ovid. While the trembling reed

With fly appendant lures the golden chub,
His pencil in his hand, he studious notes
Some bright idea, or some polish'd phrase
Suggested by the Muse that haunts the groves
Of Penshurst, classic ground: if Britain's is e
Can boast such ground, then Penshurst's is the
claim, [scream

Though solitude now reigns, and the heron's
Drowns with the din each song of Philomel.

The task well finish'd, to the master's eye
The stripling bard submits with anxious heart,
Happy, thrice happy could it meet with praise.
His bosom throbs, till soon the judge's brows,
That frown'd terrific, gentler looks assume:
He calls the urchin with a friendly voice,
And stroking his curl'd locks, " 'Tis good,"
he cries,

" And to reward thy well-done task I grant
A holiday." Straight all the air resounds
" A holiday!" loud shouts from infant lips
Proclaim a holiday! they eager rush
To snatch the licens'd joy; each moment lost
Seems like an hour. Then take, O take your
fill,

Ye innocent tribes, nor let severity
Too rigorous rob you of the fleeting day:
'Tis brief at best, and hardly shall ye know
In life's most boasted years a purer bliss
Or more exalted. Fly then o'er the lawn,
Climbyonderhill—expatiate through the grove,
Or from the green bank plunge into the wave.
Why need I urge? already they are gone;
Some in the limpid stream already merg'd,
Their pastime take, and cleave the ambient
Or buoyant on the surface float supine, [wave,
Sporting like halcyons on the smooth expanse.
Thus nerv'd with added strength they urge the
ball

At cricket, manly game! the boast of Kent,
Tunbrigia's sons against all England's race;
Nor last, though least, the sprightly boys of
Judd*,

Scorning to be surpass'd in school, or field.

Others, as seasons urge, with wary eye
Search every thicket for the mossy nest;
And, thoughtless of the wrong, the eggs des-
poil,

Blue as the ethereal concave, streak'd or vein'd
By nature's pencil with a thousand dyes.
Oh! my companions! rob not the poor bird,
For many a pang she feels; but be content
With viewing the fair prize, and leave it there.
Sweetly the song from yonder hawthorn bush
Shall pay your generous pity as you pass;
And conscious virtue shall a bliss bestow,
Which rapine, though successful, never tastes,
Though India's gems enrich the plunderer.

Trust not in wrong and robbery for happi-
ness;

Nor, when autumnal suns the pensile fruit
Mature and on the southern garden-wall
Blushes the nectar'd peach like Hebe's cheek,

* Sir Andrew Judd, the founder.

O'erleap the fence. Oh, turn thy roving eye
From orchards rich with vegetable gold,
The pippin and the pear; and learn, like me,
The ripen'd cherry, shining, sleek, and plump,
To view with all the stoic's apathy.

I hate the purple cluster of the grape
When, out of reach, it peeps between the
leaves,

Half shown and half conceal'd, to tempt the
more.

Insidious beauty! Comrade, touch it not:

If e'er in evil hour thou pluck the fruit
Unlawful, thou shalt rue it, short-liv'd sweet
Follow'd by bitterness. The owner sees
Unseen, and tells the master of thy theft.
Then lo, the birchen fuses—hateful twigs;
Down go the galligaskins; sighs and sob
Too plainly tell what penalties and woes
Brings disobedience, and the tempting fruit
Of that forbidden tree. Then learn content:
A little weekly stipend is thine own,
And freely use it, as it was given for use.

Does thy mouth water? See the matron's stall,
Plums, nuts, and apples, rang'd in shining
rows,

Invite, nor rigid Prudence bids forbear;
There purchase, paying ready cash, and eat,
Welcome as nuts to thee thy mite to her.
Enjoy thy feast, poor imp, and freely taste,
No fears or qualms empoisoning the regale;
Then, with light heart, and pockets lighter
still,

Eas'd of thy money—root of every harm!

Away again to drive the circling hoop,
Or spin the top, or knuckle down at taw.

But now the shades of eve and turret bell
Proclaim the holiday too soon expir'd—

" In boys! all in, boys!" Instant to the school
Repairing, low they bend to that high Pow'r
That guards them from the sultry noon-tide
heat,

The pestilence that walketh in the night,
And out of mouths of sucklings and of babes
Ordained praise. The choral hymn and pray'r
Ascends like incense to the throne of heaven.

And now all weary, and with eyes half-clos'd,
Down on the couch they sink, nor sooner
down,

Than sleep seals up their lids: how hush'd the
din,

The merry noise that echoed o'er the field
The live long day! 'Tis silent all and still
Along the chambers of the dormitory,
Save where a gentle breathing soothes the ear,
Or now and then a voice that talks in sleep:
For many a vision, or fantastic dream,
Hovers around their pillows; rivers, groves,
Birds' nests on tops of tallest trees are seen,
With callow young, or eggs of varied hue;
Goldfinches, larks, or innets, lim'd with
twigs,

Or snar'd in traps, or gudgeons on the hook.
The orchard's charms with added lures appear,
Already up the tree they seize the prize;

Their plums and pippins, pears of freshest hue,
 Clusters of grapes, no longer out of reach,
 Distil nectareous juices on their lips,
 Which seem to smack again: so strong and
 true

Imagination's pencil paints the scene.
 Thus cheer'd by slumbers and a holiday,
 With double diligence they ply the task
 Upon the morrow: then vacation's good,
 When to ingenuous minds allow'd it gives
 A spur to industry, and to genius fire.

Rest and alternate labour, these combin'd
 With discipline, shall form the emulous youth
 To high accomplishments in liberal arts;
 And when his friends and country call him
 forth

To generous services in busy life,
 With energetic force he acts his part,
 And strict propriety, in every place,
 However arduous, in the social sphere.
 Happy and honor'd, prominent he stands
 Among the sons of men; and lustre flings
 Back on the place where education stored
 His mind with arts that taught him to excel.

Pardon my daring, if amid this group
 Of school-boys, who, beneath your fostering
 smiles,

The muses, graces, virtues, cultivate,
 I venture to fortell that, spurning ease,
 Some shall emerge, and add to the renown

Of Tunbridge school; an ancient hoary seat
 Of classic institution, favour'd long
 By patronage of men whose liberal souls,
 Amid the cares of gain, commercial toils,
 Chief cause of Britain's proud pre-eminence,
 Still find an hour to listen to the muse,
 And honor arts which seek no sordid pelf,
 But add a grace to life, and build up man.

O 'tis a noble edifice; and here
 The solid basis must be firmly laid
 In elemental lore. The pious Judd [stone:
 Some centuries past here plac'd the corner-
 His sons disdaining to degenerate,
 Support and deck the pile. 'Tis nobly done,
 And merits praise, which, though our hearts
 can feel, [due.

Our tongues want words to speak in language
 A school-boy I!—you've heard my artless
 tale;

'Tis a true picture of my simple life;
 Then how should I in language adequate
 Describe your merits? 'Tis a copious theme,
 And asks a genius, as your bounty large.
 But this I know, instructed in the arts
 Of elegance and taste beneath this roof,
 And cherish'd by your smiles, the day may
 come

When I may strike the lyre with manly grace,
 And justify the favour which e'en now
 Indulgence, blinding judgment, has bestow'd.

EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS, AND OTHER LITTLE PIECES.

The Touchstone.

A FOOL and knave, with different views
 For Julia's hand apply;
 The knave to mend his fortune sues,
 The fool to please his eye.
 Ask you how Julia will behave?
 Depend on't for a rule,
 If she's a fool, she'll wed the knave—
 If she's a knave, the fool.

THE MONUMENT.

Post funera virtus.

A MONSTER in a course of vice grown old,
 Leaves to his gaping heir his ill gain'd gold;
 Straight breathes his bust, straight are his vir-
 tues shown, [stone.
 Their date commencing with the sculptur'd
 If on his specious marble we rely,
 Pity a worth like his should ever die!
 If credit to his real life we give,
 Pity a wretch like him should ever live!

The First Pair.

ADAM alone could not be easy,
 So he must have a wife, an't please ye:
 And how did he procure his wife
 To cheer his solitary life?
 Why, from a rib cut off his side
 Was form'd this necessary bride.
 But how did he the pain beguile?
 Pho! he slept sweetly all the while.
 But when this rib was re-applied,
 In woman's form, to Adam's side,
 How then, I pray you, did it answer?
 He never slept so sweet again, Sir!

The Fair Equivoque.

As blooming Harriet mov'd along
 The fairest of the beauteous throng,
 The beaux gaz'd on with admiration,
 Avow'd by many an exclamation.
 What form! what naivete! what grace!
 What roses deck that Grecian face!
 "Nay," Dashwood cries, "that bloom's not
 Harriet's, [riott's;
 "'Twas bought at Reynolds', Moore's, or Mar-
 "And though you vow her face untainted,
 "I swear, *by God*, your beauty's painted."
 A wager instantly was laid,
 And Ranger sought the lovely maid;
 The pending bet he soon revealed,
 Nor e'en the impious oath concealed.
 Confus'd—her cheeks bore witness true,
 By turns the roses came and flew.
 'Your bet,' said she, 'is rudely odd—
 'But I am painted, Sir—*by God*.'

*On Lady A*****.*

ANCIENT Phillis has *young* graces,
 'Tis a strange thing, but a true one:
 Shall I tell you how?
 She herself *makes* her own faces,
 And each morning wears a new one:
 Where's the wonder now?

Unobtrusive Beauty.

As lamps burn silent with unconscious light,
 So modest ease in beauty shines most bright;
 Unaiming charms, with edge resistless fall,
 And she, who meant no mischief, does it all.

The Laconic Female.

CELIA her sex's foible shuns;
 Her tongue no length of larum runs;
 Two phrases answer every part:
 One *gain'd*, one *breaks* her husband's heart;
 I *will*, she said, when made a bride;—
 I *won't*—through all her life beside.

On the Marriage of an Old Maid.

CHLOE, a coquette in her prime,
 The vainest ficklest thing alive,
 Behold the strange effects of time!
 Marries and doats at forty-five.
 Thus weather-cocks, who for a while
 Have turn'd about with every blast,
 Grown old, and destitute of oil,
 Rust to a point, and fix at last.

To a Female Cup-bearer.

COME, Leila, fill the goblet up,
 Reach round the rosy wine;
 Think not that we will take the cup
 From any hand but thine.
 A draught, like this, 'twere vain to seek;
 No grape can such supply:
 It steals its tints from Leila's cheek,
 Its brightness from her eye.

On an ancient Lady who painted.

COSMELIA's charms inspire my lays,
 Who's fair in nature's scorn;
 Blooms in the winter of her days,
 Like Glastonbury thorn.
 Cosmelia's cruel at threescore;
 Like bards in modern plays,
 Four acts of life pass'd guiltless o'er,
 But in the fifth she slays.
 If e'er, impatient of the bliss,
 Into her arms you fall;
 The plaster'd fair returns the kiss,
 Like Thisbe, thro' a wall.

Logic.

CRIES logical Bobby to Ned, will you dare
A bet, which has most legs, a mare, or *no mare*.
A mare to be sure, replied Ned, with a grin,
And fifty I'll lay, for I'm certain to win.
Quoth Bob, you have lost, sure as you are alive,
A mare has but four legs, and *no mare* has five.

The unfortunate Request.

DEAR Cupid (I cried) do consult with your mother,
To subdue my dear Chloe's insensible heart!
Kind Cupid obey'd; Venus too play'd her part,
And my Chloe at length fell in love—with another!

On seeing the Words "Domus Ultima," inscribed on the Vault belonging to the Dukes of Richmond, in the Cathedral of Chichester.

DID he, who thus inscrib'd this wall,
Not read, or not believe, St. Paul,
Who says there is, where'er it stands,
"Another house not made with hands?"
Or shall we gather from these words
That house is not a *House of Lords*?

One Swallow makes no Summer.

EXCEEDING cold, in frost and snow,
I set my nose to the rummer;
Till swallow after swallow made
Me almost think it summer.

Generosity and Prudence.

FRANK, who will any friend supply,
Lent me ten guineas.—Come, said I,
Give me a pen, it is but fair,
You take my note:—quoth he, "Hold there,
"Jack! to the cash I've bid adieu;—
"No need to waste my paper too!"

On a Bee, stifled in Honey.

FROM flow'r to flow'r, with eager pains,
See the blest, busy lab'rer fly;
When all that from her toil she gains,
Is, in the sweets she hoards, to die.
'Tis thus, wou'd man the truth believe,
With life's soft sweets, each fav'rite joy:
If we taste wisely, they relieve;
But if we plunge too deep, destroy.

The smiling Fair.

FROM morn till eve, throughout the day,
My Chloe was serenely gay:
I romp'd with Phillis—all the while
Nothing disturb'd my Chloe's smile.
The next day came—the morning low'r'd,
Our schemes were crost, our tempers sour'd.
Still Chloe smil'd—Amaz'd I said,
"Can nothing vex this lovely maid?"
At length a tooth, by luckless blow,
Was struck from out the pearly row:

Though time has long since heal'd the pain,
My Chloe never smil'd again.

On Self-conceit.

HAIL! charming power of self-opinion!
For none are slaves in thy dominion:
Secure in thee, the mind's at ease;
The *vain* have only *one* to please.

Hermit hoar, in solemn cell,
Wearing out life's evening grey,
Strike thy bosom, sage, and tell,
What is bliss, and which the way.

Thus I spoke, and speaking sigh'd,
Scarce repress'd the starting tear,
When the hoary sage reply'd,
"Come, my lad, and drink some beer."

*On a Spring.**From the Latin.*

HID lies the nymph from whom this bounty
So let thy hand conceal, when it bestows. [flows,

The Lady's Wish.

IF it be true, celestial pow'rs,
That you have form'd me fair;
And yet, in all my vainest hours,
My mind has been my care:

Then, in return, I beg this grace;
As you were ever kind,
What envious time takes from my face,
Bestow upon my mind.

Lavinia.

LAVINIA is polite, but not prophane;
To church as constant as to Drury Lane.
She decently, in form, pays heav'n its due;
And makes a civil visit to her pew;
Her lifted fan, to give a solemn air,
Conceals her face, which passes for a pray'r;
Curt'sies to curt'sies, then, with grace succeed,
Not one the fair omits, but at the Creed:
Or, if she joins the service, 'tis to speak; [break;
Through dreadful silence, the pent heart might
Untaught to bear it, women talk away
To God himself, and fondly think they pray:
But sweet their accent, and their air refin'd,
For they're before their Maker—and mankind:
When ladies once are proud of praying well,
Satan himself will toll the parish bell.

Monition to the Ladies.

MYRTILLA, rising with the dawn,
Steals roses from the blushing morn;
But when Myrtilla sleeps till ten,
Aurora steals them back again.

Epitaph.

NOBLES and heralds, by your leave,
Here lies the bones of Matthew Prior;
The son of Adam and of Eve:
Let Bourbon or Nassau go higher.

The Cunning Libeller.

OF all the pens which my poor rhymes molest,
Cotin's is sharpest, and succeeds the best.
Others outrageous scold, and rail downright,
With hearty rancour, and true christian spite:
But he a readier method does design; [mine.
Writes scoundrel verses, and then says they're

The Case Reversed.

OF great connexions with great men,
Ned keeps a perpetual pother; [when;
"My lord knows what, knows who, knows
"My lord says this, thinks that, does t' other."
My lord had formerly his fool,
We know it, for 'tis on record:
But now, by Ned's inverted rule,
The fool, it seems, must have his lord!

Candour and Modesty.

ORINDA's judgment's just and true,
It never made a slip but two;
When she approv'd my lines was one;—
The other when she blam'd her own.

On Contrition.

OUR God requireth the whole heart, or none,
And yet he will accept a broken one.

Life.

OUR life is nothing but a winter's day;
Some only break their fast, and so away;
Others stay dinner, and depart full fed;
The deepest age but sups, and goes to bed:
He's most in debt, that lingers out the day;]
Who dies betimes, has less and less to pay.

From the French.

SIR, I admit your gen'ral rule,
That every poet is a fool:
But you yourself may serve to show it,
That every fool is not a poet.

The Ancients and Moderns.

SOME for the ancients zealously declare;
Others, again, our modern wits prefer;
A third affirms, that they are much the same,
And differ only as to time or name:
Yet sure one more distinction may be told, [old.
Those once were new; but these will ne'er be

On Mr. Dryden's wanting an Epitaph.

THAT thou, great genius! here on earth art
With no inscription on the sacred stone, [thrown,
Is not thy brother-poets' fault, but shame;
Since, unenjoying thy celestial flame,
They knew not how to propagate thy fame:
Thyself alone, could thy own glory raise;
Thy verse alone record thy verse's praise:
So thy own thoughts should thy own lines refine;
As dust of di'monds makes the di'mond shine.

The skilful Painter.

THE glow which Iris' cheeks possess,
Is something more than nature's dress;
Yet such her happy knack,

Although she paints, there's none can boast,
Of knowing which she uses most,—
Carmine or Coniac.

Inscribed on a beautiful Grotto near the Water.

THE Graces sought in yonder stream,
To cool the fervid day,
When Jove's malicious godhead came,
And stole their robes away.

Proud of the theft, the little god
Their robes bade Delia wear:
While they asham'd to stir abroad,
Remain all naked here.

On some Snow that melted on a Lady's Breast.

THOSE envious flakes came down in haste,
To prove her breast less fair:
Grieving to find themselves surpast,
Dissolv'd into a tear.

The Rival Beauties.

THREE lovely nymphs, contending for the prize,
Display'd their charms before my critic eyes:
Superior beauty heightened every grace,
And seem'd to mark them of celestial race:
But I who, bless'd like Paris, fear'd his fall,
Swore each a Venus was—and pleas'd them all.

Travellers defended.

'Tis stated by a captious tribe,
Travellers each other but transcribe;
This charge to truth hath no pretension,
For half they write's their own invention.

To a Lady, who valued herself on speaking her
Mind in a blunt Manner, which she called being
sincere.

WELL, you sincerity display,
A virtue wond'rous rare!
Nor value, tho' the world should say
You're rude, so you're sincere.

To be sincere, then, give me leave,
And I will frankly own,
Since you but this one virtue have,
'Twere better you had none.

Hymen and Cupid.

WHEN Jove on Hymen did bestow
The pow'r o'er nuptials to preside,
He, to his brother of the bow,
Said—"You for me the chains provide."
With roses of a purple glow,
Love the flow'ry bonds composes,
But being blind, he did not know
The thorns to separate from the roses;
Hence comes it even the happiest pair,
Are subject to the hours of care.

*The Art of making one's own Sermons, illustrated
by Example.*

JACK stole his discourse from the fam'd
Doctor Brown,
But reading it wretchedly made it his own.

Know Thyself.

FITZ to the peerage knows he's a disgrace,
So mounts the coach-box as his *proper* place.

WHILE Dick to combs hostility proclaims,
A neighbouring taper sets his hair in flames :
The blaze extinct, permit us to inquire, [fire ?"
" Were there no *lives* lost, Richard, in the

Ignotum omne pro magnifico.

AVERSE to pamper'd and high-mettled steeds,
His own upon chop'd straw Avaro feeds :
Bred in his stable, in his paddock born,
What vast ideas they must have of corn !

A Case of Conscience ; submitted to a late Dignitary of the Church, on his Narcotic Exposition of the following Text : " Watch and Pray, lest ye enter into Temptation."

By our pastor perplex'd,
How shall we determine ?
" Watch and pray," says the Text,
" Go to sleep," says the Sermon.

On a Lady who squinted.

If ancient poets Argus prize
Who boasted of a hundred eyes,
Sure greater praise to her is due
Who looks a hundred ways with two !

To a Lady, with a Print of Venus attired by the Graces.

THAT far superior is thy state
Even envy must agree ;
On thee a thousand Graces wait,
On Venus only three.

To a Gentleman who was obliged to retract for fear of a disagreeable Retaliation.

THAT Cotta is so pale, so spare,
No cause for wonder now affords ;
He lives, alas ! on empty fare,
Who lives by eating his own words.

On the Phrase, " Killing Time." Translated from Voltaire.

" THERE's scarce a point wherein mankind
So well as in their boast of killing me. [agree,
I boast of nothing : but, when I've a mind,
I think I can be even with mankind."

" BROTHER bucks, your glasses drain :
Tom, 'tis strong and sparkling red."—
" Never fear—'twon't reach my brain."—
" No—that's true—but 'twill your head."

THE gay Flirtilla show'd her mimic bust,
And ask'd blunt Senso if 'twere fashion'd just.
" Ma'am," he replied, " in this 'tis much like
The face is painted, and that badly too." [you ;

An Expostulation.

WHEN late I attempt your pity to move,
Why seem'd you so deaf to my prayers ?
Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love—
But—why did you kick me down stairs ?

Epitaph.

HERE is my much-lov'd Celia laid,
At rest from all her earthly labors !
Glory to God, peace to the dead,
And to the ears of all her neighbours.

" MY wife's so very bad," cried Will,
" I fear she ne'er will hold it—
She keeps her bed !"—" Mine's worse," quoth
" The jade has just now sold it." [Phil,

The Clown's Reply. GOLDSMITH.

JOHN TROTT was desired by two witty peers
To tell them the reason why asses had ears :
" An't please you," quoth John, " I'm not
given to letters, [better :
Nor dare I pretend to know more than my
Howe'er from this time, I shall ne'er see your
graces, [asses."
As I hope to be sav'd ! without thinking on

An Elegy on the Glory of her Sex. By the same.

Good people all, with one accord
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom pass'd her door,
And always found her kind ;
She freely lent to all the poor—
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please,
With manners wondrous winning ;
And never follow'd wicked ways—
Unless when she was sinning.

At church with silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size ;
She never slumber'd in her pew—
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more ;
The king himself has follow'd her—
When she has walk'd before.

But now, her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all,
The doctors found, when she was dead,
Her last disorder—mortal.

Let us lament in sorrow sore ;
For Kent-street well may say,
That had she liv'd a twelvemonth more,
She had not died to-day.

On a Miser.

IRON was his chest,
Iron was his door,
His hand was iron,
And his heart was more.

On Mr. Churchill's Death.

SAYS Tom to Richard, "Churchill's dead."

Says Richard, "Tom, you lie:
Old Rancour the report has spread,
But Genius cannot die."

JACK brags he never dines at home,
With reason, too, no doubt—
In truth, Jack never dines at all,
Unless invited out.

To Chloe. By PETER PINDAR.

DEAR Chloe, well I know the swain,
Who gladly would embrace thy chain,
And who, alas! can blame him?
Affect not, Chloe, a surprise:
Look but a moment on these eyes,
Thou'lt ask me not to name him.

Garrick and his brother Actor. By the same.

A SHABBY fellow chanc'd one day to meet
The British Roscius in the street
(Garrick, of whom our nation justly brags).
The fellow hugg'd him with a kind embrace—
"Good Sir, I do not recollect your face," [rags:
Quoth Garrick.—"No!" reply'd the man of
"The boards of Drury you and I have trod
Full many a time together, I am sure."
"When?" with an oath, cried Garrick—"for,
I never saw that face of yours before! [by G—,
What characters, I pray,
Did you and I together play?"
"Lord!" quoth the fellow, "think not that I
mock— [Cock."
When you play'd Hamlet, Sir,—I play'd the

A DOCTOR there is of so humble a grace,
That the case he durst never express:
But little he says, and if that you will trace,
His knowledge you'll find to be less.

Then sure you will say he's deficient in brain;
Or his head to a still you'll compare,
That does little or nothing but simples contain,
And yields them by drops that are rare.

*An old Gentleman of the name of Page, finding
a Lady's Glove, sent it to the Owner, with
this Distich, and received the following Answer.*

IF that from Glove you take the letter G,
Then Glove is love, and that I send to thee.

ANSWER.

IF that from Page you take the letter P,
Then Page is age, and that won't do for me.

Conscience.

THE Chartreux wants the warning of a bell
To call him to the duties of his cell;
There needs no noise at all t' awaken sin,
Th' adulterer and thief his 'larum has within.

*Lines sent to Mr. Cosway, while Lady C. Paulet
was sitting to him.*

COSWAY, my Cathrine sits to you:
And, that the col'ring may be true,
This nosegay on your pallet place,
Replete with all the tints that grace
The various beauties of her face.
Her skin the snow-drop's whiteness shows,
Her blushing cheek the op'ning rose:
Her eyes the modest violet speak,
Whose silken fringes kiss her cheek.
The spicy pink, in morning dew,
Presents her fragrant lips to view.
The glossy curls that crown her head,
Paint from the gilt-cup of the mead.
Long may her image fill my eye,
When these fair emblems fade and die;
Placed on my faithful breast, and prove
'Tis Cosway paints the Queen of Love.

On seeing a Dog asleep near his Master.

THREE happy dog! thou feel'st no woe,
No anguish to molest
Thy peaceful hours that sweetly flow,
Alternate sport and rest.

Man's call'd the lord—affliction's heir!
And sorrow's only son!
Whilst he's a slave to ev'ry care,
And thou art slave to none.

Blest, near thy master thus to lie,
And blest with him to rove!
Unstain'd by guilt thy moments fly
On wings of grateful love.

Oh! that my heart, like thine, could taste
The sweets of guiltless life!
Beyond the reach of passion placed,
Its anguish and its strife.

*On a Waiter, once at Arthur's, and a Fellow-
servant of his there, both since Members of
Parliament, and the last a Nabob.*

WHEN Bob M-ck-th, with upper servant's pride,
"Here, sirrah, clean my shoes," to Rumb—d
He humbly answered, "Yea, Bob?" [cry'd,
But since return'd from India's plunder'd land,
The purse-proud Rumb—d now, on such com-
mand,

Would stoutly answer, "Nay, Bob."

To rob the nation two contractors come,
One cheats in corn, the other cheats in rum:
The greater rogue 'tis hard to ascertain;
The rogue in spirits, or the rogue in grain.

The Negro's Complaint.

WIDE over the tremulous sea
The moon spread her mantle of light,
And the gale, gently dying away,
Breath'd soft on the bosom of night.

On the forecastle Maratan stood,
And pour'd forth his sorrowful tale;
His tears fell unseen in the flood,
His sighs pass'd unheard in the gale.

Ah, wretch! in wild anguish he cry'd,
From country and liberty torn;
Ah! Maratan, wouldst thou had died,
Ere o'er the salt waves thou wert borne!

Through the groves of Angola I stray'd,
Love and Hope made my bosom their home,
There I talk'd with my favourite maid,
Nor dream'd of the sorrow to come.

From the thicket the man-hunter sprung,
My cries echo'd loud through the air;
There was fury and wrath on his tongue,
He was deaf to the shrieks of despair.

Accurs'd be the merciless band,
Who his love could from Maratan tear;
And blasted this impotent hand,
That was sever'd from all I held dear.

Flow, ye tears, down my cheeks ever flow,
Still let sleep from my eye-lids depart,
And still may the arrows of woe
Drink deep of the stream of my heart!

But hark! on the silence of night
My Adila's accents I hear,
And mournful beneath the wan light
I see her lov'd image appear!

Slow o'er the smooth ocean she glides,
As the mist that hangs light on the wave;
And fondly her lover she chides,
That lingers so long from the grave.

"O Maratan, haste thee!" she cries,
"Here the reign of oppression is o'er,
The tyrant is robb'd of his prize,
And Adila sorrows no more."

Now, sinking amidst the dim ray,
Her form seems to fade on my view;
O stay then, my Adila, stay—
She beckons, and I must pursue.

To-morrow, the white man in vain
Shall proudly account me his slave;
My shackles I plunge in the main,
And rush to the realms of the brave.

On an unfortunate Beauty. ANON.

Poor wand'r'er! how shall that weak form,
So loosely clad in vesture light,
Endure the malice of the storm,
The rudeness of the winter's night?

And does a smile thy cheek illumine?
Alas! that faint and feeble glow
Is like the flower's untimely bloom,
Drooping amidst a waste of snow.

Poor wretch!—you sigh, you would unfold
The course of sorrow you have run:
A simple story, quickly told—
You lov'd, believ'd, and were undone.

Why weep you as my hand you press?
Why on my features gaze and sigh?
Would no one pity your distress?
None listen to your tale, but I?

Alas! a pittance scant, I fear,
Is all the joy I can bestow;
I can but wipe away one tear,
One moment from a life of woe.

Yet e'en for this your grateful eye
To heaven is rais'd—Poor girl, adieu!
To scenes of senseless mirth I fly,
To poverty and sickness you.

By Dr. YOUNG.

As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set;
Their want of edge from their offence is seen,
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.

Advice to Mr. Pope, on his intended Translation of Homer, 1714.

O THOU who, with a happy genius born,
Canst tuneful verse in flowing numbers turn,
Crown'd on thy Windsor's plains with early
bays,

Be early wise, nor trust to barren praise.
Blind was the Bard that sung Achilles' rage,
He sung and begg'd, and curs'd th' ungiving
age;

If Britain his translated song would hear,
First take the gold—then charm the list'ning
So shall thy father Homer smile to see [ear;
His pension paid, tho' late—and paid to thee.

AN opera, like a pill'ry, may be said
To nail our ears down, but expose our head.

LUCIA thinks happiness consists in state;
She weds an idiot, but she eats in plate.

To the Hon. Mrs. Perceval, with Hutcheson's Treatise on Beauty and Order. GRIERSON.

Ta' internal senses painted here we see:
They're born in others, but they live in thee.
O! were our author with thy converse blest,
Could he behold the virtues of thy breast;
His needless labors with contempt he'd view,
And bid the world not read—but copy you.

JACK eating rotten cheese, did say,
Like Samson, I my thousands slay:
I vow, quoth Roger, so you do,
And with the self-same weapon too.

On God's Omnipotence.

WHEN Egypt's host God's chosen tribe pur-
sued,
In crystal walls th' admiring waters stood;

When thro' the dreary wastes they took their way,
The rocks relented, and pour'd forth a sea!
What limits can th' Almighty goodness know,
Since seas can harden, and since rocks can flow!

Simili similis gaudet.

WHEN Chloe's picture was to Chloe shown,
Adorn'd with charms and beauties not her own;
Where Hogarth, pitying nature, kindly made
Such lips, such eyes, as Chloe never had:
Ye Gods! she cries in ecstasy of heart,
How near can nature be express'd by art!
Well! it is wondrous like! nay, let me die,
The very pouting lip, the killing eye!—
Blunt and severe as Manly in the play,
Downright replies: Like, madam, do you say?
The picture bears this likeness, it is true:
The canvass painted is, and so are you.

As Sherlock at Temple was taking a boat,
The waterman ask'd him which way he would float. [the stream—
Which way? says the Doctor: why, fool, with
To Paul's or to Lambeth, 'twas all one to him.

*On a Prelate's going out of Church in Time of
Divine Service, to wait on the Lord Lieutenant
of Ireland.*

LORD PAM in the Church (could you think
it?) kneel'd down: [town,
When, told that the duke was just come to
His station despising, unaw'd by the place,
He flies from his God to attend on his Grace.
To the court it was fitter to pay his devotion,
Since God had no share in his lordship's promotion.

A NUM'ROUS fellow in a tavern late,
Being drunk and valiant, gets a broken pate:
The surgeon, with his instruments and skill,
Searches his skull deeper and deeper still,
To feel his brains, and try if they were sound;
And, as he keeps adō about the wound,
The fellow cries—Good surgeon, spare your pains:
When I began this brawl I had no brains.

By fav'ring wit Mæcenas purchas'd fame,
Virgil's own works immortaliz'd his name:
A double share of fame is Dorset's due,
At once the patron and the poet too.

POLLIO must needs to penitence excite;
For see, his scarves are rich, and gloves are white.
Behold his noses display'd, his body rais'd:
With what a zeal he labours to be prais'd!
No stubborn sinner able to withstand
The force and reasoning of his wig and band:

Much better pleas'd, so pious his intent,
With five that laugh than fifty who repent.
On moral duties when his tongue refines,
Tully and Plato are his best divines:
What Matthew says, or Mark, the proof but small; [all.
What Locke or Clarke asserts, good scripture
Touch'd with each weakness which he does
arraign,
With vanity he talks against the vain;
With ostentation does to meekness guide,
Proud of his periods levell'd against pride;
Ambitiously the love of glory slights,
And damns the love of fame—for which he
writes.

THE Latin word for cold, one ask'd his friend;
It is, said he—'tis at my finger's end.

The World.

THE world's a book, writ by th' eternal art
Of the great Author; printed in man's heart;
'Tis falsely printed, though divinely penn'd;
And all th' errata will appear at th' end.

On the Battle of the Books.

SWIFT for the ancients has argu'd so well,
'Tis apparent from thence that the moderns
excel.

A WELSHMAN and an Englishman disputed,
Which of their lands maintain'd the greatest
state; [futed,
The Englishman the Welshman quite con-
The Welshman yet would not his vaunts
abate. [sees,
Ten cooks, quoth he, in Wales, one wedding
Ah, quoth the other, each man toasts his cheese.

From the Latin.

UNHAPPY, Dido, was thy fate,
In first and second wedded state!
One husband caus'd thy flight by dying,
Thy death the other caus'd by flying.

On the Funeral of Vulture Hopkins.

WHAT num'rous lights this wretch's corpse
attend,
Who, in his life-time, sav'd a candle's end!

The Humourist. Imitated from Martial.

IN all thy humors, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen, about
thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

A HAUGHTY courtier meeting in the streets
A scholar, him thus insolently greets:
Base men to take the wall I ne'er permit.
The scholar said, I do; and gave him it.

THUS with kind words Sir Edward cheer'd
 his friend: [pend:
 Dear Dick! thou on my friendship mayst de-
 I know thy fortune is but very scant;
 But be assur'd, I'll ne'er see Dick in want.
 Dick's soon confin'd—his friend, no doubt,
 would free him: [him.
 His word he kept—in want he ne'er would see

WHEN men of infamy to grandeur soar,
 They light a torch to show their shame the
 more.

*On the Offering made by King James I. at a
 grave Comedy, called the Marriage of Arts.*

AT Christ-Church Marriage, play'd before
 the king, [ing,
 Lest these learn'd mates should want an offer—
 The king himself did offer—what, I pray?
 He offer'd, twice or thrice, to go away.

*A Country Parson's Answer to a young Lady
 who sent her Compliments on the Ten of
 Hearts.*

YOUR compliments, dear lady, pray forbear;
 Old English services are more sincere:
 You send ten hearts, the tithe is only mine;
 Give me but one, and burn the other nine.

By Dr. DONNE.

I AM unable, yonder beggar cries,
 To stand or go. If he says true, he lies.

MOORE always smiles whenever he recites;
 He smiles; you think, approving what he writes.
 And yet in this no vanity is shown;
 A modest man may like what's not his own.

To a Writer of long Epitaphs.

FRIEND, in your Epitaphs I'm griev'd
 So very much is said:
 One half will never be believ'd,
 The other never read.

*To Mr. Thomson, who had procured the Author
 a Benefit Night. DENNIS.*

REFLECTING on thy worth, methinks I find
 Thy various Seasons in their Author's mind.
 Spring opes her blossoms various as thy muse,
 And, like thy soft compassion, sheds her dews.
 Summer's hot drought in thy expression glows,
 And o'er each page a tawny ripeness throws.
 Autumn's rich fruits th' instructed reader gains,
 Who tastes the meaning purpose of thy strains.
 Winter—but that no semblance takes from
 That hoary season yields a type of me. [thee:
 Shatter'd by Time's weak storms I with'ring lay,
 Leafless, and whitening in a cold decay!
 Yet shall my propless ivy, pale and bent,
 Bless the short sunshine which thy pity lent.

The Fan. ATTERBURY.

FLAVIA the least and slightest toy
 Can with resistless art employ:
 This fan, in meaner hands, would prove
 An engine of small force in love:
 Yet she, with graceful air and mien,
 Not to be told, or safely seen,
 Directs its wanton motions so,
 That it wounds more than Cupid's bow,
 Gives coolness to the matchless dame,
 To ev'ry other breast a flame.

*To the Author of an Epitaph on Dr. Mead.
 HAKETT.*

MEAD's not dead then, you say, only sleeping
 a little? [title:
 Why, egad! Sir, you've hit it off there to a
 Yet, friend, his awaking I very much doubt—
 Pluto knows whom he's got, and will ne'er let
 him out.

British Economy.

IN merry Old England it once was a rule,
 The king had his poet, and also his fool:
 But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to
 know it, [poet.
 Poor Cibber must serve both for fool and for

*Found stuck on the Statue of the Moor which
 supports the Sun-Dial in Clement's-Inn.*

IN vain, poor sable son of woe,
 Thou seek'st the tender tear;
 From thee we're in vain with pangs they flow,
 For mercy dwells not here.

From cannibals thou fledd'st in vain,
 Lawyers less quarter give;
 The first won't eat you till you're slain,
 The last will do't alive.

WHEN Jack was poor, the lad was frank and
 free;
 Of late he's grown brimful of pride and pelf.
 You wonder that he do'n't remember me:
 Why so? You see he has forgot himself.

By PRIOR.

To John I owed great obligation;
 But John unhappily thought fit
 To publish it to all the nation:
 Sure John and I are more than quit.

*On the Bursar of St. John's College in Oxford
 cutting down a fine Row of Trees.*

INDULGENT nature to each kind bestows
 A secret instinct to discern its foes:
 The goose, a silly bird, avoids the fox:
 Lambs fly from wolves, and sailors steer from
 rocks:
 A rogue the gallows as his fate foresees,
 And bears the like antipathy to trees.

Good Music and bad Dancers.

How ill the motion with the music suits!
So Orpheus play'd, and like them danc'd the
brutes.

So much, my Pope, thy English Iliad charms,
As pity melts us, or as passion warms;
That after-ages shall with wonder seek
Who 'twas translated Homer into Greek.

By HARRINGTON.

THE golden hair that Galla wears,
Is hers: who would have thought it?
She swears 'tis hers; and true she swears,
For I know where she bought it.

To Lady Isabella Thynne, cutting Trees in Paper.
WALLER.

FAIR hand, that can on virgin paper write,
Yet from the stain of ink preserve it white;
Whose travel o'er that silver field does show
Like tracks of leverets in morning snow:
Love's image thus in purest minds is wrought,
Without a spot or blemish to the thought.
Strange, that your fingers should the pencil foil,
Without the help of colours or of oil!
For though a painter boughs and leaves can
make,
'Tis yours alone to make them bend and shake,
Whose breath salutes your new-created grove
Like southern winds, and makes it gently move.
Orpheus could make the forest dance, but you
Can make the motion and the forest too.
A poet, when he would describe his mind,
Is, as in language, so in fame, confin'd;
Your works are read wherever there are men:
So far the scissors go beyond the pen.

By PRIOR.

THY nags, the leanest things alive,
So very hard thou lov'st to drive,
I heard thy anxious coachman say,
It cost thee more in whips than hay.

A Cure for Poetry.

SEVEN wealthy towns contend for Homer
dead, [bread!
Through which the living Homer begged his

Dr. ALDRICH's Five Reasons for Drinking.

Good wine; a friend; or being dry;
Or lest we should be by and by;
Or any other reason why.

By WALLER.

THYRSIS, a youth of the inspir'd train,
Fair Saccharissa lov'd, but lov'd in vain;
Like Phœbus sung the no less am'rous boy;
Like Daphne she, as lovely and as coy.
With numbers he the flying nymph pursues,
With numbers such as Phœbus' self might use;
All, but the nymph who should redress his
wrong,
Attend his passion, and approve his song:

Like Phœbus thus acquiring unsought praise,
He catch'd at love, and fill'd his arms with bays.

By PRIOR.

ON his death-bed poor Simon lies,
His spouse is in despair:
With frequent sobs and mutual cries,
They both express their care.
A diff'rent cause, says Parson Sly,
The same effect may give;
Poor Simon fears that he shall die,
His wife—that he may live.

Written on the Bed-chamber Door of Charles II.
ROCHESTER.

HERE lies our sovereign lord the King,
Whose word no man relies on;
He never says a foolish thing,
Nor ever does a wise one.

To Phyllis.

THAT little patch upon your face
Would seem a foil on one less fair;
On you it hides a killing grace,
And you in pity plac'd it there.

By PRIOR.

As after noon, one summer's day,
Venus stood bathing in a river;
Cupid a-shooting went that way,
New-strung his bow, new-fill'd his quiver.
With skill he chose his sharpest dart;
With all his might his bow he drew:
Swift to his beauteous parent's heart
The too well guided arrow flew.
I faint! I die! the goddess cried:
O cruel! couldst thou find none other
To wreak thy spleen on, parricide?
Like Nero, thou hast slain thy mother.
Poor Cupid, sobbing, scarce could speak!
Indeed, Mamma, I did not know ye:
Alas! how easy my mistake!
I took you for your likeness, Chloe.

From the Greek. PRIOR.

VENUS, take my votive glass,
Since I am not what I was;
What from this day I shall be,
Venus, let me never see!

Written on a Glass, by a Gentleman who bor-
rowed the Earl of Chesterfield's Diamond
Pencil.

ACCEPT a miracle, instead of wit:
See two dull lines by Stanhope's pencil writ!

On Lady Manchester. ADDISON.

WHILST haughty Gallia's dames, that spread
O'er the pale cheeks an artful red,
Beheld this beauteous stranger there,
In native charms divinely fair;
Confusion in their looks they show'd,
And with unusual blushes glow'd.

Suicide. Dr. SEWEL.

WHEN all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death, the brave live on.

YOUNG Courtly takes me for a dunce;
For all night long I spoke not once.
On better grounds I think him such:
He spoke but once, yet once too much.

By POPE.

MUSE, 'tis enough; at length thy labor ends,
And thou shalt live—for Buckingham commands.

Let crowds of critics now my verse assail,
Let Dennis write, and nameless numbers rail;
This more than pays whole years of thankless
pain,
Time, pain, and fortune, are not lost in vain;
Sheffield approves, consenting Phœbus bends,
And I and Malice from this hour are friends.

On a certain Beauty.

MISTAKEN nature here has join'd
A beauteous face and ugly mind;
In vain the faultless features strike,
When soul and body are unlike:
Pity that snowy breast should hide
Deceit, and avarice, and pride.
So in rich jars, from China brought,
With glowing colors gaily wrought,
Oftimes the subtle spider dwells,
With secret venom bloated swells;
Weaves all his fatal nets within,
As unsuspected as unseen.

By WALLER.

WERE men so dull they could not see
That Lyce painted; should they flee,
Like simple birds, into a net
So grossly woven and ill-set;
Her own teeth would undo the knot,
And let all go that she had got.
These teeth my Lyce must not show,
If she would bite: her lovers, though
Like birds they stoop at seeming grapes,
Are disabus'd when first she gapes:
The rotten bones discover'd there,
Show 'tis a painted sepulchre.

By Sir G. LYTTETLTON.

NONE without hope e'er lov'd the brightest
fair,
But love can hope where reason would despair.

TRUE wit is like the brilliant stone
Dug from the Indian mine;
Which boasts two diff'rent pow'rs in one,
To cut as well as shine.

Genius, like that, if polish'd right,
With the same gifts abounds;
Appears at once both keen and bright,
And sparkles while it wounds.

A Dry Soul.

You often pity honest Ned,
Condemn'd, you say, to write for bread.
His lib'ral soul, till Dodsley pays,
Still doom'd to fast—or chew the bays.

Yet, by that jovial, ruddy look,
Not gain'd by poring o'er his book;
That clammy ale, his table spilt on;
That tankard, cover'd with a Milton;
By all these tokens, Ned, I fear,
Writes not so much for bread—as beer.

To Mr. Pope, on his Epitaph on Mr. Gay.
LORD ORRERY.

ENTOMB'D with kings though Gay's cold
ashes lie,
A nobler monument thy strains supply.
Thy matchless muse, still faithful to thy friend,
By courts unaw'd, his virtues dare commend.
Lamented Gay! forget thy treatment past,
Look down, and see thy merit crown'd at last.
A destiny more glorious you can hope?
In life belov'd, in death bemoan'd, by Pope.

I HEARD last week, friend Edward, thou wast
dead.
I'm very glad to hear it too, cries Ned.

FRIEND Isaac, 'tis strange, you, that lived so
near Bray,
Should not set up the sign of the Vicar;
Though it may be an odd one, you cannot but
It must needs be a sign of good liquor. [say

Answer.

INDEED, Master Poet, your reason's but poor;
For the Vicar would think it a sin
To stay, like a booby, and lounge at the door;
'Twere a sign 'twas bad liquor within.

By a Porter, on the Gin Act. To a Great Man.

WHY will you make us coolly think?
If you would govern, we must drink.

Giles Jolt.

GILES JOLT as sleeping in his cart he lay,
Some waggish pilf'ers stole his team away.
Giles wakes, and cries, "What's here? Ods-
dicken! what?"

Why how now? am I Giles, or am I not?
If he, I've lost six geldings, to my smart:
If not, odsbuddikins! I've found a cart.

To Zoilus.

WITH industry I spread your praise,
With equal you my censure blaze;
But, faith 'tis all in vain we do,
The world nor credits me nor you.

Milton. DRYDEN.

THREE poets in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn:
The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd,
The next in majesty, in both the last.
The force of Nature could no farther go:
To make a third, she joined the other two.

*On the Duchess of Marlborough's Offer of 500l.
for the best Poem on the Duke's Actions.*

FIVE hundred pounds! too small a boon
To put the poet's muse in tune,
That nothing might escape her:
Should she attempt th' heroic story
Of the illustrious Churchill's glory,
It scarce would buy the paper.

Scotland. CLEVELAND.

HAD Cain been a Scot, God would have alter'd his doom;
Not forc'd him to wander, but confin'd him at home.

By PRIOR.

THUS to the Muses spoke the Cyprian dame:
Adorn my altars, and revere my name;
My son shall else assume his potent darts:
Twang goes the bow! my girls, have at your hearts!

The Muses answer'd—Venus, we deride
The vagrant's malice, and his mother's pride.
Send him to nymphs who sleep in Ida's shade,
To the loose dance and wanton masquerade:
Our thoughts are settled, and intent our look
On the instructive verse and moral book;
On female idleness his power relies,
But when he finds us studying hard he flies.

By AARON HILL.

WHEN Christ at Cana's feast, by pow'r divine,
Inspir'd cold water with the warmth of wine,
See! cried they, while in redd'ning tide it gush'd,
The bashful stream hath seen its God and blush'd.

Upon the Busts of the English Worthies at

Stowe. LORD CLARE.

AMONG these chiefs of British race,
Who live in breathing stone,
Why has not Cobham's bust a place?—
The structure was his own.

By POPE.

GREAT Villiers' fate sage Cutler could foresee;
And, well he thought, advis'd him—"Live like me."

As well his Grace replied—"Like you Sir John!
That I can do when all I have is gone."

The Giant angling.

HIS angle-rod made of a sturdy oak,
His line a cable which in storms ne'er broke;
His hook he baited with a dragon's tail,
And sat upon a rock, and bobb'd for whale.

To a noted Liar.

LIE on! while my revenge shall be,
To speak the very truth of thee.

On Michael Angelo's famous Piece of the Crucifixion, who stabbed a Person that he might do it more naturally. DR. YOUNG.

WHILST his Redeemer on the canvass dies,
Stabb'd at his feet his brother welt'ring lies;
The daring artist, cruelly serene,
Views the pale cheek, and the distorted mien;
He drains off life by drops; and deaf, to cries,
Examines ev'ry spirit as it flies;
He studies torment, dives in mortal woe,
To rouse up ev'ry pang repeats the blow;
Each rising agony, each dreadful grace,
Yet warm transplanting to his Saviour's face.
O glorious theft! O nobly wicked draught!
With its full charge of death each feature fraught!
Such wondrous force the magic colors boast,
From his own skill he starts, in horror lost.

On the Death of a Lady's Cat. HARRISON.

AND is Miss Tabby from the world retir'd?
And are her lives, all her nine lives expir'd?
What sounds so moving as her own can tell
How Tabby died, how full of play she fell?
Begin, ye tuneful nine, a mournful strife,
And ev'ry muse shall celebrate a life.

A Recipe for Courtship. SWIFT.

Two or three dears, and two or three sweets;
Two or three balls, and two or three treats;
Two or three serenades, giv'n as a lure;
Two or three oaths how much they endure;
Two or three messages sent in one day;
Two or three times led out from the play;
Two or three soft speeches made by the way;
Two or three tickets for two or three times;
Two or three love-letters writ all in rhymes;
Two or three months keeping strict to these rules
Can never fail making a couple of fools.

To a Lady who used Patches.

YOUR homely face, Flippanta, you disguise,
With patches numerous as Argus' eyes;
I own that patching's requisite for you,
For more we're pleased the less your face we view:
Yet I advise, since my advice you ask,
Wear but one patch, and be that patch a mask.

Inscription for a Bust of Lady Suffolk in a Wood.

HER wit and beauty for a court were made :
Her truth and goodness fit her for a shade.

To Mr. Addison, on his Tragedy of Cato.

THE mind to virtue is by verse subdued,
And the true poet is a public good.
This Britain feels : while, by your lines in-
spir'd,
Her free-born sons to glorious thoughts are fir'd.
In Rome had you espous'd the vanquish'd cause,
Inflam'd her senate, and upheld her laws,
Your manly scenes had liberty restor'd,
And giv'n the just success to Cato's sword,
O'er Cæsar's arms your genius had prevail'd,
And the muse triumph'd where the patriot
fail'd.

Tom's coach and six ! Whither in such haste
going ?
But a short journey—to his own undoing.

Jealousy.

To Bedlam with him : is he sound in mind,
Who still is seeking what he would not find ?

By LEONARD WELSTEAD.

I OWE, says Thomas, much to Peter's care ;
Once only seen, he chose me for his heir.
True, Thomas ; hence your fortunes take their
rise :
His heir you were not had he seen you twice.

By DR. KENRICK.

THE great, good man, whom Fortune will
displace,
May into scarceness fall, but not disgrace.
His sacred person none will dare profane ;
He may be poor, but never can be mean.
He holds his value with the wise and good,
And, prostrate, seems as great as when he stood.
So ruin'd temples holy-awe dispense,
They lose their height, but keep their reverence ;
The pious crowd the piles, tho' fall'n, deplore,
And what they fail to raise they still adore.

Victrix causa Dñs placuit, sed victa Catoni.

G. STEPNEY.

THE gods and Cato did in this divide—
They chose the conquer'ing, he the conquer'd
side.

By Dean SWIFT.

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come :
Knock as you will, there's nobody at home.

By Sir SAM. GARTH.

CAN you count the silver lights
That deck the skies, and cheer the nights ;
Or the leaves that strew the vales,
When groves are stript by winter gales ;

Or the drops that in the morn
Hang with transparent pearl the thorn ;
Or bridegroom's joys, or miser's cares,
Or gamester's oaths, or hermit's prayers ;
Or envy's pangs, or love's alarms,
Or Marlbro's acts, or Molly's charms ?

By AARON HILL.

How is the world deceiv'd by noise and show !
Alas ! how diff'rent, to pretend and know !
Like a poor highway brook, pretence runs loud :
Bustling, but shallow, dirty, weak, and proud.
While, like some nobler stream, true know-
ledge glides,
Silently strong, and its deep bottom hides.

What's Honor ?

NOT to be captious, not unjustly fight :
'Tis to confess what's wrong, and do what's
right.

A fair Ground for Pride.

JACK his own merit sees : this gives him
pride,
For he sees more than all the world beside.

By PRIOR.

YES, ev'ry poet is a fool ;
By demonstration Ned can show it.
Happy, could Ned's inverted rule
Prove ev'ry fool to be a poet.

Dean Swift's Curate.

I MARCH'D three miles thro' scorching sand,
With zeal in heart, and notes in hand ;
I rode four more to Great St. Mary.
Using four legs when two were weary.
To three fair virgins I did tie men,
In the close bands of pleasing Hymen ;
I dipp'd two babes in holy water,
And purified their mothers after.
Within an hour and eke an half,
I preach'd three congregations deaf ;
While thund'ring out with lungs long-winded,
I chopp'd so fast that few there minded.
My emblem, the laborious sun,
Saw all these mighty labours done
Before one race of his was run !
All this perform'd by Robert Hewit :
What mortal else could e'er go through it ?

The Miser's Feast.

Hrs chimney smokes ! it is some omen dire !
His neighbours are alarm'd ; and cry out Fire !

*On Sir Godfrey Kneller's painting, for the
Author, the Statues of Apollo, Venus, and
Hercules.*

POPE.

WHAT God, what genius did the pencil
When Kneller painted these ? [move,
'Twas friendship—warm as Phœbus, kind as
Love,
And strong as Hercules.

The Duke of Ch——s. SWIFT.

JAMES B—— was the Dean's familiar friend:
James grows a Duke, their friendship here must
end.

Surely the Dean deserves a sore rebuke,
From knowing James, to say he knows a duke.

The Doctor and the Patient.

SLEPT you well? "Very well." My draught
did good.

"It did no harm: for yonder it hath stood."

Verses occasioned by Mr. Aikman's Death.

THOMSON.

As those we love decay, we die in part;
String after string is sever'd from the heart;
Till loosen'd life, at last but breathing clay,
Without one pang is glad to fall away.
Unhappy he who latest feels the blow,
Whose eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low;
Dragg'd ling'ring on from partial death to death,
Till, dying, all he can resign is breath.

The Power of Time. SWIFT.

If neither brass nor marble can withstand
The mortal force of Time's destructive hand:
If mountains sink to vales, if cities die,
And less'ning rivers mourn their fountains dry—
When my old cassock, said a Welch divine,
Is out at elbows, why should I repine?

Epigram by Dr. DODDRIDGE, on his Motto,
Dum vivimus, vivamus.

LIVE while you live, the epicure will say,
And take the pleasure of the present day.
Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my view let both united be!
I live in pleasure when I live to Thee.

*On the Publication of Mrs. Rowe's Poems since
her Death.*

THUS Philomela sung, on earth detain'd,
While cumb'rous clay the rising soul restrain'd:
Now the freed spirit, with th' angelic choir,
In fields of light attunes th' immortal lyre,
And hymns her God in strains more soft, more
strong—
There only could she learn a loftier song.

By PRIOR.

WHEN Topewell thought fit from the world
to retreat,
As full of Champagne as an egg's full of meat:
He waked in the boat, and to Charon he said,
He would be row'd back, for he was not yet
dead. [plied:
Trim the boat, and sit quiet, stern Charon re-
You may have forgot, you was drunk when you
died.

Firmness under Distress.

BRUTUS unmov'd heard how his Portia fell:
Should Jack's wife die, he would behave as well.

By Dean SWIFT.

DEAF, giddy, helpless, left alone,
To all my friends a burthen grown:
No more I hear my church's bell
Than if it rang out for my knell:
At thunder now no more I start
Than at the rumbling of a cart:
Nay, what's incredible, alack,
I hardly hear a woman's clack.

On an Epigram.

ONE day, in Chelsea meadows walking,
Of poetry and such things talking,
Says Ralph, a merry wag:
An epigram, if smart and good,
In all its circumstances should
Be like a jelly-bag.
Your simile, I own, is new;
But how wilt make it out? says Hugh.
Quoth Ralph, I'll tell thee, friend;
Make it at top both wide, and fit
To hold a budget-full of wit,
And point it at the end.

By Mrs. PILKINGTON.

STELLA and Flavia ev'ry hour
Unnumber'd hearts surprise;
In Stella's soul lies all her power,
And Flavia's in her eyes.
More boundless Flavia's conquests are,
And Stella's more confin'd;
All can discern a face that's fair,
But few a lovely mind.
Stella, like Britain's monarch, reigns
O'er cultivated lands;
Like eastern tyrants, Flavia deigns
To rule o'er barren sands.
Then boast, fair Flavia, boast your face,
Your beauty's only store:
Each day that makes thy charms decrease,
Will give to Stella more.

To Mr. Pope on his Dunciad.

THE raven, rook, and pert jackdaw,
Though neither birds of moral kind,
Yet serve, if hang'd, or stuff'd with straw,
To show us which way blows the wind.
Thus dirty knaves, or chattering fools,
Strung up by dozens in thy lay,
Teach more by half than Dennis' rules,
And point instruction ev'ry way.
With Egypt's art thy pen may strive:
One potent drop let this but shed,
And every rogue that stunk alive
Becomes a precious mummy dead.

TREASON does never prosper: what's the
reason?

Why, when it prospers, none dare call it treason.

On Mr. Pope's Death.

ARISE, ye glimmering stars of wit!
For lo! the Sun of Verse is set.

By Dr. SWIFT.

As Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
He took to his heels, and he ran for his life.
Tom's three dearest friends came by in the
squabble,
And screen'd him at once from the shrew and
the rabble;
Then ventur'd to give him some wholesome
advice:
But Tom is a fellow of honor so nice,
Too proud to take counsel, too wise to take
warning,
That he sent to all three a challenge next
morning.
He fought with all three! thrice ventured his
life; [his wife.
Then went home, and was cudgell'd again by

On Dr. Blackmore.

LET Blackmore still, in good king Arthur's
vein,
To Fleckno's empire his just right maintain;
Let him his own to common sense oppose,
With praise and slander maul both friends and
foes;
Let him great Dryden's awful name profane,
And learned Garth with envious pride disdain;
Let the quack scribble any thing but bills:
His satire wounds not, but his physic kills.

On Mr. Butler's Monument in Westminster
Abbey. S. WESTLEY.

WHILST Butler, needy wretch! was yet alive,
No gen'rous patron would a dinner give:
See him, when starv'd to death, and turn'd to
Presented with a monumental bust. [dust,
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown;
He asked for bread and he received a stone.

Inscription for a Fountain adorned with Queen
Anne's and the Duke of Marlborough's Sta-
tues, and the chief Rivers of the World
round the Work. PRIOR.

YE active streams, where'er your waters flow,
Let distant climes and farthest nations know,
What you from Thames and Danube have been
taught,
How Anne commanded, and how Marlbro'
fought.

By W. CONGREVE.

SEE, see, she wakes, Sabina wakes,
And now the sun begins to rise;
Less glorious is the morn that breaks
From his bright beams, than her bright eyes.
With light united, day they give,
But different fates ere night fulfil:
How many by his warmth will live!
How many will her coldness kill!

By JOSIAH RELPH.

No, Varus hates a thing that's base;
I own, indeed, he's got a knack
Of flatt'ring people to their face,
But scorns to do't behind their back.

By the same.

WHEN from her bosom Arria pull'd the blade,
Thus to her lord the tender heroine said:
The wound I gave myself with ease I bear,
Alas! I die by that which kills my dear.

The Commons' Petition to King Charles the
Second. ROCHESTER.

In all humility we crave
Our sovereign may be our slave;
And humbly beg that he may be
Betray'd by us most loyally:
And if he please once to lay down
His sceptre, dignity, and crown,
We'll make him for the time to come,
The greatest prince in Christendom.

The King's Answer.

CHARLES, at this time having no need,
Thanks you as much as if he did.

The Worm-Doctor. J. RELPH.

VAGUS, advanced on high, proclaims his skill,
By cakes of wondrous force the worms to kill;
A scornful ear the wiser sort impart,
And laugh at Vagus's pretended art.
But well can Vagus what he boasts perform,
For man (as Job hath told us) is a worm.

On Plutarch's Statue. From the Greek.

DRYDEN.

WISE, honest Plutarch! to thy deathless
praise
The sons of Rome this grateful statue raise:
For why? both Greece and Rome thy fame
have shar'd;
Their heroes written, and their lives compar'd.
But thou thyself couldst never write thy own:
Their lives had parallels, but thine has none.

On the Statue of Niobe. From the Greek.

To stone the gods have changed her, but in
vain:
The sculptor's art has made her breathe again.

To a young Gentleman.

NATURE has done her part: do thou but thine;
Learning and sense let decency refine.
For vain applause transgress not virtue's rules;
A witty sinner is the worst of fools.

Ulysses' Dog. POPE.

WHEN wise Ulysses, from his native coast
Long kept by wars, and long by tempests tost,
Arriv'd at last, poor, old, disguised, alone,
To all his friends, and e'en his queen, unknown:

Changed as he was with age, and toils, and cares,
Furrow'd his rev'rend face, and white his hairs,
In his own palace forced to ask his bread,
Scorn'd by those slaves his former bounty fed,
Forgot of all his own domestic crew;
The faithful dog alone his master knew!
Unfed, unhous'd, neglected, on the clay,
Like an old servant now cashier'd he lay;
And, though e'en then expiring on the plain,
Touch'd with resentment of ungrateful man,
And longing to behold his ancient lord again:
Him when he saw—he rose, and crawl'd to
meet,
'Twas all he could, and fawn'd, and kiss'd his
feet,
Seiz'd with dumb joy: then falling by his side,
Own'd his returning lord, look'd up, and died.

To King Charles I. on his Navy. WALLER.

SHOULD nature's self invade the world again,
And o'er the centre spread the liquid main,
Thy pow'r were safe, and her destructive hand
Would but enlarge the bounds of thy command:
Thy dreadful fleet would style thee lord of all,
And rise in triumph o'er the drowned ball.

*To the Lord Chancellor King; alluding to his
Motto, "Labor ipse voluptas!"*

'Tis not the splendor of the place,
The gilded coach, the purse, the mace,
And all the pompous train of state,
With crowds which at the levee wait,
That make you happy, make you great:
But when mankind you strive to bless,
With all the talents you possess:
When all the joys you can receive
Flow from the benefits you give;
This takes the heart, this conquers spite,
And makes the heavy burden light,
True pleasure, rightly understood,
Is only labor to do good.

*Dr. Wynter to Dr. Cheyney, on his Books in
favour of a Vegetable Diet.*

TELL me from whom, fat-headed Scot,
Thou didst thy system learn:
From Hippocrates thou hadst it not,
Nor Celsus, nor Pitcairn.

Suppose we own that milk is good,
And say the same of grass;
The one for babes is only food,
The other for an ass.

Doctor! one new prescription try;
(A friend's advice forgive)
Eat grass, reduce thyself, and die:
Thy patients then may live.

Dr. Cheyney to Dr. Wynter

My system, doctor, is my own,
No tutor I pretend:
My blunders hurt myself alone,
But yours your dearest friend.

Were you to milk and straw confin'd,
Thrice happy might you be;
Perhaps you might regain your mind,
And from your wit get free.

I can't your kind prescription try,
But heartily forgive;
'Tis natural you should bid me die,
That you yourself may live.

A Smart Repartee. SWIFT.

CRIES Sylvia to a reverend Dean,
What reason can be giv'n,
Since marriage is a holy thing,
That there is none in heaven?
There are no women, he replied.
She quick returns the jest:
Women there are, but I'm afraid
They cannot find a priest.

On Glover's Leonidas being compared to Virgil.

EQUAL to Virgil! It may, perhaps:
But then, by Jove, 'tis Dr. Trapp's.

On a bad Translation.

HIS work now done, he'll publish it no doubt:
For sure I am that murder will come out.

To a bad Fiddler.

OLD Orpheus play'd so well, he mov'd Old
Nick;
Whilst thou mov'st nothing but thy fiddle-stick.

*On Sir John Vanbrugh's Device of a Lion and
a Cock, at Blenheim.*

HAD Marlborough's troops in Gaul no better
fought,
Than Van, to grace his fame, in marble wrought,
No more in arms than he in emblems skill'd,
The cock had drove the lion from the field.

On the Bridge at Blenheim.

THE lofty arch his high ambition shows,
The stream an emblem of his bounty flows.

To a Lady. A. HILL.

If fix'd on yours my eyes in prayers you see,
You must not call my zeal idolatry;
For since our Maker's throne is placed so high,
That only in his works the God we spy,
And what's most bright most gives him to our
view,
I look most near him when I look on you.

The Antidote.

WHEN Lesbia first I saw, so heavenly fair,
With eyes so bright, and with that awful air;
I thought my heart, which durst so high aspire,
As bold as his who snatch'd celestial fire.
But, soon as e'er the beauteous idiot spoke,
Forth from her coral lips such folly broke,

Like balm the trickling nonsense heal'd my wound,
And what her eyes enthrall'd, her tongue unbound.

The Female Prattler.

FROM morn to night, from day to day,
At all times, and in ev'ry place,
You scold, repeat, and sing, and say,
Nor are there hopes you'll ever cease.
Forbear, my Fannia; O, forbear,
If your own health or ours you prize;
For all mankind that hear you, swear
Your tongue's more killing than your eyes.
Your tongue's a traitor to your face,
Your fame's by your own noise obscur'd:
All are distracted while they gaze,
But, if they listen, they are cur'd.
Your silence would acquire more praise
Than all you say, or all you write:
One look ten thousand charms displays;
Then hush! and be an angel quite.

The Avaro.

THUS to the master of a house,
Which, like a church, would starve a mouse;
Which never guest had entertain'd,
Nor meat nor wine its floors had stain'd,
I said: "Well, Sir, 'tis vastly neat;
But where d' you drink, and where d' you eat?
If one may judge from rooms so fine,
It costs you more in mops than wine."

On a Regiment sent to Oxford, and a Present of Books to Cambridge, by King George I. 1715. By Dr. TRAPP.

THE king, observing with judicious eyes
The state of both his universities,
To one he sent a regiment; for why?
That learned body wanted loyalty.
To th' other he sent books, as well discerning
How much that loyal body wanted learning.

Answered by Sir William Browne.

THE king to Oxford sent his troop of horse,
For Tories own no argument but force;
With equal care to Cambridge books he sent;
For Whigs allow no force but argument.

Against Life. From the Greek of Posidippus.

WHAT tranquil road, unvex'd by strife,
Can mortals choose through human life?
Attend the courts, attend the bar,
There discord reigns, and endless jar:
At home the weary wretches find
Severe disquietude of mind:
To till the fields give toils and pain;
Eternal terrors sweep the main:
If rich, we fear to lose our store;
Need and distress await the poor:

Sad cares the bands of Hymen give;
Friendless, forlorn, th' unmarried live:
Are children born, we anxious groan;
Childless, our lack of heirs we moan:
Wild giddy schemes our youth engage;
Weakness and want depress old age.
Would fate then with my wish comply,
I'd never live, or quickly die.

Mutual Pity.

TOM, ever jovial, ever gay,
To appetite a slave,
In riot throws his life away,
And laughs to see me grave.
'Tis thus that we two disagree;
So diff'rent is our whim:
The fellow fondly laughs at me,
While I could cry for him.

On his own Grotto. POPE.

THOU who shall stop where Thames' translucent wave
Shines a broad mirror thro' the shadowy cave:
Where ling'ring drops from min'ral roofs distil,
And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill;
Unpolish'd gems no ray on pride bestow,
And latent metals innocently glow:
Approach! great Nature studiously behold,
And eye the mine without a wish for gold.
Approach, but awful!—Lo! the Egerian grot,
Where, nobly pensive, St. John sat and thought;
Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole,
And the bright flame was shot thro' Marchmont's soul.
Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor,
Who dare to love their country, and be poor.

A prudent Choice.

WHEN Loveless married Lady Jenny,
Whose beauty was the ready penny:
I chose her, says he, like old plate,
Not for the fashion, but the weight.

On a great House adorned with Statues.

THE walls are thick, the servants thin;
The gods without, the dev'l within.

On a hasty Marriage.

MARRIED! 'tis well! a mighty blessing!
But poor's the joy, no coin possessing.
In ancient times, when folk did wed,
'Twas to be one at "board and bed:"
But hard's his case who can't afford
His charmer either bed or board.

The Incurious.

THREE years in London Bobadil had been,
Yet not the lions nor the tombs had seen;
I cannot tell the cause without a smile—
The rogue had been in Newgate all the while.

To a Spendthrift disinherited.

HIS whole estate thy father, by his will,
Gave to the poor—Thou hast good title still.

On a pale Lady.

WHENCE comes it that, in Clara's face,
The lily only has a place?
Is it, that the absent rose
Is gone to paint her husband's nose?

The Musical Contest. SWIFT.

SOME say that Signior Bononcini,
Compar'd to Handel's a mere ninny:
Others aver that to him Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
Strange! that such difference should be
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee!

The Happy Physiognomy.

YOU ask why Rome* diverts you with his
jokes,
Yet, if he prints, is dull as other folks?
You wonder at it!—This, Sir, is the case:
The jest is lost unless he prints his face.

On a Gentleman who expended his Fortune in Horse-Racing.

JOHN ran so long, and ran so fast,
No wonder he ran out at last;
He ran in debt; and then to pay,
He distanc'd all—and ran away.

On the Collar of a Dog presented by Mr. Pope to the Prince of Wales.

I AM his Highness' dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, Sir, whose dog are you?

On Sophocles.

WIND, gentle evergreen, to form a shade
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid:
Sweet ivy, wind thy boughs, and intertwine
With blushing roses and the clust'ring vine:
Thus will thy lasting leaves, with beauties
hung,
Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung:
Whose soul, exalted, like a god of wit
Among the muses and the graces writ.

On the Countess Dowager of Pembroke.
BEN JONSON.

UNDERNEATH this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother:
Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Fair, and wise, and good as she,
Time shall throw his dart at thee.

By BEN JONSON.

UNDERNEATH this stone doth lie
As much virtue as could die;

Which, when alive, did vigour give
To as much beauty as could live.
If she had a single fault,
Leave it buried in this vault.

Intended for Dryden. POPE.

THIS Sheffield rais'd. The sacred dust below
Was Dryden once: the rest who does not know?

On Mr. Rowe. POPE.

THY reliques, Rowe! to this sad shrine we
trust, [bust,
And near thy Shakspeare place thy honour'd
O! next him, skill'd to draw the tender tear,
For never heart felt passion more sincere;
To nobler sentiments to fire the brave,
For never Britain more disdain'd a slave;
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest;
Bless'd in thy genius, in thy love too bless'd!
And bless'd, that, timely from our scene re-
mov'd,
Thy soul enjoys the liberty it lov'd.

On Mr. Fenton. POPE.

THIS modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, "Here lies an honest man:"
A poet, bless'd beyond a poet's fate, [great.
Whom Heaven kept sacred from the proud and
Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
Content with science in the vale of peace,
Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfied, [died.
Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he

On Mr. Gay, POPE.

OF manners gentle, of affection mild;
In wit a man, simplicity a child;
With native humor, temp'ring virtuous rage,
Form'd to delight at once and lash the age:
Above temptation in a low estate,
And uncorrupted e'en among the great:
A safe companion, and an easy friend,
Unblam'd thro' life, lamented in his end.
These are thy honors! not that here thy bust
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—Here lies Gay.

On Tom D'Urfey.

HERE lies the lyric, who with tale and song
Did life to threescore years and ten prolong:
His tale was pleasant, and his song was sweet;
His heart was cheerful—but his thirst was great.
Grieve, reader! grieve, that he, too soon grown
His song has ended, and his tale has told. [old,

Prior on himself.

To me 'tis given to die, to thee 'tis given
To live; alas! one moment sets us even;
Mark how impartial is the will of Heaven!

* Author of a paper called Pasquin, reflecting on Mr. Pope, &c.

*To the Pie-house Memory of Nell Batchelor,
the Oxford Pie-Woman.*

Here, into the dust "
The mouldering crust
Of Eleanor Batchelor's shoven;
Well vers'd in the arts,
Of pies, custards, and tarts,
And the lucrative skill of the oven.

When she'd liv'd long enough,
She made her last puff—
A puff by her husband much prais'd:
Now here she doth lie,
And makes a dirt-pie,
In hopes that her crust shall be rais'd.

On Sir John Vanbrugh, the Poet and Architect.

By Dr. EVANS.

LIE heavy on him, earth! for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee.

On the Hon. Simon Harcourt. POPE.

To this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art, draw
near: [dear;
Here lies the friend most lov'd, the son most
Whome'er knew joy but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief—but when he died.
How vain is reason, eloquence how weak,
If Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak!
Yet let thy once-lov'd friend inscribe thy stone,
And with a father's sorrow mix his own!

On General Withers. POPE.

HERE, Withers, rest! thou bravest, gentlest
mind,
Thy country's friend, but more of human kind!
O born to arms! O worth in youth approv'd!
O soft humanity, in age belov'd!
For thee the hardy vet'ran drops a tear,
And the gay courtier feels the sigh sincere.
Withers, adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy martial spirit, or thy social love!
Amidst corruption, luxury, and rage,
Still leave some ancient virtues to our age:
Nor let us say, those English glories gone,
The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.

On Mr. Craggs. POPE.

STATESMAN, yet friend to truth! of soul sin-
In action faithful, and in honor clear! [cere,
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end:
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend:
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd; [lov'd.
Prais'd, wept and honor'd, by the muse he

On Sir Isaac Newton.

APPROACH, ye wise of soul, with awe divine:
'Tis Newton's name that consecrates this shrine!
That sun of knowledge, whose meridian ray
Kindled the gloom of nature into day!

That soul of science, that unbounded mind,
That genius which ennobled human kind!
Confess'd supreme of men, his country's pride;
And half esteem'd an angel—till he died:
Who in the eye of Heaven like Enoch stood,
And thro' the paths of knowledge walk'd with
God:

Whose fame extends, a sea without a shore!
Who but forsook one world to know the laws
of more.

On the same. POPE.

NATURE and nature's laws lay hid in night:
God said, "Let Newton be!" and all was light.

From COWLEY.

HERE lies the great—False marble, tell me
where:
Nothing but poor and sordid dust lies here.

On an Infant.

To the dark and silent tomb
Soon I hasted from the womb;
Scarce the dawn of life began
Ere I measur'd out my span.

I no smiling pleasures knew;
I no gay delights could view;
Joyless sojourner was I,
Only born to weep and die.

Happy infant, early blest!
Rest, in peaceful slumber rest;
Early rescu'd from the cares
Which increase with growing years.

No delights are worth thy stay,
Smiling as they seem, and gay;
Short and sickly are they all,
Hardly tasted ere they pall.

All our gaiety is vain,
All our laughter is but pain:
Lasting only and divine,
Is an innocence like thine.

Another.

BENEATH a sleeping infant lies;
To earth her body's lent;
More glorious she'll hereafter rise,
Though not more innocent.

When the archangel's trump shall blow,
And souls to bodies join,
Millions will wish their lives below
Had been as short as thine.

On Two Twin Sisters.

FAIR marble, tell to future days,
That here two virgin-sisters lie,
Whose life employ'd each tongue in praise;
Whose death gave tears to ev'ry eye.

In stature, beauty, years, and fame,
Together as they grew, they shone;
So much alike, so much the same,
That Death mistook them both for one.

Epitaph on Mrs. Mason, in the Cathedral at Bristol. MASON.

TAKE, holy earth! all that my soul holds dear:
Take that best gift which Heaven so lately gave:
To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care
Her faded form. She bow'd to taste the
wave— [line?

And died. Does youth, does beauty read the
Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm?
Speak, dead Maria! breathe a strain divine;
E'en from the grave thou shalt have power to
charm.

Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee:
Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move:
And, if so fair, from vanity as free,
As firm in friendship, and as fond in love.

Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die,
('Twas e'en to thee) yet, the dread path once
trod,
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids "the pure in heart behold their
God."

Epitaph on Miss Drummond, in the Church of Brodsworth, Yorkshire. MASON.

HERE sleeps what once was beauty, once was
grace; [bin'd

Grace, that with tenderness and sense com-
To form that harmony of soul and face,

Where beauty shines the mirror of the mind.
Such was the maid, that in the morn of youth,

In virgin innocence, in nature's pride,
Blest with each art that owes its charms to
truth,

Sunk in her father's fond embrace, and died.
He weeps; O venerate the holy tear!

Faith lends her aid to ease affliction's load;
The parent mourns his child upon the bier,
The Christian yields an angel to his God.

Epitaph on Mrs. Clarke. GRAY.

Lo! where this silent marble weeps,
A friend, a wife, a mother, sleeps;
A heart, within whose sacred cell
The peaceful virtues lov'd to dwell.
Affection warm, and faith sincere,
And soft humanity, were there.

In agony, in death resign'd,
She felt the wound she left behind.
Her infant image, here below,
Sits smiling on a father's woe:
Whom what awaits, while yet he strays
Along the lonely vale of days?
A pang to secret sorrow dear;
A sigh, an unavailing tear,
Till time shall ev'ry grief remove,
With life, with memory, and with love.

On General Wolfe, in the Church of Westerham, in Kent,—where he was born, 1727.

WHILE George in sorrow bows his laurell'd
And bids the artist grace the soldier dead; [head,
We raise no sculptur'd trophy to thy name,
Brave youth! the fairest in the lists of fame.

Proud of thy birth, we boast th' auspicious
year;
Struck with thy fall, we shed the gen'ral tear;
With humble grief inscribe one artless stone,
And from thy matchless honor date our own.

The Prayer of a Wise Heathen.

GREAT Jove, this one petition grant;
(Thou knowest best what mortals want:)
Ask'd or unask'd, what's good supply;
What's evil, to our pray'rs deny!

An Incident in High Life.

THE Bucks had din'd, and deep in council sat;
Their wine was brilliant—but their wit grew flat:
Up starts his Lordship, to the window flies,
And lo! "A race! a race!" in rapture cries.
"Where?" quoth Sir John. "Why, see! two
drops of rain

Start from the summit of the crystal pane:
A thousand pounds, which drop with nimblest
force

Performs its current down the slippery course!"
The bets were fix'd; the dire suspense they wait
For victory pendant on the nod of fate.

Now down the sash, unconscious of the prize,
The bubbles roll—like pearls from Chloe's eyes.

But ah! the glittering joys of life are short!
How oft two jostling steeds have spoil'd the sport?
Lo! thus attraction, by coercive laws,
Th' approaching drops into one bubble draws.

Each curs'd his fate, that thus their project
cross'd;

How hard their lot, who neither won nor lost.

As a west-country mayor, with formal ad-
dress, [Bess,
Was making his speech to the haughty Queen
"The Spaniard," quoth he, "with inveterate
spleen,

Has presum'd to attack you, a poor virgin queen;
But your majesty's courage has made it appear
That the don had ta'en the wrong sow by the ear."

A Court Audience.

OLD South, a witty churchman reckon'd,
Was preaching once to Charles the Second;
But much too serious for a court,
Who at all preaching made a sport,
He soon perceiv'd his audience nod,
Deaf to the zealous man of God.
The doctor stopp'd, began to call,
"Pray wake the Earl of Lauderdale:

My lord! why 'tis a monstrous thing!
You snore so loud you 'll wake the king."

*On a Dispute between Dr. Radcliffe and Sir
Godfrey Kneller.*

SIR GODFREY and Radcliffe had one common way
Into one common garden—and each had a key.
Quoth Kneller, "I'll certainly stop up that
If ever I find it unlock'd any more." [door,
"Your threats," replied Radcliffe, "disturb
not my ease; [please."
And so you don't paint it, e'en do what you
"You're smart," rejoins Kneller, "but say
what you will;
I'll take any thing from you—but potion or pill."

The Empty Gun.

As Dick and Tom in fierce dispute engage,
And face to face the noisy contest wage;
"Don't cock your chin at me," Dick smartly
cries. [replies.
"Fear not—his head's not charg'd," a friend

To ———, *Esq. Antiquary and F. R. S.*

GIVE me the thing that's pretty, odd, and
All ugly, old, odd things—I leave to you. [new:

*On Mr. Nash's Picture at full Length, between
the Busts of Sir Isaac Newton and Mr. Pope,
at Bath.* CHESTERFIELD.

THE old Egyptians hid their wit
In hieroglyphic dress,
To give men pains in search of it,
And please themselves with guess.

Moderns, to hit the self-same path,
And exercise their parts,
Place figures in a room at Bath:
Forgive them, God of arts!

Newton, if I can judge aright,
All Wisdom does express;
His knowledge gives mankind delight,
Adds to their happiness.

Pope is the emblem of true Wit,
The sunshine of the mind;
Read o'er his works in search of it,
You'll endless pleasure find.

Nash represents man in the mass,
Made up of wrong and right;
Sometimes a king, sometimes an ass,
Now blunt, and now polite.

The picture placed the busts between,
Adds to the thought much strength;
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly's at full length.

The following Lines were handed up to a beautiful young Lady who was attending the Trial of Criminals in the Assizes in Surrey.

WHILST petty offences and felonies smart,
Is there no jurisdiction for stealing one's heart?

You, fair one, will smile, and cry, "Laws, I
defy you;" [you:
Assur'd that no peers can be summon'd to try
But think not that paltry defence will secure ye;
For the muses and graces will just make a jury.

The Dropsical Man. TAYLOR.

A JOLLY, brave toper, who could not forbear,
Though his life was in danger, old port and
stale beer, [drink on,
Gave the doctors the hearing—but still would
Till the dropsy had swell'd him as big as a tun;
The more he took physic the worse still he grew,
And tapping was now the last thing he could do.
Affairs at this crisis, and doctors came down,
He began to consider—so sent for his son.
Tom, see by what courses I've shorten'd my life,
I'm leaving the world ere I'm forty and five:
More than probable 'tis, that in twenty-four
hours [yours;
This manor, this house, and estate, will be
My early excesses may teach you this truth,
That 'tis working for death to drink hard in
one's youth.

Says Tom, (who's a lad of a generous spirit,
And not like young rakes, who're in haste to
inherit)

Sir, don't be dishearten'd; although it be true,
Th' operation is painful, and hazardous too,
'Tis no more than what many a man has gone
through. [young,

And then, as for years, you may yet be call'd
Your life after this may be happy and long.
Don't flatter me, Tom, was the father's reply,
With a jest in his mouth, and a tear in his eye:
Too well, by experience, my vessels, thou
know'st, [ghost.

No sooner are tapp'd, but they give up the

EPIGRAMS from MARTIAL.

To James Harris, Esq.

MARTIAL, Book iv. Ep. 87.

WOULDST thou, by attic taste improv'd,
By all be read, by all be lov'd,
To learned Harris, curious eye,
By me advis'd, dear Muse, apply:
In him the perfect judge you'll find,
In him the candid friend, and kind.
If he repeats, if he approves,
If he the laughing muscles moves,
Thou nor the critic's sneer shalt mind,
Nor be to pies or trunks consign'd.
If he condemns, away you fly,
And mount in paper-kites the sky,
Or dead 'mongst Grub-street's records lie.

Book i. Ep. 11.

CURMUDGEON the rich widow courts;
Nor lively she, nor made for sports;
'Tis to Curmudgeon charm enough,
That she has got a church-yard cough.

Book i. Ep. 14.

WHEN Arria from her wounded side
To Pætus gave the reeking steel,
I feel not what I've done, she cried;
What Pætus is to do, I feel.

Book iii. Ep. 43.

BEFORE a swan, behind a crow,
Such self-deceit ne'er did I know.
Ah! cease your arts—Death knows you're grey,
And spite of all will keep his day.

Book iv. Ep. 78.

WITH lace bedizen'd comes the man,
And I must dine with Lady Anne.
A silver service loads the board,
Of eatables a slender hoard.
“Your pride and not your victuals spare;
I came to dine, and not to stare.”

Book vii. Ep. 75.

WHEN dukes in town ask thee to dine,
To rule their roast, and smack their wine;
Or take thee to their country seat,
To mark their dogs, and bless their meat;
—, dream not on preferment soon:
Thou'rt not their friend, but their buffoon.

Book viii. Ep. 35.

ALIKE in temper and in life,
A drunken husband, sottish wife,
She a scold, a bully he—
The devil's in't, they don't agree.

Book xii. Ep. 23.

YOUR teeth from Memmet, and your hair
from Bolney—
Was not an eye too to be had for money?

Book xii. Ep. 30.

NED is a sober fellow, they pretend:
Such would I have my coachman, not my
friend.

Book xii. Ep. 103.

YOU sell your wife's rich jewels, lace, and
clothes;
The price once paid, away the purchase goes:
But she a better bargain proves, I'm told;
Still sold returns, and still is to be sold.

Book i. Ep. 40.

Is there t' enrol amongst the friendly few,
Whose names pure faith and ancient fame re-
new;
Is there, enrich'd with virtue's honest store,
Deep vers'd in Latian and Athenian lore;
Is there, who right maintains, and truth pur-
sues,
Nor knows a wish that heaven can refuse?
Is there, who can on his great self depend?
Now let me die, but Harris is this friend.

Book ii. Ep. 80.

WHEN Fannius should have 'scap'd his foe,
His own hands stopp'd his breath:
And was't not madness, I would know,
By dying to 'scape death?

To the same.

HIMSELF he slew, when he the foe would fly;
What madness this—for fear of death to die!

Book x. Ep. 78.

VARUS did lately me to supper call;
The furniture was large, the feast but small;
The tables spread with plate, not meat; they put
Much to accost the eye, nought for the gut.
We came to feast our bellies, not our eyes;
Pray take away your gold; give us some pies.

Book i. Ep. 16.

THOU, whom (if faith or honor recommends
A friend) I rank amongst my dearest friends;
Remember you are now almost threescore;
Few days of life remain, if any more:
Defer not what no future time insures;
And only what is past, esteem that yours.
Successive cares and troubles for your stay;
Pleasure not so; it nimbly fleets away;
Then seize it fast: embrace it ere it flies;
In the embrace it vanishes and dies.
“I'll live to-morrow,” will a wise man say?
To-morrow is too late—then live to-day.

From Martial, literally translated.

A LANDLORD at Bath put upon me a queer
hum: [mere rum.*]
I ask'd him for punch, and the dog gave me

Book ii. Ep. 41.

YES; I submit, my lord; you've gain'd your
end: [friend.
I'm now your slave—that would have been your
I'll bow, I'll cringe, be supple as your glove—
Respect, adore you—every thing, but love.

Book viii. Ep. 19.

HAL says he's poor, in hopes you'll say he's not;
But take his word for't: Hal's not worth a groat.

Book i. Ep. 13.

WHEN from her breast chaste Arria snatch'd
the sword,
And gave the deathful weapon to her lord;
My wound, she said, believe me, does not smart,
But thine alone, my Pætus, pains my heart.

Book ix. Ep. 82.

MY works the reader and the hearer praise;
They're incorrect, a brother-poet says:
But let him rail; for when I give a feast,
Am I to please the cook, or please the guest?

* Merum is not translated at all.

Book i. Ep. 34.

HER father dead, alone no grief she knows;
Th' obedient tear at ev'ry visit flows.
No mourner he who must by praise be fee'd;
But he who mourns in secret, mourns indeed!

Book i. Ep. 39.

THE verses, friend, which thou hast read, are
mine; [thine.
But, as thou read'st them, they may pass for

Book ii. Ep. 3.

You say, you nothing owe; and so I say:
He only owes, who something has to pay.

Book ii. Ep. 58.

YOU'RE fine, and ridicule my thread-bare
gown:
Thread-bare indeed it is; but 'tis my own.

I DROPP'D a thing in verse, without a name;
I felt no censure, and I gain'd no fame:
The public saw the bastard in the cradle,
But ne'er inquir'd; so left it to the beadle.
A certain nobleman takes up the child;
The real father lay perdue, and smil'd.
The public now enlarges ev'ry grace:
What shining eyes it has! how fair a face!
Of parts what symmetry! what strength divine!
The noble brat is sure of Pelops' line.

The Mistake. TAYLOR.

A CANNON-BALL, one bloody-day,
Took a poor sailor's leg away;
And as on comrade's back he made off,
A second fairly took his head off.
The fellow, on this odd emergence,
Carries him pick-back to the surgeon's.
Z—ds! cries the doctor, are you drunk,
To bring me here a headless trunk?
A lying dog! cries Jack—he said
His leg was off, and not his head.

To Atossa.

I LOV'D thee beautiful and kind,
And plighted an eternal vow;
So alter'd are thy face and mind,
'Twere perjury to love thee now.

To Corinna.

SINCE first you knew my am'rous smart,
Each day augments your proud disdain;
'Twas then enough to break my heart,
And now, thank Heaven! to break my chain.
Cease, thou scorner, cease to shun me!
Now let love and hatred cease!
Half that rigour had undone me,
All that rigour gives me peace.

MY heart still hovering round about you,
I thought I could not live without you:
Now we have liv'd three months asunder,
How I liv'd with you is the wonder.

Dialogue between an old Incumbent and the Person promised the next Presentation.

I'M glad to see you well.—O faithless breath!
What, glad to see me well, and wish my death!
No more, replies the youth, Sir, this misgiving:
I wish not for your death, but for your living!

To Chloe.

I SWORE I lov'd, and you believ'd,
Yet, trust me, we were both deceiv'd;
Though all I swore was true.
I lov'd one gen'rous, good, and kind,
A form created in my mind;
And thought that form was you.

On Shakspeare's Monument at Stratford upon Avon. SEWARD.

GREAT Homer's birth seven rival cities claim,
Too mighty such monopoly of fame.
Yet not to birth alone did Homer owe [stow,
His wond'rous worth: what Egypt could be-
With all the schools of Greece and Asia join'd,
Enlarg'd th' immense expansion of his mind.
Nor yet unrival'd the Mæonian strain:
The British Eagle* and the Mantuan Swan
Tow'r equal heights. But happier Stratford,
thou,

With incontest'd laurels deck thy brow:
Thy bard was thine unschool'd, and from thee
brought

More than all Egypt, Greece, or Asia, taught.
Not Homer's self such matchless honors won;
The Greek has rivals, but thy Shakspeare none.

A Sonnet. Imitated from the Spanish of Lopez de Vega: Menagiana, tom. iv. p. 176. EDWARDS.

CAPRICIOUS Wray a sonnet needs must have;
I ne'er was so put to 't before—a sonnet!

Why, fourteen verses must be spent upon it:
'Tis good, howe'er, t' have conquered the first
stave.

Yet I shall ne'er find rhymes enough by half,
Said I; and found myself i' the midst o' the
second:

If twice four verses were but fairly reckon'd,
I should turn back on the hardest part and laugh.
Thus far with good success I think I have scrib-
bled, [o'er ten.

And of the twice seven lines have clean got
Courage! another 'll finish the first triplet.

Thanks to thee, muse, my work begins to
shorten.

There's thirteen lines got thro', driblet by driblet:
'Tis done: count how you will, I warr'nt
there's fourteen.

ON pollard oak, hollow at heart,
Tremendous lightning darted:
Tremble at God's avenging dart,
O all ye hollow-hearted!

* Milton.

As Quin and Foote
One day walk'd out
To view the county round,
In merry mood
They chatting stood
Hard by the village-pound.

Foote from his poke
A shilling took,
And said, I'll bet a penny
In a short space,
Within this place,
I'll make this piece a guinea.

Upon the ground,
Within the pound,
The shilling soon was thrown :
Behold, says Foote,
The thing's made out,
For there is one pound one.

I wonder not,
Says Quin, that thought
Should in your head be found,
Since that's the way
Your debts you pay—
One shilling in the pound.

On a Statue of Apollo crowning Merit.

MERIT, if thou'rt blest with riches,
For God's sake buy a pair of breeches,
And give them to thy naked brother,
For one good turn deserves another.

O LET me die in peace! Eumenes cried
To a hard creditor at his bed-side.
How! die! roar'd Gripus; thus your debts
evade!
No, no, Sir, you shan't die till I am paid.

On Sleep.

ALTHOUGH soft sleep death's sad resem-
blance wears,
Still do I wish him on my couch to lie.
Come, balmy sleep; for sweetly it appears,
Thus without life to live, thus without death
to die.

UPON some hasty errand Tom was sent,
And met his parish curate as he went;
But, just like what he was, a sorry clown,
It seems he pass'd him with a cover'd crown.
The gownman stopp'd, and, turning, sternly
said—
I doubt, my lad, you're far worse taught than
fed!

Why, ay! says Tom, still jogging on, that's
true :
Thank God! he feeds me; but I'm taught by
you.

On Captain Grenville. LORD LYTTLETON.

YE weeping muses, graces, virtues, tell,
If, since your all-accomplish'd Sidney fell,
You, or afflicted Britain, e'er deplor'd
A loss like that these plaintive lays record!
Such spotless honor; such ingenuous truth;
Such ripen'd wisdom in the bloom of youth;
So mild, so gentle, so compos'd a mind,
To such heroic warmth and courage join'd!
He too, like Sidney, nurs'd in Learning's arms,
For nobler war forsook her softer charms:
Like him, possess'd of every pleasing art,
The secret wish of every female heart;
Like him, cut off in youthful glory's pride,
He unrepining for his country died.

*Designed for the Monument of Sir Isaac
Newton.*

MORE than his name were less—'twould
seem to fear
He who increased Heaven's fame, could want
it here.
Yes—when the sun he lighted up shall fade,
And all the world he found at first decay'd;
Then void and waste eternity shall lie,
And Time and Newton's name together die!

*Upon a young Gentleman refusing to walk with
the Author in the Park, because he was not
dressed well. GARRICK.*

FRIEND Col and I, both full of whim,
To shun each other oft agree;
Por I'm not beau enough for him,
And he's too much a beau for me.
Then let us from each other fly,
And arm in arm no more appear;
That I may ne'er offend your eye,
That you may ne'er offend my ear.

*Extempore, on hearing a certain impertinent
Address in the Newspapers. By Garrick,
Thomson, &c.*

THOU essence of dock, of valerian, and sage,
At once the disgrace and the pest of this age,
The worst that we wish thee, for all thy bad
crimes,
Is to take thy own physic, and read thy own
rhymes.

Answer to the Junto.

THEIR wish must be in form revers'd,
To suit the doctor's crimes;
For, if he takes his physic first,
He'll never read his rhymes.

Dr. Hill's Reply to the Junto's Epigram.

YE desperate junto, ye great or ye small,
 Who combat dukes, doctors, the duce, and
 'em all!
 Whether gentlemen, scribblers, or poets in
 jail,
 Your impertinent curses shall never prevail:
 I'll take neither sage, dock, or balsam of
 honey;
 Do you take the physic, and I'll take the
 money.

*Written soon after Dr. Hill's Farce, called the
 Rout, was acted.* GARRICK.

For physic and farces
 His equal there scarce is;
 His farces are physic,
 His physic a farce is.

*To Dr. Hill, upon his Petition of the Letter I
 to Mr. Garrick.* GARRICK.

IF 'tis true, as you say, that I've injur'd a
 letter, [better;
 I'll change my note soon, and I hope for the
 May the right use of letters, as well as of men,
 Hereafter be fixed by the tongue and the pen;
 Most devoutly I wish they both had their due,
 And that I may be never mistaken for U.

Upon a Lady's Embroidery. GARRICK.

ARACHNE once, as poets tell,
 A goddess at her art defied;
 But soon the daring mortal fell
 The hapless victim of her pride.
 O then beware Arachne's fate!
 Be prudent, Chloe, and submit:
 For you'll more surely feel her hate,
 Who rival both her art and wit.

*Death and the Doctor. Occasioned by a Phy-
 sician's lampooning a Friend of the Author.*
 GARRICK.

As Doctor — musing sat,
 Death saw, and came without delay;
 Enters the room, begins the chat,
 With "Doctor, why so thoughtful, pray?"
 The Doctor started from his place,
 But soon they more familiar grew;
 And then he told his piteous case,
 How trade was low, and friends were few.
 "Away with fear," the phantom said,
 As soon as he had heard his tale:
 "Take my advice, and mend your trade:
 We both are losers if you fail.

"Go write, your wit in satire show,
 No matter whether smart or true;
 Call — names, the greatest foe
 To dullness, folly, pride and you.

"Then copies spread, there lies the trick,
 Among your friends be sure you send 'em;
 For all who read will soon grow sick:
 And, when you're call'd upon, attend 'em.

"Thus trade increasing by degrees,
 Doctor, we both shall have our ends;
 For you are sure to have your fees,
 And I am sure to have your friends."

*Upon a certain Lord's giving some Thousand
 Pounds for a House.* GARRICK.

So many thousands for a house,
 For you, of all the world, Lord Mouse!
 A little house would best accord
 With you, my very little lord!
 And then exactly match'd would be
 Your house and hospitality.

*Upon seeing Mr. Taylor's Pictures of Bath,
 and hearing a Connoisseur declare that "they
 were finely painted for a Gentleman."*
 GARRICK.

TELL me the meaning, you who can,
 Of "finely for a gentleman!"
 Is genius, rarest gift of Heaven,
 To the hired artist only given?
 Or, like the Catholic salvation,
 Paled in for any class or station?
 Is it bound prentice to the trade,
 Which works, and as it works is paid?
 Is there no skill to build, invent,
 Unless inspir'd by five per cent.?
 And shalt thou, Taylor, paint in vain,
 Unless impell'd by hopes of gain?
 Be wise, my friend, and take thy fee,
 That Claude Lorraine may yield to thee.

From the Spanish. GARRICK.

FOR me my fair a wreath has wove,
 Where rival flow'rs in union meet;
 As oft she kiss'd the gift of love,
 Her breath gave sweetness to the sweet.
 A bee within a damask rose
 Had crept, the nectar'd dew to sip;
 But lesser sweets the thief forgoes,
 And fixes on Louisa's lip;
 Where tasting all the bloom of spring,
 Waked by the ripening breath of May,
 Th' ungrateful spoiler left his sting,
 And with the honey flew away.

An Epitaph upon the celebrated Claudius Philips, Musician, who died very poor.*

GARRICK.

PHILIPS, whose touch harmonious could
remove
The pangs of guilty pow'r and hapless love,
Rest here, distress'd by poverty no more,
Here find that calm thou gav'st so oft before;
Sleep undisturb'd within this peaceful shrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.

Epitaph on William Hogarth †, in Chiswick Church-Yard.

GARRICK.

FAREWELL, great painter of mankind,
Who reach'd the noblest point of art;
Whose pictur'd morals charm the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart!
If genius fire thee, reader, stay;
If nature touch thee, drop a tear :—
If neither move thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honour'd dust lies here.

Epitaph on James Quin ‡, in Bath Cathedral.

GARRICK.

THAT tongue, which set the table in a roar,
And charm'd the public ear, is heard no more:
Clos'd are those eyes, the harbingers of wit,
Which spoke, before the tongue, what Shak-
speare writ.
Cold are those hands, which living were
stretch'd forth,
At friendship's call, to succour modest worth.
Here lies James Quin! Deign, reader, to be
taught,—
Whate'er thy strength of body, force of thought,
In nature's happiest mould however cast,
To this complexion thou must come at last.

Epitaph on Lawrence Sterne §.

GARRICK.

SHALL pride a heap of sculptur'd marble
raise, praise,
Some worthless, unmourn'd, titled fool to
And shall we not by one poor grave-stone learn
Where genius, wit, and humor, sleep with
Sterne?

A Tribute by Mr. Garrick, to the memory of a Character he long knew and respected.

Epitaph on Mr. Havard, Comedian ||.

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

HAVARD, from sorrow rest beneath this stone;
An honest man—belov'd as soon as known;

Howe'er defective in the mimic art,
In real life he justly play'd his part!
The noblest character he acted well,
And heaven applauded when the curtain fell.

*Inscription on a Grotto of Shells, at Crux-Easton ¶, the Work of Nine young Ladies**.*

POPE.

HERE, shunning idleness at once and praise,
This radiant pile nine rural sisters raise;
The glittering emblem of each spotless dame,
Clear as her soul, and shining as her frame;
Beauty which nature only can impart,
And such a polish as disgraces art;
But fate dispos'd them in this humble sort,
And hid in deserts what would charm a court.

An Epigram.

A MEMBER of the modern great
Pass'd Sawney with his budget;
The peer was in a car of state,
The tinker forced to trudge it.

But Sawney shall receive the praise
His lordship would parade for:
One's debtor for his dapple greys,
And th' other's shoes are paid for.

The Lawyer and his Client.

Two lawyers, when a knotty cause was
o'er,
Shook hands, and were as good friends as
before,
"Zounds!" says the losing client, "how
come yaw
To be such friends, who were such foes just
naw?"
Thou fool, says one, we lawyers, tho' so keen,
Like shears, ne'er cut ourselves, but what's
between.

Epigram.

SAYS a beau to a lady, Pray name if you
can,
Of all your acquaintance, the handsomest man.
The lady replied, If you'd have me speak true,
He's the handsomest man that's the most un-
like you.

* This Epitaph has been ascribed to Dr. Johnson, but was really written by Mr. Garrick. See *European Magazine*, January, 1785.

† He died October 26, 1764.

‡ Mr. Quin died January, 1766.

§ Mr. Sterne was born at Clonmel in Ireland, November 24, 1713, and died in London, March 18, 1768.

|| He died 20th February, 1778.

¶ In the county of Hants, the seat of Edward Lisle, Esq.

** Misses Lisle, daughters of Edward Lisle, Esq. and sisters to Dr. Lisle.

On a Bowl of Punch.

WHEN'EER a bowl of punch we make,
 Four striking opposites we take;
 The strong, the small, the sharp, the sweet,
 Together mix'd, most kindly meet;
 And when they happily unite,
 The bowl "is pregnant with delight."

In conversation thus we find,
 That four men, differently inclin'd;
 With talents each distinct, and each
 Mark'd by peculiar pow'rs of speech;
 With tempers too as much the same
 As milk and verjuice, frost and flame;
 Their parts by properly sustaining,
 May all prove highly entertaining.

A Description of London.

HOUSES, churches, mix'd together,
 Streets unpleasant in all weather;
 Prisons, palaces contiguous,
 Gates, a bridge, the Thames irriguous;
 Gaudy things enough to tempt ye,
 Showy outsides, insides empty;
 Bubbles, trades, mechanic arts,
 Coaches, wheelbarrows, and carts;
 Warrants, bailiffs, bills unpaid,
 Lords of laundresses afraid;
 Rogues that nightly rob and shoot men,
 Hangmen, aldermen, and footmen;
 Lawyers, poets, priests, physicians,
 Noble, simple, all conditions;
 Worth beneath a threadbare cover,
 Villainy bedaub'd all over:
 Women black, red, fair, and grey;
 Prudes, and such as never pray;
 Handsome, ugly, noisy, still,
 Some that will not, some that will;
 Many a beau without a shilling,
 Many a widow not unwilling,
 Many a bargain if you strike it;
 This is London:—how d'ye like it?

On a young Lady.

BEHOLD a nymph with ev'ry virtue graced,
 Minerva's head on Venus' shoulders placed!
 Kind nature here displays her nicest art,
 With sweet relieves hides the soundest heart;
 But while it hides, it elegantly tells
 With what benevolence her bosom swells;
 Here's beauty mental, moral, and divine,
 To charm the lover, and his thoughts refine.

Paradox.

FOUR people sat down in one evening to play,
 They play'd all that eve, and parted next day;
 Could you think, when you're told, as thus they
 all sat, [bet;
 No other play'd with them, nor was there one
 Yet, when they rose up, each gained a guinea,
 Though none of 'em lost to the amount of a
 penny?

Answer.

Four merry fidlers play'd all night,
 To many a dancing ninny;
 And the next morning went away,
 And each receiv'd a guinea.

On the Fifth of November. By an Irish Bellman.

TO-NIGHT's the day, I speak it with great
 sorrow,
 That we were all t' have been blown up to-
 morrow;
 Therefore, take care of fire, and candle-light:
 'Tis a cold frosty morn, and so good night.

On Six Sorts of People who keep Fasts.

THE miser fasts because he will not eat,
 The poor man fasts because he has no meat;
 The rich man fasts with greedy mind to spare;
 The glutton fasts, to eat the greater share;
 The hypocrite he fasts to seem more holy,
 The righteous man to punish sin and folly.

A whimsical Epitaph, taken from a Stone in a Church.

HERE lies the body of Sarah Sexton,
 Who as a wife did never vex one;
 We can't say that for her at th' next stone.

On Quadrille. To a young Lady.

DEIGN, lovely nymph, to hear the least of
 bards,
 Who draws instruction from a game of cards.
 What tho' Quadrille perplex you? here is
 shown
 How hard the task for her who plays alone.
 But would you then consent to be a wife,
 Think first, O think! you play your cards for
 life! [will,
 Should sordid friends control your right good
 Beware the wretched state of forced Spadille.
 Should man, by grandeur, strive your heart to
 fire,
 A cross fish well denotes a purse-proud squire,
 Then pass by wealth and power; for better sure
 It is, with some kind swain to play secure;
 And he, dear girl, who does your charms adore,
 Now asks your leave; O! let him soon say more.

To-morrow. An Epitaph.

TO-MORROW you will live, you always cry:
 In what far country does to-morrow lie,
 That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive?
 Beyond the Indies doth this morrow live?
 'Tis so far fetch'd, this morrow, that I fear
 'Twill be both very old, and very dear.
 To-morrow I will live, the fool does say.
 To-day's too late: the wise liv'd yesterday.

Spoken extempore by the Earl of Rochester to a Parish Clerk.

STERNHOLD and Hopkins had great qualms,
 When they translated David's Psalms,

-To make the heart full glad :
But had it been poor David's fate,
To hear thee sing, and them translate,
By Jove, 'twould have made him mad.

Rhyme to Lisbon. By the same.

HERE's a health to Kate,
Our Sovereign's mate,
Of the Royal House of Lisbon :
But the devil take Hyde,
And the Bishop beside
That made her bone of his bone.

*Epigram by the Rev. Francis Blackburne, M.A.
late Archdeacon of Cleveland.*

LYCIDAS to PRUDENTIA.

DESCEND, fair Stoic, from thy flights ;
From nature learn to know,
Our passions are the needful weights
That make our virtues go.

PRUDENTIA to LYCIDAS.

TRUE Lycidas ; but think not so
Another truth to shun ;
Our passions make our virtues go,
But make our vices run.

An Epigram.

MUSIC's a crotchet the sober thinks vain,
The fiddle's a wooden projection ;
Tunes are but flirts of a whimsical brain,
Which the bottle brings best to perfection.
Musicians are half-witted, merry, and mad,
The same are all those that admire 'em ;
They're fools if they play unless they're well
paid,
And the other are blockheads to hire 'em.

An Epigram.

SAYS Johnny to Paddy, " I can't for my life
Conceive how a dumb pair are made man and
wife, [accord."
" Since they can't with the form and the parson
Says Paddy, " You fool ! they take each other's
word."

*On the Death of Dr. Secker, late Archbishop of
Canterbury.*

WHILE Secker liv'd, he show'd how seers
should live ; [eye ;
While Secker taught, heaven open'd to our
When Secker gave, we knew how angels give ;
When Secker died, we knew e'en Saints
must die.

Epigram.

*Occasioned by the Words, " ONE PRIOR," in
Burnet's History.*

ONE PRIOR !—and is this, this all the fame
The Poet from th' Historian can claim ?
No ; Prior's verse posterity shall quote,
When 'tis forgot *one Burnet* ever wrote.

On Content. An Epigram.

IT is not youth can give content,
Nor is it wealth's decree ;
It is a gift from heaven sent,
Though not to thee or me.

It is not in the monarch's crown,
Though he'd give millions for 't :
It dwells not in his lordship's frown,
Nor waits on him to court.

It is not in a coach and six,
It is not in a garter ;
'Tis not in love or politics,
But 'tis in Hodge the carter.

Similes to Molly.

My passion is as mustard strong ;
I sit all sober sad ;
Drunk as a piper all day long,
Or like a March hare mad.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow,
I drink, yet can't forget her ;
For, though as drunk as David's sow,
I love her still the better.

Pert as a pear-monger I'd be,
If Molly were but kind ;
Cool as a cucumber could see
The rest of womankind.

Like a stuck pig I gaping stare,
And eye her o'er and o'er ;
Lean as a rake with sighs and care,
Sleek as a mouse before.

Plump as a partridge was I known,
And soft as silk my skin ;
My cheeks as fat as butter grown ;
But as a groat now thin !

I, melancholy as a cat,
Am kept awake to weep ;
But she, insensible of that,
Sound as a top can sleep.

Hard is her heart as flint or stone,
She laughs to see me pale ;
And merry as a grig is grown,
And brisk as bottled ale.

The god of love at her approach
Is busy as a bee ;
Hearts sound as any bell or roach
Are smit, and sigh like me.

Ah me ! as thick as hops or hail
The fine men crowd about her ;
But soon as dead as a door-nail
Shall I be, if without her.

Straight as my leg her shape appears;
 O! were we join'd together,
 My heart would be scot-free from cares,
 And lighter than a feather.

As fine as fivepence is her mien,
 No drum was ever tighter;
 Her glance is as a razor keen,
 And not the sun is brighter.

As soft as pap her kisses are,
 Methinks I taste them yet;
 Brown as a berry is her hair,
 Her eyes as black as jet.

As smooth as glass, as white as curds,
 Her pretty hand invites;
 Sharp as a needle are her words,
 Her wit like pepper bites.

Brisk as a body-louse she trips,
 Clean as a penny drest;
 Sweet as a rose her breath and lips,
 Round as a globe her breast.

Full as an egg was I with glee,
 And happy as a king!
 Good Lord! how all men envied me!
 She lov'd like any thing:

But false as hell, she like the wind
 Chang'd as her sex must do;
 Though seeming as the turtle kind,
 And like the Gospel true.

If I and Molly could agree,
 Let who would take Peru;
 Great as an emperor should I be,
 And richer than a Jew.

Till you grow tender as a chick,
 I'm dull as any post;
 Let us like burrs together stick,
 And warm as any toast.

You'll find me truer than a die;
 And wish me better sped,
 Flat as a flounder when I lie,
 And as a herring dead.

Sure as a gun she'll drop a tear,
 And sigh perhaps, and wish,
 When I am rotten as a pear,
 And mute as any fish.

On the Word REPRESENTATIVE.

To represent is but to personate,
 Which should be truly done at any rate.
 Thus they who're fairly chose without a fee,
 Should give their votes, no doubt, with liberty.
 But when a seat is sold by the venal tribe,
 He represents them best—who takes a bribe.

On the Shortness of Human Life.

LIKE as a damask rose you see,
 Or like the blossom on a tree;
 Or like the dainty flower in May,
 Or like the morning to the day;
 Or like the sun, or like the shade,
 Or like the gourd which Jonas had;
 E'en such is man, whose thread is spun,
 Drawn out and cut, and so is done:
 Withers the rose, the blossom blasts,
 The flower fades, the morning hastes;
 The sun doth set, the shadows fly,
 The gourd consumes, and mortals die.

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
 Or like a tale that's new begun;
 Or like a bird that's here to-day,
 Or like the pearled dew of May;
 Or like an hour, or like a span,
 Or like the singing of a swan;
 E'en such is man, who lives by breath,
 Is here, now there, in life and death:
 The grass decays, the tale doth end,
 The bird is flown, the dews ascend;
 The hour is short, the span not long,
 The swan's near death, man's life is done.

Like to the bubble in the brook,
 Or in a glass much like a look:
 Or like the shuttle in the hand,
 Or like the writing in the sand;
 Or like a thought, or like a dream,
 Or like the gliding of the stream;
 E'en such is man, who lives by breath,
 Is here, now there, in life and death:
 The bubble's burst, the look's forgot,
 The shuttle's flung, the writing's blot;
 The thought is past, the dream is gone,
 The water glides, man's life is done.

*Epitaph on Captain Jones,
 Who published some marvellous Accounts of his
 Travels, the Truth of all which he thought
 proper to testify by affidavit.*

TREAD softly, mortals, o'er the bones
 Of the world's wonder, Captain Jones!
 Who told his glorious deeds to many,
 But never was believ'd by any.
 Posterity, let this suffice:
 He swore all's true, yet here he lies.

*An Epigram,
 On seeing a young Lady writing Verses with a
 Hole in her Stocking.*

To see a lady of such grace,
 With so much sense and such a face,
 So slatternly, is shocking:
 O! if you would with Venus vie,
 Your pen and poetry lay by,
 And learn to mend your stocking.

An Epigram.

As Tom was one day deep in chat with his friend,
He gravely advis'd him his manners to mend;
That his morals were bad, he had heard it from many.
They lie, replied Tom, for I never had any.

On Time.

SAY, is there ought that can convey
An image of its transient stay?
'Tis a hand's breadth; 'tis a tale;
'Tis a vessel under sail;
'Tis a courser's straining steed;
'Tis a shuttle in its speed;
'Tis an eagle in its way,
Darting down upon its prey;
'Tis an arrow in its flight,
Mocking the pursuing sight;
'Tis a vapour in the air;
'Tis a whirlwind rushing there;
'Tis a short liv'd fading flow'r;
'Tis a rainbow on a show'r;
'Tis a momentary ray
Smiling in a winter's day;
'Tis a torrent's rapid stream;
'Tis a shadow; 'tis a dream;
'Tis the closing watch of night
Dying at approaching light;
'Tis a landscape vainly gay,
Painted upon crumbling clay;
'Tis a lamp that wastes its fires;
'Tis a smoke that quick expires;
'Tis a bubble, 'tis a sigh:
Be prepar'd, O Man! to die.

An Anatomical Epitaph on an Invalid.
Written by HIMSELF.

HERE lies a head that often ach'd;
Here lie two hands that always shak'd;
Here lies a brain of odd conceit;
Here lies a heart that often beat;
Here lie two eyes that daily wept,
And in the night but seldom slept;
Here lies a tongue that whining talk'd,
Here lie two feet that feebly walk'd;
Here lie the midriff and the breast,
With loads of indigestion press'd;
Here lies the liver, full of bile,
That ne'er secreted proper chyle;
Here lie the bowels, human tripes,
Tortur'd with wind and twisting gripes;
Here lies the livid dab, the spleen,
The source of life's sad tragic scene,
That left-side weight that clogs the blood,
And stagnates nature's circling flood;
Here lie the nerves, so often twitch'd
With painful cramps and poignant stitch;
Here lies the back, oft rack'd with pains,
Corroding kidneys, loins, and reins;

Here lies the skin by scurvy fed,
With pimples and eruptions red;
Here lies the man, from top to toe,
That fabric fram'd for pain and woe.

The Stage Coach.

RESOLV'D to visit a far-distant friend,
A porter to the Bull-and-Gate I send,
And bid the slave at all events engage
Some place or other in the Chester stage.—
The slave returns—'tis done as soon as said
Your honor's sure when once the money's paid;
My brother whip, impatient of delay,
Puts to at three, and swears he cannot stay;
(Four dismal hours ere the break of day.)
Rous'd from sound sleep, thrice call'd, at length
I rise, [eyes:
Yawning, stretch out my arms, half close my
By steps and lanthorn enter the machine,
And take my place, how cordially! between
Two aged matrons of excessive bulk,
To mend the matter too, of meaner folk;
While in like mode jamm'd in on th' other side
A bullying captain and a fair one ride;
Foolish as fair, and in whose lap a boy—
Our plague eternal, but her only joy;
At last, the glorious number to complete,
Steps in my landlord for that bodkin seat:
When soon by ev'ry hillock, rut, and stone,
Into each other's face by turns we're thrown;
This grannam scolds, that coughs, and captain
swears,
The fair one screams, and has a thousand fears;
While our plump landlord, train'd in other lore,
Slumbers at ease, nor yet asham'd to snore;
And master Dicky, on his mother's lap,
Squalling brings up at once three meals of pap.
Sweet company! next time, I do protest, Sir,
I'll walk to Dublin, ere I ride to Chester.

The Thought; or, a Song of Similes.

I've thought, the fair Narcissa cries,
What is it like, Sir?—"Like your eyes—"
'Tis like a chair—'tis like a key—
'Tis like a purge—'tis like a flea—
'Tis like a beggar—like the sun—
'Tis like the Dutch—'tis like the moon—
'Tis like a kilderkin of ale—
'Tis like a doctor—like a whale—"Why are my eyes, Sir, like a sword?
For that's the Thought, upon my word.
"Ah! witness every pang I feel,
The deaths they give the likeness tell.
A sword is like a chair, you'll find,
Because 'tis most on end behind.
'Tis like a key, for 'twill undo one;
'Tis like a purge—for 'twill run through one;
'Tis like a flea, and reason good,
'Tis often drawing human blood."
Why like a beggar?—"You shall hear;
'Tis often carried 'fore the May'r.

'Tis like the sun, because 'tis gilt,
 Besides it travels in a *belt*.
 'Tis like the Dutch we plainly see,
 Because that state, whenever we
 A push for our own int'rest make,
 Does instantly our sides forsake."
 The moon?—"Why, when all's said and done,
 A sword is very like the moon;
 For if his Majesty (God bless him),
 When Country Sheriff comes t' address him,
 Is pleas'd his favors to bestow
 On him, before him kneeling low,
 'This o'er his shoulders glitters bright,
 And gives the glory to the Knight (night).
 'Tis like a kilderkin, no doubt,
 For 'tis not long in drawing out.
 'Tis like a doctor, for who will
 Dispute a Doctor's power to kill?"
 But why a Sword is like a whale
 Is no such easy thing to tell.
 "But since all Swords are Swords, d'ye see,
 Why, let it then a backsword be;
 Which, if well us'd, will seldom fail
 To raise up somewhat like a whale."

The Astronomer's Room.

ONE day I call'd, and Philo out,
 I op'd the door, and look'd about;
 When, all his goods being full in view,
 I took this inventory true:
Item. A bed without a curtain;
 A broken jar to empty dirt in;
 A candlestick, a greasy night-cap,
 A spitting-pot to catch what might hap;
 Two stockings darn'd with numerous stitches,
 A piece of shirt, a pair of breeches;
 A three-legg'd stool, a four-legg'd table,
 Were fill'd with books unfit for rabble;
 Sines, tangents, secants, radius, co-sines,
 Subtangents, segments, and all those signs;
 Enough to show the man that made 'em
 Was full as mad as he who read 'em:
 An almanack of six years standing,
 A cup with ink, and one with sand in;
 One corner held his books and chest,
 And round the floor were strew'd the rest;
 That all things might be like himself,
 He 'd neither closet, drawer, or shelf,
 Here piss-pot, sauce-pot, broken platter,
 Appear'd like het'rogenous matter.
 In ancient days the walls were white,
 But who 'gainst damps and snails can fight?
 They're now in wreathy ringlets bound,
 Some square, some oval, and some round;
 The antiquarian there may find
 Each hieroglyphic to his mind;
 Such faces there might fancy trace,
 As never yet knew time or place;
 And he who studies maps or plans,
 Has all the work done to his hands;
 In short, the room, the goods and author,
 Appear'd to be one made for t' other.

An original Epitaph.

HERE lies fast asleep, awake me who can,
 That medley of passions and follies, a *Man*,
 Who sometimes lov'd licence, and sometimes
 restraint,
 Too much of the sinner, too little of saint;
 From quarter to quarter I shifted my tack;
 'Gainst the evils of life a most notable quack;
 But, alas! I soon found the defects of my skill,
 And my nostrams in practice prov'd treacherous
 still;
 From life's certain ills 'twas in vain to seek ease,
 The remedy oft prov'd another disease;
 What in rapture began often ended in sorrow,
 And the pleasure to-day brought reflection to-morrow;
 When each action was o'er, and its errors were
 seen,
 Then I view'd with surprise the strange thing
 I had been;
 My body and mind were so oddly contriv'd,
 That at each other's failing both parties conniv'd;
 Imprudence of mind brought on sickness and
 pain,
 The body diseas'd paid the debt back again:
 Thus coupled together life's journey they pass'd,
 Till they wrangled and jangled, and parted at
 last;
 Thus tir'd and weary, I've finished my course,
 And glad it is bed-time, and things are no worse.

Epitaph on an honest Sailor.

WHETHER sailor or not, for a moment avast!
 Poor Tom's mizen top-sail is laid to the mast;
 He'll never turn out, or more heave the lead;
 He's now all aback, nor will sails shoot ahead;
 He ever was brisk, and though now gone to
 wreck, [upon deck,
 When he hears the last whistle he'll jump

The Consultation.

THREE Doctors, met in consultation,
 Proceed with great deliberation;
 The case was desperate, all agreed,
 But what of that? they must be fee'd;
 They write then, as 'twas fit they should,
 But for their own, not patient's good;
 Consulting wisely, don't mistake, Sir,
 Not what to give, but what to take, Sir.

On a Landlord drunk.

LANDLORD, with thee now even is the
 wine; [thine.
 For thou hast pierc'd his hogs-head, and he

A Rhapsody.

As I walk'd by myself, I said to myself,
 And myself said again to me;
 Look to thyself, take care of thyself,
 For nobody cares for thee.

Then I said to myself, and thus answer'd myself,
 With the self-same repartee;
 Look to thyself, or look not to thyself,
 'Tis the self-same thing to me.

To-day and To-morrow.

To-day man's dress'd in gold and silver
 bright,
 Wrapp'd in a shroud before to-morrow night;
 To-day he's feeding on delicious food,
 To-morrow dead, unable to do good;
 To-day he's nice, and scorns to feed on crumbs,
 To-morrow he's himself a dish for worms;
 To-day he's honor'd, and in vast esteem,
 To-morrow not a beggar values him;
 To-day he rises from the velvet bed,
 To-morrow lies in one that's made of lead;
 To-day his house, though large, he thinks but
 small,
 To-morrow, no command, no house at all;
 To-day has forty servants at his gate,
 To-morrow scorn'd, not one of them will wait;
 To-day perfum'd as sweet as any rose,
 To-morrow stinks in every body's nose;
 To-day he's grand, majestic, all delight,
 Ghastful and pale before to-morrow night:
 True, as the Scripture says, "man's life's a span,"
 The present moment is the life of man.

On Bribery.

A poor man once a judge besought
 To judge aright his cause;
 And with a pot of oil salutes
 The judge of the laws.
 My friend, quoth he, thy cause is good;
 He glad away did trudge:
 Anon his wealthy foe did come
 Before this partial judge.
 A hog well-fed this churl presents,
 And craves a strain of law;
 The hog receiv'd, the poor man's right
 Was judg'd not worth a straw.
 Therewith he cried, O partial judge,
 Thy doom has me undone;
 When oil I gave, my cause was good,
 But now to ruin run.
 Poor man, quoth he, I thee forgot,
 And see thy cause of foil;
 A hog came since into my house,
 And broke thy pot of oil.

Queen Elizabeth being asked her Opinion concerning the real Presence in the Sacrament, gave the following artful and solid Answer:

CHRIST was the word that spake it;
 He took the bread and brake it;
 And what the word did make it,
 That I believe, and take it.

Epigram.

It blew a hard storm, and in the utmost confusion,
 The sailors all hurried to get absolution;
 Which done, and the weight of the sins they confess'd
 Transferr'd, as they thought, from themselves to the priest,
 To lighten the ship, and conclude their devotion,
 They toss'd the poor parson souse into the [ocean.

True Benevolence.

THE other day, says Ned to Joe,
 Near Bedlam's confines groping,
 "Whene'er I hear the cries of woe,
 My hand is always open."
 "I own," says Joe, "that to the poor,
 (You prove it ev'ry minute)
 Your hand is open, to be sure,
 But then there's nothing in it."

Written under a Lady's Name in a Window.

THREE brilliants fair Celinda grac'd
 (There love's artillery lies:)
 One from the snowy finger blaz'd,
 Two sparkled in her eyes.

The first, which shone with fainter rays,
 Could here her name impart;
 The others drew her charming face
 More deeply on my heart.

Magni stat Nominis Umbra. BISHOP.

PROUD as a peer, poor as a bard,
 A footsome Spaniard late one night
 Knock'd at a tavern-door so hard,
 It rous'd the family in a fright.

Up sprung the host from his bed-fide,
 Open the chamber-window flew:
 "Who's there? What boisterous hand," he
 "Makes at my gate this loud ado?" [cried,

"Here is," the stately Spaniard said,
 "Don Lopez, Rodriguez, Alonzo,
 Pedrillo, Gusman, Alvarade,
 Jago, Miguel, Alphonso,

Antonio, Diego"—"Hold! hold! hold!"
 Exclaim'd the landlord, "pray forbear!
 For half the numbers you have told,
 I have not half a bed to spare."

"Sir!" quoth the Don, "'tis your mistake,
 If names for men of course you count:
 Though long th' illustrious list I make,
 In me still centres all th' amount.

Worn down with tramping many a mile,
 Don Lopez, Rodriguez, Pedrillo,
 With all the et-ceteras of his style,
 Will sleep upon a single pillow."

Quod petis hic est. BISHOP.

A THOUSAND objects of desire
On foreign coasts you'll view:
Now art, now Nature's works admire,
Here splendor, there virtù.
But blessings, which at home you see,
Sublimèr joy suggest:
Old England gives you liberty,
And that gives—all the rest.

Stat sua cuique Dies. IBID.

To Childermas day some object,
Some Friday deem a bad day;
But Will, by no such notions check'd,
Lest no day be a sad day.
More cheerful still, as more in debt,
He makes each day a May-day;
Nor would he ever fear or fret,
But for that queer day—*pay-day*.

French Cooking. IBID.

To make a plum-pudding a French count
once took
An authentic receipt from an English lord's
cook;
Mix suet, milk, eggs, sugar, meal, fruit and [spice,
Of such numbers, such measure, and weight,
and such price;
Drop a spoonful of brandy to quicken the mess,
And boil it for so many hours, more or less.
These directions were tried, but when tried,
had no good in,
'Twas all wash, and all squash, but 'twas not
English pudding;
And monsieur, in a pet, sent a second request
For the cook that prescrib'd, to assist when
'twas drest,
Who, of course, to comply with his honor's
beseeching,
Like an old cook of Colbrook, march'd into the
kitchen.
The French cooks, when they saw him, talk'd
loud and talk'd long,
They were sure all was right, he could find no-
thing wrong;
Till, just as the mixture was rais'd to the pot,
"Hold your hands! hold your hands!" scream'd
astonish'd John Trot:
"Don't you see you want one thing, like fools
as you are?"
"Vone ting, Sare! Vat ting, Sare?"—"A pud-
ding-cloth, Sare!"

Quod petis hic est. IBID.

No plate had John and Joan to hoard,
Plain folk in humble plight;
One only tankard crown'd their board,
And that was fill'd each night:
Along whose inner bottom, sketch'd
In pride of chubby grace,
Some rude engraver's hand had etch'd
A baby's angel-face.

John swallow'd first a moderate sup;
But Joan was not like John;
For when her lips once touch'd the cup,
She swill'd till all was gone.

John often urg'd her to drink fair,
But she ne'er chang'd a jot;
She lov'd to see the angel there,
And therefore drain'd the pot.

When John found all remonstrance vain,
Another card he play'd;
And where the angel stood so plain,
He got a *devil* portray'd.

Joan saw the horns, John saw the tail,
Yet Joan as stoutly quaff'd;
And ever as she seiz'd her ale,
She clear'd it at a draught.

John star'd with wonder petrify'd,
His hair stood on his pate;
And "Why dost guzzle now," he cried,
"At this enormous rate?"

"Oh! John," she said, "am I to blame?
I can't, in conscience, stop:
For sure 'twould be a burning shame
To leave the Devil a drop!"

The Decanter. IBID.

O THOU, that high thy head dost bear,
With round smooth neck, and simple ear,
With well-turned narrow mouth, from whence
Flow streams of noblest eloquence:
'Tis thou that fir'st the bard divine,
Sacred to Phœbus and the nine;
That mirth and soft delight canst move
Sacred to Venus and to Love;
Yet, spite of all thy virtues rare,
Thou'rt not a boon companion fair;
Thou'rt full of wine when thirsty I,
And when I'm drunk, then thou art dry.

Qualis ab Incepto. IBID.

CURIO, whose hat a nimble knave had snatch'd,
Fat, clumsy, gouty, and asthmatic, old,
Panting against a post, his noddle scratch'd,
And his sad story to a stranger told:

"Follow the thief," replied the stander-by;
"Ah, sir!" said he, "these legs will wag
no more."

"Alarm the neighbourhood with a hue and
cry." [roar.]

"Alas, I've roar'd as long as lungs could

"Then," quoth the stranger, "vain is all en-
deavour,

Sans voice to call, sans vigour to pursue;
And since your *hat*, of course, is gone for ever,
I'll e'en make bold to take your *wig*—adieu!

How to make Fools scarce. BISHOP.

MANKIND, though satirists with jobations
weary us,
Has only two weak parts, if fairly reckon'd,
The first of which is, trifling with things serious,
And seriousness in trifles is the second.
Remove these little rubs, whoe'er knows how,
And fools will be as scarce as wise men now.

Mental Optics. IBID.

To a noted optician, a simple grave man
In these terms his address for assistance began :
" If with me, like my neighbours, you think
't would succeed,
I would purchase a glass that would help me
to read."
Number this, number that, no effect could pro-
duce,
Concave, and convex, are alike of no use ;
The shop was all rumag'd for old ware and
new,
But nothing came of it, for nothing would do.
" 'Tis strange," said the artist, " you see none
the better ;
Cannot all these varieties show you a letter ?"
" Show a letter ?" quoth he, " yes, by hundreds
they show 'em,
I can see fast enough : what I want is, to know
'em."

On Howard's dying in Russia. IBID.

THOUGH far from Britain, Britain's worthiest
pride, [died,
The world's great patriot, generous Howard
Let not our sorrow blame his wish to roam ;
With such a heart, as such a life display'd ;
A heart, which all mankind one family made ;
To travel was but to enlarge his home !

Magna est Veritas et prævalebit. IBID.

FALSEHOOD and Truth, in rival race,
Eternal contrast prove ;
Falsehood speeds on with rapid pace,
Truth scarce appears to move.
Falsehood finds numbers in her course,
Who prompt assistance lend ;
Ill-nature loves to aid her force,
And Folly stands her friend.
Guilt, Envy, Cunning, all make shift
To help her on her way,
And Fortune gives her many a lift,
No matter for foul play.
Yet, after all her efforts tried,
And all her circuit run,
When Time the vict'ry shall decide,
She'll end where Truth begun !

Virtue indigenous in England. IBID.

VIRTUES and fashions jointly share
All England's pride, all England's care ;
From foreign fops, and coxcomb courts,
Fashions hy wholesale she imports ;
But let it to her praise be known,
Old England's virtues are her own !

Fati valet Hora benigna. IBID.

WHEN Tom call'd in, one day, on Ned,
His wife was plastering dearee's head,
Who sigh'd, but dar'd not shake it !
'Tis well Tom's pace is something slower,
For had he come an hour before,
He'd seen the vixen break it.

Brevis esse laboro. IBID.

ON folly's lips eternal tattlings dwell ;
Wisdom speaks little, but that little well ;
So lengthening shades the sun's decline betray,
But shorter shadows mark meridian day.

On a Cobweb. IBID.

By never-failing cunning taught,
Her arts the spider plies ;
And ambush'd in the web she wrought,
A fell assassin lies.
By never-ceasing rashness led,
The fly pursues his way ;
Bolts on the snare his heedless head,
A self-devoted prey.

Nature and Instinct. IBID.

HATCHED from alien eggs, along the meads,
The jocund hen a troop of ducklings leads :
But when the dangers of the pool they brave,
And plunge intrepid in the dreadful wave,
High beats her fluttering heart, she calls, she
cries,
And restless, round and round the margin flies ;
Alike unalter'd nature's powers occur,
Instinct in them, parental care in her ;
The offspring's deed proclaims a race unknown,
A mother's feelings prove the brood her own.

Latin Learning of little Use.* IBID.

YOUR venerable chaplain once,
(Though now with age he bend)
Train'd here the scholar, lash'd the dunce,
A master and a friend.
To profit by his well-known care,
His child a butcher brought ;
And all the needful to prepare,
A dictionary bought.

* Spoken at Merchant Taylor's School.

Before a week its course had run,
The butcher came again ;
"Take back your book, give back my son,"
He cried with might and main.

"*Larning!*" 'tis money thrown away,
Such *larning* to procure ;
The book don't show, the boy can't say,
What's Latin—for a *skewer*."

More's meant than meets the Ear. BISHOP.

WHEN doctors, twenty years ago,
Wore wigs of venerable flow,
A bodkin-sword's diminutive stump,
Stuck right across each physic rump ;
Whose short dimensions seem'd to say,
"Our object is to save, not slay."
An emblem apt enough, I trow :
But wicked wits pretend to show,
For swords so small, an apter still,
"We've other ways than *one* to kill."

Nothing new under the Sun. IBID.

THERE'S nothing new beneath the sun,
So ancient wits' decisions run :
But with no match for facts is ;
For I know things, and so do you,
Though everlasting, ever new !
What think you, Sirs, of taxes ?

Ancient and Modern Poets distinguished. IBID.

"TWIXT those poets of old, and our poets of
late,
One perpetual distinction holds true :
The new, in a twinkling, are all out of date,
The old—will for ever be new !

The Power of Verse. IBID.

READ ! read ! the thread-bare poet cries,
New powers of verse I bring :
At every line new beauties rise
Spontaneous while I sing !

Poet ! thy boast would seem more true,
One fact if thou couldst quote :
Had powers and beauties all so new
Procur'd thee—a new coat !

The progress of Wigs. IBID.

WHEN Charles the First the sceptre bore,
Each grave divine, I trow,
A silken cap all sable wore,
With nine straight hairs below.

The Restoration's jovial day
Chang'd with the men, the mode,
And orth'dox heads, in broad display,
The flaxen buckle show'd.

In Anna's reign, from general view
Th' enormous flaxens fled :
And lo ! perukes of milk-white hue
Succeeded in their stead.

These too incurr'd, by lapse of years,
Disuse, though not disgrace ;
New clerical brows requir'd new gears,
And grizzles took their place.

Yet still the wig's full form retain'd
The feather'd foretop's peak :
Yet still the solemn bush remain'd
To flank the rosy cheek.

But now ! forgive the conscious muse,
That feels her verse too bold :
What fashions *modern* reverends use,
You need not here be told.

Though new their taste, while they adopt
Their good forefathers' ways ;
The frizz'd, the curl'd, the bald, the cropt,
Have all their claim to praise.

The Effect of Pulpit Eloquence. IBID.

A VETERAN gambler, in a tempest caught,
Once in his life a church's shelter sought,
Where many a hint pathetically grave,
On life's precarious lot the preacher gave.
The sermon ended, and the storm all spent,
Home trudg'd old Cog-die, reasoning as he
went, [declar'd,
"Strict truth," quoth he, "this rev'rend sage
I feel conviction, and will be prepar'd ;
Nor e'er henceforth, since life thus steals away,
Give credit for a bet—beyond a day !"

Case in the Constitutional Court.

A FARMER, as records report,
Most hugely discontented,
His vicar at the Bishop's Court
For gross neglect presented.

"Our former priest, my Lord," he said,
"Each Sunday the year round,
Some Greek in his discourses read,
And charming was the sound !

Not such our present parson's phrase,
No Greek does he apply ;
But says in English all he says,
As you might speak, or I.

And yet for this so simple style,
He claims each tithe and due ;
Pigs, pippins, poultry, all the while,
And Easter off'rings too !"

"You're skill'd in languages, I guess,"
Th' amaz'd diocesan cry'd :
"I know no language, more nor less,"
The surly clown reply'd :

"But Greek, I've heard the learned say,
Surpasses all the rest ;
And since 'tis for the best we *pay*,
We ought to *have* the best."

All not Gold that Glitters.

WHY sleeps, benumb'd, the conscious mind,
When social good craves virtue's zeal :
Who'er can benefit mankind,
Is Heav'n's trustee, for human weal.
To hide true worth from public view,
Is burying diamonds in their mine :
All is not gold that shines, 'tis true ;
But all that is gold—*ought to shine !*

On Hope. ANON.

HOPPE, heav'n-born cherub, still appears,
Howe'er misfortune seems to lower :
Her smile the threat'ning tempest clears,
And is the rainbow of the shower.

A LONG way off Lucinda strikes the men ;
As she draws near,
And one sees clear,
A long way off—one wishes her again.

On a Person not celebrated for his Veracity.

ON Tuesday next, says Tom to Ned,
I'll dine with you and take a bed.
You may believe him, Will replies.
Where'er Tom dines he always LIES.

On Two beautiful Sisters who were drowned at Sea.

WHAT to the faithless ocean now is due ?
It gave one Venus, and has taken two !

On a natural Grotto, near a deep Stream.

HEALTH, rose-lipp'd cherub, haunts this spot,
She slumbers oft in yonder nook :
If in the shade you find her not,
Plunge—and you'll find her in the brook !

On a Lady who beat her Husband.

COME hither, Sir George, my picture is here,
What think you, my love? don't it strike
you ?
"I can't say it does, just at present, my dear,
But I think it soon will, it's so like you."

What is an Epigram.

WHAT is an epigram? a dwarfish whole :
Its body brevity, and wit its soul.

By THEOPHILUS SWIFT, Esq.

The rooted aversion entertained by the late Judge Robinson, of the King's Bench, in Ireland, to the volunteers of that country, in the year 1780, is well known. The following epigram was occasioned by a circumstance that actually took place about that period in the court where he was then sitting.

"THAT soldier so rude, he swaggers in
scarlet ;
Put him out of the court ; I'll imprison the
varlet."
"A soldier, I'm not," quoth the hero in red ;
"No soldier, my Lord, but an officer I,
A captain who carries his sword on his thigh."
Stern Robinson then with sarcastical sneer,
Roll'd his sharp eagle-eye on the vain vo-
lunteer,
And, "Tipstaff," he cried, as the captain grew
bolder,
"Out, out with that officer who is no soldier."

Bargains.

NED's thrifty spouse, her taste to please,
With rival dames at auctions vies ;
Is charm'd with ev'ry thing she sees,
And ev'ry thing she sees she buys.
Ned feels at ev'ry sale enchanted,
Such costly wares ! so wisely sought !
Bought because they may be wanted,
Wanted because they may be bought.

A Question and an Answer.

JACK drinks fine wines, wears modish cloth-
ing,
But, prithee, where lies Jack's estate —
In Algebra, for there I found of late
A quantity call'd less than nothing.

On a ready Writer.

JEM writes his verses with more speed
Than the printer's boy can set 'em.
Quite as fast as we can read,
And only not so fast as we forget 'em.

On a bad Singer.

SWANS sing before they die—'twere no bad thing
Should certain persons die before they sing.

Spoken extempore to a Lady, on being asked
what this World was like.

THIS world is a prison in ev'ry respect,
Whose walls are the heavens in common ;
The gaoler is sin, and the prisoners men,
And the fetters is nothing but—woman.

The Thief.

I TELL, with equal truth and grief,
That little Kitt's an arrant thief.
Before the urchin well could go,
She stole the whiteness of the snow;
And more—that whiteness to adorn,
She stole the blushes of the morn;
Stole all the softness Æther pours
On primrose buds, in vernal show'rs.

There's no repeating all her wiles:
She stole the Graces' winning smiles;
'Twas quickly seen she robb'd the sky,
To plant a star in either eye:
She pilfer'd orient pearl for teeth,
And stole the cow's ambrosial breath;
The cherry, steep'd in morning dew,
Gave moisture to her lips and hue.

These were her infant spoils; a store
To which, in time, she added more:
At twelve she stole from Cyprus' Queen
Her air and love-commanding mien;
Stole Juno's dignity; and stole
From Pallas, sense to charm the soul;
She sung—amaz'd the Syrens heard,
And to assert their voice appear'd;
She play'd—the Muses from their hill
Wonder'd who thus had stole their skill;
Apollo's wit was next her prey,
And then rise beams that light the day;
While Jove, her pilfering threats to crown
Pronounc'd these beauties all her own,
Pardon'd her crimes, and prais'd her art;
And t'other day she stole my heart.

Cupid! if lovers are thy care,
Revenge thy votary on the fair;
Do justice on her stolen charms,
And let her prison be—my arms.

Beauty's Value. SHAKSPEARE.

BEAUTY is but a vain, a fleeting good,
A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly;
A flow'r that dies when almost in the bud,
A brittle glass that breaketh presently.
A fleeting good, a gloss, a glass, a flow'r,
Lost, faded, broken, dead, within an hour.
As goods when lost we know are seldom found,
As fading gloss no rubbing can excite;
As flow'rs when dead are trampled on the
ground,
As broken glass no cement can unite;
So beauty, blemish'd once, is ever lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pains, and cost.

Epitaph on a Scolding Wife.

HERE lies my wife; poor Molly! let her lie:
She finds repose at last—and so do I.

A Sailor having been sentenced to the Cat o'
Nine Tails, when tied ready for Punishment,
spoke the following Lines to his Commander,
who had an aversion to a Cat.

By your honor's command, an example I stand
Of your justice to all the ship's crew;
I am hamper'd and stript, and if I am whipt,
'Tis no more than I own is my due.

In this scurvy condition, I humbly petition

To offer some lines to your eye:

Merry Tom by such trash once avoided the lash,
And, if fate and you please, so may I.
There is nothing you hate, I'm inform'd, like
a cat;

Why, your honor's aversion is mine:
If puss then with one tail can make your heart
fail,

O save me from that which has nine!

N. B. He was pardoned.

On a certain Lady's Study.

To Chloe's study shall we go?

(For Ladies have their studies now.)

O what a splendid sight is there!

'Twould make the dullest hermit stare:

There stand, all rang'd in proud array,
Each French romance, and modern play;

Love's magazine of flames and darts,

Whole histories of eyes and hearts:

But O! view well the outward scene,

You'll never need to look within;

What Chloe loves she plainly shows,

For, lo! her very books are beaus.

An Epigram.

THE lofty oak from a small acorn grows,
And to the skies ascends with spreading boughs;
As years increase, it shades th' extended plain,
Then big with death and vengeance ploughs
the main;

Hence rises fame, and safety to our shore;
And from an acorn springs Britannia's pow'r.

The Modern Courtier.

PRAY say what's that which smirking trips
this way.

That powder'd thing, so neat, so trim, so gay,
Adorn'd with tambour'd vest, and spangled
sword;

That supple, servile thing? O! that's a Lord!
You jest—that thing a Peer? an English Peer?
Who ought (with head, estate, and conscience
clear)

Either in grave debate, or hardy fight,
Firmly maintain a free-born people's right:
Surely those Lords were of another breed
Who met their monarch John at Runnemedé;
And clad in steel, there in a glorious hour
Made the curst tyrant feel the people's pow'r;
Made him confess, beneath that awful rod,
Their voice united is the voice of God.

Epitaph on a beautiful and virtuous young Lady.

SLEEP soft in dust, wait the Almighty's will,
Then rise unchang'd, and be an angel still.

An Epitaph on a poor but honest Man.

SROP, reader, here, and deign to look

On one without a name,

Ne'er enter'd in the ample book

Of fortune or of fame.

Studios of peace, he hated strife;
 Meek virtues filled his breast;
 His coat of arms, "a spotless life,"
 "An honest heart" his crest.

Quarter'd therewith was innocence,
 And thus his motto ran:
 "A conscience void of all offence,
 Before both God and man."

In the great day of wrath, though pride
 Now scorns his pedigree,
 Thousands shall wish they'd been allied
 To this great family.

An Epitaph on a very idle Fellow.

From CAMDEN.

HERE lieth one that once was born and cried,
 Liv'd several years, and then—and then—he
 died.

The Picture of Slander.

WHAT mortal but Slander, that serpent,
 hath stung, [tongue?
 Whose teeth are sharp arrows, a razor her
 The poison of asps her livid lip loads,
 The rattle of snakes with the spittle of toads;
 Her throat is an open sepulchre; her legs
 Set hatching of vipers, and cockatrice' eggs;
 Her sting is a scorpion's; like hyena she'll cry;
 With the ear of an adder, a basilisk's eye;
 The mouth of a monkey, the hug of a bear,
 The chat of a parrot, the head of a hare;
 The wing of a magpie, the snout of a hog,
 The feet of a mole, and the tail of a dog;
 Her claw is a tiger's, her forehead is brass,
 With the hiss of a goose, and the Bray of an ass.

Epigram to a pretended Friend, and real Enemy.

THY hesitating tongue and doubtful face
 Show all thy kindness to be mere grimace.
 Throw off the mask; at once be foe or friend;
 'Tis base to soothe, when malice is the end;
 The rock that's seen gives the poor sailor dread,
 But double terror that which hides its head.

On a Tombstone in Essex.

HERE lies the man Richard,
 And mary his wife;
 Their surname was Pritchard;
 They liv'd without strife;
 And the reason was plain;
 They abounded in riches;
 They no care had nor pain,
 And the wife WORE THE BREECHES.

To Lady Mary Wortley Montague.

By MR. POPE.

IN beauty or wit, no mortal as yet
 To question your empire has dar'd;
 But men of discerning have thought that in
 learning
 To yield to a lady was hard.

Impertinent schools, with musty dull rules,
 Have reading to females denied;
 So papists refuse the Bible to use,
 Lest flocks should be wise as their guide.

'Twas woman at first (indeed she was curst)
 In knowledge that tasted delight;
 And sages agree, the laws should decree
 To the first of possessors the right.

Then bravely, fair dame, resume the old claim,
 Which to your whole sex does belong:
 And let men receive from a second bright Eve
 The knowledge of right and of wrong.

But if the first Eve hard doom did receive,
 When only one apple had she; [you,
 What punishment new shall be found out for
 Who, tasting, have robb'd the whole tree?

*On the Death of a Wife, a notable Scold and
 a Shrew. By the Husband.*

WE lived one-and-twenty year
 As man and wife together;
 I could no longer keep her here;
 She's gone, I know not whither.
 Could I but guess, I do protest,
 I speak it not to flatter;
 Of all the women in the world
 I never would come at her.

Her body is bestow'd well,
 A handsome grave doth hide her;
 And sure, her soul is not in hell,
 The devil would ne'er abide her.

I rather think she's soar'd aloft;
 For in the last great thunder
 Methought I heard her very voice
 Rending the clouds in sunder.

The Rose. By MR. PHILIPS.

THE rose's age is but a day,
 Its bloom the pledge of its decay;
 Sweet in scent, in color bright,
 It blows at morn, and fades at night.

Imitated by DR. SWIFT.

MY age is not a moment's stay,
 My birth the same with my decay;
 I savor ill; no color know;
 And fade the instant that I blow.

On Matrimony. An Epigram.

TOM prais'd his friend, who chang'd his state,
 For binding fast himself and Kate

In union so divine;
 "Wedlock's the end of life," he cried.
 "Too true, alas!" said Jack and sigh'd:
 "Twill be the end of mine."

*Verses supposed to be written by Alexander Sel-
 kirk, during his solitary abode in the Island
 of Juan Fernandez.*

I AM monarch of all I survey,
 My right there is none to dispute;
 From the centre all round to the sea,
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.

O solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone;
Never hear the sweet music of speech,
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestow'd upon man,
O had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold
Resides in that heavenly word!
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford;
But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard,
Ne'er sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
Or smil'd when a sabbath appear'd.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more.
My friends do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
'Thou'gh a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compar'd with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But, alas! recollection at hand,
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair:
E'en here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There is mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

Ode to Peace. COWPER.

COME, peace of mind, delightful guest!
Return and make thy downy nest
Once more in this sad heart:
Nor riches I nor pow'r pursue,
Nor hold forbidden joys in view,
We therefore need not part.

Where wilt thou dwell, if not with me,
From avarice and ambition free,
And pleasure's fatal wiles?
For whom, alas! dost thou prepare
The sweets that I was wont to share,
The banquet of thy smiles?

The great, the gay, shall they partake
The heaven that thou alone canst make?
And wilt thou quit the stream
That murmurs through the dewy mead,
The grove and the sequester'd shed,
To be a guest with them?

For thee I planted, thee I priz'd,
For thee I gladly sacrific'd
Whate'er I lov'd before;
And shall I see thee start away,
And helpless, hopeless, hear thee say,
Farewell! we meet no more?

Human Frailty. IBID.

WEAK and irresolute is man;
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away.

The bow well bent, and smart the spring,
Vice seems already slain;
But passion rudely snaps the string,
And it revives again.

Some foe to his upright intent
Finds out his weaker part;
Virtue engages his assent,
But pleasure wins his heart.

'Tis here the folly of the wise
Through all his art we view;
And while his tongue the charge denies,
His conscience owns it true.

Bound on a voyage of awful length,
And dangers little known,
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.

But oars alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the distant coast;
The breath of heaven must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost.

On observing some Names of little Note recorded in the Biographia Britannica.

IBID.

O FOND attempt to give a deathless lot
To names ignoble, born to be forgot!
In vain recorded in historic page,
They court the notice of a future age:
Those twinkling tiny lustres of the land
Drop one by one from fame's neglecting hand!
Lethæan gulfs receive them as they fall,
And dark oblivion soon absorbs them all.
So when a child, as playful children use,
Has burnt to tinder a stale last year's news,

The flame extinct, he views the roving fire :
There goes my lady, and there goes the squire ;
There goes the parson, O illustrious spark !
And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the clerk

The Nightingale and Glow-Worm. COWPER.

A NIGHTINGALE, that all day long
Had cheer'd the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when even-tide was ended,
Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite ;
When looking eagerly around,
He spied far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glow-worm by his spark :
So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.
The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangu'd him thus, right eloquent :

Did you admire my lamp, quoth he,
As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song ;
For 'twas the self-same pow'r divine
Taught you to sing, and me to shine,
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night.

The songster heard his short oration,
And, warbling out his approbation,
Releas'd him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.

Hence jarring sectaries may learn
Their real interest to discern :
That brother should not war with brother,
And worry and devour each other,
But sing and shine by sweet consent,
Till life's poor transient night is spent,
Respecting in each other's case
The gifts of nature and of grace.

Those Christians best deserve the name
Who studiously make peace their aim ;
Peace, both the duty and the prize
Of him that creeps, and him that flies.

On a Goldfinch starved to Death in his Cage.

IBID.

TIME was when I was free as air,
The thistle's downy seed my fare,
My drink the morning dew ;

I perch'd at will on ev'ry spray,
My form genteel, my plumage gay,
My strains for ever new.

But gaudy plumage, sprightly strain,
And form genteel, were all in vain,
And of a transient date ;
For caught and cag'd, and starv'd to death,
In dying sighs my little breath
Soon pass'd the wiry grate.

Thanks, gentle swain, for all my woes,
And thanks for this effectual close
And cure for every ill !

More cruelty could none express ;
And I, if you had shown me less,
Had been your prisoner still.

The Pine-Apple and the Bee.

IBID.

THE pine-apples in triple row
Were basking hot and all in blow :
A bee of most discerning taste
Perceiv'd the fragrance as he pass'd.
On eager wing the spoiler came,
And search'd for crannies in the frame ;
Urg'd his attempt on ev'ry side,
To ev'ry pane his trunk applied ;
But still in vain, the frame was tight,
And only pervious to the light.
Thus having wasted half the day,
He trimm'd his flight another way.

Methinks, I said, in thee I find
The sin and madness of mankind ;
To joys forbidden man aspires,
Consumes his soul with vain desires ;
Folly the spring of his pursuit,
And disappointment all the fruit.
While Cynthia ogles as she passes
The nymph between two chariot-glasses,
She is the pine-apple, and he
The silly unsuccessful bee.

The maid who views with pensive air
The show-glass fraught with glitt'ring ware,
Sees watches, bracelets, rings, and lockets ;
But sighs at thought of empty pockets ;
Like thine her appetite is keen,
But, ah, the cruel glass between !

Our dear delights are often such,
Expos'd to view, but not to touch ;
The sight our foolish heart inflames ;
We long for pine-apples in frames.
With hopeless wish one looks and lingers,
One breaks the glass and cuts his fingers ;
But they whom truth and wisdom lead,
Can gather honey from a weed.

The Poet, the Oyster, and Sensitive Plant.

IBID.

AN oyster cast upon the shore
Was heard, though never heard before,
Complaining in a speech well worded,
And worthy thus to be recorded :

Ah, hapless wretch ! condemn'd to dwell
For ever in my native shell,
Ordain'd to move when others please,
Not for my own content or ease,
But toss'd and buffeted about,
Now in the water, and now out.
'Twere better to be born a stone
Of ruder shape and feeling none,
Than with a tenderness like mine,
And sensibility so fine :

I envy that unfeeling shrub,
Fast-rooted against ev'ry rub.

The plant he meant grew not far off,
And felt the sneer with scorn enough ;

Was hurt, disgusted, mortified,
And with asperity replied.

(When, cry the botanists, and stare,
Did plants call'd sensitive grow there?
No matter when, a poet's muse is
To make them grow just where she chooses).

You shapeless nothing in a dish,
You that are but almost a fish,
I scorn your coarse insinuation,
And have most plentiful occasion
To wish myself the rock I view,
Or such another dolt as you.
For many a grave and learned clerk,
And many a gay unletter'd spark,
With curious touch examines me,
If I can feel as well as he;
And when I bend, retire, and shrink,
Says, "Well, 'tis more than one would think."
Thus life is spent, O fie upon't!
In being touch'd, and crying, "Don't!"

A poet, in his evening walk,
O'erheard, and check'd this idle talk.
And, "Your fine sense, he said, and yours,
Whatever evil it endures,
Deserves not, if so soon offended,
Much to be pitied or commended.
Disputes, though short, are far too long,
Where both alike are in the wrong;
Your feelings, in their full amount,
Are all upon your own account.

"You, in your grotto-work enclos'd,
Complain of being thus expos'd,
Yet nothing feel in that rough coat,
Save when the knife is at your throat:
Wherever driven by wind or tide,
Exempt from ev'ry ill beside.

"And as for you, my Lady Squeamish,
Who reckon ev'ry touch a blemish,
If all the plants that can be found
Embellishing the scene around
Should droop and wither where they grow,
You would not feel at all, not you.
The noblest minds their virtue prove
By pity, sympathy, and love.
These, these are feelings truly fine,
And prove their owner half divine."

His censure reach'd them as he dealt it,
And each by shrinking show'd he felt it.

A Fable COWPER.

A RAVEN, while with glassy breast
Her new-laid eggs she fondly press'd,
And on her wicker-work high mounted
Her chickens prematurely counted
(A fault philosophers might blame,
If quite exempted from the same),
Enjoy'd at ease the genial day;
'Twas April, as the bumkins say,
The legislature call'd it May.
But suddenly a wind as high
As ever swept a winter sky
Shook the young leaves about her ears,
And fill'd her with a thousand fears,

Lest the rude blast should snap the bough,
And spread her golden hopes below.
But just at eve the blowing weather,
And all her fears, were hush'd together:
And now, quoth poor unthinking Ralph,
'Tis over, and the brood is safe;
(For ravens, though as birds of omen
They teach both conj'rors and old women
To tell us what is to befall,
Can't prophesy themselves at all.)
The morning came, when neighbour Hodge,
Who long had mark'd her airy lodge,
And destin'd all the treasure there
A gift to his expecting fair,
Climb'd like a squirrel to his prey,
And bore the worthless prize away.

MORAL.

'Tis Providence alone secures,
In ev'ry change, both mine and yours.
Safety consists not in escape
From dangers of a frightful shape:
An earthquake may be bid to spare
The man that's strangled by a hair.
Fate steals along with silent tread,
Found oft'nest in what least we dread,
Frowns in the storm with angry brow,
And in the sunshine strikes the blow.

The Love of the World detected. IBID.

THUS says the prophet of the Turk:
"Good Mussulman, abstain from pork;
There is a part in ev'ry swine
No friend or follower of mine
May taste, whate'er his inclination,
On pain of excommunication."
Such Mahomet's mysterious charge,
And thus he left the point at large.
Had he the sinful part express'd,
They might with safety eat the rest:
But for one piece, they thought it hard
From the whole hog to be debarr'd,
And set their wit at work to find
What joint the prophet had in mind.
Much controversy straight arose,
These choose the back, the belly those;
By some 'tis confidently said
He meant not to forbid the head;
While others at that doctrine rail,
And piously prefer the tail:
Thus, conscience freed from ev'ry clog,
Mahometans eat up the hog.

You laugh—'tis well; the tale applied,
May make you laugh on t' other side.
Renounce the world, the preacher cries:
We do, a multitude replies.
While one as innocent regards
A snug and friendly game at cards;
And one, whatever you may say,
Can see no evil in a play;
Some love a concert, or a race,
And others, shooting, and the chase.
Revil'd and lov'd, renounc'd and follow'd,
Thus bit by bit the world is swallow'd:

Each thinks his neighbour makes too free,
Yet likes a slice as well as he :
With sophistry their sauce they sweeten,
Till quite from tail to snout 'tis eaten.

The Jackdaw. COWPER.

THERE is a bird who by his coat,
And by the hoarseness of his note,
Might be suppos'd a crow ;
A great frequenter of the church,
Where bishop-like he finds a perch
And dormitory too.

About the steeple shines a plate,
That turns and turns, to indicate
From what point blows the weather ;
Look up, your brains begin to swim ;
'Tis in the clouds : that pleases him,
He chooses it the rather.

Fond of the speculative height,
Thither he wings his airy flight,
And thence securely sees
The bustle and the rare-show
That occupies mankind below,
Secure and at his ease.

You think, no doubt, he sits and muses
On future broken bones and bruises,
If he should chance to fall ;
No, not a single thought like that
Employs his philosophic pate,
Or troubles it at all.

He sees that this great round-about,
The world, with all its motley rout,
Church, army, physic, law,
Its customs and its businesses
Are no concern at all of his,
And says—What says he? Caw.

Thrice happy bird ! I too have seen
Much of the vanities of men,
And, sick of having seen 'em,
Would cheerfully these limbs resign
For such a pair of wings as thine,
And such a head between 'em.

The Country Parson's Blessing.

WOULD ye, my friends, live free from care,
Attentive lend a willing ear ;
While I in humble verse relate
The blessings of my humble state.

I have a living brings in clear
About two hundred pounds a year ;
The tithe well paid, without law-strife.
(I'm not encumber'd with a wife).
A single church, not grand, but neat ;
My people rather good than great ;
A strong-built house, and pasture good,
Where Sorrel crops his livelihood ;
A garden cloth'd with greens and fruits,
And intermix'd with flow'ry roots ;
A walk with well-mow'd greensward laid,
Where I may smoke in sun or shade ;

A terrace rais'd, whence I survey
The market-folk that pass that way ;
A shaded bench where I may read
Old Baker's Chronicle, or Speed :
The neighb'ring clergy kind and free,
Who give and take civility ;
Of humor good, of mirth and sense,
Who o'er a glass some wit dispense ;
(For where 's the crime to meet and prate
Of country news and tricks of state ?)
Some social gems of goodly worth,
Who scorn to boast of wealth or birth ;
Who ne'er assume the courtier's frown,
Yet keep above the homely clown ;
Who love their country, king, and church,
And in no dues the parson lurch.
With ease I keep a maid and man,
This *Harry* call'd, the other *Nan* :
A table sleek, with pudding grac'd,
Or plain, or plum, as suits my taste ;
Attended by a sav'ry dish
Of mutton, beef, or fowl, or fish ;
A pile of sallad, fresh and green ;
In summer, fruit well pick'd and clean ;
Sound sparkling ale, and sometimes wine,
When patron deigns with Vic to dine.
Oft o'er the fields with gun I stride,
And faithful Banter by my side ;
Then, if a mushroom is in sight,
It serves to supper me at night ;
Or else a fieldfare or a snipe,
Sometimes a dish of double tripe.

Thus joyous do I pass my life,
Stranger to tumult or to strife ;
Pleasures I feel in this blest state,
Unfelt, unknown, to rich and great.
When airy fancy mounts on wing,
I think myself a sort of king ;
My pipe my sceptre, cup my crown,
My elbow chair my regal throne.

*On hearing of a Gentleman's Pocket being picked
of his Watch.*

HE that a watch would wear, this he must do ;
Pocket his watch, and watch his pocket too.

The Happy Fire-Side.

THE hearth was clean, the fire was clear,
The kettle on for tea ;
Palemon, in his elbow chair,
As blest as man could be.

Clarinda, who his heart possess'd,
And was his new-made bride,
With head reclin'd upon his breast,
Sat toying by his side.

Stretch'd at his feet, in happy state,
A fav'rite dog was laid ;
By whom a little sportive cat
In wanton humor play'd.

Clarinda's hand he gently press'd ;
She stole an am'rous kiss,
And, blushing, modestly confess'd
The fulness of her bliss.

Palemon, with a heart elate,
 Pray'd to Almighty Jove,
 That it might ever be his fate,
 Just so to live and love.
 Be this eternity, he cried,
 And let no more be given;
 Continue thus my lov'd fire-side,
 I ask no other heaven.

The Retrospect of Life.

RICHES chance may take or give;
 Beauty lives a day, and dies;
 Honor lulls us while we live;
 Mirth's a cheat, and Pleasure flies.
 Is there nothing worth our care;
 Time, and chance, and death, our foes?
 If our joys so fleeting are,
 Are we only tied to woes?
 Let bright Virtue answer, No;
 Her eternal pow'rs prevail,
 When honors, riches, cease to flow,
 And beauty, mirth, and pleasure fail,

An Invitation to the Country.

THE swallows in their torpid state
 Compose their useless wing,
 And bees in hives as idly wait
 The call of early spring.
 The keenest frost that binds the stream,
 The wildest wind that blows,
 Are neither felt nor fear'd by them,
 Secure of their repose.
 But man all-feeling and awake,
 The gloomy scene surveys;
 With present ills his heart must ache,
 And pant for brighter days.
 Old Winter, halting o'er the mead,
 Bids me and Mary mourn;
 But lovely Spring peeps o'er his head,
 And whispers your return.
 Then April, with her sister May,
 Shall chase him from the bow'rs
 And weave fresh garlands ev'ry day,
 To crown the smiling Hours.
 And if a tear, that speaks regret
 Of happier times, appear,
 A glimpse of joy that we have met
 Shall shine, and dry the tear.

Invitation to the Feathered Race. GREAVES.

AGAIN the balmy zephyr blows,
 Fresh verdure decks the grove;
 Each bird with vernal rapture glows,
 And tunes his notes to love.
 Ye gentle warblers! hither fly,
 And shun the noon-tide heat:
 My shrubs a cooling shade supply;
 My groves, a safe retreat.

Here, freely hop from spray to spray,
 Or weave the mossy nest;
 Here, rove and sing the live-long day;
 At night, here sweetly rest.
 Amid this cool translucent rill
 That trickles down the glade,
 Here bathe your plumes, here drink your fill,
 And revel in the shade.
 No school-boy rude, to mischief prone,
 E'er shows his ruddy face,
 Or twangs his bow, or hurls a stone,
 In this sequester'd place.
 Hither the vocal thrush repairs;
 Secure the linnet sings;
 The goldfinch dreads no slimy snares
 To clog her painted wings.
 Sad Philomel! ah, quit thy haunt
 Yon distant woods among,
 And round my friendly grotto chant
 Thy sweetly plaintive song.
 Let not the harmless red-breast fear,
 Domestic bird, to come,
 And seek a sure asylum here,
 With one that loves his home.
 My trees for you, ye artless tribe!
 Shall store of fruit preserve;
 O! let me thus your friendship bribe;
 Come, feed without reserve.
 For you these cherries I protect,
 To you these plums belong;
 Sweet is the fruit that you have peck'd,
 But sweeter far your song.
 Let then this league betwixt us made
 Our mutual interests guard:
 Mine be the gift of fruit and shade;
 Your song be my reward.

Address to a Nightingale. THOMPSON.

O NIGHTINGALE! best poet of the grove,
 That plaintive strain can ne'er belong to thee,
 Blest in the full possession of thy love:
 O lend that strain, sweet nightingale! to me.
 'Tis mine, alas! to mourn my wretched fate;
 I love a maid who all my bosom charms,
 Yet lose my days without this lovely mate;
 Inhuman Fortune keeps her from my arms.
 You, happy birds! by nature's simple laws
 Lead your soft lives, sustain'd by nature's fare;
 You dwell wherever roving fancy draws,
 And love and song is all your pleasing care:
 But we, vain slaves of int'rest and of pride,
 Dare not be blest, lest envious tongues should
 blame;
 And hence in vain I languish for my bride:
 O mourn with me, sweet bird! my hapless
 flame.

Retaliation. GOLDSMITH.

The title and nature of this Poem show that it owed
 its birth to some preceding circumstances of festive
 merriment, which, from the wit of the company and
 the very ingenious author's peculiar oddities, were

probably enlivened by some strokes of humour. This piece was only intended for the Doctor's private amusement, and that of the particular friends who were its subject; and he unfortunately did not live to revise, or even finish it, in the manner which he intended. The public have, however, already shown how much they were pleased with its appearance, even in its present form.

Or old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each guest brought a dish, and the feast was
united; [fish,
If our landlord* supplies us with beef and with
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings
the best dish:
Our Dean† shall be venison, just fresh from
the plains; [brains;
Our Burke‡ shall be tongue, with a garnish of
Our Will§ shall be wild-fowl, of excellent
flavour; savour:
And Dick|| with his pepper shall heighten their
Our Cumberland's¶ sweet-bread its place shall
obtain, [plain;
And Douglas** is pudding substantial and
Our Garrick's†† a salad, for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltiness agree:
To make out the dinner full certain I am
That Ridge‡‡ is anchovy and Reynolds §§ is
lamb,
That Hickey's||| a capon: and by the same rule,
Magnanimous Goldsmith a gooseberry-fool.
At adinner so various, at such a repast,
Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last?
Here, waiter, more wine, let me sit while I'm
able,
Till all my companions sink under the table;
Then with chaos and blunders encircling my
head,
Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.
Here lies the good Dean, re-united to earth,
Who mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom
with mirth:

If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,
At least in six weeks I could not find 'em out;
Yet some have declar'd, and it can't be denied
'em, [em:
That sly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide
Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius
was such
We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his
mind, [mankind:
And to party gave up what was meant for
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining
his throat [him a vote:
To persuade Tommy Townshend ¶¶ to lend
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on re-
fining, [of dining:
And thought of convincing, while they thought
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit,
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;
For a patriot too cool; for a drudge disobedient;
And too fond of the right to pursue the expedient.
In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd or in place,
Sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.
Here lies honest William, whose heart was
a mint, [was in't;
While the owner ne'er knew half the good that
The pupil of impulse, it forc'd him along,
His conduct still right, with his argument
wrong;
Still aiming at honor, yet fearing to roam,
The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove
home:
Would you ask for his merits, alas! he had none:
What was good was spontaneous, his faults
were his own. [sigh at,
Here lies honest Richard, whose fate I must
Alas, that such frolic should now be so quiet!
What spirits were his, what wit and what whim,
Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a
limb***;

* The master of the St. James's Coffee-house, where the Doctor and the friends he has characterized in this poem held an occasional club.

† Doctor Barnard, Dean of Derry in Ireland, author of many ingenious pieces.

‡ Mr. Edmund Burke, member for Wendover, and one of the greatest orators in this kingdom.

§ Mr. William Burke, late Secretary to General Conway, and Member for Bedwin.

|| Mr. Richard Burke, Collector of Grenada, no less remarkable in the walks of wit and humour, than his brother Edmund Burke is justly distinguished in all the branches of useful and polite literature.

¶ Author of the West Indian, Fashionable Lovers, The Brothers, and other dramatic pieces.

** Doctor Douglas, Canon of Windsor, an ingenious Scotch gentleman, who has no less distinguished himself as a citizen of the world, than a sound critic, in detecting several literary mistakes, or rather forgeries, of his countrymen; particularly Lauder on Milton, and Bower's History of the Popes.

†† David Garrick, Esq. joint Patentee and acting Manager at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

‡‡ Counsellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Irish bar, the relish of whose agreeable and pointed conversation is admitted, by all his acquaintance, to be very properly compared to the above sauce.

§§ Sir Joshua Reynolds, President of the Royal Academy.

||| An eminent Attorney.

¶¶ Mr. T. Townshend, member for Whitchurch.

*** Mr. Richard Burke. This gentleman having slightly fractured one of his arms and legs a different times, the Doctor has rallied him on those accidents, as a kind of retributive justice for breaking his jests upon other people.

Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball,

Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all!

In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,

That we wish'd him full ten times a day at Old Nick;

But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;
A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
His gallants are faultless, his women divine,
And Comedy wonders at being so fine;
Like a tragedy-queen he has dizen'd her out,
Or rather like Tragedy giving a rout.

His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud;
And coxcombs, alike in their failings alone,
Adopting his portraits are pleas'd with their own.
Say, where has our poet this malady caught,
Or wherefore his characters thus without fault?
Say, was it, that vainly directing his view
To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself?

Here Douglas retires from his toils to relax,
The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks.
Come, all ye quack bards, and ye quacking di-
vines, [reclines.

Come and dance on the spot where your tyrant
When Satire and Censure encircled his throne,
I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own;
But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
Our Dodds shall be pious, our Kenricks shall
lecture;

Macpherson write bombast, and call it a style;
Our Townshend make speeches; and I shall
compile; [over,

New Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross
No countryman living their tricks to discover:
Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
And Scotchman meet Scotchman and cheat in
the dark.

Here lies David Garrick, describe him who
can?

An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man;
As an actor, confess'd without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line;
Yet with talents like these, and an excellent
heart,

The man had his failings, a dupe to his art;
Like an ill-judging beauty his colors he spread,
And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting;
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day;
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly
sick

If they were not his own by finessing and trick;
He cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle
them back. [came,

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame;
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest was sure best to
please.

But let us be candid, and speak out our mind:
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.

Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls so grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you got and
you gave! [rais'd,

How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you
While he was be-Roscious'd, and you were be-
prais'd!

But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel, and mix with the skies!
Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will;
Old Shakespeare receive him with praise and
with love,

And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.
Here Hiccy reclines, a most blunt, pleasant
creature,

And slander itself must allow him good-nature:
He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper;
Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper.
Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser?
I answer, No, no, for he always was wiser.

Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat?
His very worst foe can't accuse him of that.
Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
And so was too foolishly honest?—Ah no!
Then what was his failing? come, tell it, and
burn ye.

He was, could he help it? a special attorney.

Here Reynolds is laid, and to tell you my
mind,

He has not left a wiser or better behind:
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart:
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judg'd without skill he was still hard
of hearing; [and stuff,
When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Coreggios,
He shifted his trumpet,* and only took snuff.

*Lines from Dr. BARNARD, Dean of DERRY, to
Dr. GOLDSMITH and Mr. CUMBERLAND.*

DEAR Noll and dear Dick, since you've
made us so merry, [Derry.
Accept the best thanks of the poor Dean of
Though I here must confess that your meat and
your wine
Are not quite to my taste, though they're both
very fine;

* Sir Joshua Reynolds was so remarkably deaf as to be under the necessity of using an ear-trumpet in company.

For sherry's a liquor monastic, you own;
 Now there's nothing I hate so, as drinking
 alone; [vicars;
 It may do for your monks, or your curates and
 But for my part, I'm fond of more sociable
 liquors. [sauce is—
 Your venison's delicious, though too sweet your
Sed non ego maculis offendar paucis.
 So, soon as you please, you may serve me your
 dish up, [bishop.
 But instead of your sherry, pray make me a

On Dr. Goldsmith's Characteristical Cookery.

A Jeu d'Esprit.

By DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

ARE these the choice dishes the Doctor has
 sent us? [us?
 Is this the great poet whose works so content
 This Goldsmith's fine feast, who has written
 fine books? [cooks.
 Heaven sends us good *meat*, but the *Devil* sends

*Jupiter and Mercury. A Fable.—Written
 some time since. GARRICK.*

"HERE, *Hermes*," says *Jove*, who with nec-
 tar was mellow,
 "Go fetch me some clay, I will make an *odd*
 fellow.
 Right and wrong shall be jumbled, much gold
 and some dross;
 Without cause be he pleas'd, without cause be
 he cross.
 Be sure, as I work, to throw in contradictions;
 A great love of truth, yet a mind turn'd to
 fictions:
 Now mix these ingredients, which, warm'd in
 the baking, [raking.
 Turn to *learning*, and *gaming*, *religion*, and
 With the love of a wench, let his writings be
 chaste! [fine taste;
 Tip his tongue with strange matter, his pen with
 That the rake and the poet o'er all may prevail,
 Set fire to the head, and set fire to the tail: [it,
 For the joy of each sex, on the world I'll bestow
 This *Scholar*, *Rake*, *Christian*, *Dupe*, *Gamester*,
 and *Poet*:
 Though a mixture so odd, he shall merit great
 fame, [name!
 And among brother-mortals be Goldsmith his
 When on earth this strange meteor no more
 shall appear, [here!"
 You, *Hermes*, shall fetch him to make us sport

*The Lamentation of Glumdalclitch for the Loss
 of Grildrig.*

A Pastoral. GAY.

Soon as Glumdalclitch miss'd her pleasing
 care,
 She wept, she blubber'd, and she tore her hair.
 No British miss sincerer grief has known,
 Her squirrel missing, or her sparrow flown.

She furl'd her sampler, and haul'd in her thread,
 And stuck her needle into Grildrig's bed;
 Then spread her hands, and with a bounce let fall
 Her baby, like the giant in Guildhall.
 In peals of thunder now she roars, and now
 She gently whimpers like a lowing cow;
 Yet lovely in her sorrow still appears:
 Her locks dishevell'd, and her flood of tears
 Seem like the lofty barn of some rich swain,
 When from the thatch drips fast a shower of
 rain.

In vain she search'd each cranny of the house,
 Each gaping chink impervious to a mouse.
 "Was it for this," she cried, "with daily care
 Within thy reach I set the vinegar;
 And fill'd the cruet with the acid tide,
 While pepper-water worms thy bait supplied,
 Where twin'd the silver eel around thy hook,
 And all the little monsters of the brook?
 Sure in that lake he dropp'd: my Grilly's
 drown'd."

She dragg'd the cruet, but no Grildrig found.

"Vain is thy courage, Grilly, vain thy boast:
 But little creatures enterprise the most.
 Trembling I've seen thee dare the kitten's paw,
 Nay mix with children as they play'd at taw,
 Nor fear'd the marbles as they bounding flew;
 Marbles to them, but rolling rocks to you.

"Why did I trust thee with that giddy
 youth?

Who from a page can ever learn the truth?
 Vers'd in court-tricks, that money-loving boy
 To some lord's daughter sold the living toy;
 Or rent him limb from limb, in cruel play,
 As children tear the wings of flies away.
 From place to place o'er Brobdignag I'll roam,
 And never will return, or bring thee home.
 But who hath eyes to trace the passing wind?
 How then thy fairy footsteps can I find?
 Dost thou, bewilder'd, wander all alone
 In the green thicket of a mossy stone;
 Or tumbled from the toadstool's slippery round,
 Perhaps all maim'd, lie grovelling on the
 ground?

Dost thou, embosom'd in the lovely rose,
 Or sunk within the peach's down, repose?
 Within the king-cup if thy limbs are spread,
 Or in the golden cowslip's velvet head,
 O show me, *Flora*, 'midst those sweets, the
 flow'r [bow'r!

Where sleeps my Grildrig in this fragrant

"But, ah! I fear thy little fancy roves
 On little females, and on little loves,
 Thy pigmy children, and thy tiny spouse,
 The baby playthings that adorn thy house,
 Doors, windows, chimneys, and the spacious
 rooms,

Equal in size to cells of honey-combs.
 Hast thou for these now ventur'd from the shore,
 Thy bark a bean-shell, and a straw thy oar?
 Or in thy box, now bounding on the main,
 Shall I ne'er bear thyself and house again?
 And shall I set thee on my hand no more,
 To see thee leap the lines, and traverse o'er

My spacious palm ? of stature scarce a span,
Mimic the actions of a real man ?
No more behold thee turn my watch's key,
As seamen at a capstern anchors weigh ?
How wast thou wont to walk with cautious tread,
A dish of tea, like milk-pail, on thy head !
How chase the mite that bore thy cheese away,
And keep the rolling maggot at a bay !"
She said ; but broken accents stopp'd her voice,
Soft as the speaking-trumpet's mellow noise.
She sobb'd a storm, and wip'd her flowing eyes,
Which seem'd like two broad suns in misty skies.
O squander not thy grief ! those tears command
To weep upon our cod in Newfoundland :
The plenteous pickle shall preserve the fish,
And Europe taste thy sorrows in a dish.

A Receipt for stewing Veal. GAY.

TAKE a knuckle of veal ;
You may buy it or steal :
In a few pieces cut it,
In a stewing-pan put it,
Salt, pepper, and mace,
Must season this knuckle ;
Then what's join'd to a place,*
With other herbs muckle ;
That which kill'd king Will ; †
And what never stands still, ‡
Some sprigs of that bed §
Where children are bred ;
Which much you will mend, if
Both spinach and endive,
And lettuce and beet,
With marygold meet.
Put no water at all,
For it maketh things small ;
Which lest it should happen,
A close cover clap on.
Put this pot of Wood's metal ||
In a hot boiling kettle,
And there let it be
(Mark the doctrine I teach)
About—let me see—
Thrice as long as you preach. ¶
So skimming the fat off,
Say grace with your hat off.
O, then with what rapture
Will it fill dean and chapter !

Spring. An Ode. DR. JOHNSON.

STERN Winter now, by Spring repress'd,
Forbears the long-continued strife ;
And Nature on her naked breast,
Delights to catch the gales of life.

Now o'er the rural kingdom roves
Soft pleasure with her laughing train ;
Love warbles in the vocal groves,
And vegetation paints the plain.

* Vulgo, salary. † Supposed sorrel. ‡ This is by Dr. Bentley thought to be time, or thyme.

§ Parsley. Vide Chamberlayne.

|| Of this composition, see the works of the Copper-farthing Dean.

¶ Which we suppose to be near four hours.

Unhappy whom to beds of pain
Arthritic tyranny consigns ! **
Whom smiling nature courts in vain,
Though rapture sings, and beauty shines !

Yet though my limbs disease invades,
Her wings Imagination tries,
And bears me to the peaceful shades
Where ——'s humble turrets rise.

Here stop, my soul, thy rapid flight,
Nor from the pleasing groves depart,
Where first great nature charm'd my sight,
Where wisdom first inform'd my heart.

Here let me through the vales pursue
A guide, a father, and a friend ;
Once more great nature's works review,
Once more to wisdom's voice attend.

From false caresses, causeless strife,
Wild hope, vain fear, alike remov'd ;
Here let me learn the use of life,
When best enjoy'd, when most improv'd.

Teach me, thou venerable bow'r,
Cool meditation's quiet seat,
The generous scorn of venal pow'r,
The silent grandeur of retreat.

When pride by guilt to greatness climbs,
Or raging factions rush to war,
Here let me learn to shun the crimes
I can't prevent, and will not share.

But lest I fall by subtler foes,
Bright wisdom, teach me Curio's art
The swelling passions to compose,
And quell the rebels of the heart.

The Midsummer's Wish. An Ode.

IBID.

O PHŒBUS ! down the western sky
Far hence diffuse thy burning ray ;
Thy light to distant worlds supply,
And wake them to the cares of day.

Come, gentle eve, the friend of ease !
Come, Cynthia, lovely queen of night !
Refresh me with a cooling breeze,
And cheer me with a lambent light.

Lay me where o'er the verdant ground
Her living carpet nature spreads ;
Where the green bow'r, with roses crown'd,
In show'rs its fragrant foliage sheds.

Improve the peaceful hour with wine,
Let music die along the grove ;
Around the bowl let myrtles twine,
And every strain be turn'd to love.

Come, Stella, queen of all my heart !
Come, born to fill its vast desires !
Thy looks perpetual joys impart,
Thy voice perpetual love inspires.

** The author being ill of the gout.

Whilst, all my wish and thine complete,
By turns we languish and we burn,
Let sighing gales our sighs repeat,
Our murmurs, murmuring brooks return.

Let me, when nature calls to rest,
And blushing skies the morn foretel,
Sink on the down of Stella's breast,
And bid the waking world farewell.

Autumn. An Ode. DR. JOHNSON.

ALAS! with swift and silent pace
Impatient time rolls on the year;
The seasons change, and nature's face
Now sweetly smiles, now frowns severe.

'Twas Spring, 'twas Summer, all was gay,
Now Autumn bends a cloudy brow;
The flow'rs of Spring are swept away,
And Summer fruits desert the bough.

The verdant leaves that play'd on high,
And wanton'd on the western breeze,
Now trod in dust neglected lie,
As Boreas strips the bending trees.

The fields that wav'd with golden grain,
As russet heaths are wild and bare,
Not moist with dew, but drench'd in rain;
Nor health nor pleasure wanders there.

No more, while through the midnight shade
Beneath the moon's pale orb I stray,
Soft pleasing woes my heart invade,
As Progne pours the melting lay.

From this capricious clime she soars;
O would some god but wings supply!
To where each morn the Spring restores,
Companion of her flight I'd fly.

Vain wish! me fate compels to bear
The downward season's iron reign,
Compels to breathe polluted air,
And shiver on a blasted plain.

What bliss to life can Autumn yield,
If glooms, and show'rs, and storms prevail;
And Ceres flies the naked field,
And flow'rs, and fruits, and Phœbus fail?

O! what remains, what lingers yet,
To cheer me in the darkening hour?
The grape remains, the friend of wit,
In love and mirth of mighty pow'r.

Haste, press the clusters, fill the bowl;
Apollo, shoot thy parting ray:
This gives the sunshine of the soul,
This god of health, and verse, and day.

Still, still the jocund strain shall flow,
The pulse with vigorous rapture beat;
My Stella with new charms shall glow,
And every bliss in wine shall meet.

Winter. An Ode. DR. JOHNSON.

No more the morn, with tepid rays,
Unfolds the flow'r of various hue;
Noon spreads no more the genial blaze,
Nor gentle eve distils the dew.

The lingering hours prolong the night,
Usurping darkness shares the day,
Her mists restrain the force of light,
And Phœbus holds a doubtful sway.

By gloomy twilight half reveal'd,
With sighs we view the hoary hill,
The leafless wood, the naked field,
The snow-topt cot, the frozen rill.

No music warbles through the grove,
No vivid colors paint the plain;
No more with devious steps I rove
Through verdant paths now sought in vain.

Aloud the driving tempest roars,
Congeal'd, impetuous show'rs descend;
Haste, close the window, bar the doors,
Fate leaves me Stella, and a friend.

In nature's aid let art supply
With light and heat my little sphere;
Rouse, rouse the fire, and pile it high:
Light up a constellation here.

Let music sound the voice of joy,
Or mirth repeat the jocund tale;
Let Love his wanton wiles employ,
And o'er the season wine prevail.

Yet time life's dreary winter brings,
When mirth's gay tale shall please no more;
Nor music charm, though Stella sings;
Nor love, nor wine, the spring restore.

Catch then, O catch, the transient hour;
Improve each moment as it flies.
Life's a short Summer, man a flow'r;
He dies—alas! how soon he dies!

An Evening Ode. To Stella.

IBID.

EVENING now from purple wings
Sheds the grateful gifts she brings;
Brilliant drops bedeck the mead;
Cooling breezes shake the reed,
Shake the reed, and curl the stream
Silver'd o'er with Cynthia's beam;
Near the chequer'd lonely grove,
Hears and keeps thy secrets, Love.
Stella, thither let us stray
Lightly o'er the dewy way.
Phœbus drives his burning car
Hence, my lovely Stella, far;
In his stead, the queen of night
Round us pours a lambent light;
Light that seems but just to show
Breasts that beat, and cheeks that glow.
Let us now, in whisper'd joy,
Evening's silent hours employ;
Silence best, and conscious shades,
Please the hearts that love invades;
Other pleasures give them pain,
Lovers all but love disdain.

The Natural Beauty. To Stella.

IBID.

WHETHER Stella's eyes are found
Fix'd on earth or glancing round,

If her face with pleasure glow,
 If she sigh at others' woe,
 If her easy air express
 Conscious worth or soft distress,
 Stella's eyes, and air, and face,
 Charm with undiminish'd grace.

If on her we see display'd
 Pendant gems, and rich brocade;
 If her chintz with less expense
 Flows in easy negligence;
 Still she lights the conscious flame,
 Still her charms appear the same:
 If she strikes the vocal strings,
 If she's silent, speaks, or sings,
 If she sit, or if she move,
 Still we love, and still approve.

Vain the casual, transient glance,
 Which alone can please by chance,
 Beauty which depends on art,
 Changing with the changing heart,
 Which demands the toilet's aid,
 Pendant gems and rich brocade.
 I those charms alone can prize
 Which from constant nature rise,
 Which nor circumstance nor dress
 E'er can make or more or less.

The Vanity of Wealth. DR. JOHNSON.

No more thus brooding o'er yon heap,
 With Avarice painful vigils keep;
 Still unenjoy'd the present store,
 Still endless sighs are breath'd for more.
 O quit the shadow, catch the prize
 Which not all India's treasure buys!
 To purchase heaven has gold the pow'r?
 Can gold remove the mortal hour?
 In life can love be bought with gold?
 Are friendship's pleasures to be sold?
 No—all that's worth a wish, a thought,
 Fair virtue gives unbrib'd, unbought.
 Cease then on trash thy hopes to bind,
 Let nobler views engage thy mind.
 With science tread the wondrous way,
 Or learn the Muse's moral lay;
 In social hours indulge thy soul,
 Where mirth and temperance mix the bowl;
 To virtuous love resign thy breast,
 And be, by blessing beauty, blest,
 Thus taste the feast by nature spread,
 Ere youth and all its joys are fled;
 Come taste with me the balm of life,
 Secure from pomp, and wealth, and strife.
 I boast whate'er for man was meant,
 In health, and Stella, and content;
 And scorn (O let that scorn be thine!)
 Mere things of clay that dig the mine.

*To Miss ———, on her giving the Author a
 Gold and Silk Net-work Purse of her own
 weaving.* IBID.

THOUGH gold and silk their charms unite,
 To make thy curious web delight,

In vain the varied work would shine
 If wrought by any hand but thine;
 Thy hand, that knows the subtler art
 To weave those nets that catch the heart.

Spread out by me, the roving coin
 Thy nets may catch, but not confine;
 Nor can I hope the silken chain
 The glittering vagrants shall restrain.
 Why, Stella, was it then decreed,
 The heart once caught should ne'er be freed?

To LYCE, an elderly Lady. IBID.

YE nymphs whom starry rays invest,
 By flattering poets given,
 Who shine by lavish lovers drest
 In all the pomp of heav'n!

Engross not all the beams on high
 Which gild a lover's lays;
 But, as your sister of the sky,
 Let Lyce share the praise.

Her silver locks display the moon,
 Her brows a cloud do show:
 Strip'd rainbows round her eyes are seen,
 And show'rs from either flow.

Her teeth the night with darkness dyes,
 She's starr'd with pimples o'er;
 Her tongue like nimble lightning plies,
 And can with thunder roar.

But some Zelinda, while I sing,
 Denies my Lyce shines:
 And all the pens of Cupid's wing
 Attack my gentle lines.

Yet spite of fair Zelinda's eye,
 And all her bards express,
 My Lyce makes as good a sky,
 And I but flatter less.

Epitaph on Sir Thomas Hanmer. IBID.

THOU who survey'st these walls with curious
 eye,
 Pause at this tomb where HANMER's ashes lie:
 His various worth through varied life attend,
 And learn his virtues while thou mourn'st his
 end.

His force of genius burn'd in early youth
 With thirst of knowledge and with love of
 truth;

His learning, joined with each endearing art,
 Charm'd every ear, and gain'd on every heart.

Thus early wise, th' endanger'd realm to aid,
 His country call'd him from the studious shade:
 In life's first bloom his public toils began,
 At once commenced the senator and man.

In business dextrous, weighty in debate,
 Thrice ten long years he labor'd for the state.
 In every speech persuasive wisdom flow'd,
 In every act refulgent virtue glow'd;
 Suspended faction ceas'd from rage and strife,
 To hear his eloquence, and praise his life.

Resistless merit fix'd the Senate's choice,
 Who hail'd him Speaker with united voice.

Illustrious age! how bright thy glories shone,
When HANMER fill'd the chair, and ANNE the throne!

Then when dark arts obscur'd each fierce debate,

When mutual frauds perplex'd the maze of state,
The moderator firmly mild appear'd,
Beheld with love, with veneration heard.

This task perform'd, he sought no gainful post,

Nor wish'd to glitter at his country's cost:
Strict on the right he fix'd his steadfast eye,
With temperate zeal, and wise anxiety;
Nor e'er from Virtue's paths was lur'd aside,
To pluck the flow'rs of pleasure or of pride.
Her gifts despis'd, Corruption blush'd and fled,
And Fame pursu'd him where Conviction led.
Age call'd at length his active mind to rest,
With honors sated, and with cares oppress:
To letter'd ease retir'd, and honest mirth,
To rural grandeur, and domestic worth,
Delighted still to please mankind, or mend,
The patriot's fire yet sparkled in the friend.

Calm Conscience then his former life survey'd,

And recollected toils endear'd the shade;
Till Nature call'd him to the general doom,
And Virtue's sorrow dignified his tomb.

SONNETS BY WARTON.

Written at Wynslade, in Hampshire.

WYNSLADE, thy beech-capt hills, with waving grain

Mantled, thy chequer'd views of wood and lawn,

Whilom could charm, or when the gradual dawn

'Gan the grey mist with orient purple stain,

Or evening glimmer'd o'er the folded train:

Her fairest landscapes whence my Muse has drawn,

Too free with servile courtly phrase to fawn,
Too weak to try the buskin's stately strain.

Yet now no more thy slopes of beech and corn,
Nor views invite, since he far distant strays

With whom I trac'd their sweets at eve and morn,

From Albion far, to cull Hesperian bays;

In this alone they please, howe'er forlorn,

That still they can recall those happier days.

On Bathing.

WHEN late the trees were stript by winter pale,
Young Health, a dryad-maid in vesture green,

Or like the forest's silver-quiver'd queen,
On early uplands met the piercing gale;

And, ere its earliest echo shook the vale,
Watching the hunter's joyous horn was seen.

But since, gay-thron'd in fiery chariot sheen,
Summer has smote each daisy-dappled dale;

She to the cave retires high-arch'd, beneath
The fount that laves proud Isis' tow'rd brim.

And now all glad the temperate air to breathe,
While cooling drops distil from arches dim,
Binding her dewy locks with sedgy wreath,
She sits amid the quire of Naiads trim.

Written in a Blank Leaf of Dugdale's Monasticon.

DEEM not devoid of elegance the sage,
By Fancy's genuine feelings unbeguil'd,
Of painful Pedantry the poring child,
Who turns of those proud domes th' historic page,

Now sunk by Time and Henry's fiercer rage.
Think'st thou the warbling Muses ever smil'd
On his lone hours? Ingenious views engage
His thought, on themes, unclassic falsely styl'd,
Intent. While cloister'd Piety displays

Her mouldering roll, the piercing eye explores
New manners, and the pomp of elder days,
Whence culls the pensive bard his pictur'd stores.

Nor rough nor barren are the winding ways
Of hoar Antiquity, but strewn with flow'rs.

Written at Stonehenge.

THOU noblest monument of Albion's isle!

Whether by Merlin's aid, from Scythia's shore

To Amber's fatal plain Pendragon bore,

Huge frame of giant hands, the mighty pile,

T' entomb his Britons slain by Hengist's guile:*

Or Druid priests, sprinkled with human gore,

Taught 'mid thy massy maze their mystic lore:

Or Danish chiefs, enrich'd with savage spoil,

To Victory's idol vast, an unhewn shrine,

Rear'd the rude heap; or, in thy hallow'd

round,

Repose the kings of Brutus' genuine line:

Or here those kings in solemn state were

crown'd:

Studious to trace thy wondrous origin,

We muse on many an ancient tale renown'd.

Written after seeing Wilton-House.

FROM Pembroke's princely dome, where mimic Art

Decks with a magic hand the dazzling bow'rs,

Its living hues where the warm pencil pours,

And breathing forms from the rude marble start,

How to life's humbler scene can I depart?

My breast all glowing from those gorgeous

tow'rs,

In my low cell how cheat the sullen hours?

Vain the complaint: for Fancy can impart

(To Fate superior, and to Fortune's doom)

Whate'er adorns the stately storied hall:

She, 'mid the dungeon's solitary gloom,

Can dress the Graces in their Attic pall;

Bid the green landscape's vernal beauty gloom;

And in bright trophies clothe the twilight

wall.

O ne of the bardish traditions about Stonehenge.

To Mr. Gray.

Nor that her blooms are mark'd with beauty's hue,

My rustic Muse her votive chaplet brings ;

Unseen, unheard, O Gray, to thee she sings,
While slowly pacing through the church-yard dew,

At curfew-time, beneath the dark green yew,
Thy pensive Genius strikes the moral strings ;
Or, borne sublime on Inspiration's wings,
Hears Cambria's bards devote the dreadful clue
Of Edward's race, with murders foul defil'd.

Can ought my pipe to reach thine ear essay?
No, bard divine ! For many a care beguil'd

By the sweet magic of thy soothing lay,
For many a raptur'd thought, and vision wild,
To thee this strain of gratitude I pay.

Sonnet.

WHILE summer-suns o'er the gay prospect play'd,
Through Surrey's verdant scenes, where Epsom spreads,

'Mid intermingling elms, her flow'ry meads ;
And Hascombe's hill, in tow'ring groves array'd,
Rear'd its romantic steep—with mind serene
I journey'd blithe. Full pensive I return'd :
For now my breast with hopeless passion burn'd.

Wet with hoar mists appear'd the gaudy scene
Which late in careless indolence I pass'd ;
And Autumn all around those hues had cast
Where past delight my recent grief might trace.
Sad change ! that Nature a congenial gloom
Should wear, when most, my cheerless mood
to chase,

I wish'd her green attire, and wonted bloom !

On King Arthur's Round Table at Winchester.

WHERE Venta's Norman castle still uprears
Its rafter'd hall, that o'er the grassy foss
And scatter'd flinty fragments, clad in moss,
On yonder steep in naked state appears :
High-hung remains, the pride of warlike years,
Old Arthur's Board : on the capacious round
Some British pen has sketch'd the names re-
nown'd,

In marks obscure, of his immortal peers.
Tho' join'd by magic skill, with many a rhyme,
The Druid frame unhonour'd falls a prey
To the slow vengeance of the wizard Time,
And fade the British characters away ;
Yet Spenser's page, that chants in verse sublime
Those chiefs, shall live unconscious of decay.

To the River Lodon.

Ah ! what a weary race my feet have run,
Since first I trod thy banks with alder's crown'd,
And thought my way was all through fairy
ground,
Beneath the azure sky, and golden sun,

Where first my muse to lisp her notes begun !

While pensive memory traces back the round
Which fills the varied interval between,
Much pleasure, more of sorrow, marks the scene.

Sweet native stream ! those skies and sun so pure

No more return to cheer my evening road !

Yet still one joy remains, that not obscure
Nor useless all my vacant days have flow'd,
From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime
mature ;

Nor with the Muse's laurel unbestow'd.

The Pilgrim and the Peas. A true Story.
PETER PINDAR.

A BRACE of sinners, for no good,
Were order'd to the Virgin Mary's shrine,
Who at Loretto dwelt, in wax, stone, wood,
And in a fair white wig look'd wondrous fine.

Fifty long miles had those sad rogues to travel,
With something in their shoes much worse
than gravel ;

In short, their toes so gentle to amuse,
The priest had order'd peas into their shoes :
A *nostrum* famous in old popish times
For purifying souls that stunk with crimes ;
A sort of apostolic salt,

That Popish parsons for its powers exalt
For keeping souls of sinners sweet,
Just as our kitchen salt keeps meat.

The knaves set off on the same day,
Peas in their shoes, to go and pray ;
But very different was their speed, I wot :
One of the sinners gallop'd on
Light as a bullet from a gun ;
The other limp'd as if he had been shot.

One saw the VIRGIN soon—*peccavi* cried—
Had his soul whitewash'd all so clever ;
Then home again he nimbly hied,
Made fit with saints above to live for ever.

In coming back, however, let me say,
He met his brother-rogue about half-way,
Hobbling with outstretch'd bum and bending
knees,

Damning the souls and bodies of the peas :
His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brows in sweat,
Deep sympathizing with his groaning feet.

"How now," the light-toed, whitewash'd pil-
grim broke,

"You lazy lubber ?"

"Odds curse it !" cried the other, "'tis no joke :
My feet, once hard as any rock,
Are now as soft as blubber.

"Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear—
As for Loretto, I shall not get there :
No ! to the Devil my sinful soul must go,
For damme if I han't lost ev'ry toe.
But brother sinner, do explain
How 'tis that you are not in pain ;

"What Pow'r hath work'd a wonder for
your toes;
 Whilst I just like a snail am crawling,
 Now swearing, now on saints devoutly bawling,
 Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes?
 How is't that *you* can like a greyhound *go*,
 Merry as if that nought had happen'd, burn
ye?"—
 "Why," cried the other, grinning, "you must
 know,
 That, just before I ventur'd on my journey,
 To walk a little more at ease,
 I took the liberty to boil *my* peas."

A Country Bumpkin and Razor-seller.

PETER PINDAR.

A FELLOW in a market town,
 Most musical, cried razors up and down,
 And offer'd twelve for eighteen pence;
 Which certainly seem'd wondrous cheap,
 And for the money quite a heap,
 As every man would buy with cash and sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard,—
 Poor Hodge, who suffer'd by a broad black
 beard,

That seem'd a shoe-brush stuck beneath his
 nose:
 With cheerfulness the eighteen pence he paid;
 And proudly to himself in whispers said,
 "This rascal stole the razors I suppose."

"No matter, if the fellow *be* a knave:
 Provided that the razors *shave*,
 It certainly will be a monstrous prize."
 So home the clown with his good fortune went,
 Smiling, in heart and soul content,

And quickly soap'd himself to ears and eyes.
 Being well lather'd from a dish or tub,
 Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub,
 Just like a hedger cutting furze;
 'Twas a vile razor! then the rest he tried—
 All were impostors—"Ah!" Hodge sigh'd,
 "I wish my eighteen pence within my purse."

In vain to chase his beard, and bring the graces,
 He cut, and dug, and winc'd, and stamp'd,
 and swore;
 Brought blood, and danc'd, blasphem'd, and
 made wry faces,

And curs'd each razor's body o'er and o'er.
 His MUZZLE, form'd of *opposition* stuff,
 Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its ruff:
 So kept it—laughing at the steel and suds.
 Hodge, in a passion, stretch'd his angry jaws,
 Vowing the direst vengeance, with clenched
 claws,

On the vile CHEAT that sold the goods.
 "Razors!—a damn'd, confounded dog!—
 Not fit to scrape a hog;"

Hodge sought the fellow, found him, and be-
 gun—

"Perhaps, Master Razor-Rogue, to you 'tis fun,

That people flay themselves out of their lives:
 You rascal! for an hour I have been grubbing,
 Giving my scoundrel whiskers here a scrubbing,
 With razors just like oyster knives.
 Sirrah! I tell you you 're a knave,
 To cry up razors that can't *shave*."

"Friend," quoth the razor-man, "I'm not a
 knave:

As for the razors you have bought,
 Upon my soul I never thought
 That they would *shave*."

"Not think they'd shave!" quoth Hodge, with
 wond'ring eyes,

And voice not much unlike an Indian yell;
 "What were they made for then, you dog?"

he cries:

"Made!" quoth the fellow with a smile—
 "to *sell*."

The Bald-pated Welshman and the Fly:

SOMERVILLE.

—"Qui non moderabitur iræ,
 Infectum volet esse, dolor quod suaserit et mens,
 Dum pœnas odio per vim festinat inulto." HOR.

A SQUIRE of Wales, whose blood ran higher
 Than that of any other squire,
 Hasty and hot; whose peevish honor
 Reveng'd each slight was put upon her;
 Upon a mountain's top one day
 Expos'd to Sol's meridian ray,
 He fum'd, he rav'd, he curs'd, he swore,
 Exhal'd a sea at ev'ry pore;
 At last, such insults to evade,
 Sought the next tree's protecting shade;
 Where as he lay dissolv'd in sweat,
 And wip'd off many a rivulet,
 Off in a pet the beaver flies,
 And flaxen wig, time's best disguise,
 By which folks of maturer ages
 Vie with smooth beaux, and ladies' pages;
 Though 'twas a secret rarely known,
 Ill-natur'd age had cropp'd his crown,
 Grubb'd all the covert up, and now
 A large smooth plain extends his brow.
 Thus as he lay with numskull bare,
 And courted the refreshing air,
 New persecutions still appear;
 A noisy fly offends his ear.
 Alas! what man of parts and sense
 Could bear such vile impertinence?
 Yet, so discourteous is our fate,
 Fools always buz about the great.
 This insect now, whose active spite
 Teas'd him with never-ceasing bite,
 With so much judgment play'd his part,
 He had him both in tierce and carte:
 In vain with open hands he tries
 To guard his ears, his nose, his eyes;
 For now at last, familiar grown,
 He perch'd upon his worship's crown,
 With teeth and claws his skin he tore,
 And stuff'd himself with human gore:

At last, in manners to excel,
 Untruss'd a point, some authors tell.
 But now what rhetoric could assuage
 The furious squire, stark mad with rage ?
 Impatient at the foul disgrace
 From insect of so mean a race,
 And plotting vengeance on his foe,
 With double fist he aims a blow.
 The nimble fly escaped by flight,
 And skipp'd from this unequal fight.
 Th' impending stroke with all its weight,
 Fell on his own beloved pate.
 Thus much he gain'd by this adventurous deed ;
 He foul'd his fingers, and he broke his head.

MORAL.

Let senates hence learn to preserve their
 state,
 And scorn the fool, below their grave debate,
 Who by the unequal strife grows popular and
 great.
 Let him buz on, with senseless rant defy
 The wise, the good, yet still 'tis but a fly.
 With puny foes the toil's not worth the cost ;
 Where nothing can be gain'd, much may be
 lost :
 Let cranes and pigmies in mock-war engage,
 A prey beneath the gen'rous eagle's rage,
 True honor o'er the clouds sublimely wings ;
 Young Ammon scorns to run with less than
 kings.

The Incurious Bencher. SOMERVILLE.

At Jenny Mann's, where heroes meet,
 And lay their laurels at her feet ;
 The modern Pallas, at whose shrine
 They bow, and by whose aid they dine ;
 Colonel Brocade, among the rest,
 Was every day a welcome guest.
 One night as carelessly he stood,
 Cheering his reins before the fire
 (So every true-born Britain should)
 Like that he chaf'd and fum'd with ire.
 " Jenny," said he, "'tis very hard,
 That no man's honor can be spar'd ;
 If I but sup with Lady Duchess,
 Or play a game at ombre, such is
 The malice of the world, 'tis said,
 Although his Grace lay drunk in bed,
 'Twas I that caus'd his aching head.
 If Madame Doodle would be witty,
 And I am summon'd to the city,
 To play at blindman's-buff or so,
 What won't such hellish malice do ?
 If I but catch her in a corner,
 Humph ! 'tis " Your servant, Colonel Horner."
 But rot the sneering fops, if e'er
 I prove it, it shall cost them dear ;
 I swear by this dead-doing blade,
 Dreadful examples shall be made.
 What, can't they drink bohea and cream,
 But (d—n them) I must be their theme ?
 Other men's business let alone,
 Why should not coxcombs mind their own ?"

As thus he rav'd with all his might
 (How insecure from fortune's spite,
 Alas, is ev'ry mortal wight !)
 To show his ancient spleen to Mars,
 Fierce Vulcan caught him by the a— ;
 Stuck to his skirts, insatiate varlet !
 And fed with pleasure on the scarlet.
 Hard by, and in the corner, sat
 A bencher grave, with looks sedate,
 Smoking his pipe, warm as a toast,
 And reading over last week's Post ;
 He saw the foe the fort invade,
 And soon smelt out the breach he made ;
 But not a word—a little sly
 He look'd, 'tis true, and from each eye
 A sidelong glance sometimes he sent,
 To bring him news, and watch th' event.
 At length, upon that tender part
 Where honor lodges (as of old
 Authentic Hudibras has told)
 The blust'ring colonel felt a smart ;
 Sore griev'd for his affronted bum,
 Frisk'd, skipp'd, and bounce'd about the room :
 Then turning short—" Zounds, sir," he cries ;
 " Pox on him? had the fool no eyes?
 What! let a man be burnt alive?"
 " I am not, Sir, inquisitive,"
 Replied Sir Gravity, " to know
 Whate'er your Honor's pleas'd to do :
 If you will burn your tail to tinder.
 Pray what have I to do to hinder?
 Other men's business let alone,
 Why should not coxcombs mind their own?"
 Then, knocking out his pipe with care,
 Laid down his penny at the bar ;
 And wrapping round his frieze surtout,
 Took up his crabtree and walk'd out.

The Frog's Choice. SOMERVILLE.

Ἦ πόποι, οἷον δὴ νῦν θεοὺς βροτοὶ ἀπιδέονται.
 Εξ ἡμεῶν γάρ φασι καὶ ἐμμεναι οἱ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ
 Εφῆσιν ἀπασθαλίῃσιν ὑπὲρ μύθρον ἄλγ' ἔχουσιν.

In a wild state of nature, long
 The frogs at random liv'd,
 The weak a prey unto the strong,
 With anarchy oppress'd and griev'd.
 At length the lawless rout,
 Taught by their suff'rings, grew devout ;
 An embassy to Jove they sent,
 And begg'd his highness would bestow
 Some settled form of government,
 A king to rule the fens below.
 Jove, smiling, grants their odd request :
 A king, th' indulgent pow'r bestow'd,
 Such as might suit their genius best :
 A beam of a prodigious size,
 With all its cumbersome load,
 Came tumbling from the skies.
 The waters dash against the shore,
 The hollow caverns roar :
 The rocks return the dreadful sound,
 Convulsions shake the ground.
 The multitude with horror fled,

And in his oozy bed
Each skulking coward hid his head.

When all is now grown calm again,
And smoothly glides the liquid plain,
A frog more resolute and bold,
Peeping with caution from his hold,
Recover'd from his first surprise,
As o'er the wave his head he popp'd,
He saw, but scarce believ'd his eyes.
On the same bank where first he dropp'd,
Th' imperial lubber lies,
Stretch'd at his ease, careless, content.
"Is this the monarch Jove has sent,"
Said he, "our warlike troops to lead?
Ah, 'tis a glorious prince indeed!
By such an active general led,
The routed mice our arms shall dread,
Subdued shall quit their claim:
Old Homer shall recant his lays,
For us new trophies raise,
Sing our victorious arms, and justify our
fame!"
Then laughing impudently loud,
He soon alarm'd the dastard crow'd.
The croaking nations with contempt
Behold the worthless indolent.
On wings of winds swift scandal flies,
Libels, lampoons, and lies,
Hoarse treasons, tuneless blasphemies.
With active leap at last upon his back they
stride,
And on the royal loggerhead in triumph ride.

Once more to Jove their prayers address'd,
And once more Jove grants their request;
A stork he sends, of monstrous size,
Red lightning flashes in his eyes.
Rul'd by no block, as heretofore,
The gazing crowds press'd to his court;
Admire his stately mien, his haughty port,
And only not adore.
Addresses of congratulation,
Sent from each loyal corporation,
Full fraught with truth and sense,
Exhausted all their eloquence.
But now, alas! 'twas night; kings must have
meat:
The Grand Vizier first goes to pot;
Three Bassas next, happy their lot!
Gain'd Paradise by being eat.
"And this," said he, "and this is mine,
And this by right divine."
In short, 'twas all for public weal,
He swallow'd half a nation at a meal.

Again they beg Almighty Jove
This cruel tyrant to remove.
With fierce resentment in his eyes,
The frowning Thunderer replies:
"Those evils which yourselves create,
Rash fools! ye now repent too late;
Made wretched by the public voice,
Not through necessity, but choice!"

Begone! nor wrest from Heaven some heavier
curse:
Better bear this, this Stork, than worse."

MORAL.

Oppress'd with happiness, and sick with ease,
Not Heaven itself our fickle minds can please.
Fondly we wish, cloy'd with celestial store,
The leaks and onions which we loath'd before:
Still roving, still desiring, never pleas'd,
With plenty starv'd, and e'en with health
diseas'd,
With partial eyes each present good we view,
Nor covet what is best, but what is new.
Ye pow'rs above, who make mankind your
care,
To bless the supplicant, reject his pray'r!

The Oyster. SOMERVILLE.

—In jus

Acres procurant, magnum spectaculum
uterque. HOR.

Two comrades, as grave authors say
(But in what chapter, page, or line,
Ye critics, if ye please, define),
Had found an oyster in their way.
Contest and foul debate arose:
Both view'd at once with greedy eyes,
Both challeng'd the delicious prize,
And high words soon improv'd to blows.
Actions on actions hence succeed,
Each hero's obstinately stout,
Green bags and parchments fly about,
Pleadings are drawn, and counsel feed'd.
The parson of the place, good man!
Whose kind and charitable heart
In human ills still bore a part,
Thrice shook his head, and thus began:
"Neighbours and friends, refer to me
This doughty matter in dispute,
I'll soon decide th' important suit,
And finish all without a fee.
Give me the oyster then—'tis well!"
He opens it, and at one sup
Gulps the contested trifle up,
And, smiling, gives to each a shell.
"Henceforth let foolish discord cease,
Your oyster's good as e'er was eat;
I thank you for my dainty treat;
God bless you both, and live in peace."

MORAL.

Ye men of Norfolk and of Wales,
From this learn common sense;
Nor thrust your neighbours into jails
For ev'ry slight offence.
Banish those vermin of debate
That on your substance feed;
The knaves who now are serv'd in plate
Would starve, if fools agreed.

Ode. THOMSON.

TELL me, thou soul of her I love,
 Ah! tell me whither art thou fled?
 To what delightful world above,
 Appointed for the happy dead?
 Or dost thou free at pleasure roam,
 And sometimes share the lover's woe;
 Where, void of thee, his cheerless home
 Can now, alas! no comfort know?
 O! if thou hov'rest round my walk,
 While, under every well-known tree,
 I to thy fancied shadow talk,
 And every tear is full of thee:
 Should then the weary eye of grief,
 Beside some sympathetic stream,
 In slumber find a short relief,
 O visit thou my soothing dream!

On Time. ANON.

E'EN while the careless, disencumber'd soul
 Sinks all dissolving into pleasure's dream,
 E'en then to Time's tremendous verge we roll
 With headlong haste along life's surgy
 stream.
 Can gaiety the vanish'd years restore,
 Or on the withering limbs fresh beauty shed,
 Or soothe the sad, inevitable hour,
 Or cheer the dark, dark mansions of the dead?
 Ah! beauty's bloom avails not in the grave,
 Youth's lofty mien, nor age's awful grace;
 Moulder alike unknown the prince and slave,
 Whelm'd in th' enormous wreck of human
 race!
 The thought-fix'd portraiture, the breathing
 bust,
 The arch with proud memorials array'd,
 The long-liv'd pyramid, shall sink in dust,
 To dumb oblivion's ever-desert shade.

My Mother.

WHO fed me from her gentle breast,
 And hush'd me in her arms to rest,
 And on my cheek sweet kisses prest?
 My Mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye,
 Who was it sung sweet lullaby,
 And rock'd me that I should not cry?
 My Mother.

Who sat and watch'd my infant head,
 When sleeping on my cradle bed,
 And tears of sweet affection shed?
 My Mother.

When pain and sickness made me cry,
 Who gaz'd upon my heavy eye,
 And wept for fear that I should die?
 My Mother.

Who drest my doll in clothes so gay,
 And taught me pretty how to play,
 And minded all I had to say?
 My Mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell;
 And would some pretty story tell,
 Or kiss the place to make it well?
 My Mother.

Who taught my infant lips to pray,
 To love God's holy Word and day,
 And walk in Wisdom's pleasant way?
 My Mother.

And can I ever cease to be
 Affectionate and kind to thee,
 Who was so very kind to me,
 My Mother.

Oh no! The thought I cannot bear,
 And, if God please my life to spare,
 I hope I shall reward thy care,
 My Mother.

When thou art feeble, old, and grey,
 My healthy arm shall be thy stay,
 And I will sooth thy pains away,
 My Mother.

And when I see thee hang thy head,
 'Twill be my turn to watch thy bed,
 And tears of sweet affection shed,
 My Mother.

For God, who lives above the skies,
 Would look with vengeance in his eyes,
 If I should ever dare despise
 My Mother.

The Butterfly's Ball. ROSCOE.

Come take up your hats, and away let us haste
 To the *Butterfly's* ball, and the *Grasshopper's*
 feast. [crew,
 The trumpeter, *Gad-fly*, has summon'd the
 And the revels are now only waiting for you.

So said little Robert, and pacing along,
 His merry companions came forth in a throng.
 And on the smooth grass, by the side of a
 wood,
 Beneath a broad oak that for ages had stood,
 Saw the children of earth, and the tenants
 of air,
 For an evening's amusement together repair.
 And there came the *Beetle*, so blind and so
 black, [back.

Who carried the *Emmet*, his friend, on his

And there was the *Gnat* and the *Dragon-fly* too, [blue.
 With all their relations, green, orange, and
 And there came the *Moth*, with his plumage of down, [brown;
 And the *Hornet* in jacket of yellow and
 Who with him the *Wasp*, his companion, did bring, [sting.
 But they promis'd that evening to lay by their
 And the sly little *Dormouse* crept out of his hole, [Mole.
 And brought to the feast his blind brother, the
 And the *Snail*, with his horns peeping out of his shell, [an ell,
 Came from a great distance, the length of
 A mushroom their table, and on it was laid
 A water-dock leaf, which a table-cloth made.
 The viands were various, to each of their taste,
 And the *Bee* brought her honey to crown the repast.
 Then close on his haunches, so solemn and wise, [skies.
 The *Frog* from a corner look'd up to the
 And the *Squirrel*, well pleas'd such diversions to see, [from a tree.
 Mounted high over head, and look'd down
 Then out came the *Spider*, with fingers so fine,
 To shew his dexterity on the tight line.

From one branch to another, his cobwebs he slung,
 Then quick as an arrow he darted along.
 But just in the middle,—Oh! shocking to tell, [fell.
 From his rope, in an instant, poor harlequin
 Yet he touch'd not the ground, but with talons outspread,
 Hung suspended in air, at the end of a thread.
 Then the *Grasshopper* came with a jerk and a spring, [his wing;
 Very long was his leg, though but short was
 He took but three leaps, and was soon out of sight, [the night.
 Then chirp'd his own praises the rest of
 With step so majestic the *Snail* did advance,
 And promis'd the gazers a minuet to dance.
 But they all laugh'd so loud that he pull'd in his head,
 And went in his own little chamber to bed.
 Then, as evening gave way to the shadows of night, [with a light.
 Their watchman, the *Glow-worm*, came out
 Then home let us hasten, while yet we can see, [me.
 For no Watchman is waiting for you and for
 So said little Robert, and pacing along,
 His merry companions return'd in a throng.

SONGS, BALLADS, &c. &c.

§ 1. Song. LORD LYTTLETON.

SAY, Mira, why is gentle Love
 A stranger to that mind,
 Which pity and esteem can move,
 Which can be just and kind?
 Is it because you fear to share
 The ills that love molest,
 The jealous doubt, the tender care,
 That rack the am'rous breast?
 Alas! by some degree of woe
 We ev'ry bliss must gain:
 The heart can ne'er a transport know,
 That never feels a pain.

§ 2. Song. WALLER.

Go, lovely rose!
 Tell her that wastes her time, and me,
 That now she knows,

When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
 And shuns to have her graces spied,
 That hadst thou sprung
 In deserts, where no men abide,
 Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
 Of beauty, from the light retir'd;
 Bid her come forth,
 Suffer herself to be desir'd,
 And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die! that she
 The common fate of all things rare
 May read in thee:
 How small a part of time they share,
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

§ 3. *Song. L'Amour Timide.* MOORE.

If in that breast, so good, so pure,
Compassion ever lov'd to dwell,
Pity the sorrows I endure,
The cause I must not, dare not tell.

That grief that on my quiet preys,
That rends my heart, that checks my tongue,
I fear will last me all my days,
But feel it will not last me long.

§ 4. *Song. EARL of DORSET*.*

To all you ladies now on land
We men at sea indite;
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write;
The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore, to write to you,
With a fa la, la, la, la, la.

For though the Muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain;
Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ships at sea,
With a fa, &c.

Then, if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
By Dutchmen or by wind;
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
The tide shall bring them twice a day,
With a fa, &c.

The king with wonder and surprise,
Will swear the seas grow bold;
Because the tide will higher rise,
Than e'er it did of old:
But let him know it is our tears
Bring floods of tears to Whitehall stairs,
With a fa, &c.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our sad and dismal story;
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
And quit their fort at Goree:
Nor what resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind?
With a fa, &c.

Let wind and weather do its worst;
Be you to us but kind,
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
No sorrow we shall find:
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe,
With a fa, &c.

To pass our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main;
Or else at serious ombre play;
But why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue?
We were undone when we left you,
With a fa, &c.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our hopes away;
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play:
Perhaps permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan,
With a fa, &c.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in ev'ry note;
As if it sigh'd with each man's care
For being so remote:
Think then how often love we've made
To you, when all those tunes were play'd,
With a fa, &c.

In justice you cannot refuse
To think of our distress,
When we for hopes of honor lose
Our certain happiness;
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love,
With a fa, &c.

And now we've told you all our loves,
And likewise all our fears;
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity for our tears;
Let's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea,
With a fa, &c.

§ 5. *Song. LORD LANSDOWNE.*

Why, cruel creature, why so bent,
To vex a tender heart?
To gold and title you relent;
Love throws in vain his dart.

Let glittering fops in court be great,
For pay let armies move:
Beauty should have no other bait
But gentle vows and love.

If on those endless charms you lay
The value that's their due;
Kings are themselves too poor to pay,
A thousand worlds too few.

But if a passion without vice,
Without disguise or art,
Ah, Celia! if true love's your price,
Behold it in my heart.

* Written at sea, the first Dutch war, 1665, the night before an engagement.

§ 6. *Song.* SIR CAR SCROOPE.

One night, when all the village slept,
 Myrtillo's sad despair
 The wretched shepherd waking kept,
 To tell the woods his care :
 " Begone," said he, " fond thoughts, begone !
 Eyes, give your sorrows o'er !
 Why should you waste your tears for one
 Who thinks on you no more ?
 " Yet, O ye birds, ye flocks, ye pow'rs
 That dwell within this grove,
 Can tell how many tender hours
 We here have pass'd in love !
 Yon stars above (my cruel foes)
 Have heard how she has sworn,
 A thousand times, that, like to those,
 Her flame should ever burn !
 " But since she's lost, O let me have
 My wish, and quickly die !
 In this cold bank I'll make a grave,
 And there for ever lie :
 Sad nightingales the watch shall keep,
 And kindly here complain."
 Then down the shepherd lay to sleep,
 But never rose again.

§ 7. *A Pastoral Elegy.*

AH, Damon, dear shepherd, adieu !
 By love and first nature allied,
 Together in fondness we grew ;
 Ah, would we together had died !
 For thy faith, which resembles my own,
 For thy soul, which was spotless and true,
 For the joys we together have known,
 Ah, Damon, dear shepherd, adieu !
 What bliss can hereafter be mine ?
 Whomever engaging I see,
 To his friendship I ne'er can incline,
 For fear I should mourn him like thee.
 Though the muses shall crown me with art,
 Though honor and fortune should join ;
 Since thou art denied to my heart,
 What bliss can hereafter be mine ?
 Ah Damon, dear shepherd, farewell !
 Thy grave with sad osiers I'll bind ;
 Though no more in one cottage we dwell,
 I can keep thee for ever in mind.
 Each morning I'll visit alone
 His ashes who lov'd me so well,
 And murmur each eve o'er his stone,
 " Ah Damon, dear shepherd, farewell !"

§ 8. *Song.* MOORE.

HARK ! hark ! 'tis a voice from the tomb !
 Come, Lucy, it cries, come away !
 The grave of my Colin has room
 To rest thee beside his cold clay.
 I come, my dear shepherd, I come ;
 Ye friends and companions, adieu !
 I haste to my Colin's dark home,
 To die on his bosom so true.

All mournful the midnight bell rung,
 When Lucy, sad Lucy, arose ;
 And forth to the green turf she sprung,
 Where Colin's pale ashes repose.
 All wet with the night's chilling dew,
 Her bosom embrac'd the cold ground ;
 While stormy winds over her blew,
 And night-ravens croak'd all around.
 How long, my lov'd Colin, she cried,
 How long must thy Lucy complain ?
 How long shall the grave my love hide ?
 How long ere it join us again ?
 For thee thy fond shepherdess liv'd,
 With thee o'er the world would she fly ;
 For thee has she sorrow'd and griev'd,
 For thee would she lie down and die.
 Alas ! what avails it how dear
 Thy Lucy was once to her swain !
 Her face like the lily so fair,
 And eyes that gave light to the plain !
 The shepherd that lov'd her is gone,
 That face and those eyes charm no more ;
 And Lucy, forgot and alone,
 To death shall her Colin deplore.

While thus she lay sunk in despair,
 And mourn'd to the echoes around,
 Inflam'd all at once grew the air,
 And thunder shook dreadful the ground !
 I hear the kind call, and obey,
 O Colin, receive me, she cried :
 Then breathing a groan o'er his clay,
 She hung on his tomb-stone and died.

§ 9. *Song.* GAY.

'Twas when the seas were roaring
 With hollow blasts of wind,
 A damsel lay deploring,
 All on a rock reclin'd.
 Wide o'er the foaming billows
 She cast a wistful look ;
 Her head was crown'd with willows
 That trembled o'er the brook.
 Twelve months are gone and over,
 And nine long tedious days ;
 Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
 Why didst thou trust the seas ?
 Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,
 And let my lover rest :
 Ah ! what's thy troubled motion
 To that within my breast !
 The merchant, robb'd of pleasure,
 Views tempests in despair ;
 But what's the loss of treasure
 To losing of my dear ?
 Should you some coast be laid on
 Where gold and di'monds grow,
 You'll find a richer maiden,
 But none that loves you so.
 How can they say that nature
 Has nothing made in vain ?
 Why then beneath the water
 Do hideous rocks remain ?

No eyes these rocks discover,
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wand'ring lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd she for her dear;
Repaid each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear:
When, o'er the white wave stooping,
His floating corpse she spied;
Then, like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head, and died.

§ 10. *A Persian Song of Hafiz.*

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

SWEET maid, if thou wouldst charm my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck enfold;
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say:
Tell them their Eden cannot shew
A stream so clear as Rocrabad,
A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

O! when these fair, perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
Their dear destructive charms display,
Each glance my tender breast invades,
And robs my wounded soul of rest,
As Tartars seize their destin'd prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow:
Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
New lustre to those charms impart?
Can cheeks where living roses blow,
Where Nature spreads her richest dyes,
Require the borrow'd gloss of art?

Speak not of fate:—ah! change the theme,
And talk of odors, talk of wine,
Talk of the flowers that round us bloom:
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream!
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless power,
That e'en the chaste Egyptian dame
Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy;
For her how fatal was the hour,
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth so lovely and so coy!

But ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear:
(Youth should attend when those advise
Whom long experience renders sage:)
While music charms the ravish'd ear;
While sparkling cups delight our ear;
Be gay, and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard!
And yet, by heaven, I love thee still:
Can aught be cruel from thy lip?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
Which nought but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung:
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say;
But O! far sweeter, if they please
The nymph for whom these notes are sung.

§ 11. *Song.*

HARD by the hall, our master's house,
Where Mersey flows to meet the main;
Where woods, and winds, and waves dispose
A lover to complain;

With arms across, along the strand
Poor Lycon walk'd, and hung his head;
Viewing the footsteps in the sand,
Which a bright nyx. ph had made.

The tide, said he, will soon erase
The marks so lightly here imprest;
But time or tide will ne'er deface
Her image in my breast.

Am I some savage beast of prey,
Am I some horrid monster grown,
That thus she flies so swift away,
Or meets me with a frown?

That bosom soft, that lily skin
(Trust not the fairest outside show!)
Contains a marble heart within,
A rock hid under snow.

Ah me! the flints and pebbles wound
Her tender feet, from whence there fell
Those crimson drops which stain the ground,
And beautify each shell.

Ah! fair one, moderate thy flight,
I will no more in vain pursue,
But take my leave for a long night;
Adieu! lov'd maid adieu.

With that he took a running leap,
He took a Lover's Leap indeed,
And plung'd into the sounding deep,
Where hungry fishes feed.

The melancholy hern stalks by;
Around the squalling sea-gulls yell;
Aloft the croaking ravens fly,
And toll his funeral bell.

The waters roll above his head,
The billows toss it o'er and o'er,
His ivory bones lie scattered,
And whiten all the shore.

§ 12. *Song. Jimmy Dawson.** SHENSTONE.

COME listen to my mournful tale,
 Ye tender hearts and lovers dear;
 Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
 Nor will you blush to shed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid!
 Do thou a pensive ear incline;
 For thou canst weep at every woe,
 And pity every plaint but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant youth,
 A brighter never trod the plain;
 And well he lov'd one charming maid,
 And dearly was he lov'd again.

One tender maid she lov'd him dear,
 Of gentle blood the damsel came:
 And faultless was her beauteous form,
 And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife,
 That led the favor'd youth astray!
 The day the rebel clans appear'd,
 O had he never seen that day!

Their colors and their sash he wore,
 And in that fatal dress was found;
 And now he must that death endure
 Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true-love's cheek,
 When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear!
 For never yet did Alpine snows
 So pale, or yet so chill appear.

With faltering voice she weeping said:
 "O Dawson, monarch of my heart,
 Think not thy death shall end our loves,
 For thou and I will never part.

"Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
 And bring relief to Jemmy's woes,
 O George! without a pray'r for thee
 My orisons should never close.

"The gracious prince that gave him life
 Would crown a never-dying flame;
 And every tender babe I bore
 Should learn to lisp the giver's name.

"But tho', dear youth, thou shouldst be dragg'd
 To yonder ignominious tree;
 Thou shalt not want a faithful friend
 To share thy bitter fate with thee."

O then her mourning-coach was call'd,
 The sledge mov'd slowly on before;
 Though borne in his triumphal car,
 She had not lov'd her favorite more.

She follow'd him, prepar'd to view
 The terrible behests of law;
 And the last scene of Jemmy's woes
 With calm and steadfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face,
 Which she had fondly lov'd so long;
 And stifled was that tuneful breath,
 Which in her praise had sweetly sung:

And severed was that beauteous neck,
 Round which her arms had fondly clos'd;
 And mangled was the beauteous breast
 On which her love-sick head repos'd;

And ravish'd was that constant heart,
 She did to every heart prefer;
 For, though it could its king forget,
 'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames
 She bore this constant heart to see;
 But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,
 "Now, now," she cried, "I follow thee!"

"My death, my death, alone can show
 The pure and lasting love I bore:
 Accept, O Heaven! of woes like ours,
 And let us, let us weep no more."

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
 The lover's mournful hearse retir'd;
 The maid threw back her languid head,
 And, sighing forth his name, expir'd!

Though justice ever must prevail,
 The tear my Kitty sheds is due;
 For seldom shall she hear a tale
 So sad, so tender, and so true.

§ 13. *Song. A Morning Piece: or, a Hymn for the Hay-makers.* SMART.

BRISK chaunticleer his matins had begun,
 And broke the silence of the night:
 And thrice he call'd aloud the tardy sun,
 And thrice he hail'd the dawn's ambiguous light;

Back to their graves the fear-begotten phantoms
 Strong Labour got up with his pipe in his mouth,
 And stoutly strode over the dale;

He lent new perfume to the breath of the south,
 On his back hung his wallet and flail. [thatch,
 Behind him came Health from her cottage of
 Where never physician had lifted the latch.

First of the village Colin was awake,
 And thus he sung, reclining on his rake:
 Now the rural Graces three
 Dance beneath yon maple-tree!

* Captain James Dawson, the amiable and unfortunate subject of these beautiful Stanzas, was one of the eight officers belonging to the Manchester regiment of volunteers, in the service of the young Chevalier, who were hanged, drawn, and quartered, on Kennington-Common, in 1746: and this Ballad, written about the time, is founded on a remarkable circumstance which actually happened at his execution. Just before his death he wrote a song on his own misfortunes, which is supposed to be still extant.

First the vestal Virtue, known
By her adamantine zone;
Next to her, in rosy pride,
Sweet Society, the bride;
Last Honesty, full seemly drest
In her cleanly homespun vest.

The abbey-bells, in wak'ning rounds,
The warning peal have given;
And pious gratitude resounds
Her morning hymn to Heaven.
All nature wakes; the birds unlock their throats,
And mock the shepherd's rustic notes.
All alive o'er the lawn,
Full glad of the dawn,
The little lambkins play:
Sylvia and Sol arise, and all is day!

Come, my mates, let us work,
And all hands to the fork,
While the sun shines, our haycocks to make;
So fine is the day,
And so fragrant the hay,
That the meadow's as blithe as the wake!

Our voice let us raise
In Phœbus's praise:
Inspir'd by so glorious a theme,
Our musical words
Shall be join'd by the birds,
And we'll dance to the tune of the stream!

§ 14. *Song. Sir JOHN SUCKLING.*

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Pr'ythee why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Pr'ythee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Pr'ythee why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Pr'ythee why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame! this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her;
The devil take her.

§ 15. *Song. Humphrey Gubbin's Courtship.*

A COURTING I went to my love,
Who is sweeter than roses in May;
And when I came to her, by Jove,
The devil a word could I say.
I walk'd with her into the garden,
There fully intending to woo her;
But may I be ne'er worth a farthing,
If of love I said any thing to her.

I clasp'd her hand close to my breast,
While my heart was as light as a feather;
Yet nothing I said, I protest,
But—"Madam, 'tis very fine weather."

To an arbor I did her attend,
She ask'd me to come and sit by her;
I crept to the furthest end,
For I was afraid to come nigh her.

I ask'd her which way was the wind,
For I thought in some talk we must enter:
"Why, Sir, (she answer'd, and grinn'd,)
Have you just sent your wits for a venture?"
Then I follow'd her into her house,
There I vow'd I my passion would try;
But there I was still as a mouse;
O what a dull booby was I!

§ 16. *Song. The Despairing Lover. WALSH.*

DISTRACTED with care,
For Phillis the fair,
Since nothing could move her,
Poor Damon, her lover,
Resolves in despair
No longer to languish,
Nor bear so much anguish;
But, mad with his love,
To a precipice goes,
Where a leap from above
Would soon finish his woes.

When, in rage, he came there,
Beholding how steep
The sides did appear,
And the bottom how deep;
His torments projecting,
And sadly reflecting,
That a lover forsaken,
A new love may get;
But a neck, when once broken,
Can never be set:

And that he could die
Whenever he would;
But that he could live
But as long as he could;
How grievous soever
The torment might grow,
He scorn'd to endeavour
To finish it so.
But bold, unconcern'd,
At thoughts of the pain,
He calmly return'd
To his cottage again.

§ 17. *Song.*

A COBBLER there was, and he liv'd in a stall
Which serv'd him for parlour, for kitchen, and
hall;

No coin in his pocket, no care in his pate,
No ambition had he, nor duns at his gate:
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Contented he work'd, and he thought himself
happy
If at night he could purchase a jug of brown
nappy:

How he'd laugh then, and whistle, and sing too,
most sweet! [meet!
Saying, Just to a hair I have made both ends
Derry down, down, &c.

But love, the disturber of high and of low,
That shoots at the peasant as well as the beau;
He shot the poor cobbler quite thro' the heart;
I wish he had hit some more ignoble part.

Derry down, down, &c.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,
Where a buxom young damsel continually lay;
Her eyes shone so bright when she rose every
day,
That she shot the poor cobbler quite over the
way,

Derry down, down, &c.

He sung her love-songs as he sat at his work,
But she was as hard as a Jew or a Turk:
Whenever he spoke she would flounce and
would flier,

Which put the poor cobbler quite into despair,
Derry down, down, &c.

He took up his awl that he had in the world,
And to make away with himself was resolv'd;
He pierced through his body instead of the sole,
So the cobbler he died, and the bell it did toll,
Derry down, down, &c.

And now, in good will, I advise, as a friend,
All cobblers take warning, by this cobbler's end:
Keep your hearts out of love, for we find, by
what's past,

That love brings us all to an end at the last,
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

§ 18. *Song.* MOORE.

WHEN Damon languish'd at my feet,
And I believ'd him true,
The moments of delight how sweet!
But oh! how swift they flew!

The sunny hill, the flow'ry vale,
The garden, and the grove,
Have echo'd to his ardent tale,
And vows of endless love.

The conquest gain'd, he left his prize,
He left her to complain;
To talk of joy with weeping eyes,
And measure time by pain.

But Heaven will take the mourner's part,
In pity to despair;
And the last sigh that rends the heart
Shall waft the spirit there.

§ 19. *Song.* *The Lass of the Hill.*

Miss MARY JONES.

ON the brow of a hill a young shepherdess
dwelt,
Who no pangs of ambition or love had e'er felt:
For a few sober maxims still ran in her head,
That 'twas better to earn ere she ate her brown
bread;
That to rise with the lark was conducive to
health,
And to folks in a cottage, contentment was
wealth.

Now young Roger, who liv'd in the valley
below,
Who at church and at market was reckon'd a
beau,

Had many times tried o'er her heart to prevail,
And would rest on his pitchfork to tell her his
tale:

With his winning behaviour he melted her
But, quite artless herself, she suspected no art.

He had sigh'd, and protested, had kneel'd and
implor'd,

And could lie with the grandeur and air of a
lord:

Then her eyes he commended in language well
dress'd,

And enlarg'd on the torments that troubled his
breast;

Till his sighs and his tears had so wrought on
her mind,

That in downright compassion to love she in-
clin'd.

But as soon as he melted the ice of her breast,
All the flames of his love in a moment decreas'd;
And at noon he goes flaunting all over the vale,
Where he boasts of his conquest to Susan and
Nell:

Though he sees her but seldom, he's always
in haste,

And, if ever he mentions her, makes her his jest.

All the day she goes sighing, and hanging her
head,

And her thoughts are so pester'd, she scarce
earns her bread;

The whole village cries shame, when a-milking
she goes,

That so little affection is shown to the cows:
But she heeds not their railing, e'en let them
rail on,

And a fig for the cows now her sweetheart is
gone.

Now beware, ye young virgins of Britains gay
isle,

How ye yield up a heart to a look or a smile:
For Cupid is artful, and virgins are frail,

And you'll find a false Roger in every vale,
Who to court you, and tempt you will try all
his skill;

But remember The Lass on the brow of the
Hill.

§ 20. *Song.* BARTON BOOTH, Esq.

SWEET are the charms of her I love,
More fragrant than the damask rose,

Soft as the down of turtle dove,
Gentle as air when zephyr blows,

Refreshing as descending rains
To sun-burnt climes and thirsty plains.

True as the needle to the pole,
Or "as the dial to the sun;"

Constant as gliding waters roll,
Whose swelling tides obey the moon!

From ev'ry other charmer free,
My life and love shall follow thee.

The lamb the flow'ry thyme devours,
 The dam the tender kid pursues ;
 Sweet Philomel, in shady bow'rs
 Of verdant spring, her note renews ;
 All follow what they most admire,
 As I pursue my soul's desire.

Nature must change her beauteous face,
 And vary as the seasons rise ;
 As winter to the spring gives place,
 Summer th' approach of autumn flies ;
 No change in love the seasons bring,
 Love only knows perpetual spring.

Devouring time, with stealing pace,
 Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow ;
 And marble tow'rs, and gates of brass,
 In his rude march he levels low :
 But time destroying far and wide,
 Love from the soul can ne'er divide.

Death only with his cruel dart
 The gentle godhead can remove ;
 And drive him from the bleeding heart,
 To mingle with the bless'd above ;
 Where known to all his kindred train,
 He finds a lasting rest from pain.

Love, and his sister fair, the Soul,
 Twin-born, from heaven together came ;
 Love will the universe control,
 When dying seasons lose their name ;
 Divine abodes shall own his pow'r,
 When time and death shall be no more.

§ 21. *Song.* PARNELL.

My days have been so wondrous free,
 The little birds that fly
 With careless ease from tree to tree
 Were but as bless'd as I.

Ask gliding waters, if a tear
 Of mine increas'd their stream ?
 Or ask the flying gales, if e'er
 I lent a sigh to them ?

But now my former days retire,
 And I'm by beauty caught ;
 The tender chains of sweet desire
 Are fix'd upon my thought.

An eager hope within my breast
 Does every doubt control ;
 And lovely Nancy stands confest
 The fav'rite of my soul.

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines,
 Ye swains that haunt the grove,
 Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds,
 Ye close retreats of love !

With all of nature, all of art,
 Assist the dear design ;
 O teach a young, unpractis'd heart,
 To make her ever mine.

The very thought of change I hate
 As much as of despair ;
 Nor ever covet to be great,
 Unless it be for her.

'Tis true, the passion in my mind
 Is mix'd with soft distress :
 Yet, while the fair I love is kind,
 I cannot wish it less.

§ 22. *Song.* *May Eve; or, Kate of Aberdeen.*
CUNNINGHAM.

The silver moon's enamor'd beam
 Steals softly through the night,
 To wanton with the winding stream,
 And kiss reflected light.

To beds of state go, balmy sleep,
 ('Tis where you've seldom been)
 May's vigil while the shepherds keep
 With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
 In rosy chaplets gay,
 Till morn unbar her golden gate,
 And give the promis'd May.

Methinks I hear the maids declare
 The promis'd May, when seen,
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair
 As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
 We'll rouse the nodding grove ;
 The nested birds shall raise their throats,
 And hail the maid I love.

And see, the matin lark mistakes,
 He quits the tufted green :
 Fond bird ! 'tis not the morning breaks,
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen !

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
 Where midnight Fairies rove,
 Like them the jocund dance we'll lead,
 Or tune the reed to love.

For see, the rosy May draws nigh !
 She claims a virgin queen ;
 And hark, the happy shepherds cry,
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen !

§ 23. *Song.* *Sally in our Alley.* CAREY.

Of all the girls that are so smart,
 There's none like pretty Sally :
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

There's ne'er a lady in the land,
 That's half so sweet as Sally :
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
 And through the streets does cry 'em :
 Her mother she sells laces long,
 To such as choose to buy 'em :

But sure such folks could ne'er beget
 So sweet a girl as Sally :
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

When she is by I leave my work,
 I love her so sincerely ;
 My master comes, like any Turk,
 And bangs me most severely ;

But let him bang his bellyfull,
 I'll bear it all for Sally :
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.
 Of all the days that's in the week,
 I dearly love but one day ;
 And that's the day that comes betwixt
 A Saturday and Monday ;
 For then I'm dress'd, all in my best,
 To walk abroad with Sally :
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.
 My master carries me to church,
 And often am I blam'd,
 Because I leave him in the lurch,
 As soon as text is named :
 I leave the church in sermon time,
 And slink away to Sally :
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.
 When Christmas comes about again,
 Oh ! then I shall have money ;
 I'll hoard it up, and box and all,
 I'll give it to my honey.
 And would it were ten thousand pound,
 I'd give it all to Sally :
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.
 My master and the neighbours all
 Make game of me and Sally ;
 And but for her, I'd better be
 A slave, and row a galley.
 But, when my seven long years are out,
 O then I'll marry Sally :
 O then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
 But not in our alley.

§ 24. *Song.* JOHNSON.

Nor the soft sighs of vernal gales,
 The fragrance of the flowery vales,
 The murmurs of the crystal rill,
 The vocal grove, the verdant hill ;
 Not all their charms, though all unite,
 Can touch my bosom with delight.
 Not all the gems on India's shore,
 Not all Peru's unbounded store ;
 Not all the pow'r, nor all the fame,
 That heroes, kings, or poets claim ;
 Nor knowledge, which the learn'd approve,
 To form one wish my soul can move.
 Yet nature's charms allure my eyes,
 And knowledge, wealth, and fame I prize :
 Fame, wealth, and knowledge I obtain,
 Nor seek I nature's charms in vain ;
 In lovely Stella all combine,
 And, lovely Stella ! thou art mine.

§ 25. *Delia. A Pastoral.* CUNNINGHAM,

THE gentle swan, with graceful pride,
 Her glossy plumage laves,
 And, sailing down the silver tide,
 Divides the whispering waves :

The silver tide, that wandering flows,
 Sweet to the bird must be !
 But not so sweet, blithe Cupid knows,
 As Delia is to me.

A parent-bird, in plaintive mood,
 On yonder fruit-tree sung,
 And still the pendant nest she view'd
 That held her callow young :
 Dear to the mother's fluttering heart
 The genial brood must be ;
 But not so dear, the thousandth part,
 As Delia is to me.

The roses that my brow surround
 Were natives of the dale ;
 Scarce pluck'd, and in a garland bound,
 Before their sweets grew pale !
 My vital bloom would thus be froze,
 If luckless torn from thee ;
 For what the root is to the rose,
 My Delia is to me.

Two doves I found, like new-fall'n snow,
 So white the beauteous pair ;
 The birds on Delia I'll bestow,
 They're, like her bosom, fair !
 When, in their chaste connubial love,
 My secret wish she'll see ;
 Such mutual bliss as turtles prove,
 May Delia share with me.

§ 26. *Song.* AKENSIDE.

THE shape alone let others prize,
 The features of the fair ;
 I look for spirit in her eyes,
 And meaning in her air.

A damask cheek, and iv'ry arm,
 Shall ne'er my wishes win :
 Give me an animated form,
 That speaks a mind within :

A face where awful honor shines,
 Where sense and sweetness move,
 And angel innocence refines
 The tenderness of love.

These are the soul of beauty's frame,
 Without whose vital aid
 Unfinish'd all her features seem,
 And all her roses dead.

But ah ! where both their charms unite,
 How perfect is the view,
 With ev'ry image of delight,
 With graces ever new !

Of pow'r to charm the greatest woe,
 The wildest rage control ;
 Diffusing mildness o'er the brow,
 And rapture through the soul.

Their pow'r but faintly to express
 All language must despair ;
 But go, behold Arpasia's face,
 And read it perfect there.

§ 27. *Song. On Young Orlinda.*

WHEN innocence and beauty meet,
 To add to lovely female grace,
 Ah, how beyond expression sweet
 Is every feature of the face !
 By virtue ripen'd from the bud,
 The flow'r angelic odours breeds :
 The fragrant charm of being good
 Makes gaudy vice to smell like weeds.
 O sacred Virtue ! tune my voice
 With thy inspiring harmony ;
 Then I shall sing of rapturous joys,
 Which fill my soul with love of thee :
 To lasting brightness be refin'd,
 When this vain shadow flies away ;
 Th' eternal beauties of the mind
 Will last when all things else decay.

§ 28. *Song. From the Lapland Tongue.*
STEELE.

THOU rising sun, whose gladsome ray
 Invites my fair to rural play,
 Dispel the mist, and clear the skies,
 And bring my Orra to my eyes.
 O were I sure my dear to view,
 I'd climb that pine-tree's topmost bough,
 Aloft in air that quiv'ring plays,
 And round and round for ever gaze.
 My Orra Moor, where art thou laid ?
 What wood conceals my sleeping maid ?
 Fast by the roots, enrag'd, I'd tear
 The trees that hide my promis'd fair.
 O could I ride on clouds and skies,
 Or on the raven's pinions rise !
 Ye storks, ye swans, a moment stay,
 And waft a lover on his way !
 My bliss too long my bride denies :
 Apace the wasting summer flies :
 Nor yet the wintry blasts I fear,
 Nor storms nor night shall keep me here.
 What may for strength with steel compare ?
 O, Love has fetters stronger far !
 By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd,
 But cruel Love enchains the mind.
 No longer then perplex thy breast ;
 When thoughts torment, the first are best ;
 'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay :
 Away to Orra, haste away !

§ 29. *Song. The Midsummer Wish.*
CROXALL.

WAFTE me, some soft and cooling breeze,
 To Windsor's shady, kind retreat ;
 Where sylvan scenes, wide spreading trees,
 Repel the dog-star's raging heat :
 Where tufted grass, and mossy beds,
 Afford a rural, calm repose ;
 Where woodbines hang their dewy heads,
 And fragrant sweets around disclose.

Old oozy Thames, that flows fast by,
 Along the smiling valley plays,
 His glassy surface cheers the eye,
 And through the flow'ry meadow strays.
 His fertile banks with herbage green,
 His vales with golden plenty swell ;
 Where'er his purer streams are seen,
 The gods of health and pleasure dwell.
 Let me thy clear, thy yielding wave
 With naked arm once more divide ;
 In thee my glowing bosom lave,
 And stem thy gently-rolling tide.
 Lay me, with damask roses crown'd,
 Beneath some osier's dusky shade :
 Where water-lilies deck the ground,
 Where bubbling springs refresh the glade.

§ 30. *Song. MISS WHATELEY.*

COME, dear Pastora, come away !
 And hail the cheerful spring :
 Now fragrant blossoms crown the May,
 And woods with love-notes ring :
 Now Phœbus to the west descends,
 And sheds a fainter ray ;
 And, as our rural labor ends,
 We bless the closing day.
 In yonder artless maple bow'r
 With blooming woodbines twin'd,
 Let us enjoy the evening hour,
 On earth's soft lap reclin'd :
 Or where yon poplar's verdant boughs
 The crystal current shade ;
 O deign, fair nymph, to hear the vows
 My faithful heart has made.
 Within this breast no soft deceit,
 No artful flatt'ry bides :
 But truth, scarce known among the great,
 O'er ev'ry thought presides :
 On pride's false glare I look with scorn,
 And all its glittering train ;
 Be mine the pleasures which adorn
 This ever-peaceful plain.
 Come then, my fair, and with thy love
 Each rising care subdue ;
 Thy presence can each grief remove,
 And ev'ry joy renew.
 The lily fades, the rose grows faint,
 Their transient bloom is vain ;
 But lasting truth and virtue paint
 Pastora of the plain.

§ 31. *Song.*

COME, dear Amanda, quit the town,
 And to the rural hamlets fly ;
 Behold, the wintry storms are gone,
 A gentle radiance glads the sky.
 The birds awake, the flowers appear,
 Earth spreads a verdant couch for thee ;
 'Tis joy and music all we hear !
 'Tis love and beauty all we see !

Come, let us mark the gradual spring,
 How peep the buds, the blossom blows,
 Till Philomel begins to sing,
 And perfect May to spread the rose.
 Let us secure the short delight,
 And wisely crop the blooming day ;
 For soon, too soon, it will be night :
 Arise, my love, and come away.

§ 32. *Song. From the Lapland Tongue.*
 STEELE.

HASTE, my rein-deer, and let us nimbly go
 Our am'rous journey through this dreary
 waste :
 Haste, my rein-deer ! still, still thou art too
 slow ! [haste.
 Impetuous love demands the lightning's

Around us far the rushy moors are spread :
 Soon will the sun withdraw his cheerful ray ;
 Darkling and tir'd we shall the marshes tread,
 No lay unsung to cheat the tedious way.

The wat'ry length of these unjoyous moors
 Does all the flow'ry meadow's pride excel ;
 Through these I fly to her my soul adores ;
 Ye flow'ry meadows, empty pride, farewell !

Each moment from the charmer I'm confin'd,
 My breast is tortur'd with impatient fires ;
 Fly, my rein-deer, fly swifter than the wind !
 Thy tardy feet wing with my fierce desires.

Our pleasing toil will then be soon o'erpaid,
 And thou, in wonder lost, shalt view my fair,
 Admire each feature of the lovely maid, [fair.
 Her artless charms, her bloom, her sprightly

§ 33. *Song. Arno's Vale.*
 EARL OF MIDDLESEX.*

WHEN here, Lucinda, first we came,
 Where Arno rolls his silver stream,
 How blithe the nymphs, the swains how gay !
 Content inspir'd each rural lay.
 The birds in livelier concert sung,
 The grapes in thicker clusters hung ;
 All look'd as joy could never fail
 Among the sweets of Arno's vale.

But since the good Palemon died,
 The chief of shepherds, and their pride,
 Now Arno's sons must all give place
 To northern men, an iron race.
 The taste of pleasure now is o'er ;
 Thy notes, Lucinda, please no more ;
 The muses droop, the Goths prevail !
 Adieu, the sweets of Arno's vale !

§ 34. *Song. The passionate Shepherd to his Love.*
 MARLOW.

COME live with me, and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove
 That valleys, groves, or hills and fields,
 And all the steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
 Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
 By shallow rivers, to whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
 And a thousand fragrant posies,
 A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
 Embroider'd all with leaves of mirtle :

A gown made of the finest wool,
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;
 Fair lined slippers for the cold,
 With buckles of the purest gold :

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
 With coral clasps and amber studs :
 And if these pleasures may thee move,
 Come, live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
 For thy delight each May morning :
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Then live with me, and be my love.

§ 35. *Song. The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd.*
 SIR W. RALEIGH.

IF all the world and love were young,
 And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
 These pretty pleasures might me move
 To live with thee, and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
 When rivers rage and rocks grow cold,
 And Philomel becometh dumb ;
 The rest complain of cares to come.

The flow'rs do fade, and wanton fields
 The wayward winter reck'ning yields ;
 A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
 Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
 Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
 Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
 In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy beit of straw, and ivy buds,
 Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,
 All these to me no means can move
 To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
 Had joy no date, nor age no need ;
 Then these delights my mind might move
 To live with thee, and be thy love.

* Charles Sackville, afterwards Duke of Dorset. It was written at Florence in 1737, on the death of John Gaston, the late Duke of Tuscany, of the house of Medici; and addressed to Signora Muscovita, a singer, a favorite of the author's.

§ 36. *Song. Summer.*THOMAS BREREWOOD, *Esq.*

WHERE the light cannot pierce, in a grove of tall trees,

With my fair one as blooming as May,
Undisturb'd by all sound but the sighs of the breeze,

Let me pass the hot noon of the day.

When the sun, less intense, to the westward inclines,

For the meadows the groves we'll forsake,
And see the rays dance, as inverted he shines,
On the face of some river or lake:

Where my fairest and I, on its verge as we pass
(For 'tis she that must still be my theme),
Our shadows may view on the watery glass,
While the fish are at play in the stream.

May the herds cease to low, and the lambkins to bleat,

When she sings me some amorous strain;
All be silent and hush'd, unless Echo repeat
The kind words and sweet sounds back again!

And when we return to our cottage at night,
Hand-in-hand as we sauntering stray,
Let the moon's silver beams through the leaves give us light,
Just direct us, and chequer our way.

Let the nightingale warble its notes in our walk,
As thus gently and slowly we move;
And let no single thought be express'd in our talk,
But of friendship improv'd into love.

Thus enchanted each day with these rural delights,
And secure from ambition's alarms,
Soft love and repose shall divide all our nights,
And each morning shall rise with new charms.

§ 37. *Song. MOORE.*

How bless'd has my time been, what joys have I known,
Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jesse my own!

So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.

Through walks grown with woodbines as often we stray,

Around us our boys and girls frolic and play:
How pleasing their sport is, the wanton ones see,
And borrow their looks from my Jesse and me.

To try her sweet temper, sometimes am I seen
In revels all day with the nymphs of the green;
Though painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,

And meets me at night with compliance and smiles.

What though on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,
Her wit and good-humour bloom all the year through;

Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare,
And cheat with false vows the too credulous fair,
In search of true pleasure how vainly you roam!
To hold it for life, you must find it at home.

§ 38. *A Song. FITZGERALD.*

THE charms which blooming beauty shows
From faces heavenly fair,
We to the lily and the rose,
With semblance apt, compare.

With semblance apt; for, ah! how soon,
How soon they all decay!
The lily droops, the rose is gone,
And beauty fades away.

But when bright virtue shines confess'd,
With sweet discretion join'd;
When mildness calms the peaceful breast,
And wisdom guides the mind:

When charms like these, dear maid, conspire
Thy person to approve,
They kindle generous chaste desire,
And everlasting love.

Beyond the reach of time or fate
These graces shall endure;
Still, like the passion they create,
Eternal, constant, pure.

§ 39. *Song.*

Busy, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I:
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip and sip it up:
Make the most of life you may;
Life is short, and wears away.
Both alike are mine and thine,
Hastening quick to their decline:
Thine's a summer, mine no more,
Though repeated to threescore;
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one.

§ 40. *Song.*

HAD Neptune, when first he took charge of the sea,
Been as wise, or at least been as merry, as we,
He'd have thought better on't, and instead of his brine [wine.
Would have fill'd the vast ocean with generous
What trafficking then would have been on the main,
For the sake of good liquor as well as for gain!

No fear then of tempests, or danger of sinking ;
The fishes ne'er drown that are always a-
drinking.

The hot thirsty sun then would drive with
more haste,

Secure in the evening of such a repast ;
And when he'd got tipsy would have taken his
With double the pleasure in Thetis's lap. [nap
By the force of his rays, and thus heated with
wine,

Consider how gloriously Phœbus would shine ;
What vast exhalations he'd draw up on high,
To relieve the poor earth as it wanted supply.

How happy us mortals, when bless'd with such
rain,

To fill all our vessels, and fill them again !
Nay even the beggar, that has ne'er a dish,
Might jump into the river, and drink like a fish.

What mirth and contentment on ev'ry one's
brow, [plough !

Hob as great as a prince dancing after the
The birds in the air, as they play on the wing,
Although they but sip, would eternally sing.

The stars, who, I think, don't to drinking in-
cline,

Would frisk and rejoice at the fume of the wine ;
And, merrily twinkling, would soon let us know
That they were as happy as mortals below.

Had this been the case, then what had we en-
joy'd,

Our spirits still rising, our fancy ne'er cloy'd ;
A pox then on Neptune, when't was in his pow'r,
To slip, like a fool, such a fortunate hour !

§ 41. *A Song.* SHENSTONE.

ADIEU, ye jovial youths, who join
To plunge old Care in floods of wine ;
And, as your dazzled eye-balls roll,
Discern him struggling in the bowl !

Not yet is hope so wholly flown,
Not yet is thought so tedious grown,
But limpid streams and shady tree
Retain as yet some sweets for me.

And see, through yonder silent grove,
See yonder does my Daphne rove :
With pride her footsteps I pursue,
And bid your frantic joys adieu.

The sole confusion I admire,
Is that my Daphne's eyes inspire :
I scorn the madness you approve,
And value reason next to love.

§ 42. *Song.*

My mind to me a kingdom is ;
Such perfect joy therein I find,
As far exceeds all earthly bliss,
That God or nature hath assign'd ;
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my stay ;
I seek no more than may suffice :
I press to bear no haughty sway ;
Look what I lack my mind supplies.
Lo ! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers soonest fall :
I see that such as sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all :
These get with toil, and keep with fear :
Such cares my mind could never bear.

No princely pomp, nor wealthy store,
No force to win a victory,
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to win a lover's eye :
To none of these I yield as thrall,
For why ? my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave ;
I little have, yet seek no more :
They are but poor, though much they have ;
And I am rich with little store :
They poor, I rich ; they beg, I give ;
They lack, I lend ; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss,
I grudge not at another's gain ;
No worldly wave my mind can toss,
I brook that is another's bane.
I fear no foe, nor fawn no friend ;
I loathe not life, nor dread mine end.

My wealth is health, and perfect ease :
My conscience clear my chief defence :
I never seek by bribes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence :
Thus do I live, thus will I die ;
Would all did so as well as I !

I take no joy in earthly bliss ;
I weigh not Cræsus' wealth a straw ;
For care, I know not what it is ;
I fear not Fortune's fatal law.
My mind is such as may not move
For beauty bright, or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will ;
I wander not to seek for more ;
I like the plain, I climb no hill ;
In greatest storms I sit on shore,
And laugh at them that toil in vain
To get what must be lost again.

I kiss not where I wish to kill ;
I feign not love where most I hate ;
I break no sleep to win my will ;
I wait not at the mighty's gate ;
I scorn no poor, I fear no rich ;
I feel no want, nor have too much.

The court ne cart, I like ne loathe :
Extremes are counted worst of all :
The golden mean betwixt them both
Doth surest sit, and fears no fall ;
This is my choice ; for why ? I find
No wealth is like a quiet mind.

§ 43. *Song.* COUNTESS OF WINCHELSEA.

Would we attain the happier state
That is design'd us here;
No joy a rapture must create,
No grief beget despair:
No injury fierce anger raise,
No honor tempt to pride:
No vain desires of empty praise
Must in the soul abide:
No charms of youth or beauty move
The constant, settled breast:
Who leaves a passage free to love
Shall let in all the rest.
In such a heart soft peace will live,
Where none of these abound;
The greatest blessing Heaven does give,
Or can on earth be found.

§ 44. *Song.* BEDINGFIELD.

To hug yourself in perfect ease,
What would you wish for more than these?
A healthy, clean, paternal seat,
Well shaded from the summer's heat:
A little parlour-stove, to hold
A constant fire from winter's cold,
Where you may sit and think, and sing,
Far off from court, God bless the king:
Safe from the harpies of the law,
From party-rage, and great man's paw;
Have choice few friends of your own taste;
A wife agreeable and chaste:
An open, but yet cautious mind,
Where guilty cares no entrance find;
Nor miser's fears, nor envy's spite,
To break the sabbath of the night:
Plain equipage, and temperate meals,
Few tailors', and no doctors' bills;
Content to take, as Heaven shall please,
A longer or a shorter lease.

§ 45. *Song.* MISS PILKINGTON.

I ENVY not the proud their wealth,
Their equipage and state:
Give me but innocence and health,
I ask not to be great.
I in this sweet retirement find
A joy unknown to kings,
For sceptres to a virtuous mind
Seem vain and empty things.
Great Cincinnatus at his plough
With brighter lustre shone,
Than guilty Cæsar e'er could show,
Though seated on a throne.
Tumultuous joys and restless nights
Ambition ever knows,
A stranger to the calm delights
Of study and repose.

Then free from envy, care, and strife,
Keep me, ye pow'rs divine!
And pleas'd, when ye demand my life,
May I that life resign!

§ 46. *Song.* *The Character of a happy Life.*
SIR HENRY WOTTON.

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill;
Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death:
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame, or private breath!
Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice hath ever understood;
How deepest wounds are giv'n by praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good!
Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great!
Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace and gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend!
This man is freed from servile hands,
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall:
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

§ 47. *Song.* HILDEBRAND JACOB, *Esq.*

I ENVY not the mighty great,
Those pow'ful rulers of the state,
Who settle nations as they please,
And govern at th' expense of ease.
Far happier the shepherd swain,
Who daily drudges on the plain,
And nightly in some humble shed
On rushy pillows lays his head.
No curst ambition breaks his rest,
No factious wars divide his breast;
His flocks, his pipe, and artless fair,
Are all his hope, and all his care.

§ 48. *Song.*

No glory I covet, no riches I want,
Ambition is nothing to me;
The one thing I beg of kind Heaven to grant,
Is a mind independent and free.
With passions unruffled, untainted with pride,
By reason my life let me square;
The wants of my nature are cheaply supplied,
And the rest are but folly and care.
The blessings which Providence freely has lent,
I'll justly and gratefully prize;
Whilst sweet meditation, and cheerful content,
Shall make me both healthful and wise.

In the pleasures the great man's possessions dis-
Unenvied I'll challenge my part; [play,
For ev'ry fair object my eyes can survey
Contributes to gladden my heart.

How vainly, through infinite trouble and strife,
The many their labors employ !
Since all that is truly delightful in life
Is what all, if they please, may enjoy.

§ 49. *Song.* DR. DARLTON.*

NOR on beds of fading flow'rs,
Shedding soon their gaudy pride,
Nor with swains in syren bow'rs,
Will true pleasure long reside.
On awful virtue's hill sublime
Enthroned sits th' immortal fair:
Who wins her height must patient climb;
The steps are peril, toil, and care.
So from the first did Jove ordain
Eternal bliss for transient pain.

§ 50. *Song.* A Moral Thought.
DR. HAWKSWORTH.

THROUGH groves sequester'd, dark, and still,
Low vales, and mossy cells among,
In silent paths the careless rill
With languid murmurs steals along.

A while it plays with circling sweep,
And ling'ring leaves its native plain;
Then pours impetuous down the steep,
And mingles with the boundless main.

O let my years thus devious glide
Through silent scenes obscurely calm;
Nor wealth nor strife pollute the tide,
Nor honor's sanguinary palm.

When labor tires, and pleasure palls,
Still let the stream untroubled be,
As down the steep of age it falls,
And mingles with eternity.

§ 51. *Song.*

FROM the court to the cottage convey me away,
For I'm weary of grandeur, and what they call
Where pride without measure, [gay;
And pomp without pleasure,
Make life in a circle of hurry decay.

Far remote and retir'd from the noise of the town,
I'll exchange my brocade for a plain russet gown:
My friends shall be few,
But well chosen and true,
And sweet recreation our evening shall crown.

With a rural repast, a rich banquet for me,
On a mossy green turf, near some shady old tree,
The river's clear brink
Shall afford me my drink,
And temp'rance my friendly physician shall be.

Ever calm and serene, with contentment still
blest,
Not too giddy with joy, or with sorrow deprest,
I'll neither invoke,
Or repine at death's stroke,
But retire from the world as I would to my rest.

§ 52. *Song.* The Blind Boy.
COLLEY CIBBER.†

O SAY what is that thing call'd light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy?
What are the blessings of the sight?
O tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wondrous things you see,
You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make,
Whene'er I sleep or play;
And could I ever keep awake,
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy:
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

§ 53. *Song.* ROBERT DODSLEY.‡

How happy a state does the miller possess,
Who would be no greater, nor fears to be less!
On his mill and himself he depends for support,
Which is better than servilely cringing at court.

What though he all dusty and whiten'd does go,
The more he's be-powder'd, the more like a beau:
A clown in his dress may be honest far
Than a courtier who struts in his garb and star.

Though his hands are so daub'd they're not fit
to be seen,

The hands of his betters are not very clean:
A palm more polite may as dirtily deal; [meal.
Gold, in handling, will stick to the fingers like

What if, when a pudding for dinner he lacks,
He cribs without scruple from other men's sacks;
In this of right noble example he brags,
Who borrow as freely from other men's bags.

Or should he endeavour to heap an estate,
In this he would mimic the tools of the state;
Whose aim is alone their own coffers to fill,
As all his concern's to bring grist to his mill.
He eats when he's hungry, he drinks when he's
dry.

And down, when he's weary, contented does lie;

* In the Masque of Comus. It seems to be imitated from a passage in the 17th book of Tasso's Jerusalem.

† Written for, and set by, the late celebrated Mr. Stanley, organist of St. Andrew, Holborn.

‡ In the entertainment of the Miller of Mansfield.

Then rises up cheerful to work and to sing :
If so happy a miller, then who'd be a king ?

54. *Song. The Old Man's Wish.* DR. POPE.

If I live to grow old, for I find I go down,
Let this be my fate :—In a country town
May I have a warm house, with a stone at the gate,
And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate !

May I govern my passion with an absolute
sway, [wears away,

And grow wiser and better as my strength
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay !

Near a shady grove, and a murmuring brook,
With the ocean at distance, whereon I may look ;
With a spacious plain, without hedge or stile,
And an easy pad-nag to ride out a mile.

May I govern, &c.

With Horace, and Petrarch, and two or three
more

Of the best wits that reign'd in the ages before ;
With roast mutton, rather than ven'son or teal,
And clean, though coarse, linen at ev'ry meal.

May I govern, &c.

With a pudding on Sundays, with stout hum-
ming liquor,

And remnants of Latin to welcome the vicar ;

With *Monte Fiascone*, or Burgundy wine,

To drink the king's health as oft as I dine.

May I govern, &c.

With a courage undaunted may I face my last
day ;

And, when I am dead, may the better sort say,
In the morning when sober, in the evening

when mellow, [fellow :

He's gone, and [has] left not behind him his

For he govern'd his passion with an absolute
sway, [away,

And grew wiser and better as his strength wore
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

§ 55. *Song. Time's Alteration.*

WHEN this old cap was new,

'Tis since two hundred year,

No malice then we knew,

But all things plenty were ;

All friendship now decays

(Believe me this is true),

Which was not in those days

When this old cap was new.

The nobles of our land

Were much delighted then

To have at their command

A crew of lusty men,

Which by their coats were known

Of tawny, red, or blue,

With crests on their sleeves shown,

When this old cap was new.

Now pride hath banish'd all,

Unto our land's reproach,

When he whose means are small

Maintains both horse and coach ;

Instead of a hundred men,
The coach allows but two ;
This was not thought on then,
When this old cap was new.

Good hospitality

Was cherish'd then of many ;

Now poor men starve and die,

And are not help'd by any :

For charity waxeth cold,

And love is found in few ;

This was not in time of old,

When this old cap was new.

Where'er you travell'd then,

You might meet on the way

Brave knights and gentlemen,

Clad in their country grey,

That courteous would appear,

And kindly welcome you :

No puritans then were,

When this old cap was new.

Our ladies, in those days,

In civil habit went ;

Broad-cloth was then worth praise,

And gave the best content :

French fashions then were scorn'd,

Fond fangles then none knew,

Then modesty women adorn'd,

When this old cap was new.

A man might then behold

At Christmas, in each hall,

Good fires to curb the cold,

And meat for great and small :

The neighbours were friendly bidden,

And all had welcome true,

The poor from the gates were not chidden,

When this old cap was new.

Black jacks to ev'ry man

Were fill'd with wine and beer,

No pewter pot, nor can,

In those days did appear :

Good cheer in a nobleman's house

Was counted a seemly show ;

We wanted no brawn or souse,

When this old cap was new.

We took not such delight

In cups of silver fine :

None under degree of a knight

In plate drank beer or wine :

Now each mechanical man

Hath a cupboard of plate for a shew,

Which was a rare thing then

When this old cap was new.

Then brib'ry was unborn,

No simony men did use ;

Christians did usury scorn,

Devis'd among the Jews :

The lawyers to be fee'd

At that time hardly knew,

For man with man agreed,

When this old cap was new.

No captain then carous'd,
Nor spent poor soldiers' pay;
They were not so abus'd
As they are at this day:
Of seven days they make eight,
To keep them from their due;
Poor soldiers had their right
When this old cap was new;

Which made them forward still
To go, although not press'd;
And going with good-will,
Their fortunes were the best.
Our English then in fight
Did foreign foes subdue,
And forc'd them all to flight,
When this old cap was new.

God save our gracious king,
And send him long to live!
Lord, mischief on them bring
That will not their alms give;
But seek to rob the poor
Of that which is their due:
This was not in time of yore,
When this old cap was new.

§ 56. *Song. The Vicar of Bray.*

IN good king Charles's golden days,
When loyalty no harm meant,
A zealous high-churchman I was,
And so I got preferment:
To teach my flock I never miss'd,
Kings are by God appointed,
And damn'd are those that do resist
Or touch the Lord's Anointed.
And this is law I will maintain
Until my dying day, sir—
That whatsoever king shall reign,
I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

When Royal James obtain'd the crown,
And popery came in fashion,
The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the Declaration:
The church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my constitution;
And had become a Jesuit,
But for the Revolution.
And this is law, &c.

When William was our king declar'd,
To ease the nation's grievance;
With this new wind about I steer'd,
And swore to him allegiance:
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance;
Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance.
And this is law, &c.

When gracious Anne became our queen,
The church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a tory:

Occasional conformists base,
I damn'd their moderation;
And thought the church in danger was
By such prevarication.
And this is law, &c.

When George in pudding time came o'er,
And mod'rate men look'd big, sir!
I turn'd a cat-in-pan once more,
And so became a whig, sir:
And thus preferment I procur'd
From our new faith's defender;
And almost ev'ry day ahjur'd
The pope and the pretender.
And this is law, &c.

Th' illustrious House of Hanover,
And protestant succession;
To these I do allegiance swear—
While they can keep possession:
For in my faith and loyalty
I never more will falter,
And George my lawful king shall be—
Until the times do alter.
And this is law I will maintain
Until my dying day, sir—
That whatsoever king shall reign,
I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

§ 57. *Song. The Storm. G. A. STEVENS.*

CEASE, rude Boreas, blustering railer;
List, ye landsmen, all to me!
Messmates, hear a brother sailor
Sing the dangers of the sea;
From bounding billows fast in motion,
When the distant whirlwinds rise,
To the tempest-troubled ocean,
Where the seas contend with skies!

Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
By topsail-sheets and haulyards stand!
Down top-gallants quick be hauling,
Down your stay-sails, hand, boys, hand!
Now it freshens, set the braces,
The topsail sheets now let go:
Luff, boys, luff! don't make wry faces,
Up your topsails nimbly clew.

Now all you on down beds sporting,
Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms;
Fresh enjoyments wanton courting,
Safe from all but love's alarms;
Round us roars the tempest louder,
Think what fear our minds enthrals;
Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
Now again the boatswain calls!

The topsail-yards point to the wind, boys,
See all clear to reef each course;
Let the fore-sheet go, don't mind, boys,
Though the weather should be worse.
Fore and aft the sprit-sail yard get,
Reef the mizen, see all clear;
Hands up, each preventure-brace set,
Man the fore-yard, cheer, lads, cheer!

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring,
 Peal on peal contending clash,
 On our heads fierce rain falls pouring.
 In our eyes blue lightnings flash;
 One wide water all around us:
 All above us one black sky;
 Different deaths at once surround us:
 Hark! what means that dreadful cry?

The foremast's gone, cries ev'ry tongue out,
 O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck;
 A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out,
 Call all hands to clear the wreck.
 Quick the lanyards cut to pieces;
 Come, my hearts, be stout and bold;
 Plumb the well—the leak increases,
 Four feet water in the hold.

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
 We for wives or children mourn;
 Alas! from thence there's no retreating!
 Alas! to them there's no return!
 Still the leak is gaining on us!
 Both chain-pumps are chok'd below:
 Heaven have mercy here upon us!
 For only that can save us now.

O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys,
 Let the guns o'erboard be thrown;
 To the pump come ev'ry hand, boys,
 See! our mizen-mast is gone!
 The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast,
 We've lighten'd her a foot or more;
 Up, and rig a jury foremast,
 She rights, she rights, boys, we're offshore!

Now once more on joys we're thinking,
 Since kind Heaven has saved our lives!
 Come, the can, boys! let's be drinking
 To our sweethearts and our wives;
 Fill it up, about ship wheel it,
 Close to our lips a brimmer join:
 Where's the tempest now, who feels it?
 None—the danger's drown'd in wine.

58. *Song. Neptune's raging Fury; or the
 gallant Seaman's Sufferings.*

You gentlemen of England
 That live at home at ease,
 Ah, little do you think upon
 The dangers of the seas;
 Give ear unto the mariners,
 And they will plainly show
 [All] the cares, and the fears,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

All you that will be seamen,
 Must bear a valiant heart,
 For when you come upon the seas
 You must not think to start;
 Nor once to be faint-hearted,
 In hail, rain, blow, or snow,
 Nor to think for to shrink
 When the stormy winds do blow.

The bitter storms and tempests
 Poor seamen do endure,
 Both day and night, with many a fright,
 We seldom rest secure;
 Our sleep it is disturbed
 With visions strange to know,
 And with dreams on the streams,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

In claps of roaring thunder,
 Which darkness doth enforce,
 We often find our ship to stray
 Beyond her wonted course:
 Which causeth great distractions,
 And sinks our hearts full low;
 'Tis in vain to complain,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

Sometimes in Neptune's bosom
 Our ship is tost in waves,
 And ev'ry man expecting
 The sea to be their graves!
 Then up aloft she mounteth,
 And down again so low,
 'Tis with waves, O with waves,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

Then down again we fall to pray'r,
 With all our might and thought,
 When refuge all doth fail us,
 'Tis that must bear us out;
 To God we call for succour,
 For he it is, we know,
 That must aid us, and save us,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

The lawyer and the usurer,
 That sit in gowns of fur,
 In closets warm, can take no harm,
 Abroad they need not stir;
 When winter fierce with cold doth pierce,
 And beats with hail and snow,
 We are sure to endure,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

We bring home costly merchandise,
 And jewels of great price,
 To serve our English gallantry,
 With many a rare device;
 To please our English gallantry,
 Our pains we freely show,
 For we toil and we moil,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

We sometimes sail to th' Indies,
 To fetch home spices rare;
 Sometimes again, to France and Spain,
 For wines beyond compare;
 Whilst gallants are carousing,
 In taverns on a row,
 Then we sweep o'er the deep,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

When tempests are blown over,
 And greatest fears are past,
 In weather fair, and temp'rate air,
 We straight lie down to rest;

But when the billows tumble,
And waves do furious grow,
Then we rouse, up we rouse,
When the stormy winds do blow.

If enemies oppose us,
When England is at war
With any foreign nations,
We fear not wound nor scar;
Our roaring guns shall teach 'em
Our valor for to know,
Whilst they reel, in the keel,
When the stormy winds do blow.

We are no cowardly shrinkers,
But true Englishmen bred,
We'll play our parts, like valiant hearts,
And never fly for dread;
We'll play our business nimbly
Whene'er we come or go,
With our mates, to the Straits,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Then courage, all brave mariners,
And never be dismay'd,
Whilst we have bold adventurers
We ne'er shall want a trade;
Our merchants will employ us,
To fetch them wealth, I know;
Then be bold, work for gold,
When the stormy winds do blow.

When we return in safety,
With wages for our pains,
The tapster and the vintner
Will help to share our gains:
We call for liquor roundly,
And pay before we go:
Then we'll roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow.

§ 59. *Song.* GOLDSMITH.

THE wretch condemn'd with life to part
Still, still on hope relies;
And ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
Bids expectation rise.
Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

§ 60. *Song.* GOLDSMITH.

O MEMORY! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain:
Thou, like the world, th' oppress'd oppressing,
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe!
And he who wants each other blessing,
In thee must ever find a foe.

§ 61. *Song.*

GENTLY touch the warbling lyre,
Chloe seems inclin'd to rest;
Fill her soul with fond desire,
Softest notes will sooth her breast:
Pleasing dreams assist in love:
Let them all propitious prove.

On the mossy bank she lies
(Nature's verdant velvet bed),
Beauteous flowers meet her eyes,
Forming pillows for her head;
Zephyrs waft their odours round,
And indulging whispers sound.

§ 62. *The same parodied.*

GENTLY stir and blow the fire,
Lay the mutton down to roast,
Dress it quickly, I desire,
In the dripping put a toast,
That I hunger may remove;
Mutton is the meat I love.

On the dresser see it lie,
O! the charming white and red!
Finer meat ne'er met my eye.
On the sweetest grass it fed:
Let the jack go swiftly round.
Let me have it nicely brown'd.

On the table spread the cloth,
Let the knives be sharp and clean:
Pickles get, and salad both,
Let them each be fresh and green:
With small beer, good ale, and wine,
O ye Gods! how I shall dine!

§ 63. *Song.* SHAKESPEARE.

UNDER the green wood-tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to lie i' th' sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

§ 64. *A Dirge.* D'URFEY.

SLEEP, sleep, poor youth! sleep, sleep in peace,
Reliev'd from love, and mortal care;
Whilst we, that pine in life's disease,
Uncertain blest less happy are.

Couch'd in the dark and silent grave,
 No ills of fate thou now canst fear;
 In vain would tyrant power enslave,
 Or scornful beauty be severe.
 Wars that do fatal storms disperse,
 Far from thy happy mansion keep:
 Earthquakes that shake the universe,
 Can't rock thee into sounder sleep.
 With all the charms of peace possess,
 Secure from life's tormentor, pain,
 Sleep, and indulge thyself with rest,
 Nor dream thou ere shalt rise again.

CHORUS.

Past is the fear of future doubt,
 The sun is from the dial gone,
 The sands are sunk, the glass is out,
 The folly of the farce is done!

§ 65. *Song.* GARRICK.

Thou soft flowing Avon, by thy silver stream
 Of things more than mortal sweet Shakspeare
 would dream,
 The fairies by moon-light danced round his
 green bed,
 For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his
 head.
 The love-stricken maiden, the soft-sighing
 swain, [pain;
 Here rove without danger, and sigh without
 The sweet bud of beauty no blight shall here
 dread,
 For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.
 Here youth shall be fam'd for their love and
 their truth,
 And cheerful old age feel the spirit of youth;
 For the raptures of fancy here poets shall tread,
 For hallow'd the turf is that pillow'd his head.
 Flow on, silver Avon, in song ever flow!
 Be the swans on thy borders still whiter than
 snow!
 Ever full be thy stream, like his fame may it
 spread!
 And the turf ever hallow'd which pillow'd his
 head.

§ 66. *Song.* *The Fairies.*

COME follow, follow me,
 Ye fairy elves that be,
 Light tripping o'er the green;
 Come follow Mab, your queen:
 Hand in hand we'll dance around,
 For this place is fairy ground.
 When mortals are at rest,
 And snoring in their nest;
 Unheard and unespied,
 Through key-holes we do glide;
 Over tables, stools, and shelves,
 We trip it with our fairy elves.

And if the house be foul
 With platter, dish, or bowl,
 Up stairs we nimbly creep,
 And find the sluts asleep;
 Then we pinch their arms and thighs;
 None us hears, and none us spies.

But if the house be swept,
 And from uncleanness kept,
 We praise the household maid,
 And duly she is paid:
 Every night before we go,
 We drop a tester in her shoe.

Then o'er a mushroom's head
 Our table-cloth we spread;
 A grain of rye or wheat,
 The diet that we eat;
 Pearly drops of dew we drink,
 In acorn cups fill'd to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,
 With unctuous fat of snails,
 Between two cockles stew'd,
 Is meat that's easily chew'd;
 Tails of worms, and marrow of mice,
 Do make a dish that's wondrous nice!

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,
 Serve for our minstrelsy;
 Grace said, we dance a while,
 And so the time beguile:
 And if the moon doth hide her head,
 The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

O'er tops of dewy grass
 So nimbly we do pass,
 The young and tender stalk
 Ne'er bends where we do walk;
 Yet in the morning may be seen
 Where we the night before have been.

§ 67. *Song.* *The Thief and Cordelier.*

PRIOR.

Who has e'er been at Paris must needs know
 the Grève,
 The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave;
 Where honor and justice most oddly contribute
 To ease heroes' pains by a halter and gibbet.
 Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There death breaks the shackles which force
 had put on,
 And the hangman completes what the judge
 had begun:
 There the squire of the pad, and the knight of
 the post,
 Find their pains no more balk'd, and their
 hopes no more cross'd.
 Derry down, &c.

Great claims are there made, and great secrets
 are known;
 And the king, and the law, and the thief, has
 his own;

But my hearers cry out, What a dence dost
thou ail?
Put off thy reflections, and give us thy tale.
Derry down, &c.

'Twas there then, in civil respect to harsh laws,
And for want of false witness to back a bad
cause,
A Norman, though late, was obliged to appear;
And who to assist but a grave Cordelier!
Derry down, &c.

The squire whose good grace was to open the
scene,
Seem'd not in great haste that the show should
begin;
Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart,
And often took leave, but was loth to depart.
Derry down, &c.

What frightens you thus, my good son? says
the priest;
You murder'd, are sorry, and have been con-
fess'd.
O father! my sorrow will scarce save my bacon;
For 'twas not that I murder'd, but that I was
taken.
Derry down, &c.

Pooh! pr'ythee, ne'er trouble thy head with
such fancies;
Rely on the aid you shall have from St. Francis:
If the money you promised be brought to the
chest,
You have only to die; let the church do therest.
Derry down, &c.

And what will folks say if they see you afraid?
It reflects upon me, as I knew not my trade:
Courage, friend! to-day is your period of sorrow:
And things will go better, believe me, to-
morrow.
Derry down, &c.

To-morrow? our hero replied in a fright;
He that's hang'd before noon ought to think
of to-night.
Tell your beads, says the priest, and be fairly
truss'd up;
For you surely to-night shall in Paradise sup.
Derry down, &c.

Alas! quoth the squire, howe'er sumptuous
the treat,
Parbleu! I shall have little stomach to eat:
I should therefore esteem it great favor and grace,
Would you be so kind as to go in my place.
Derry down, &c.

That I would, quoth the father, and thank you
to boot;
But our actions, you know, with our duty
must suit:
The feast I propos'd to you, I cannot taste;
For this night, by our order, is mark'd for a fast.
Derry down, &c.

Then turning about to the hangman, he said:
Dispatch me, I pray thee, this troublesome
blade;
For thy cord and my cord both equally tie;
And we live by the gold for which other men
die.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

§ 68. *Song. Admiral Hosier's Ghost.*

GLOVER.

It was written by the ingenious author of *Leonidas*,
on the taking of Porto-Bello from the Spaniards
by Admiral Vernon, Nov. 22, 1739.—The case
of Hosier, which is here so pathetically represented,
was briefly this: In April, 1726, that commander
was sent with a strong fleet to the West Indies,
to block up the galleons in the ports of that country;
or, should they presume to come out, to seize and
carry them to England: he accordingly arrived at
the *Basimentos*, near Porto-Bello, but being re-
stricted by his orders from obeying the dictates of
his courage, lay inactive on that station until he
became the jest of the Spaniards; he afterwards
removed to Carthagena, and continued cruising in
these seas till the far greater part of his men per-
ished deplorably by the diseases of that unhealthy
climate.—This brave man, seeing his best officers
and men thus daily swept away, his ships exposed
to inevitable destruction, and himself made the
sport of the enemy, is said to have died of a broken
heart.

As near Porto-Bello lying
On the gently-swelling flood,
At midnight with streamers flying,
Our triumphant navy rode;
There, while Vernon sate all-glorious
From the Spaniards' late defeat,
And his crews, with shouts victorious,
Drank success to England's fleet;
On a sudden, shrilly sounding,
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard;
Then, each heart with fear confounding,
A sad troop of ghosts appear'd:
All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
Which for winding-sheets they wore,
And, with looks by sorrow clouded,
Frowning on that hostile shore.
On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre;
When the shade of Hosier brave
His pale bands were seen to muster,
Rising from their wat'ry grave:
O'er the glimmering wave he hid him,
Where the Burford rear'd her sail,
With three thousand ghosts beside him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.
Heed, O heed, our fatal story!
I am Hosier's injur'd ghost;
You, who now have purchas'd glory
At this place where I was lost:
Though in Porto-Bello's ruin
You now triumph free from fears;
When you think of my undoing,
You will mix your joys with tears.

See these mournful spectres sweeping
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping :

These were English captains brave.
Mark those numbers, pale and horrid,
Who were once my sailors bold ;
Lo! each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his dismal tale is told.

I, by twenty sail attended,
Did the Spanish town affright ;
Nothing then its wealth defended.
But my orders not to fight.
O! that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain!
And obey'd my heart's warm motion
To have quell'd the pride of Spain!

For resistance I could fear none,
But with twenty ships had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Hast achiev'd with six alone.

Then the Bastimentos never
Had our foul dishonor seen,
Nor the sea the sad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

Thus like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though, condemn'd for disobeying,
I had met a traitor's doom:

To have fallen, my country crying,
"He has play'd an English part,"
Had been better far than dying
Of a griev'd and broken heart.

Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy successful arms we hail;
But remember our sad story,
And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.
Sent in this foul clime to languish,
Think what thousands fell in vain,
Wasted with disease and anguish,
Not in glorious battle slain.
Hence, with all my train attending
From their oozy tombs below,
Through the hoary foam ascending,
Here I feel my constant woe
Here, the Bastimentos viewing,
We recall our shameful doom,
And, our plaintive cries renewing,
Wander through the midnight gloom.

O'er the waves, for ever mourning,
Shall we roam depriv'd of rest,
If to Britain's shores returning,
You neglect my just request:
After this proud foe subduing,
When your patriot friends you see,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England—sham'd in me.

§ 69. *Song. Captain Death*.*

THE muse and the hero together are fir'd,
The same noble views have their bosoms in-
spir'd;

As freedom they love, and for glory contend,
The muse o'er the hero still mourns as a friend:
And here let the muse her poor tribute bequeath
To one British hero—'tis brave captain Death!
His ship was the Terrible—dreadful to see!
His crew was as brave and as gallant as he;
Two hundred or more was their good comple-
ment,

And sure braver fellows to sea never went:
Each man was determin'd to spend his last breath
In fighting for Britain and brave captain Death.
A prize they had taken diminish'd their force,
And soon the good prize-ship was lost in her
course;

The French privateer† and the Terrible met:—
The battle begun—all with horror beset!
No heart was dismay'd, each as bold as Mac-
beth;

They fought for old England, and brave cap-
tain Death.
Fire, thunder, balls, bullets, were seen, heard,
and felt;

A sight that the heart of Bellona would melt!
The shrouds were all torn, and the decks fill'd
with blood, [flood.

And scores of dead bodies were thrown in the
The flood, from the days of old Noah and Seth,
Ne'er saw such a man as our brave captain Death.
At last the dread bullet came wing'd with his
fate, [mate;

Our brave captain dropp'd, and soon after his
Each officer fell, and a carnage was seen,
That soon dyed the waves to a crimson from
green: [wreath,

And Neptune rose up, and he took off his
And gave it a Triton to crown captain Death.
Thus fell the strong Terrible bravely and bold;
But sixteen survivors the tale can unfold!

The French were the victors, though much to
their cost, [lost.

For many brave French were with Englishmen
And thus says old Time, "From good queen
Elizabeth,

I ne'er saw the fellow of brave captain Death."

§ 70. *Song. The sea Fight in 1692.*

THURSDAY in the morn, the ides of May,
Recorded for ever the famous ninety-two,
Brave Russel did discern, by dawn of day,
The lofty sails of France advancing now;
All hands aloft, aloft, let English valor shine,
Let fly a culverin, the signal for the line;
Let every hand supply his gun;

Follow me,
And you'll see

That the battle will be soon begun.

Tourville on the main triumphant roll'd,
To meet the gallant Russel in combat on
the deep;

He led a noble train of heroes bold,
To sink the English admiral and his fleet.

* Written, as it is said, by one of his surviving crew. † Called the Vengeance.

Now every valiant mind to victory doth aspire,
The bloody fight's begun, the sea itself on fire:
And mighty Fate stood looking on;

Whilst a flood,
All of blood,

Filled the scuppers of the Royal Sun!

Sulphur, smoke, and fire, disturbing the air,
With thunder and wonder affright the Gallic
shore;

Their regulated bands stood trembling near,
To see the lofty streamers now no more.

At six o'clock the Red the smiling victors led,
To give a second blow, the fatal overthrow;

Now death and horror equal reign;

Now they cry,
Run or die,

British colors ride the vanquish'd main!

See, they fly amaz'd o'er rocks and sands! [fate;

One danger they grasp at to shun the greater
In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands;

The nymphs and sea-gods mourn their lost
estate!

For evermore adieu, thou Royal dazzling Sun,
From thy untimely end thy master's fate begun:

Enough, thou mighty god of war!

Now we sing,
Bless the king,

Let us drink to every English tar.

§ 71. *Song. Peggy**. GARRICK.

ONCE more I'll tune the vocal shell,
To hills and dales my passion tell,

A flame which time can never quell,

That burns for thee my Peggy:

Yet greater bards the lyre should hit;

For pray what subject is more fit,

Than to record the sparkling wit

And bloom of lovely Peggy?

The sun first rising in the morn,

That paints the dew-bespangled thorn,

Does not so much the day adorn,

As does my lovely Peggy:

And when in Thetis' lap to rest,

He streaks with gold the ruddy west,

He's not so beauteous as undress'd

Appears my lovely Peggy.

When Zephyr on the violet blows,

Or breathes upon the damask rose,

He does not half the sweets disclose

That does my lovely Peggy.

I stole a kiss the other day,

And trust me, nought but truth I say,

The fragrance of the blooming May

Is not so sweet as Peggy.

Were she array'd in rustic weed,

With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,

And pipe upon the oaten reed,

To please my lovely Peggy:

With her a cottage would delight,

All's happy when she's in my sight;

But when she's gone it's endless night—

All's dark without my Peggy.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r shall rove,
And linnets warble through the grove,
Or stately swans the rivers love,

So long shall I love Peggy:

And when death with his pointed dart
Shall strike the blow that rives my heart,

My words shall be, when I depart,

Adieu, my lovely Peggy!"

§ 72. *Song. The Miller's Wedding. IBID.*

LEAVE, neighbours, your work, and to sport
and to play;

Let the tabor strike up, and the village be gay;

No day through the year shall more cheerful be
seen;

For Ralph of the Mill marries Sue of the Green.

CHORUS.

I love Sue, and Sue loves me,

And while the wind blows,

And while the mill goes,

Who'll be so happy, so happy as we?

Let lords and fine folks, who for wealth take
a bride,

Be married to-day, and to-morrow be cloy'd:

My body is stout, and my heart is as sound;

And my love, like my courage, will never give
ground.

Chorus—I love Sue, &c.

Let ladies of fashion the best jointures wed,

And prudently take the best bidders to bed:

Such signing and sealing's no part of our bliss;

We settle our hearts, and we seal with a kiss.

Chorus—I love Sue, &c.

Though Ralph is not courtly, nor none of your
beaux,

Nor bounces, nor flatters, nor wears your fine
clothes,

In nothing he'll follow the folks of high life,

Nor e'er turn his back on his friend or his wife.

Chorus—I love Sue, &c.

While thus I am able to work at my mill,

While thus thou art kind, and thy tongue but
lies still,

Our joys shall continue and ever be new,

And none be so happy as Ralph and his Sue.

Chorus—I love Sue, &c.

§ 73. *Sung in the Winter's Tale. IBID.*

COME, come, my good shepherds, our flocks
we must shear;

In your holiday-suits with your lasses appear:

The happiest of folk are the guileless and free;

And who are so guileless, so happy as we?

We harbour no passions by luxury taught,

We practise no arts with hypocrisy fraught;

What we think in our hearts you may read in
our eyes;

For, knowing no falsehood, we need no disguise.

* This song was written in compliment to Mrs. Woffington.

By mode and caprice are the city dames led,
But we as the children of Nature are bred ;
By her hand alone we are painted and dress'd ;
For the roses will bloom when there's peace in
the breast.

That giant, ambition, we never can dread ;
Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head :
Content and sweet cheerfulness open our door,
They smile with the simple, and feed with the
poor.

When love has possess'd us, that love we reveal ;
Like the flocks that we feed are the passions we
feel ;

So harmless and simple we sport and we play,
And leave to fine folks to deceive and betray.

§ 74. *Song.* GARRICK.

Ye fair married dames, who so often deplore
That a lover once blest is a lover no more ;
Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught
That prudence must cherish what beauty has
caught.

The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of
your eye,

Your roses and lilies, may make the men sigh ;
But roses, and lilies, and sighs pass away,
And passion will die as your beauties decay.

Use the man that you wed like your favorite
guitar,

Though music's in both, they are both apt to jar ;
How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,
Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too
much !

The sparrow and linnet will feed from your
hand, [mand !

Grow tame at your kindness, and come at com-
Exert with your husband the same happy skill,
For hearts, like young birds, may be tam'd to
your will.

Be gay and good-humor'd, complying and kind,
Turn the chief of your care from your face to
your mind :

'Tis thus that a wife may her conquest improve,
And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of Love.

§ 75. *Song in Harlequin's Invasion.* IBID.

To arms ! ye brave mortals, to arms !

The road to renown lies before ye !

The name of King Shakspeare has charms
To rouse you to actions of glory.

Away ! ye brave mortals, away !

'Tis Nature calls on you to save her ;

What man but would Nature obey,
And fight for her Shakspeare for ever !

§ 76. *Song in the same.* IBID.

THRICE happy the nation that Shakspeare
has charm'd !

More happy the bosoms his genius has warm'd !

Ye children of nature, of fashion, and whim,
He painted you all, all join to praise him.

Chorus. Come away ! come away !

His genius calls—you must obey.

From highest to lowest, from old to the young,
All states and conditions by him have been sung ;
All passions and humors were rais'd by his pen ;
He could soar with the eagle, and sink with
the wren.

Chorus. Come away, &c.

To praise him ye Fairies and Genii repair,
He knew where ye haunted, in earth or in air :
No phantom so subtle could glide from his view,
The wings of his fancy were swifter than you.

Chorus. Come away ! come away !

His genius calls—you must obey.

§ 77. *Song in the Country Girl.* IBID.

TELL not me of the roses and lilies

Which tinge the fair cheek of your Phyllis ;

Tell not me of the dimples and eyes

For which silly Corydon dies :

Let all whining lovers go hang ;

My heart would you hit,

Tip your arrow with wit,

And it comes to my heart with a twang, twang,
And it comes to my heart with a twang.

I am rock to the handsome and pretty,

Can only be touch'd by the witty ;

And beauty will ogle in vain :

The way to my heart's through my brain.

Let all whining lovers go hang :

We wits, you must know,

Have two strings to our bow,

To return them their darts with a twang, twang,
To return them their darts with a twang.

§ 78. *Air in Cymon.* IBID.

You gave me last week a young linnet,

Shut up in a fine golden cage ;

Yet how sad the poor thing was within it,

O how it did flutter and rage !

Then he mop'd and he pin'd,

That his wings were confin'd,

Till I open'd the door of his den :

Then so merry was he ;

And, because he was free,

He came to his cage back again.

§ 79. *Air in Cymon.* IBID.

Yet a while, sweet sleep, deceive me,

Fold me in thy downy arms ;

Let not care awake to grieve me,

Lull it with thy potent charms.

I, a turtle doom'd to stray,

Quitting young the parent's nest,

Find each bird a bird of prey ;

Sorrow knows not where to rest !

§ 30. *Shakspeare's Mulberry Tree.* *IBID.*

BEHOLD this fair goblet! 'twas carv'd from the tree,
Which, O my sweet Shakspeare, was planted
As a relic I kiss it, and bow at thy shrine,
What comes from thy hand must be ever divine!
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree;
Bend to thee,
Blest Mulberry!
Matchless was he
Who planted thee,
And thou like him immortal shalt be.

Ye trees of the forest, so rampant and high,
Who spread round your branches, whose heads
sweep the sky;
Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought
To root out the natives at prices so dear; [here
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c.

The oak is held royal, is Britain's great boast,
Preserv'd once our king, and will always our
coast;
But of fir we make ships, we have thousands
While one, only one, like our Shakspeare can
write.
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c.

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bowers,
Pomona in fruit-trees, and Flora in flowers;
The garden of Shakspeare all fancies will suit,
With the sweetest of flowers, and fairest of fruit.
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c.

With learning and knowledge the well-letter'd
birch [church;
Supplies law and physic, and grace for the
But law and the gospel in Shakspeare we find,
And he gives the best physic for body and mind.
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree,
From him and his merits this takes its degree;
Let Phœbus and Bacchus their glories resign,
Our tree shall surpass both the laurel and vine.
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c.

The genius of Shakspeare outshines the bright
day,
More rapture than wine to the heart can convey;
So the tree that he planted, by making his own,
Has laurel, and bays, and the vine, all in one.
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c.

Then each take a relic of this hallow'd tree;
From folly and fashion a charm let it be:
Fill, fill to the planter the cup to the brim;
To honor the country, do honour to him.
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree;
Bend to thee,
Blest Mulberry!
Matchless was he
Who planted thee,
And thou, like him, immortal shalt be.

§ 31. *The Friar of Orders Grey.*

"Dispersed through Shakspeare's plays are innumerable little fragments of ancient ballads, the entire copies of which could not be recovered. Many of these being of the most beautiful and pathetic simplicity, the Editor was tempted to select some of them, and with a few supplemental stanzas to connect them together, and form them into a little tale. One small fragment was taken from Beaumont and Fletcher."

It was a friar of orders grey
Walk'd forth to tell his beads;
And he met with a lady fair,
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.
Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar,
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever, at yon holy shrine,
My true-love thou didst see.

And how should I know your true-love
From many another one?—
O, by his cockle hat and staff,
And by his sandal shoon:
But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were so fair to view;
His flaxen locks, that sweetly curl'd,
And eyne of lovely blue.

O lady, he is dead and gone!
Lady, he's dead and gone!
And at his head a green-grass turf,
And at his heels a stone.

Within these holy cloisters long:
He languish'd, and he died,
Lamenting of a lady's love,
And 'plaining of her pride.

Here bore him, bare-faced on his bier,
Six proper youths and tall;
And many a tear bedew'd his grave
Within yon kirk-yard wall.

And art thou dead, thou gentle youth?
And art thou dead and gone?
And didst thou die for love of me?
Break, cruel heart of stone!

O weep not, lady, weep not so!
Some ghostly comfort seek:
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
Nor tears bedew thy cheek.

O do not, do not, holy fair,
My sorrow now reprove;
For I have lost the sweetest youth
That e'er won lady's love.

And now, alas! for thy sad loss,
I'll ever weep and sigh;
For thee I only wish to live,
For thee I wish to die.

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain:
For violets pluck'd, the sweetest show'rs
Will ne'er make grow again.

Our joys as winged dreams do fly,
 Why then should sorrow last?
 Since grief but aggravates thy loss,
 Grieve not for what is past.
 O say not so, thou holy friar!
 I pray thee, say not so!
 For since my true-love died for me,
 'Tis meet my tears should flow.
 And will he never come again?
 Will he ne'er come again?
 Ah, no! he is dead, and laid in his grave,
 For ever to remain.
 His cheek was redder than the rose,
 The comeliest youth was he.
 But he is dead, and laid in his grave,
 Alas! and woe is me!
 Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
 Men were deceivers ever;
 One foot on sea, and one on land,
 To one thing constant never.
 Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
 And left thee sad and heavy;
 For young men ever were fickle found,
 Since summer-trees were leafy.
 Now say not so, thou holy friar,
 I pray thee, say not so!
 My love he had the truest heart;
 O he was ever true!
 And art thou dead, thou much-lov'd youth?
 And didst thou die for me?
 Then farewell, home! for evermore
 A pilgrim I will be.
 But first upon my true-love's grave
 My weary limbs I'll lay;
 And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf
 That wraps his breathless clay.
 Yet stay, fair lady, stay a while
 Beneath this cloister wall:
 See, through the hawthorn blows the wind,
 And drizzly rain doth fall.
 O stay me not, thou holy friar,
 O stay me not, I pray!
 No drizzly rain that falls on me
 Can wash my fault away.
 Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
 And dry those pearly tears;
 For see, beneath this gown of grey,
 Thy own true-love appears.
 Here, forced by grief and hopeless love,
 These holy weeds I sought:
 And here, amidst these lonely walls,
 To end my days I thought.
 But haply, for my year of grace
 Is not yet pass'd away,
 Might I still hope to win thy love,
 No longer would I stay.
 Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
 Once more unto my heart;
 For since I've found thee, lovely youth,
 We never more will part.

§ 82. *Song. Black-eyed Susan.* GAY.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When black-ey'd Susan came on board,
 O where shall I my true-love find?
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet William sails among your crew.
 William, who high upon the yard
 Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below;
 The cord glides swiftly through his glowing
 hands,
 And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.
 So the sweet lark, high-pois'd in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
 And drops at once into her nest.
 The noblest captain in the British fleet
 Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear!
 My vows shall ever true remain;
 Let me kiss off that falling tear:
 We only part to meet again.
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.
 Believe not what the landmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind:
 They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
 At every port a mistress find.
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
 Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright;
 Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
 Thy skin is ivory so white.
 Thus every beauteous object that I view
 Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Though battle calls me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
 Though cannons roar, yet free from harms,
 William shall to his dear return:
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gives the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosoms spread;
 No longer must she stay on board:
 They kiss'd: she sigh'd; he hung his head;
 Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land;
 Adieu! she cries, and wav'd her lily hand.

§ 83. *Song.* ROWE.

As on a summer's day,
 In the greenwood shade I lay,
 The maid that I lov'd,
 As her fancy mov'd,
 Came walking forth that way.
 And as she passed by,
 With a scornful glance of her eye,

What a shame, quoth she,
For a swain must it be,
Like a lazy loon for to lie!
And dost thou nothing heed
What Pan our god has decreed,
What a prize to-day
Shall be given away
To the sweetest shepherd's reed?
There's not a single swain
Of all this fruitful plain,
But with hopes and fears
Now busily prepares
The bonny boon to gain.

Shall another maiden shine
In brighter array than thine?
Up, up, dull swain,
Tune thy pipe once again,
And make the garland mine.
Alas! my love, I cried,
What avails this courtly pride?
Since thy dear desert
Is written in my heart,
What is all the world beside?
To me thou art more gay,
In this homely russet grey,
Than the nymphs of our green,
So trim and so sheen,
Or the brightest queen of May.
What though my fortune frown,
And deny thee a silken gown;
My own dear maid,
Be content with this shade,
And a shepherd all thy own.

§ 84. *Song.* PRIOR.

ALEXIS shunn'd his fellow-swains,
Their rural sports and jocund strains:
Heaven shield us all from Cupid's bow!
He lost his crook, he left his flocks,
And, wand'ring through the lonely rocks,
He nourish'd endless woe.
The nymphs and shepherds round him came,
His grief some pity, others blame,
The fatal cause all kindly seek;
He mingled his concern with theirs,
He gave them back their friendly tears,
He sigh'd, but could not speak.
Clarinda came, among the rest;
And she, too, kind concern express'd,
And ask'd the reason of his woe;
She ask'd, but with an air and mien
That made it easily foreseen
She fear'd too much to know.
The shepherd rais'd his mournful head:
And will you pardon me, he said,
While I the cruel truth reveal;
Which nothing from my breast should tear,
Which never should offend your ear,
But that you bid me tell?

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appear'd upon the plain;
You are the cause of all my care:
Your eyes ten thousand daggers dart,
Ten thousand torments vex my heart,
I love, and I despair.
Too much, Alexis, have I heard;
'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd,
And yet I pardon you, she cried;
But you shall promise, ne'er again
To breathe your vows, or speak your pain:
He bow'd, obey'd—and died.

§ 85. *Song.*

ONE morning very early, one morning in the
spring, [sing;
I heard a maid in Bedlam, who mournfully did
Her chains she rattled on her hands, while
sweetly thus sung she, [me.
I love my love, because I know my love loves
O cruel were his parents who sent my love to
sea, [from me!
And cruel, cruel was the ship that bore my love.
Yet I love his parents, since they're his, altho'
they've ruin'd me,
And I love my love, because I know my love
loves me.
O! should it please the pitying pow'rs to call
me to the sky,
I'd claim a guardian angel's charge, around my
love to fly;
To guard him from all dangers, how happy
should I be! [loves me.
For I love my love, because I know my love
I'll make a strawy garland, I'll make it won-
drous fine,
With roses, lilies, daises, I'll mix the eglantine,
And I'll present it to my love, when he returns
from sea; [loves me.
For I love my love, because I know my love
O if I were a little bird to build upon his
breast, rest!
Or if I were a nightingale to sing my love to
To gaze upon his lovely eyes all my reward
should be! [loves me.
For I love my love, because I know my love
O, if I were an eagle, to soar into the sky!
I'd gaze around with piercing eyes where I my
love might spy:
But ah, unhappy maiden! that love you ne'er
shall see: [loves me:
Yet I love my love, because I know my love

§ 86. *Song.*

THE sun was sunk beneath the hill,
The western clouds were lin'd with gold;
Clear was the sky, the wind was still,
The flocks were penn'd within the fold;
When in the silence of the grove
Poor Damon thus despair'd of love:

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant rose
 From the hard rock or oozy beach,
 Who from each weed that barren grows
 Expects the grape or downy peach,
 With equal faith may hope to find
 The truth of love in woman-kind.

No herds have I, no fleecy care,
 No fields that wave with golden grain,
 No pastures green, or gardens fair,
 A woman's venal heart to gain;
 Then all in vain my sighs must prove,
 Whose whole estate, alas! is love.

How wretched is the faithful youth,
 Since women's hearts are bought and sold!
 They ask no vows of sacred truth;
 Whene'er they sigh, they sigh for gold:
 Gold can the frowns of scorn remove;
 But I am scorn'd—who have but love.

To buy the gem of India's coast
 What wealth, what riches, would suffice?
 Yet India's shore should never boast
 The lustre of thy rival eyes;
 For there the world too cheap must prove:
 Can I then buy—who have but love?

Then, Mary, since nor gems nor ore
 Can with thy brighter self compare,
 Be just, as fair, and value more
 Than gems or ore a heart sincere:
 Let treasure meaner beauties move;
 Who pays thy worth must pay in love.

§ 87. *Song.*

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose!
 How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!
 But Mary's, still sweeter than those,
 Both nature and fancy exceed.
 No daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
 Nor all the gay flow'rs of the field,
 Nor Tweed gliding gently through those,
 Such beauty and pleasure can yield.
 The warblers are heard in each grove,
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
 The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
 With music enchant ev'ry bush.
 Come, let us go forth to the mead,
 Let us see how the primroses spring;
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
 And love while the feather'd folks sing.
 How does my love pass the long day!
 Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
 Do they never carelessly stray,
 While happily she lies asleep?
 Tweed's murmur should lull her to rest;
 Rind nature indulging my bliss,
 To relieve the soft pains of my breast
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.
 'Tis she does the virgins excel,
 No beauty with her can compare;
 Love's graces all round her do dwell,
 She's fairest where thousands are fair.

Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
 O tell me, at noon where they feed!
 Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

§ 88. *Song. Nancy of the Vale.* SHENSTONE.

THE western sky was purpled o'er
 With ev'ry pleasing ray,
 And flocks, reviving, felt no more
 The sultry heat of day;
 When from a hazel's artless bow'r
 Soft warbled Strephon's tongue;
 He bless'd the scene, he bless'd the hour,
 While Nancy's praise he sung.
 Let fops with fickle falsehood range
 The paths of wanton love;
 Whilst weeping maids lament their change,
 And sadden ev'ry grove:
 But endless blessings crown the day
 I saw fair Esham's dale;
 And every blessing find its way
 To Nancy of the Vale.

'Twas from Avona's bank the maid
 Diffus'd her lovely beams;
 And ev'ry shining glance display'd
 The Naiad of the streams.
 Soft as the wild-duck's tender young,
 That float on Avon's tide,
 Bright as the water-lily sprung
 And glitt'ring near its side.

Fresh as the bord'ring flow'rs her bloom,
 Her eye all mild to view;
 The little halcyon's azure plume
 Was never half so blue.

Her shape was like the reed, so sleek,
 So taper, straight, and fair;
 Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,
 How charming sweet they were!

Far in the winding vale retir'd
 This peerless bud I found,
 And shadowing rocks and woods conspir'd
 To fence her beauties round.
 That nature in so lone a dell
 Should form a nymph so sweet,
 Or fortune to her secret cell
 Conduct my wand'ring feet!

Gay lordlings sought her for their bride,
 But she would ne'er incline:
 Prove to your equals true, she cried,
 As I will prove to mine.
 'Tis Strephon on the mountain's brow
 Has won my right good-will;
 To him I give my plighted vow,
 With him I'll climb the hill.

Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
 I clasp'd the constant fair;
 To her alone I give my youth,
 And vow my future care.
 And when this vow shall faithless prove,
 Or I these charms forego,
 The stream that saw our tender love,
 That stream shall cease to flow.

§ 89. *Song. To the Memory of W. Shenstone,*
Esq. CUNNINGHAM.

COME, shepherds, we'll follow the hearse,
And see our lov'd Corydon laid:
Though sorrow may blemish the verse,
Yet let the sad tribute be paid.
They call'd him the pride of the plain;
In sooth he was gentle and kind;
He mark'd, in his elegant strain,
The graces that glow'd in his mind.

On purpose he planted yon trees,
That birds in the covert might dwell,
He cultur'd the thyme for the bees,
But never would rifle their cell.
Ye lambkins that play'd at his feet,
Go bleat, and your master bemoan;
His music was artless and sweet,
His manners as mild as your own.

No verdure shall cover the vale,
No bloom on the blossoms appear;
The sweets of the forest shall fail,
And winter discolour the year.
No birds in our hedges shall sing
(Our hedges so vocal before),
Since he that should welcome the spring
Can greet the gay season no more.

His Phyllis was fond of his praise,
And Poets came round in a throng;
They listen'd and envied his lays,
But which of them equall'd his song?
Ye shepherds, henceforward be mute,
For lost is the pastoral strain;
So give me my Corydon's flute,
And thus—let me break it in twain.

§ 90. *Song. LITTLETON.*

THE heavy hours are almost past
That part my love and me;
My longing eyes may hope at last
Their only wish to see.

But how, my Delia, will you meet
The man you've lost so long?
Will love in all your pulses beat,
And tremble on your tongue?

Will you in ev'ry look declare
Your heart is still the same;
And heal each idle anxious care
Our fears in absence frame?

Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene
When shortly we shall meet,
And try what yet remains between
Of loit'ring time to cheat.

But if the dream that soothes my mind
Shall false and groundless prove;
If I am doom'd at length to find
You have forgot to love;

All I of Venus ask is this—
No more to let us join;
But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss,
To die and think you mine.

§ 91. *Song. IBID.*

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
No other voice but hers can hear,
No other wit but hers approve;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

If she some other swain commend,
Though I was once his fondest friend,
His instant enemy I prove;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The clearest spring, the shadiest grove;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When fond of pow'r, of beauty vain,
Her nets she spread for ev'ry swain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

§ 92. *Song. SOAME JENNINGS.*

Too plain, dear youth, these tell-tale eyes
My heart your own declare;
But for love's sake let it suffice
You reign triumphant there.

Forbear your utmost pow'r to try,
Nor further urge your sway;
Press not for what I must deny,
For fear I should obey.

Could all your arts successful prove,
Would you a maid undo,
Whose greatest failing is her love,
And that her love for you?

Say, would you use that very pow'r
You from her fondness claim,
To ruin in one fatal hour
A life of spotless fame?

Resolve not then to do an ill,
Because perhaps you may;
But rather use your utmost skill
To save me, than betray.

Be you yourself my virtue's guard;
Defend, and not pursue;
Since 'tis a task for me too hard
To strive with love and you

§ 93. *Song. The Power of Music. LISLE.*

WHEN Orpheus went down to the regions be-
Which men are forbidden to see, [low,
He tun'd up his lyre, as old histories show,
To set his Eurydice free.

All hell was astonish'd a person so wise
Should rashly endanger his life,
And venture so far—but how vast their surprise.
When they heard that he came for his wife!

To find out a punishment due to his fault,
 Old Pluto long puzzled his brain;
 But hell had not torments sufficient, he thought—
 So he gave him his wife back again.
 But pity succeeding found place in his heart;
 And, pleas'd with his playing so well,
 He took her again in reward of his art.
 Such power had music in hell!

§ 94. *Song.* ROWE.

To the brook and the willow, that heard him
 Ah willow! willow! [complain,
 Poor Colin went weeping, and told him his pain.
 Sweet stream, he cried, sadly I'll teach thee to
 flow, [woe.
 And the waters shall rise to the brink with my
 All restless and painful my Celia now lies,
 And counts the sad moments of time as it flies:
 To the nymph, my heart's love, ye soft slumbers,
 repair, [her your care;
 Spread your downy wings o'er her, and make
 Let me be left restless, mine eyes never close,
 So the sleep that I lose give my dear one repose.
 Sweet stream! if you chance by her pillow to
 creep,
 Perhaps your soft murmurs may lull her to sleep:
 But if I am doom'd to be wretched indeed,
 And the loss of my charmer the fates have decreed,
 Believe me, thou fair one, thou dear one, believe,
 Few sighs to thy loss, and few tears will I give;
 One fate to thy Colin and thee shall betide;
 And soon lay thy shepherd down by thy cold
 side. [haste,
 Then glide, gentle brook, and to lose thyself
 Bear this to my willow; this verse is my last.
 Ah willow! willow! Ah willow! willow!

§ 95. *Song.*

DEAR Chloe, while thus beyond measure
 You treat me with doubts and disdain,
 You rob all your youth of its pleasure,
 And hoard up an old age of pain:
 Your maxim, that love is still founded
 On charms that will quickly decay,
 You will find to be very ill grounded
 When once you its dictates obey.
 The passion from beauty first drawn,
 Your kindness will vastly improve;
 Soft looks and gay smiles are the dawn,
 Fruition's the sunshine of love;
 And though the bright beams of your eyes
 Should be clouded that now are so gay,
 And darkness obscure all the skies,
 We ne'er can forget it was day.
 Old Darby, with Joan by his side,
 You oft have regarded with wonder;
 He is dropsical, she is sore-ey'd,
 Yet they're ever uneasy asunder:
 Together they totter about,
 And sit in the sun at the door;
 And at night, when old Darby's pipe's out,
 His Joan will not smoke a whiff more.

No beauty or wit they possess,
 Their several failings to smother;
 Then what are the charms, can you guess,
 That make them so fond of each other?
 'Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth,
 The endearments that love did bestow,
 The thoughts of past pleasure and truth,
 The best of all blessings below.

These traces for ever will last,
 Which sickness nor time can remove:
 For when youth and beauty are past,
 And age brings the winter of love,
 A friendship insensibly grows
 By reviews of such raptures as these,
 And the current of fondness still flows,
 Which decrepit old age cannot freeze.

§ 96. *Song.* GILBERT COOPER.

AWAY! let nought to love displeasing,
 My Winifreda, move thy fear;
 Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
 Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy care.
 What though no grants of royal donors
 With pompous titles grace our blood;
 We'll shine in more substantial honors,
 And to be noble, we'll be good.
 What though from fortune's lavish bounty
 No mighty treasures we possess;
 We'll find within our pittance plenty,
 And be content without excess.
 Still shall each kind returning season
 Suffice for our wishes give;
 For we will live a life of reason,
 And that's the only life to live.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
 Shall sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke,
 And all the great ones much shall wonder
 How they admire such little folk.
 Through youth and age, in love excelling,
 We'll hand in hand together tread;
 Sweet smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
 And babes, sweet smiling babes, our bed.
 How should I love the pretty creatures,
 Whilst round my knees they fondly clung,
 To see them look their mother's features,
 To hear them lisp their mother's tongue!
 And when with envy Time transported
 Shall think to rob us of our joys,
 You'll in your girls again be courted,
 And I'll go wooing in my boys.

§ 97. *Song.* PERCY.

O NANCY! wilt thou go with me,
 Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
 Can silent glens have charms for thee,
 The lowly cot and russet gown?
 No longer drest in silken sheen,
 No longer deck'd with jewels rare,
 Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy! when thou'rt far away
 Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
 Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
 Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
 O can that soft and gentle mien
 Extremes of hardship learn to bear,
 Nor sad regret each courtly scene
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?
 O Nancy! canst thou love so true,
 Through perils keen with me to go;
 Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,
 To share with him the pang of woe?
 Say, should disease or pain befall,
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
 Nor wistful those gay scenes recall
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?
 And when at last thy love shall die,
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
 And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
 Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear?
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

§ 98. *Song.* MALLET.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
 Invite the tuneful birds to sing;
 And, while they warble from each spray,
 Love melts the universal lay.
 Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
 Like them improve the hour that flies;
 And in soft raptures waste the day,
 Among the shades of Endermay!

For soon the winter of the year,
 And age, life's winter, will appear;
 At *this* thy living bloom must fade,
 As *that* will strip the verdant shade.
 Our taste of pleasure then is o'er;
 The feather'd songsters love no more;
 And when they droop, and we decay,
 Adieu the shades of Endermay.

§ 99. *The Spanish Lady's Love.*

WILL you hear a Spanish lady,
 How she woo'd an English man?
 Garments gay, as rich as may be,
 Deck'd with jewels had she on:
 Of a comely countenance and grace was she,
 Both by birth and parentage of high degree.
 As his prisoner there he kept her,
 In his hands her life did lie;
 Cupid's bands did tie them faster,
 By the liking of an eye.
 In his courteous company was all her joy,
 To favour him in any thing she was not coy.
 But at last there came commandment
 For to set all ladies free,
 With their jewels still adorned,
 None to do them injury.
 O then, said this lady gay, full woe is me!
 O let me still sustain this kind captivity!

Gallant captain, show some pity
 To a lady in distress;
 Leave me not within this city,
 For to die in heaviness:
 Thou hast set, this present day, my body free,
 But my heart in prison still remains with thee.
 "How shouldst thou, fair lady, love me,
 Whom thou know'st thy country's foe?
 Thy fair words make me suspect thee;
 Serpents lie where flowers grow."
 All the harm I wish on thee, most courteous
 knight, [light!
 God grant upon my head the same may fully
 Blessed be the time and season
 That thou cam'st on Spanish ground!
 If you may our foes be termed,
 Gentle foes we have you found: [one,
 With our city, you have won our hearts each
 Then to your country bear away that is your own.
 "Rest you still, most gallant lady:
 Rest you still, and weep no more;
 Of fair flowers you have plenty,
 Spain doth yield you wondrous store,
 Spaniards fraught with jealousy we oft do find,
 But Englishmen throughout the world are
 counted kind.

Leave me not unto a Spaniard,
 Thou alone enjoy'st my heart;
 I am lovely, young, and tender,
 Love is likewise my desert:
 Still to serve thee day and night my mind is prest;
 The wife of every Englishman is counted blest.

"It would be a shame, fair lady,
 For to bear a woman hence;
 English soldiers never carry
 Any such without offence."
 I will quickly change myself, if it be so,
 And, like a page, will follow thee where'er
 thou go.

"I have neither gold nor silver
 To maintain thee in this case:
 And to travel is great charges,
 As you know, in ev'ry place."
 My chains and jewels every one shall be thy
 own, [unknown.
 And eke ten thousand pounds in gold that lies

"On the seas are many dangers,
 Many storms do there arise,
 Which will be to ladies dreadful,
 And force tears from wat'ry eyes."
 Well, in troth, I shall endure extremity,
 For I could find in heart to lose my life for thee.

"Courteous lady, leave this folly,
 Here comes all that breeds the strife;
 I, in England, have already
 A sweet woman to my wife;
 I will not falsify my vow for gold nor gain,
 Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in
 Spain.

O how happy is that woman
That enjoys so true a friend;
Many happy days God send her!
And of my suit I'll make an end:
On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,
Which love and true affection did first com-
mence.

Commend me to that gallant lady,
Bear to her this chain of gold,
With these bracelets for a token;
Grieving that I was so bold:
All my jewels, in like sort, take thou with thee;
For they are fitting for thy wife, but not for me.

I will spend my days in prayer,
Love and all his laws defy;
In a nunnery I will shroud me,
Far from any company:
But, ere my prayers have an end, be sure of this,
To pray for thee and for thy love I will not miss.

Thus farewell, most gallant captain!
Farewell to my heart's content!
Count not spanish ladies wanton,
Though to thee my mind was bent:
Joy and true prosperity go still with thee!
"The like fall unto thy share, most fair lady!"

§ 100. *Ballad. The Children in the Wood;
or, The Norfolk Gentleman's last Will and
Testament.*

Now ponder well, you parents dear,
The words which I shall write;
A doleful story you shall hear,
In time brought forth to light.
A gentleman of good account
In Norfolk liv'd of late,
Whose wealth and riches did surmount
Most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to die,
No help that he could have;
His wife by him as sick did lie,
And both possess'd one grave.
No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kind:
In love they liv'd, in love they died,
And left two babes behind:

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three years old:
The other a girl, more young than he,
And made in beauty's mould.
The father left his little son,
As plainly doth appear,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred pounds a year;

And to his little daughter Jane
Five hundred pounds in gold,
To be paid down on marriage day,
Which might not be controll'd.
But if the children chanc'd to die
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possess their wealth;
For so the will did run.

Now brother, said the dying man,
Look to my children dear;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friends else I have here:
To God and you I do commend
My children night and day;
But little while, be sure, we have
Within this world to stay.

You must be father and mother both,
And uncle, all in one;
God knows what will become of them
When I am dead and gone.
With that bespake their mother dear:
O brother kind, quoth she,
You are the man must bring our babes
To wealth or misery.

And if you keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward;
If otherwise you seem to deal,
God will your deeds regard.
With lips as cold as any stone
She kiss'd her children small:
God bless you both, my children dear
With that the tears did fall.

These speeches then their brother spoke
To this sick couple there:
The keeping of your children dear,
Sweet sister, do not fear;
God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor ought else that I have,
If I do wrong your children dear,
When you are laid in grave!

Their parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them both unto his house,
And much of them he makes.
He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a day,
When for their wealth he did devise
To make them both away.

He bargain'd with two ruffians rude,
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take the children young,
And slay them in a wood.
He told his wife, and all he had,
He did the children send
To be brought up in fair London,
With one that was his friend.

Away then went these pretty babes,
Rejoicing at that tide;
Rejoicing with a merry mind,
They should on cock-horse ride.
They prate and prattle pleasantly,
As they rode on the way,
To those that should their butchers be,
And work their lives' decay.

So that the pretty speech they had,
Made murd'ers' hearts relent;
And they that undertook the deed
Full sore they did repent.

Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
 Did vow to do his charge,
 Because the wretch that hired him
 Had paid him very large.

The other would not agree thereto,
 So here they fell at strife;
 With one another they did fight
 About the children's life.

And he that was of mildest mood
 Did slay the other there,
 Within an unfrequented wood;
 While babes did quake for fear.

He took the children by the hand,
 When tears stood in their eye;
 And bade them come and go with him,
 And look they did not cry;
 And two long miles he led them on,
 While they for food complain:
 Stay here, quoth he, I'll bring you bread,
 When I do come again.

These pretty babes with hand in hand
 Went wondering up and down:
 But never more they saw the man
 Approaching from the town.
 Their pretty lips with blackberries
 Were all besmear'd and dy'd;
 And when they saw the darksome night,
 They sat them down and cried.

Thus wander'd these two pretty babes,
 Till death did end their grief;
 In one another's arms they died,
 As babes wanting relief.

No burial these pretty babes
 Of any man receives,
 Till Robin-red-breast painfully
 Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God
 Upon their uncle fell;
 Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,
 His conscience felt a hell.

His barns were fir'd, his goods consum'd,
 His lands were barren made,
 His cattle died within the field,
 And nothing with him staid.

And, in the voyage of Portugal,
 Two of his sons did die;
 And, to conclude, himself was brought
 To extreme misery:

He pawn'd and mortgag'd all his land
 Ere seven years came about;
 And now at length this wicked act
 Did by this means come out:

The fellow that did take in hand
 These children for to kill,
 Was for a robbery judg'd to die,
 As was God's blessed will;
 Who did confess the very truth,
 The which is here express'd;
 Their uncle died, while he for debt
 In prison long did rest.

All you that be executors made,
 And overseers eke,
 Of children that be fatherless,
 And infants mild and meek:
 Take you example by this thing,
 And give to each his right;
 Lest God with such like misery,
 Your wicked minds requite.

§ 101. *Ballad. The Hunting in Chevy Chase.*

God prosper long our noble king,
 Our lives and safeties all!
 A woeful hunting once there did
 In Chevy Chase befall.

To drive the deer with hound and horn
 Earl Percy took his way;
 The child may rue that is unborn
 The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of Northumberland
 A vow to God did make,
 His pleasure in the Scottish woods
 Three summer's days to take;

The chiefest harts in Chevy Chase
 To kill and bear away.
 The tidings to Earl Douglas came
 In Scotland, where he lay;

Who sent Earl Percy present word
 He would prevent his sport.
 The English Earl, not fearing this,
 Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
 All chosen men of might;
 Who knew full well, in time of need,
 To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
 To chase the fallow deer;
 On Monday they began to hunt,
 When day-light did appear;

And, long before high noon, they had
 A hundred fat bucks slain;
 Then, having din'd, the drovers went
 To rouse them up again.

The bowmen muster'd on the hills,
 Well able to endure;
 Their back-sides all, with special care,
 That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods
 The nimble deer to take;
 And with their cries the hills and dales
 An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
 To view the slaughter'd deer;
 Quoth he, Earl Douglas promised
 This day to meet me here:

If that I thought he would not come,
 No longer would I stay.
 With that a brave young gentleman
 Thus to the Earl did say:

Lo ! yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
His men in armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears
All marching in our sight ;

All men of pleasant Tivdale,
Fast by the river Tweed.
Then cease your sport, Earl Percy said,
And take your bows with speed :

And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance ;
For never was there champion yet,
In Scotland or in France,

That ever did on horseback come,
But, if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spear.

Earl Douglas on a milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of the company,
Whose armour shone like gold :

Show me, said he, whose men you be,
That hunt so boldly here ;
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow-deer ?

The man that first did answer make,
Was noble Percy he :
Who said, We list not to declare,
Nor show whose men we be :

Yet will we spend our dearest blood,
Thy chiefest harts to slay.
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say :

Ere thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two shall die :
I know the well ; an earl thou art,
Lord Percy : so am I.

But trust me, Percy, pity it were,
And great offence, to kill
Any of these our harmless men,
For they have done no ill.

Let thou and I the battle try,
And set our men aside.
Accurs'd be he, Lord Percy said,
By whom this is denied.

Then stepp'd a gallant squire forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, I would not have it told
To Henry our king, for shame,

That e'er my captain fought on foot,
And I stood looking on :
You be two earls, said Witherington,
And I a squire alone :

I'll do the best that do I may,
While I have strength to stand :
While I have pow'r to wield my sword,
I'll fight with heart and hand.

Our English archers bent their bows,
Their hearts were good and true ;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full threescore Scots they slew.

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Earl Douglas had the bent ;
A captain mov'd with mickle pride,
The spears to shivers sent.

They clos'd full fast on ev'ry side,
No slackness there was found ;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ ! it was a grief to see,
And likewise for to hear
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scatter'd here and there.

At last these two stout earls did meet,
Like captains of great might ;
Like lions mov'd, they laid on load,
And made a cruel fight.

They fought until they both did sweat,
With swords of temper'd steel ;
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feel.

Yield thee, Lord Percy, Douglas said ;
In faith I will thee bring,
Where thou shalt high advanced be,
By James our Scottish king.

Thy ransom I will freely give,
And thus report of thee :
Thou art the most courageous knight
That ever I did see.

No, Douglas, quoth Earl Percy then,
Thy proffer I do scorn ;
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born.

With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart,
A deep and deadly blow :

Who never spoke more words than these :
Fight on, my merry men all ;
For why ? my life is at an end :
Lord Percy sees my fall.

Then leaving life, Earl Percy took
The dead man by the hand :
And said, Earl Douglas for thy life
Would I have lost my land !

O Christ ! my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake ;
For sure a more renowned knight
Mischance did never take.

A knight amongst the Scots there was,
Which saw Earl Douglas die,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Earl Percy.

Sir Hugh Montgomery he was call'd;
Who, with spear most bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight:

And pass'd the English archers all,
Without all dread or fear;
And through Earl Percy's body then
He thrust his hateful spear.

With such a vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The spear went through the other side
A large cloth-yard, and more.

So thus did both these nobles die,
Whose courage none could stain.
An English archer then perceiv'd
The noble earl was slain;

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew he:

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery
So right the shaft he set,
The grey-goose wing that was thereon
In his heart-blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun;
For when they rung the evening-bell
The battle scarce was done.

With the Earl Percy there was slain
Sir John of Ogerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James that bold baron:

And with Sir George, and good Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wail,
As one in doleful dumps;
For, when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps.

And with Earl Douglas there was slain
Sir Hugh Montgomery;
Sir Charles Currel, that from the field
One foot would never fly;

Sir Charles Murrel of Ratcliffe too,
His sister's son was he:
Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,
Yet saved could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell, in like wise,
Did with Earl Douglas die:
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears,
Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen
Went home but fifty-three;
The rest were slain in Chevy Chase,
Under the greenwood-tree.

Next day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail;
They wash'd their wounds in brinish tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bath'd in purple blood,
They bore with them away;
They kiss'd them dead a thousand times
When they were clad in clay.

This news was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's king did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain.

O heavy news; king James did say;
Scotland can witness be,
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he.

Like tidings to King Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy Chase.

Now God be with him, said our king,
Sith 'twill no better be;
I trust I have within my realm
Five hundred good as he.

Yet shall not Scot, nor Scotland say,
But I will vengeance take;
And be revenged on them all
For brave Lord Percy's sake.

This vow full well the king perform'd,
After, on Humbledown.
In one day fifty knights were slain,
With lords of great renown:

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many hundreds die.

Thus ended the hunting of Chevy Chase,
Made by the Earl Percy.

God save the king, and bless the land
In plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant henceforth, that foul debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease.

§ 102. *Song. Sir Cauline.*

There is something peculiar in the metre of this old ballad; it is unusual to meet with redundant stanzas of six lines; but the occasional insertion of a double third or fourth line, as ver. 31, 44, &c. is an irregularity I do not remember to have seen elsewhere.

It may be proper to inform the reader before he comes to Part 2, ver. 110, 111, that the round table was not peculiar to the reign of king Arthur, but was common in all ages of chivalry. The proclaiming a great tournament (probably with some peculiar solemnities) was called "holding a Round Table." Dugdale tells us, that the great baron Roger de Mortimer, "having procured the honour of knighthood to be conferred 'on his three sons' by king Edward I. he, at his own costs, caused a tournament to be held at Kenilworth, where he sumptuously entertained an hundred knights and as many ladies, for three days; the like whereof was never before in England; and there began the round table, (so called by reason that the place wherein they prac-

tised those feats was environed with a strong wall made in a round form :) and upon the fourth day, the golden lion, in sign of triumph, being yielded to him, he carried it (with all the company) to Warwick." It may further be added that Matthew Paris frequently calls justs and tournaments *Hastiludia Mense Rotunda*

As to what will be observed in this ballad, of the art of healing being practised by a young princess; it is no more than what is usual in all the old romances, and was conformable to real manners; it being a practice derived from the earliest times among all the Gothic and Celtic nations, for women, even of the highest rank to exercise the art of surgery. In the Northern Chronicles we also find the young damsels stanching the wounds of their lovers, and the wives those of their husbands. And even so late as the time of queen Elizabeth, it is mentioned among the accomplishments of the ladies of her court, that "the eldest of them are skilful in surgery." See Harrison's Description of England, prefixed to Hollingshed's Chronicle, &c.

The First Part.

In Ireland, ferr over the sea,
The dwelleth a bonnye kinge;
And with him a yong and comlye knighte,
Men call him Syr Cauline.

The kinge had a lady to his daughter,
In fashyon she hath no peere;
And princely wightes that ladye wooed,
To be theyr wedded feere.

Syr Cauline loveth her best of all,
But nothing durst he saye;
Ne descreewe his counsayl to no man
But dearlye he lovde this may.

Till on a daye it so befell,
Great dill to him was dight;
The maydens love removde his mind,
To care-bed went the knighte.

One while he spred his arms him fro,
One while he spred them nye;
And aye! but I winne that ladyes love,
For dole now I mun dye.

And when our parish-masse was done,
Our kinge was bowne to dyne:
He says, Where is Syr Cauline,
That is wont to serve the wyne?

Then aunswerde him a courteous knighte,
And fast his handes gan wringe:
Syr Cauline is sick and like to dye
Without a good leechinge.

Fetche me downe my daughter deere,
She is a leech fulle fine:
Goe take him doughe, and the baken bread,
And serve him with the wyne soe red;
Lothe I were him to tine.

Fair Christabelle to his chaumber goes,
Her maydens followyng nye:
O well, she sayth, how doth my lord?
O sicke, thou fayre ladye.

Now ryse up wightlye, man, for shame,
Never lye soe cowardlee;
For it is told in my father's halle,
You dye for love of mee.

Fayre ladye, it is for your love
That all this dill I drye:
For if you wold comfort me with a kisse,
Then were I brought from bale to blisse,
No longer would I lye.

Syr knighte, my father is a kinge,
I am his only heire;
Alas! and well you knowe, syr knighte,
I never can be your feere.

O ladye, thou art a kinges daughtér,
And I am not thy peere,
But let me doe some deedes of armes,
To be youre bacheleere.

Some deeds of armes if thou wilt doe,
My bacheleere to be,
(But ever and aye my heart would rue,
Giff harm should happe to thee.)

Upon Eldridge hill there groweth a thorne,
Upon the mores brodinge;
And dare ye, syr knighte, wake there all nighte,
Untill the fair morninge?

For the Eldridge knighte, so mickle of mighte,
Will examine you beforne;
And never man bare life away,
But he did him scath and scorne.

That knighte he is a foul paynim,
And large of limb and bone;
And but if heaven may be thy speede,
Thy life it is but gone.

Nowe on the Eldridge hills Ile walke,
For thy sake, fair ladie;
And Ile either bring you a ready token,
Or Ile never more you see.

The Ladye is gone to her own chaumbère,
Her maydens following bright:
Syr Cauline lop'd from care-bed soone,
And to the Eldridge hills is gone,
For to wake there all night.

Unto midnight, that the moone did rise,
He walked up and downe;
Then a lightsome bugle heard he blowe
Over the bents soe browne.
Quoth hee, If cryance come till my heart,
I am ffar from any good towne.

And soon he spyde on the mores so broad
A furyous wight and fell;
A ladye bright his brydle led,
Clad in a fayre kyrtell:

And soe fast he called on syr Cauline,
O man, I reede thee flye,
For but if cryance come till thy heart,
I weene but thou mun dye.

He sayth, No cryance comes till my heart,
Nor, in fayth, I will not flee;
For, cause thou minged not Christ before,
The less me dreadeth thee.

The Eldridge knight he pricked his steed;
Syr Cauline bold abode:
Then either shooke his trustye speare,
And the timber these two children* bare
So soon in sunder slode.

Then took they out theyr two good swordes,
And layden on full faste,
Till helme and hawkbere, mail and sheelde,
They all were well-nye brast.

The Eldridge knight was mickle of might,
And stiffe in stower did stand;
But syr Cauline with a backward stroke
He smote off his right hand;
That soone he with paine and lacke of bloud
Fell downe on that lay-land.

Then up syr Cauline lift his brande
All over his head so hye:
And here I sweare by the holy roode,
Nowe, caytiffe, thou shalt dye.

Then up and came that ladye brighte,
Faste wringing of her hande:
For the maydens love, that most you love,
Withhold that deadly brande:

For the maydens love, that most you love,
Now smyte no more I praye;
And aye whatever thou wilt, my lord,
He shall thy hests obaye.

Now swear to mee, thou Eldridge knighte,
And here on this lay-land,
That thou wilt believe on Christ his laye,
And thereto plight thy hand:

And that thou never on Eldridge come
To sporte, gamon, or playe;
And that thou here give up thy armes
Until thy dying day.

The Eldridge knighte gave up his armes
With many a sorrowfulle sighe;
And sware to obey syr Caulines hest,
Till the time that he shold dye.

And he then up, and the Eldridge knighte
Sett him in his saddle annone,
And the Eldridge knighte and his ladye
To theyr castle they are gone.

Then he tooke up the bloody hand,
That was so large of bone,
And on it he founde five ringes of gold
Of knightes that had been slone.

Then he tooke up the Eldridge sworde,
As hard as any flint;
And he took off those ringes five
As bright as fire and brent.

* Knights.

Home then pricked syr Cauline
As light as leafe on tree:
I wys he neither stint ne blanne,
Till he his ladye see.

Then downe he knelt upon his knee
Before that ladye gay:
O ladye, I have been on the Eldridge hills:
These tokens I bring away.

Now welcome, welcome, syr Cauline,
Thrice welcome unto mee,
For now I perceive thou art a true knighte,
Of valor bold and free.

O ladye, I am thy own true knighte,
Thy hests for to obaye;
And mought I hope to winne thy love!—
Ne more his tongue colde say.

The ladye blushed scarlette redde,
And fette a gentill sighe:
Alas! sir knighte, how may this bee,
For my degree's soe highe?

But sith thou hast hight, thou comely youth,
To be my batchilere,
Ile promise if thee I may not wedde
I will have none other fere.

Then shee held forth her lily-white hand
Towards that knighte so free:
He gave to it one gentill kisse,
His heart was brought from bale to blisse,
The teares sterte from his ee.

But keep my counsayl, syr Cauline,
Ne let no man it knowe;
For an ever my father sholde it ken,
I wot he wolde us sloe.

From that day forth the ladye fayre
Lovde syr Cauline the knighte:
From that daye forth he only joyde
Whan shee was in his sight.

Part the Second.

EVERY white will have its blacke,
And every sweete its sowre:
This found the ladye Christabelle
In an untimely howre.

For so it befelle, as syr Cauline
Was with that ladye faire,
The king her father walked forth
To take the evenyng aire:

And into the arboure as he went
To rest his wearye feet,
He found his daughter and syr Cauline
There sette in daliaunce sweet.

The kinge hee sterted forth, iwys,
And an angrye man was hee:
Now, traytoure, thou shalt hange or drawe,
And rewe shall thy ladie.

Then forth syr Cauline he was ledde,
And throwne in dungeon deepe;
And the ladye into a towre so hye,
There left to wayle and weepe.

The queene she was syr Caulines friend,
And to the kinge said she :
I pray you save syr Caulines life,
And let him banisht bee.

Now, dame, that traitor shall be sent
Across the salt sea fome :
But here I will make with thee a band,
If ever he come within this land,
A foule deathe is his doome.

All woe-begone was that gentill knight
To parte from his ladye ;
And many a time he sighed sore,
And caste a wistfulle eye :
Faire Christabelle, from thee to parte,
Farre lever had I dye.

Fair Christabelle, that ladye brighte,
Was had forth of the towre :
But ever shee droopeth in her minde,
As, nipt by an ungentle winde,
Doth some faire lillye flowre.

And ever shee doth lament and weepe
To tint her lover soe ;
Syr Cauline, thou little think'st on mee,
But I will still be true.

Manye a kinge, and manye a duke,
And lords of high degree,
Did sue to that fayre ladye of love ;
But never she wolde them nee.

When many a daye was past and gone,
Ne comforte she colde finde,
The kinge proclaimed a tournement,
To cheere his daughters mind :

And there came lords, and there came knightes,
Fro manye a farre countrye
To break a spere for theyr ladyes love,
Before that faire ladye.

And many a ladye there was sette
In purple and in palle ;
But faire Christabelle soe woe-begone
Was the fayrest of them all.

Then many a knighte was mickle of might
Before his ladye gaye :
But a stranger wight, whom no man knewe,
He wan the prize eche daye.

His acton it was all of blacke,
His hewberke and his sheelde,
Ne noe man wist whence he did come,
Ne noe man knew where he did gone
When they came out the feelde.

And now three days were prestlye past
In feats of chivalrye,
When lo, upon the fourth morninge
A sorrowfulle sight they see.

A hugye giaunt stiff and starke,
All foule of limbe and lere ;
Two goggling eyen like fire farden,
A mouthe from eare to eare.

Before him came a dwarffe full lowe,
That waited on his knee ;
And at his backe five heads he bare,
All wan and pale of blee.

Sir, quoth the dwarffe, and louted lowe,
Behold that hend soldain !
Behold these heads I bear with me !
They are kings which he hath slain.

The Eldridge knighte is his own cousine,
Whom a knighte of thine hath shent :
And hee is come to avenge his wrong ;
And to thee, all thy knightes among,
Defiance here hath sent.

But yette he will appease his wrath
Thy daughters love to winne :
And but thou yeelede him that fayre mayd,
Thy halls and towers must brenne.

Thy head, syr king, must go with mee ;
Or else thy daughter deere ;
Or else within these lists soe broad
Thou must find him a peere.

The king he turned him round aboute,
And in his heart was woe ;
Is there never a knighte of my round tablè,
This matter will undergo ?

Is there never a knighte amongst yee all
Will fight for my daughter and mee ?
Whoever will fight yon grimme soldan,
Right faire his meede shall be ;

For he shall have my broad lay-lands,
And of my crowne be heyre ;
And he shall winne fayre Christabelle,
To be his wedded fere.

But every knighte of his round tablè
Did stand both still and pale :
For whenever they lookt on the grim soldan,
It made their hearts to quail.

All woe-begone was that fayre ladye,
When she saw no helpe was nye :
She cast her thought on her own true-love,
And the teares gusht from her eye.

Up then sterte the stranger knighte,
Said, Ladye, be not affray'd ;
Ile fight for thee with this grimme soldan,
Thoughe he be unmacklye made.

And if thou wilt lend me the Eldridge sworde,
That lyeth within thy bowre,
I trust in Christe for to slay this fiende,
Thoughe he be stiffe in stowre.

Goe fetch him downe the Eldridge sworde,
The kinge he cryde, with speede :
Nowe heaven assist thee, courteous knighte ;
My daughter is thy meede.

The gyaunt he stepped into the lists,
And said, Awaye, awaye :
I sweare, as I am the hend soldan,
Thou lettest me here all daye.

Then forth the stranger knighte he came
 In his blacke armour dight:
 The lady sighed a gentle sighe,
 "That this were my true knighte!"

And now the gyaunt and knighte be mett
 Within the lists so broad:
 And now with swordes so sharp of steele,
 They gan to lay on load.

The soldan strucke the knighte a stroke,
 That made him reele asyde:
 Then woe-begone was that faire ladye,
 And thrice she deeply sighde.

The soldan strucke a second stroke,
 And made the bloude to flowe:
 All pale and wan was that ladye fayre,
 And thrice she wept for woe.

The soldan strucke a third fell stroke,
 Which brought the knighte on his knee;
 Sad sorrow pierced that ladyes heart,
 And she shriekt loud shriekings three.

The knighte he leapt upon his feete,
 All recklesse of the paine;
 Quoth he, But heaven be now my speede,
 Or else I shall be slaine.

He grasped his sword with mayne and mighte,
 And spying a secrette part,
 He drave it into the soldan's syde,
 And pierced him to the heart.

Then all the people gave a shoute,
 When they sawe the soldan falle:
 The ladye wept, and thanked Christ,
 That had reskewed her from thrall.

And nowe the kinge with all his barons
 Rose uppe from off his seate,
 And downe he stepped into the listes,
 That curteous knighte to greete.

But he for paine and lacke of bloude
 Was fallen into a swounde,
 And there all waltering in his gore,
 Lay lifelesse on the grounde.

Come downe, come downe, my daughter deare,
 Thou art a leech of skille;
 Farre lever had I lose half my landes,
 Than this good knighte sholde spille.

Down then stepped that faire ladye,
 To helpe him if she maye;
 But when she did his beavere raise,
 It is my life, my lord, she sayes,
 And shriekte and swound awaye.

Sir Cauline juste lifte up his eyes
 When he heard his ladye crye:
 O ladye, I am thine owne true love;
 For thee I wisht to dye.

Then giving her one partinge looke,
 He closed his eyes in death,
 Ere Christabelle, that ladye milde,
 Began to draw her breathe.

But when she founde her comelye knighte
 Indeed was dead and gone,
 She layd her pale cold cheeke to his,
 And thus she made her moane:

O staye, my deare and onlye lord,
 For me thy faithful feere;
 'Tis meet that I shold followe thee,
 Who hast bought my love soe deare.

Then fayntinge in a deadly swoune,
 And with a deep-fette sighe
 That burst her gentle heart in twayne,
 Fayre Christabelle did dye.

§ 103. *Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne.*

"In this time (about the year 1190, in the reign of Richard I.) were many robbers and out-lawes, among the which Robin Hood and Little John, renowned theeves, continued in woods, despoiling and robbing the goods of the rich. They killed none but such as would invade them; or by resistance for their own defence.

"The said Robert entertained an hundred tall men and good archers with such spoiles and thefts as he got, upon whom four hundred (were they ever so strong) durst not give the onset. He suffered no woman to be oppressed, violated, or otherwise molested; poore men's goods he spared, abundantlie relieving them with that, which by theft he got from abbeyes and the houses of rich carles; whom Maior the historian blameth for his rapine and theft, but of all theeves he affirmeth him to be the prince and the most gentle theefe." *Stowe's Annals*, p. 159.

WHAN shaws beene sheene, and shraddes full
 fayre,

And leaves both large and longe,
 Itt's merye walkyng in the fayre forrest
 To hear the small birdes songe.

The woodweele sang, and wold not cease,
 Sitting upon the spraye,
 So lowde, he wakened Robin Hood,
 In the greenwood where he lay.

Now by my faye, said jollye Robin,
 A sweaven I had this night;
 I dreant me of tow wighty yemen,
 That fast with me gan fight.

Methought they did me beat and binde,
 And tooke my bowe me froe:
 If I be Robin alive in this lande,
 Ile be wroken on them towe.

Sweavens are swift, sayd Lyttle John,
 As the wind blowes over the hill;
 For iff it be never so loude this night,
 To-morrow it may be still.

Buske yee, bowne yee, my merry men all,
 And John shall goe with mee,
 For Ile goe seeke yond wighty yeomen,
 In greenwood where they bee.

They then cast on theyr gownes of grene,
 And took theyr bowes each one;
 And they away to the grene forrest
 A shooting forth are gone;

Untill they came to the merry greenwood,
Where they had gladdest to bee;
There they were ware of a wight yeoman,
That leaned against a tree.

A sworde and a dagger he wore by his side,
Of manye a man the bane;
And he was clad in his capull hyde
Top and tayll and mayne.

Stand still, master, quoth Lyttle John,
Under this tree so green,
And I will go to yond wight yeoman
To know what he doth meane.

Ah! John, by me thou settest noe store,
And that I farley finde:
How often send I my men before,
And tarry myselfe behinde?

It is no cunning a knave to ken,
An a man but heare him speake;
An it were not for bursting of my bowe,
John, I thy head would breake.

As often wordes they breeden bale,
So they parted Robin and John;
And John is gone to Barnesdale,
The gates* he knoweth echie one.

But when he came to Barnesdale,
Great heavynesse there hee hadd,
For he found tow of his owne fellows
Were slaine both in a slade,

And Scarlette he was flying a-foote
Fast over stocke and stone,
For the proud sheriffe with seven score men
Fast after him is gone.

One shoote now I will shoote, quoth John,
With Christ his might and mayne;
He make yond sheriffe that wends so fast,
To stopp he shall be fayne.

Then John bent up his long bende-bowe,
And fettled him to shoote:
The bow was made of tender boughe,
And fell downe at his foote.

Woe worth, woe worth thee, wicked wood,
That ever thou grew on a tree;
For now this day thou art my bale,
My boote when thou shold bee.

His shoote it was but loosely shott,
Yet flew not the arrowe in vaine,
For it mett one of the sheriffes men,
And William a Trent was slaine.

It had bene better of William a Trent
To have bene abed with sorrowe,
Than to be that day in the greenwood slade
To meet with Little John's arrowe.

But as it is said, when men be mett,
Fyve can doe more than three,
The sheriffe hath taken Little John,
And bound him fast to a tree.

* Ways, passes, paths.

Thou shalt be drawn by dale and downe,
And hanged hye on a hill.
But thou mayst fayle of thy purpose, quoth
If it be Christ his will. [John,

Lett us leave talking of Little John,
And thinke of Robin Hood,
How he is gone to the wight yeoman,
Where under the leaves he stood.

Good morrow, good fellowe, sayd Robin so
fayre,

Good morrow, good fellow, quo he:
Methinks, by this bowe thou beares in thy
hande,

A good archere thou sholdst bee.

I am wilfulle of my waye, quo' the yeman,
And of my morning tyde.

He lead thee through the wood, sayd Robin:
Good fellow, He be thy guide.

I seeke an outlawe, the straunger sayd,
Men call him Robin Hood;
Rather I'd meet with that proud outlawe
Than fortye pound soe good.

Now come with me, thou wighty yeman,
And Robin thou soone shalt see:
But first let us some pastime find
Under the greenwood tree.

First let us some masterye make
Among the woods so even,
We may chance to meet with Robin Hood
Here at some unsett steven.

They cut them down two summer shroggs,
That grew both under a breere,
And set them threescore rood in twaine
To shoote the prickes y-fere.

Leade on, good fellowe, quoth Robin Hood,
Leade on, I do bidd thee.

Nay by my faith, good fellowe, hee sayd,
My leader thou shalt bee.

The first time Robin shot at the pricke,
He mist but an inch it fro:
The yeoman he was an archer good,
But he cold never do soe.

The second shoote had the wightye yeman,
He shot within the garland:
But Robin he shot far better than hee,
For he clave the good prick-wande.

A blessing upon thy heart, he sayd;
Goode fellowe, thy shooting is goode;
For an thy heart be as good as thy hand,
Thou wert better than Robin Hood.

Now tell me thy name, good fellowe, sayd he,
Under the leaves of lyne.

Nay by my faith, quoth bolde Robin,
Till thou have told me thine.

I dwelle by dale and downe, quoth hee,
And Robin to take Ime sworne;
And when I am called by my right name
I am Guy of good Gisborne.

My dwelling is in this wood, says Robin,
By thee I set right nought;
I am Robin Hood of Barnesdale,
Whom thou so long has sought.

He that had neyther been kithe nor kin,
Might have seen a full sayre sight,
To see how together these yeomen went
With blades both browne and bright:

To see how these yeomen together they fought,
Two howres of a summer's day:
Yet neither Robin Hood nor Sir Guy
Them fettle to fly awaye.

Robin was reachles on a roote,
And stumbled at that tyde;
And Guy was quicke and nimble withall,
And hitt him upon the syde.

Ah deere Ladye, said Robin Hood, thou
That art both mother and may,
I think it was never mans destinye
To dye before his day.

Robin thought on our Ladye deere,
And soon leapt up againe;
And strait he came with a backward stroke,
And he Sir Guy hath slayne.

He took Sir Guys head by the hayre,
And stuck it upon his bowes end:
Thou hast been a traytor all thy life,
Which thing must have an end.

Robin pulled forth an Irysh knife,
And nicked Sir Guy in the face,
That he was never on woman born
Cold know whose head it was.

Sayes, Lye there, lye there, now, Sir Guye,
And with me be not wrothe:
If thou have had the worst strokes at my hand,
Thou shalt have the better clothe.

Robin did off his gowne of greene,
And on Sir Guy did throwe,
And he put on that capull hyde,
That clad him topp to toe.

Thy bowe, thy arrows, and little horne,
Now with me I will beare;
For I will away to Barnesdale,
To see how my men doe fare.

Robin Hood sett Guys horne to his mouth,
And a loud blast in it did blow,
That beheard the sheriffe of Nottingham,
As he leaned under a lowe.

Hearken, hearken, sayd the sheriffe,
I heare nowe tydings good,
For yonder I hear Sir Guyes horne blowe,
And he hath slaine Robin Hoode.

Yonder I heare Sir Guyes horne blowe,
Itt blowes soe well in tyde;
And yonder comes that wightye yeoman,
Cladd in his capull hyde.

Come hyther, come hyther, thou good Sir Guy,
Aske what thou wilt of mee.

O I will none of thy gold, sayd Robin,
Nor I will none of thy fee:

But now I have slaine the master, he says,
Lett me goe strike the knave;
For this is all the meede I aske,
None other reward Ile have.

Thou art a madman, sayd the sheriffe,
Thou sholdst have had a knightes fee:
But seeing thy asking hath beene soe bad,
Well granted it shall bee.

When Little John heard his master speake,
Well knew he it was his steven:
Now shall I bee looset, quoth Little John,
With Christ his might in heaven.

Fast Robin hee hyed him to Little John,
He thought to loose him blive;
The sheriffe and all his companye
Fast after him gan drive.

Stand abacke, stand abacke, sayd Robin;
Why draw you me so neere?
Itt was never the use in our countrye,
Ones shrift another shold heere.

But Robin pulled forth an Irysh knife,
And losed John hand and foote,
And gave him Sir Guyes bow into his hand,
And bade it be his boote.

Then John he took Guyes bow in his hand,
His bolts and arrowes eche one;
When the sheriffe saw Little John bend his bow,
He fettle him to be gone.

Towards his house in Nottingham towne
He fled full fast away:
And so did all the companye:
Not one behind wold stay.

But he cold neither runne soe fast,
Nor away so fast cold ryde,
But Little John with an arrowe soe broad,
He shott him into the backe-syde.

§ 104. *Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudesty.*

They were three noted outlaws, whose skill in archery rendered them formerly as famous in the North of England, as Robin Hood and his fellows were in the midland counties. Their place of residence was in the forest of Englewood, not far from Carlisle (called corruptly in the ballad English-wood, whereas Engle or Ingle wood signifies wood for firing). At what time they lived does not appear. The author of the common ballad on the pedigree, education, and marriage, of Robin Hood, makes them contemporary with Robin Hood's father, in order to give him the honor of beating them; viz.

The father of Robin a forester was,
And he shot in a lusty long bow
Two north-country miles and an inch at a shot,
As the pinder of Wakefield does know;

For he brought Adam Bell, and Clim of the Clough,
And William of Clowdeslee,
To shoot with our forester for forty mark;
And our forester beat them all three.

Collect. of Old Ballads, 1727, vol. 1. p. 67.

This seems to prove that they were commonly thought to have lived before the popular hero of Sherwood.

I have only to add further concerning the principal hero of this ballad, that the Bells were noted rogues in the north so late as the time of Q. Elizabeth. See, in Rymer's *Fœdera*, a letter from Lord William Howard to some of the officers of state, wherein he mentions them.

Part the First.

MERY it was in grene forèst
 Among the levès grene,
 Whereas men hunt east and west
 Wyth bowes and arrowes kene ;
 To ryse the dere out of theyr denne :
 Suche sightes hath ofte bene sene
 As by thre yemen of the north countrèy,
 By them it is I meane.
 The one of them hight Adam Bel,
 The other Clym of the Clough,*
 The thyrd was William of Cloudesly,
 An archer good ynough.
 They were outlawed for venyson,
 These yemen everchone ;
 They swore them brethren upon a day,
 To Englyshe wood for to gone.
 Now lith and lysten, gentylnen,
 That of myrthe loveth to here :
 Two of them were single men,
 The third had a wedded fere.
 Wylliam was the wedded man,
 Muche more than was hys care :
 He sayde to hys brethren upon a day,
 To Carleil he wold fare ;
 For to speke with fayre Alyce his wife,
 And with hys children thre.
 By my trouth, sayde Adam Bel,
 Not by the counsell of me :
 For if ye go to Carleil, brother,
 And from thys wyld wode wende,
 If the justice may you take,
 Your lyfe were at an ende.
 If that I come not to-morrow, brother,
 By pryme to you agayne,
 Truste not els but that I am take,
 Or else that I am slayne.
 He took his leave of his brethren two,
 And to Carleil he is gon :
 Theyre he knocked at his owne windowe,
 Shortly and anone.
 Wher he you, fayre Alyce my wyfe,
 And my chyldren thre ?
 Lyghtly let in thine owne husbände,
 Wylliam of Cloudeslè.
 Alas ! then sayde fayre Alyce,
 And syghed wonderous sore,
 Thys place hath ben besette for you
 Thys halfe yere and more.

Now am I here, said Cloudeslè,
 I wold that in I were :
 Now fetche us meate and drynke ynoughe,
 And let us make good chere.
 She fetched hym meate and drynke plentyè,
 Lyke a true wedded wyfe :
 And pleased hym with that she had,
 Whome she loved as her lyfe.
 There lay an old wyfe in that place,
 A lytle besyde the fyre,
 Whych Wylliam had found of charytyè
 More than seven yere.
 Up she rose, and forth she goes,
 Evel mote she spede therefoore ;
 For she had not set no fote on ground
 In seven yere before.
 She went unto the justice-hall,
 As fast as she could hye :
 Thys night is come unto thys town
 Wylliam of Cloudeslyè.
 Thereof the justice was full fayne,
 And so was the sherife also :
 Thou shalt not trauaill hither, dame, for nought,
 Thy mede thou shalt have or thou go.
 They gave to her a ryght good gounce
 Of scarlate and of graine :
 She toke the gyfte, and home she wente,
 And couched her downe agayne.
 They rysed the towne of mery Carleile
 In all the haste they can ;
 And came thronging to Wylliames house,
 As fast as they might gone.
 Theyre they besette that good yemàn
 About on every side :
 Wylliam hearde great noyse of folkes,
 That theytherward they hyed.
 Alyce opened a back wyndow,
 And loked all aboute :
 She was ware of the justice and shirife bothe,
 Wyth a full great route.
 Alas ! treason, cryed Alyce,
 Ever wo may thou be !
 Goe into my chamber, husband, she sayd,
 Sweet Wylliam of Cloudeslè.
 He toke hys sward and hys bucler,
 Hys bow and hys chyldren thre,
 And wente into hys strongest chamber,
 Where he thought surest to be.
 Fayre Alyce, lik a lover true,
 Took a pollaxe in her hande :
 He shal be dead that here commeth in
 Thys dore, whyle I may stand.
 Cloudeslè bente a wel-good bowe,
 That was of trusty tre :
 He smot the justice on the brest,
 That hys arowe brest in thre.

* Clym of the Clough, means Clem. (Clement) of the Valley ; for so Clough signifies in the North.

A curse on his harte, said William,
Thys day thy cote dyd on!
If it had ben no better than myne,
It had gone nere thy bone.

Yeld the, Cloudeslè, sayd the justice,
Thy bowe and thy arrowes the fro.
A curse on hys hart, said fair Alyce,
That my husband concelleth so.

Set fyre on the house, saide the sherife,
Syth it wyll no better be,
And brenne we therein William, he saide,
Hys wyfe and chyldren thre.

They fyred the house in many a place;
The fyre flew up on hye:
Alas! then cryed fair Alyce,
I se we here shall dy.

William openyd a back wyndow,
That was in hys chamber hie,
And wyth shetes let downe hys wyfe,
And eke hys chyldren thre.

Have here my treasure, sayde William,
My wyfe and my chyldren thre:
For Christès love do them no harme,
But wreke you all on me.

Wyllyam shot so wonderous well,
Tyll hys arrowes were all agoe,
And the fyre so fast upon hym fell,
That hys bowstryng brent in two.

The sparkles brent and fell upon
Good Wyllyam of Cloudesle:
Then he was a wofull man, and sayde,
Thys is a cowardès death to me.

Lever had I, sayde Wyllyam,
With my sworde in the route to renne,
Then here among myne enemyes wode
Thus cruelly to bren.

He toke hys sward and hys buckler,
And among them all he ran.
Where the people were most in prece,
He smote down many a man.

There myght no man abyde his stroke,
So fersly on them he ran:
Then they threw wyndowes and dores on him,
And so toke that good yeman.

There they hym bounde both hande and fote,
And in depe dongeon cast.
Now, Cloudesle, sayd the hye justice,
Thou shalt be hanged in hast.

A payre of new gallowes, sayd the sherife,
Now shall I for the make;
And the gates of Carleil shal be shutte,
No man shall come in thereat.

Then shall not helpe Clym of the Cloughe,
Nor yet shall Adam Bell,
Though they come with a thousand mo,
Nor all the devils in hell.

Early in the mornynge the justice uprose,
To the gates first gan he gon,
And commaundeth he to be shut full close
A Lightilè everychone.

Then went he to the markett place,
As fast as he could hye;
A payre of new gallous there he set up
Besydes the pylorye.

A lyttle boy among them asked,
What meaneth that gallow-tree?
They sayde, To hang a good yeamàn,
Called Wyllyam of Cloudeslè.

That lytle boye was the town swyne heard,
And kept fayre Alyces swine:
Oft he had seene Cloudesle in the woode,
And geuend hym there to dyne.

He went out att a crevis in the wall,
And lightly to the wood dyde gone;
There met he with these wightye yemen
Shortly and anone.

Alas! then sayde that lytle boye,
Ye tary here all to longe;
Cloudesle is taken, and dampned to death,
All readye for to honge.

Alas! then sayd good Adam Bell,
That ever we see thys daye!
He had better with us have taryed,
So ofte as we dyd hym praye.

He myght have dwellyd in grene forèste,
Under the shadowes grene,
And have kept both hym and us in reste,
Out of trouble and teene.

Adam bent a ryghte good bow,
A great hart sone had he slayne:
Take that, chyldre, he sayde, to thy dynner,
And bryng me myne arrowe agayne.

Now go we hence, sayde these wightye yemen,
Tary we no lenger here;
We shall hym borowe by God his grace,
Though we bye it full dere.

To Carleil wente these good yemen,
In a merry mornynge of Maye.—
Here is a Fyt* of Cloudeslye,
And another is for to saye.

Part the Second.

And when they came to merry Carleil,
And in the mornynge tyde,
They founde the gates shut them untill
About on every side.

Alas! then sayd good Adam Bell,
That ever we were made men!
These gates be shut so wonderous wel,
We may not come here in.

Then bespake him Clym of the Clough,
Wyth a wyle we wyl us in bryng:
Let us saye we be messengers,
Streight come nowe from our king.

* Part.

Adam sayd, I have a letter written,
Now let us wysely werke,
We wyl saye we have the kynges seals;
I holde the porter no clerke.

Then Adam Bell bete on the gate,
With strokes great and strong:
The porter herde such noyse therat,
And to the gate he throng.

Who is there nowe, sayde the porter,
That maketh all this dinne?
We betow messengers, sayde Clim of the Clough,
Be come ryght from our kyng.

We have a letter, sayde Adam Bel,
To the justice we must it bryng:
Let us in our message to do,
That we were agayne to the kyng.

Here cometh none in, sayd the porter,
Be hym that dyed on a tre,
Tyll a false thefe be hanged up
Called Wylliam of Cloudeslè.

Then spake the good yeman Clym of the
Clough,
And swore by Mary fre:
An if that we stande long without,
Lyk a thefe honged thou shalt be.

Lo! here we have the kynges seale:
What, lurden, art thou wode?
The porter went it had been so,
And lyghtly dyd off hys hode.

Welcome be my lordes seale, he sayde;
For that ye shall come in.
He opened the gate full shortlye;
An euyl openyng for him.

Now are we in, sayde Adam Bell,
Therof we are full faine;
But Christ he knowes, that harowed hell,
How we shall com out agayne.

Had we the keys, sayd Clim of the Clough,
Ryght wel then should we spede,
Then might we come out wel ynough
When we se tyme and nede.

They called the porter to counsell,
And wrange hys necke in two,
And cast him in a depe dongeon,
And toke hys keys hym fro.

Now am I porter, sayd Adam Bell,
Se, brother, the keys are here,
The worst porter to merry Carleile
They have had thys hundred yere.

And now wyll we our bowes bend,
Into the towne wyll we go,
For to delyuer our dere brother,
That lyeth in care and wo.

Then they bent theyr good yewe bowes,
And lokyd theyr stringes were sound,
The markett place in merry Carleile
They beset that stound.

And, as they lokyd them besyde,
A pair of new galowes thei see,
And the justice, with a quest of squyers,
Had judg'd theyr fere to de:

And Cloudeslè himself lay in a carte,
Fast bound both fote and hand;
And a stronge rope about hys necke,
All readye for to hange.

The justice called to hym a ladde,
Cloudeslès clothes should he have,
To take the measure of that yemàn,
Therafter to make hys grave.

I have sene as great marveile, sayde Cloudesle,
As betweyne thys and pryme,
He that maketh thys grave for me
Hymselfe may lye therin.

Thou speakest proudli, sayd the justice,
I shall the hange with my hande,
Full well herd this his bretheren two,
There styll as they did stande.

Then Cloudeslè cast his eyen asyde,
And saw hys brethren twaine
At a corner of the market-place,
Redy the justice for to slaine.

I se comfort, sayd Cloudesle,
Yet hope I well to fare,
If I might have my hands at wyll
Ryght lytle wolde I care.

Then bespake good Adam Bell
To Clym of the Clough so free:
Brother, se ye marke the justice wel;
Lo! yonder ye may him see:

And at the sherife shote I wyll
Strongly wyth arrowe kene;
A better shote in mery Carleile
Thys seven yere was not sene.

They loosed their arrowes both at once,
Of no man had thei dread;
The one hyt the justice, the other the sheryfe,
That both theyr sides gan blede.

All men voyded, that them stode nye,
When the justice fell to the grounde,
And the sheryf fell hym by;
Eyther had his deathes wounde.

All the citizens fast gan flye,
They durst no lenger abyde:
There lyghtly they loosed Cloudeslè,
Where he with ropes lay tyde.

Wylliam sterte to an officer of the towne,
His axe fro hys hand he wronge,
On eche syde he smote them downe,
Hym thought he taryed to long.

Wylliam saide to his brethren two;
Thys daye let us lyve and de;
If ever you have nede as I have now,
The same shall you finde by me.

They shot so well in that tyde,
Theyr stringes were of silke ful sure,
That they kept the stretes on every side;
That batayle did long endure.

The fought together as brethren tru,
 Lyke hardy men and bolde,
 Many a man to the ground they thrue,
 And many a herte made colde.
 But when their arrowes were all gon,
 Men preceed to them full fast,
 They drew their swordes then anone,
 And they bowes from them cast.
 They wenten lyghtlye on theyr way,
 With swordes and bucklers round:
 By that it was myd of the day,
 They made mani a wound.
 There was many a nout-horne in Carleile
 blowen,
 And the belles backward did ryng,
 Many a woman sayde, Alas!
 And many theyr handes did wryng.
 The mayre of Carleile forth was com,
 Wyth hym a full great route:
 These yemen dred him full sore,
 Of their lyves they stode in doute.
 The mayre came armed a full great pace,
 With a pollaxe in hys hande;
 Many a strong man wyth him was,
 There in that stowre to stande.
 The mayre smot at Cloudeslè with his bil,
 Hys bucler he brast in two,
 Full many a yeman with great evyll,
 Alas! they cryed for wo.
 Keepe we the gates fast, they bad,
 That these traytours thereout not go.
 But al for nought was that the wrought,
 For so faste they downe were layde,
 Tyll they all thre, that so manfulli fought,
 Were gotten without, abraide.
 Have here your keys, sayd Adam Bel,
 Myne office I here forsake,
 And yf you do by my counsell,
 A new porter do ye make.
 He threw theyr keys at theyre heads,
 And bade them well to thryve,
 And all that letteth any good yeman
 To com and comfort his wyfe.
 Thus be these good yemen gon to the wod,
 And lyghtly, as lefe on lynde;
 The lough and be mery in theyre mode,
 Theyr foes wer ferr behind.
 And when they came to the old Englyshe wode,
 Under the trusty tre,
 There they found bowes full good,
 And arrowes full great plentyè.
 So God me help, sayd Adam Bell,
 And Clym of the Clough so fre,
 I would we were in mery Carleile,
 Before that fayre meynè.
 They set them downe, and made good chere,
 And eate and dranke full well.—
 A Second Fyt of the wighty yeomen:
 Another I wyll you tell.

Part the Third.

As they sat in Englyshe wood,
 Under the green-wode tre,
 They thought they heard a woman wepe,
 But her they mought not se.
 Sore then syghed the fayre Alyce:
 That ever I sawe thys daye!
 For nowe is my dere husband slayne:
 Alas! and well-a-day!
 Might I have spoke with his dere brethren
 Or with eyther of them twayne,
 To shew them what him befell,
 My heart were out of payne.
 Cloudeslè walk'd a little beside,
 Lookt under the green-wood linde,
 He was ware of his wife, and children thre,
 Full wo in harte and mynde.
 Welcome, wyfe, then sayd Wyllyam,
 Under this trusti tre:
 I wende yesterday, by sweete saynt John,
 Thou shoulde me never have see.
 "Now well is me that ye be here,
 My harte is out of wo."
 Dame, he sayde, be mery and glad,
 And thanke my brethren two.
 Herof to speake, said Adam Bell,
 Iwis it is no bote:
 The meate that we must supp withall,
 It runneth yet fast on fote.
 Then went they downe into a launde,
 These noble archares thre;
 Eche of them slew a hart of greece,
 The best that they could se.
 Have here the best, Alyce my wyfe,
 Sayde Wyllyam of Cloudeslye;
 By cause ye so bouldly stode by me,
 When I was slayne full nye.
 Then went they to theyr suppere
 Wyth suche meate as they had;
 And thanked God of their fortune,
 They were both mery and glad.
 And when thei had supped well,
 Certain wythouten lease,
 Cloudeslè sayd, We wyll to our kyng,
 To get us a charter of peace.
 Alyce shal be at our sojournyng,
 In a nunnery here besyde;
 My tow sons shall wyth her go,
 And there they shall abyde.
 Myne eldest son shall go wyth me;
 For hym have you no care;
 And he shall breng you worde agayn,
 How that we all do fare.
 Thus be these yemen to London gone,
 As fast as they might he,*
 Tyll they came to the kyng's pallace,
 Where they would nedes be.

* Hie, hasten.

And when they came to the kynges courte,
 Unto the pallace-gate;
 Of no man wold they ask no leave,
 But boldly went in therat.
 The preceid prestly, went into the hall,
 Of no man had they drede :
 The porter came after, and dyd them call,
 And with them gan to chyde.
 The usher sayde, Yemen, what would ye have ?
 I pray you tell to me :
 You myght thus make offycers shent :
 Good syrs, of whence be ye ?
 Syr, we be outlawes of the forest,
 Certayne withouten lease :
 And hether we be come to our kyng,
 To get us a charter of peace.
 And when they came before the kyng,
 As it was the lawe of the lande,
 They kneled downe without lettyng,
 And eche held up his hand.
 The sayed, Lord, we beseche the here,
 That ye will graunt us grace :
 For we have slayne your fat falow-dere
 In many a sondry place.
 What be your nams, then said our kyng,
 Anone that you tell me ?
 They said, Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough,
 And Wyllyam of Cloudeslè.
 Be ye those theves, then sayd our kyng,
 That men have tolde of to me ?
 Here to God I make an avowe,
 Ye shall be hanged all thre.
 Ye shal be dead without mercy,
 As I am kynge of this lande.
 He commandeth his officers every one,
 Fast on them to lay hande.
 There they toke these good yemen,
 And arrested them all thre :
 So may I thryve, said Adam Bell,
 Thys game lyketh not me.
 But, good lorde, we beseche you now,
 That yee graunt us grace,
 Insomuche as frelè to you we comen,
 As frelè fro you to passe,
 With such weapons as we have here,
 Tyll we be out of your place ;
 And yf we lyve this hundreth yere,
 We wyll aske you no grace.
 Ye speake proudly, sayd the kynge ;
 Ye shall be hanged all thre.
 That were great pity, then said the quene,
 If any grace myght be.
 My lorde, when I came fyrst into this lande
 To be your wedded wyfe,
 The fyrst boone that I wold aske,
 Ye wold graunt it me belyfe :
 And I never asked none tyll now ;
 Then, good lorde, graunt it me.
 Now ask it, madam, said the kynge,
 And graunted it shall be.

Then, good my lord, I you beseche,
 These yemen graunt ye me.
 Madame, ye myght have asked a boone
 That should have been worth them all three.
 Ye myght have asked towres and townes,
 Parkes and forests plentè ;
 But none soe pleasant to my pay, shee sayd ;
 Nor none so lefe to me.
 Madame, sith it is your desire,
 Your asking graunted shal be ;
 But I had lever have given you
 Good market townes thre.
 The quene was a glad woman,
 And sayde, Lord, gramarcyè ;
 I dare undertake for them
 That true men they shal be.
 But, good my lord, speke some mery word,
 That comfort they may se.
 I graunt you grace, then sayd our kyng,
 Washe, felos, and to meate go ye.
 They had not setten but a whyle
 Certayne without lesynge,
 There came messengers out of the north
 With letters to our kyng.
 And when they came before the kynge,
 They knelt downe on theyr kne ;
 Sayd, Lord, your officers grete you well,
 Of Carleile in the north cuntrè.
 How fareth my justice, sayd the kyng,
 And my sherife also ?
 Syr, they be slayne, without leasyng,
 And many an officer mo.
 Who hath them slayne ? sayd the kyng :
 Anone thou tell to me.
 Adam Bell, and Clim of the Clough,
 And Wyllyam of Cloudeslè.
 Alas for rewth ! then sayd our kynge,
 My hart is wonderous sore ;
 I had lever than a thousande pounce,
 I had known of this before ;
 For I have graunted them grace,
 And that forthynketh me :
 But had I knowen all thys before,
 They had been hanged all thre.
 The kyng he opened the letter anone,
 Himselfe he read it thro',
 And founde how these outlawes had slaine
 Thre hundred men and mo :
 Fyrst the justice, and the sheryfe,
 And the mayre of Carleile towne ;
 Of all the constables and catchipolles,
 Alyve were scant left one.
 The baylyes and the bedyls both,
 And the sergeaunte of the law,
 And forty fosters of the fe,
 These outlawes had yslaw.
 And broke his parks, and slayne his dere ;
 Of all they chose the best ;
 So perelous outlawes as they were,
 Walked not by easte or west.

When the kyng this letter had red,
 In harte he syghed sore :
 Take up the tables anone, he bad,
 For I may eat no more.

The kyng called hys best archars,
 To the buttes with him to go :
 I wyl see these felowes shote, he sayd,
 In the north have wrought this wo.

The kynges bowmen busket them blyve,
 And the quenes archers also :
 So dyd these thre wyghtye yemen ;
 With them they thought to go.

There twice or thrise they shote about,
 For to assay theyr hande ;
 There was no shote those yemen shot
 That any prycke * myght stand.

Then spake Wyllyam of Cloudeslè :
 By him that for me dyed,
 I hold him never no good archar,
 That shoteth at buttes so wyde.

“ At what a butte now wold ye shote,
 I pray thee teil to me ? ”
 At such a but, syr, he sayd,
 As men use in my countrè.

Wyllyam went into a fyeld,
 With his two bretherène :
 There they set up two hasell roddes,
 Full twenty score betwene.

I hold him an archar, said Cloudeslè,
 That yonder wand clevech in two.
 Here is none suche, sayd the kyng,
 Nor none that can so do.

I shall assaye, sir, sayd Cloudesly,
 Or that I farther go.

Cloudesly with a bearyng arowe
 Clave the wand in two.

Thou art the best archer, then said the king,
 For sothe, that ever I see.

And yet for your love, sayd Wyllyam,
 I wyl do more mastery.

I have a sonne is seven yeare olde,
 He is to me full deare ;
 I wyl hym tye to a stake ;
 All shal se, that he sayd ;

And lay an apple upon hys head,
 And go syxe score hym fro,
 And I my selfe with a broad aròw
 Shall cleave the apple in two.

Now haste the, then said the king ;
 By hym that dyed on a tre,
 But yf thou do not as thou hast sayde,
 Hanged shalt thou be.

An thou touche his head or gowne,
 In syght that men may se,
 By all the sayntes that be in heaven,
 I shali hange you all thre.

* Mark.

That I have promised, said Wyllyam,
 That wyll I never forsake.
 And there even before the kynge
 In the earth he drove a stake :

And bound thereto his eldest sonne,
 And bad hym stand styll thereat ;
 And turned the childes face him fro,
 Because he should not sterte.

An apple upon his head he set,
 And then his bowe he bent ;
 Syxe score paces they were out mete,
 And thether Cloudeslè went.

Then he drew out a fayr brode arrowe,
 Hys bowe was great and longe ;
 He set that arrowe in his bowe,
 That was both styffe and stronge.

He prayed the people that wer there,
 That they all still wold stand,
 For he that shoteth for such a wager
 Behoveth a stedfast hand.

Much people prayed for Cloudeslè,
 That his lyfe saved myght be ;
 And whan he made him redy to shote,
 There was many a weeping ee.

But Cloudeslè cleft the apple in twaine,
 His sonne he did not nee.

Over Gods forebode, sayde the kynge,
 That thou shold shote at me.

I geve thee eightene-pence a day,
 And my bowe shalt thou bere,
 And over all the north countrè,
 I make the chyfe rydèr.

And I thyrteene-pence a day, said the quene,
 By God and by my fay ;
 Come feche thy payment when thou wylt,
 No man shall say the nay.

Wyllyam, I make the a gentleman
 Of clothyng, and of fe :

And thy two breathren, yemen of my chambre,
 For they are so semely to se.

Your sonne, for he is tendre of age,
 Of my wyne-seller he shall be :
 And when he cometh to man's estate,
 Shall better avauanced be.

And, Wyllyam, bring to me your wife,
 Me longeth her sore to se ;
 She shall be my chefe gentlewoman,
 To govern my nurserye.

The yemen thanketh them courteously :
 To some bishop wyl we wend,
 Of all the synnes that we have done,
 To be assoyl'd at his hand.

So forth be gone these good yemen,
 As fast as they might be ;
 And after came and dwelled with the kynge,
 And dyed good men all thre.

Thus endeth the lives of these good yemen,
 God send them eternal blysse ;
 And all that with a hand-bowe shoteth,
 That of heaven they never mysse. Amen.

§ 105. *Song. Willow, willow, willow.*

It is from the following stanzas that Shakspeare has taken his song of the Willow in his *Othello*, A. 4. s. 3. though somewhat varied, and applied by him to a female character. He makes Desdemona introduce it in this pathetic and affecting manner :

"My mother had a maid call'd Barbarie ;
She was in love ; and he she lov'd forsook her,
And she prov'd mad. She had a song of Willow ;
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune :
And she dyed singing it."

A poor soule sat sighing under a sicamore tree,
O willow, willow, willow !

With his hand on his bosom, his head on his
O willow, willow, willow ! [knee ;
O willow, willow, willow !

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland !
He sighed in his singing, and after each grone,
O willow, &c.

I am dead to all pleasure, my true-love is gone ;
O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

My love is turned ; untrue she doth prove :
O willow, &c.

She renders me nothing but hate for my love.
O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

O pittie me (cried he) ye lovers, each one ;
O willow, &c.

Her heart's hard as marble, she rues not my mone.
O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The cold streams ran by him, his eyes wept
O willow, &c. [apace ;

The salt tears fell from him, which drowned
O willow, &c. [his face.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The mute birds sat by him, made tame by his
O willow, &c. [mones ;

The salt tears fell from him, which softened
O willow, &c. [the stones.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Let nobody blame me, her scorns I do prove :
O willow, &c.

She was borne to be faire ; I to die for her love.
O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

O that beauty should harbour a heart that's so
O willow, &c. [hard !

My true love rejecting without all regard.
O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Let Love no more boast him in palace or bower ;
O willow, &c.

For women are trothles, and flote in an houre.
O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

But what helps complaining ? In vain I com-
O willow, &c. [plain :

I must patiently suffer her scorne and disdaine.
O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Come, all you forsaken, and sit down by me ;
O willow, &c.

He that plaines of his false love, mine's fals'er
than she.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The willow wreath weare I, since my love did
O willow, &c. [fleet ;

A garland for lovers forsaken most meete.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland !

Part the Second.

Lowe layd by my sorrow, begot by disdaine,
O willow, willow, willow !

Against her too cruell, still, still I complaine,
O willow, willow, willow !

O willow, willow, willow !

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland !

O love too injurious, to wound my poor heart !
O willow, &c.

To suffer the triumph, and joy in my smart,
O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

O willow, willow, willow ! the willow garland,
O willow, &c.

A signe of her falsenesse, before me doth stand :
O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

As here it doth bid to despaire and to dye,
O willow, &c.

So hang it, friends, ore me in grave where I lye.
O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

In grave where I rest mee, hang this to the view,
O willow, &c.

Of all that doe know her, to blaze her untrue.
O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

With these words engraven, as epitaph meet,
O willow, &c.

"Here lyes one drank poyson for potion most
sweet."

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Though she thus unkindly hath scorned my love,
O willow, &c.

And carelessly smiles at the sorrowes I prove :
O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

I cannot against her unkindly exclaim,
O willow, &c.

Cause once well I lov'd her, and 'honour'd her
O willow, &c. [name,

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The name of her souned so sweet in mine eare'
O willow, &c.

It rais'd my heart lightly, the name of my deare.
O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

As then 'twas my comfort, it now is my griefe;
 O willow, &c.
 It now brings me anguish, then brought me
 O willow, &c. [reliefe.
 Sing, O the greene willow.

Farewell, faire false-hearted: plaints end with
 my breath!
 O willow, willow, willow!
 Thou dost loath me, I love thee, though cause
 of my death.
 O willow, willow, willow!
 O willow, willow, willow!
 Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland!

§ 106. *Barbara Allen's Cruelty.*

IN Scarlet towne, where I was borne,
 There was a fair maid dwellin,
 Made every youth crye, Wel-awaye!
 Her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merrye month of Maye,
 When greene buds they were swellin,
 Young Jeimye Grove on his death-bed lay,
 For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his man unto her then,
 To the town where shee was dwellin;
 You must come to my master deare,
 Giff your name be Barbara Allen.

For death is printed on his face,
 And ore his hearte is stealin:
 Then haste away to comfort him,
 O lovely Barbara Allen.

Though death be printed on his face,
 And ore his hearte is stealin;
 Yet little better shall he bee
 For bonny Barbara Allen.

So slowly, slowly, she came up,
 And slowly she came nye him;
 And all she sayd, when there she came,
 Young man, I think y're dying.

He turn'd his face unto her strait,
 With deadlye sorrow sighing;
 O lovely maid come pity mee,
 Ime on my death-bed lying.

If on your death-bed you doe lye,
 What needs the tale you are tellin?
 I cannot keep you from your death;
 Farewell, sayd Barbara Allen.

He turned his face unto the wall,
 As deadly pangs he fell in:
 Adieu! adieu! adieu to all!
 Adieu to Barbara Allen!

As she was walking ore the fields,
 She heard the bells a knellin:
 And every stroke did seem to saye,
 Unworthy Barbara Allen.

She turned her bodye round about,
 And spied the corp, a coming;
 Laye down, laye down the corpse, she sayd,
 That I may look upon him.

With scornful eye she looked downe,
 Her cheek with laughter swellin;
 Whilst all her friends cryed out amaine,
 Unworthy Barbara Allen.

When he was dead, and laid in grave,
 Her harte was struck with sorrowe.
 O mother, mother, make my bed,
 For I shall dye to-morrowe.

Hard-harted creature, him to slight,
 Who loved me so dearye:
 O that I had been more kind to him,
 When he was alive and neare me!

She, on her death-bed as she laye,
 Beg'd to be buried by him;
 And sore repented of the daye
 That she did ere denye him,

Farewell, she said, ye virgins all,
 And shun the fault I fell in;
 Henceforth take warning by the fall
 Of cruel Barbara Allen.

§ 107. *The Frolicsome Duke, or the Tinker's good Fortune.*

The following ballad is upon the same subject as the Induction to Shakspeare's *Taming of the Shrew*: whether it may be thought to have suggested the hint to the dramatic poet, or is not rather of later date, the reader must determine.

The story is told of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy; and is thus related by an old English writer: "The said Duke at the marriage of Eleonora, sister to the king of Portugall, at Bruges, in Flanders, which was solemnized in the deepe of winter; when as by reason of unseasonable weather he could neither hawke nor hunt, and was now tired with cards, dice, &c. and such other domestic sports, or to see ladies dance; with some of his courtiers, he would in the evening walke disguised all about the towne. It so fortun'd, as he was walking late one night, he found a country fellow dead drunke, snorting on a bulke; he caused his followers to bring him to his palace, and there stripping him of his old clothes, and attyring him after the court fashion, when he awakened, he and they were all ready to attend upon his excellency, and persuade him that he was some great duke. The poor fellow, admiring how he came there, was served in state all day long: after supper, he saw them dance, heard musicke, and all the rest of those court-like pleasures: but late at night, when he was well tippled, and again fast asleepe, they put on his old robes, and so convey'd him to the place where they first found him. Now the fellow had not made them so good sport the day before, as he did now, when he returned to himself: all the jest was to see how he looked upon it. In conclusion, after some little admiration, the poor man told his friends he

had seen a vision ; constantly believed it ; would not otherwise be persuaded, and so the jest ended." Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, pt. 2. sect. 2. memb. 4. 2d ed. 1624, fol.

Now as fame does report, a young duke
keeps a court, [sport :
One that pleases his fancy with frolicsome
But among all the rest, here is one I protest,
Which will make you to smile when you hear
the true jest. [ground,
A poor tinker he found lying drunk on the
As secure in a sleep as if laid in a swoond.

The duke said to his men, William, Richard,
and Ben,
Take him home to my palace, we 'll sport with
him then. [convey'd
O'er a horse he was laid, and with care soon
To the palace, although he was poorly array'd :
Then they stript off his clothes, both his shirt,
shoes, and hose,
And they put him to bed for to take his repose.

Having pull'd off his shirt, which was all over
dirt, [no great hurt :
They did give him clean Holland, which was
On a bed of soft down, like a lord of renown,
They did lay him to sleep the drink out of his
crown.

In the morning when day, then admiring he
lay, [gay.
For to see the rich chamber both gaudy and

Now he lay something late, in his rich bed of
state, [wait :
Till at last knights and squires they on him did
And the chamberlain bare then did likewise
declare,

He desired to know what apparel he'd wear :
The poor tinker amaz'd, on the gentleman gaz'd,
And admired how he to his honor was rais'd.

Though he seem'd something mute, yet he
chose a rich suit,
Which he straitways put on without longer
dispute ; [eyed,
With a star on each side, which the tinker oft
And it seem'd for to swell him no little with
pride ; [wife ?
For he said to himself, Where is Joan my sweet
Sure she never did see me so fine in her life.

From a convenient place the right duke his
good grace
Did observe his behaviour in every case.
To a garden of state on the tinker they wait,
Trumpets sounding before him ; thought he,
This is great : [view,
Where an hour or two pleasant walks he did
With commanders and squires in scarlet and
blue.

A fine dinner was drest, both for him and his
guests ;
He was plac'd at the table above all the rest,

In a rich chair or bed, lined with fine crimson
red,

With a rich golden canopy over his head :
As he sat at his meat the music play'd sweet,
With the choicest of singing, his joys to com-
plete.

While the tinker did dine, he had plenty of wine,
Rich canary and sherry, and tent superfine.
Like a right honest soul, faith, he took off his
bowl,
Till at last he began for to tumble and roll
From his chair to the floor, where he sleeping
did snore,
Being seven times drunker than ever before.

Then the duke did ordaine, they should strip
him amain,
And restore him his old leather garments again :
'Twas a point next the worst, yet perform it
they must, [him at first ;
And they carried him straight where they found
Then he slept all the night, as indeed well he
might ; [flight.
But when he did waken his joys took their

For his glory to him so pleasant did seem,
That he thought it to be but a mere golden
dream ; [he sought
Till at length he was brought to the duke, where
For a pardon, as fearing he'd set him at nought ;
But his highness he said, 'Thou 'rt a jolly bold
blade,
Such a frolick before I think never was play'd.

Then his highness bespoke him a new suit and
cloak, [joke ;
Which he gave for the sake of this frolicsome
Nay, and five hundred pound, with ten acres of
ground : [round,
Thou shalt never, said he, range the countries
Crying, Old brass to mend ; for I 'll be thy good
friend,
Nay, and Joan thy sweet wife shall my duchess
attend.

Then the tinker replied, What ! must Joan my
sweet bride,
Be a lady, in chariots of pleasure to ride ?
Must we have gold and land ev'ry day at com-
mand ?
Then I shall be a squire I well understand :
Well, I thank your good grace, and your love
I embrace ;
I was never before in so happy a case.

§ 103. Song. *Death's final Conquest.*

These fine moral stanzas were originally intended for
a solemn funeral song in a play of James Shirley's,
intituled, The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses.
Shirley flourished as a dramatic writer early in the
reign of Charles I. but he outlived the Restoration.
His death happened Oct. 23, 1666, æt. 72. It is said
to have been a favourite song with King Charles II.

The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armour against fate :

Death lays his icy hands on kings :
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still.

Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murrining breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow ;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds :
Upon death's purple altar now
See where the victor victim bleeds.

All heads must come
To the cold tomb :
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom, in the dust.

§ 109. *Song.* SMOLLETT.

To fix her, 'twere a task as vain
To count the April drops of rain,
To sow in Afric's barren soil,
Or tempests hold within a toil.

I know it, friend, she's light as air,
False as the fowler's gallant's snare,
Inconstant as the passing wind,
As winter's dreary frost unkind.

She's such a miser too in love,
Its joys she'll neither share nor prove ;
Though hundreds of gallants await
From her victorious eyes their fate.

Blushing at such inglorious reign,
I sometimes strive to break my chain ;
My reason summon to my aid,
Resolve no more to be betray'd.

Ah, friend ! 'tis but a short-liv'd trance,
Dispell'd by one enchanting glance ;
She need but look, and I confess
Those looks completely curse or bless.

So soft, so elegant, so fair,
Sure something more than human 's there :
I must submit, for strife is vain ;
'Twas destiny that forg'd the chain.

§ 110. *Song.* *Gilderoy.*

He was a famous robber, who lived about the middle of the 17th century ; if we may credit the histories and story-books of highwaymen, which relate many improbable feats of him, as his robbing Cardinal Riche-

lieu, Oliver Cromwell, &c. But these stories have probably no other authority than the records of Grub-street.

GILDEROY was a bonnie boy,
Had roses tull his shoone,
His stockings were of silken soy,
Wi' garters hanging doune :
It was, I weene, a comelie sight,
To see sae trim a boy ;
He was my joy and heart's delight,
My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh ! sike tve charming een he had,
A breath as sweet as rose ;
He never ware a Highland plaid,
But costly silken clothes.
He gain'd the luv of ladies gay,
Nane eir tull him was coy,
Ah ! wae is mee ! I mourn the day,
For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born
Baith in one toun together ;
We scant were seven years befor
We gan to luv each other ;
Our daddies and our mammies thay
Were fill'd wi' mickle joy,
To think upon the bridal day
'Twixt me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy, that luv of mine,
Gude faith, I freely bought
A wedding sark of Holland fine
Wi' silken flowers wrought :
And he gied me a wedding-ring,
Which I receiv'd with joy,
Nae lad nor lassie eir could sing
Like me and Gilderoy.

Wi' mickle joy we spent our prime,
Till we were baith sixteen,
And aft we past the langsome time
Among the leaves sae green :
Aft on the banks we'd sit us thair,
And sweetly kiss and toy ;
Wi' garlands gay wad deck my hair
My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh ! that he still had been content
Wi' me to lead his life ;
But, ah ! his manfu' heart was bent
To stir in feats of strife !
And he in many a venturous deed
His courage bauld wad try ;
And now this gars mine heart to bleed
For my dear Gilderoy.

And when of me his leave he tuik,
The tears they wet mine ee ;
I gave tull him a parting luik,
" My benison gang wi' thee !
God speed thee weil, mine ain dear heart,
For gane is all my joy ;
My heart is rent, sith we maun part,
My handsome Gilderoy ! "

My Gilderoy, baith far and near,
Was fear'd in ev'ry toun,
And bauldly bare away the gear
Of many a lawland loun:
Nane eir durst meet him man to man,
He was sae brave a boy;
At length wi' numbers he was tane,
My winsome Gilderoy.

Wae worth the loun that made the laws,
To hang a man for gear,
To reave of life for ox or ass,
For sheep, or horse, or mare:
Had not their laws been made sae strick,
I neir had lost my joy;
Wi' sorrow neir had wat my cheek
For my dear Gilderoy.

Giff Gilderoy had done amisse,
He mought hae banisht been;
Ah, what sair cruelty is this,
To hang sike handsome men!
To hang the flower o' Scottish land,
Sae sweet and fair a boy;
Nae lady had so white a hand
As thee, my Gilderoy.

Of Gilderoy sae fraid they were,
They bound him mickle strong,
Tull Edenburrow they led him thair,
And on a gallows hung:
They hung him high aboon the rest,
He was so trim a boy:
Thair dyed the youth whom I lued best,
My handsome Gilderoy.

Thus having yielded up his breath,
I bare his corpse away;
Wi' tears, that trickled for his death,
I washt his comelye clay;
And siker in a grave sae deep
I laid the dear-lued boy,
And now for evir maun I weep
My winsome Gilderoy.

§ 111. *Song. Bryan and Pereene; a West-Indian Ballad, founded on a real Fact that happened in the Island of St. Christopher's.*

GRAINGER.

THE north-east wind did briskly blow,
The ship was safely moor'd;
Young Bryan thought the boat's crew slow,
And so leap'd overboard.

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames,
His heart long held in thrall;
And whoso his impatience blames,
I wot, ne'er lov'd at all.

A long long year, one month and day,
He dwelt on English land;
Nor once in thought or deed would stray,
Though ladies sought his hand.

For Bryan he was tall and strong,
Right blythsome roll'd his een;
Sweet was his voice whene'er he sung:
He scant had twenty seen.

But who the countless charms can draw,
That graced his mistress true?
Such charms the old world seldom saw,
Nor oft, I ween, the new:

Her raven hair plays round her neck,
Like tendrils of the vine;
Her cheeks red dewy rose-buds deck,
Her eyes like diamonds shine.

Soon as his well-known ship she spied,
She casts her weeds away;
And to the palmy shore she hied,
All in her best array.

In sea-green silk so neatly clad
She there impatient stood;
The crew with wonder saw the lad
Repel the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief display'd,
Which he at parting gave;
Well pleas'd the token he survey'd,
And manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions one and all
Rejoicing crowd the strand;
For now her lover swam in call,
And almost touch'd the land.

Then through the white surf did she haste,
To clasp her lovely swain;
When, ah! a shark bit through his waist:
His heart's blood dyed the main;

He shriek'd! his half sprang from the wave,
Streaming with purple gore;
And soon it found a living grave,
And, ah! was seen no more.

Now haste, now haste, ye maids I pray,
Fetch water from the spring:
She falls, she swoons, she dies away,
And soon her knell they ring.

Now each May-morning round her tomb,
Ye fair, fresh flowrets strew;
So may your lovers scape his doom,
Her helpless fate scape you!

§ 112. *Song. Gentle river, gentle river. Translated from the Spanish.*

PERCY.

Although the English are remarkable for the number and variety of their ancient ballads, and retain perhaps a greater fondness for these old simple rhapsodies of their ancestors than most other nations, they are not the only people who have distinguished themselves by compositions of this kind. The Spaniards have great multitudes of them, many of which are of the highest merit. They call them in their language, Romances. Most of them relate to their conflicts with the Moors, and display a spirit of gallantry peculiar to that romantic people. The two following are specimens.

GENTLE river, gentle river,
 Lo, thy streams are stain'd with gore;
 Many a brave and noble captain
 Floats along thy willow'd shore.

All beside thy limpid waters,
 All beside thy sand so bright,
 Moorish chiefs, and Christian warriors,
 Join'd in fierce and mortal fight.

Lords and dukes, and noble princes,
 On thy fatal banks were slain:
 Fatal banks, that gave to slaughter
 All the pride and flow'r of Spain!

There the hero, brave Alonzo,
 Full of wounds and glory died;
 There the fearless Urdiales
 Fell a victim by his side.

Lo! where yonder Don Saavedra
 Though their squadrons slow retires;
 Proud Seville his native city,
 Proud Seville his worth admires.

Close behind a renegado
 Loudly shouts, with taunting cry:
 Yield thee, yield thee, Don Saavedra!
 Dost thou from the battle fly?

Well I know thee, haughty Christian,
 Long I liv'd beneath thy roof;
 Oft I've in the lists of glory
 Seen thee win the prize of proof.

Well I know thy aged parents,
 Well thy blooming bride I know;
 Seven years I was thy captive,
 Seven years of pain and woe.

May our Prophet grant my wishes,
 Haughty chief, thou shalt be mine;
 Thou shalt drink that cup of sorrow
 Which I drank when I was thine.

Like a lion turns the warrior,
 Back he sends an angry glare:
 Whizzing came the Moorish javelin,
 Vainly whizzing through the air.

Back the hero full of fury
 Sent a deep and mortal wound:
 Instant sunk the renegado
 Mute and lifeless on the ground.

With a thousand Moors surrounded,
 Brave Saavedra stands at bay:
 Wearied out, but never daunted,
 Cold at length the warrior lay.

Near him fighting, great Alonzo
 Stout resists the paynim bands;
 From his slaughter'd steed dismounted,
 Firm intrench'd behind him stands.

Furious press the hostile squadron,
 Furious he repels their rage.
 Loss of blood at length enfeebles:
 Who can war with thousands wage?

Where yon rock the plain o'ershadows,
 Close beneath its foot retir'd,
 Fainting sunk the bleeding hero,
 And without a groan expir'd.

§ 113. *Alcanczor and Zaida, a Moorish Tale:*
imitated from the Spanish. PERCY.

SOFTLY blow the evening breezes,
 Softly fall the dews of night;
 Yonder walks the Moor Alcanczor,
 Shunning ev'ry glare of light.

In yon palace lives fair Zaida,
 Whom he loves with flame so pure:
 Loveliest she of Moorish ladies,
 He a young and noble Moor.

Waiting for th' appointed minute,
 Oft he paces to and fro:
 Stopping now, now moving forwards,
 Sometimes quick, and sometimes slow.

Hope and fear alternate tease him,
 Oft he sighs with heartfelt care.
 See, fond youth, to yonder window
 Softly steps the tim'rous fair.

Lovely seems the moon's fair lustre
 To the lost benighted swain,
 When all silvery bright she rises,
 Gilding mountain, grove and plain.

Lovely seems the sun's full glory
 To the fainting seaman's eyes,
 When, some horrid storm dispersing,
 O'er the wave his radiance flies.

But a thousand times more lovely
 To her longing lover's sight,
 Steals half-seen the beauteous maiden
 Through the glimmerings of the night.

Tip-toe stands the anxious lover,
 Whispering forth a gentle sigh:
 Alla * keep thee, lovely lady!
 Tell me, am I doom'd to die?

Is it true, the dreadful story
 Which thy damsel tells my page,
 That, seduc'd by sordid riches,
 Thou wilt sell thy bloom to age?

An old lord from Antiquera
 Thy stern father brings along;
 But canst thou, inconstant Zaida,
 Thus consent my love to wrong?

If 'tis true, now plainly tell me,
 Nor thus trifle with my woes;
 Hide not then from me the secret
 Which the world so clearly knows.

Deeply sigh'd the conscious maiden,
 While the pearly tears descend;
 Ah! my lord, too true the story;
 Here our tender loves must end.

Our fond friendship is discover'd,
 Well are known our mutual vows;
 All my friends are full of fury;
 Storms of passion shake the house.

* Alla is the Mahometan name of God.

Threats, reproaches, fears, surround me ;
 My stern father breaks my heart ;
 Alla knows how dear it costs me,
 Gen'rous youth, from thee to part.

Ancient wounds of hostile fury
 Long have rent our house and thine ;
 Why then did thy shining merit
 Win this tender heart of mine ?

Well thou know'st how dear I lov'd thee,
 Spite of all their hateful pride,
 Though I fear'd my haughty father
 Ne'er would let me be thy bride.

Well thou know'st what cruel chidings
 Oft I've from my mother borne,
 What I've suffer'd here to meet thee
 Still at eve and early morn.

I no longer may resist them ;
 All to force my hand combine ;
 And to-morrow to thy rival
 This weak frame I must resign.

Yet think not thy faithful Zaida
 Can survive so great a wrong ;
 Well my breaking heart assures me
 That my woes will not be long.

Farewell then, my dear Alcanzor !
 Farewell too my life with thee !
 Take this scarf, a parting token ;
 When thou wear'st it, think on me.

Soon, lov'd youth, some worthier maiden
 Shall reward thy gen'rous truth ;
 Sometimes tell her how thy Zaida
 Died for thee in prime of youth.

To him, all amaz'd, confounded,
 Thus she did her woes impart ;
 Deep he sigh'd ; then cried, O Zaida,
 Do not, do not break my heart !

Canst thou think I thus will lose thee ?
 Canst thou hold my love so small ?
 No ; a thousand times I'll perish !
 My curst rival too shall fall.

Canst thou, wilt thou, yield thus to them ?
 O break forth, and fly to me !
 This fond heart shall bleed to save thee,
 These fond arms shall shelter thee.

'Tis in vain, in vain, Alcanzor ;
 Spies surround me, bars secure :
 Scarce I steal this last dear moment,
 While my damsel keeps the door.

Hark, I hear my father storming !
 Hark, I hear my mother chide !
 I must go ; farewell for ever !
 Gracious Alla be thy guide !

§ 114. *King Edward IV. and the Tanner of Tamworth.*

IN summer time when leaves grow greene,
 And blossoms bedecke the tree,
 King Edward wolde a hunting ryde,
 Somme pastime for to see.

With hawke and hounde he made him bowne,
 With horne, and eke with bowe ;
 To Drayton Basset he took his waye,
 With all his lordes arowe.

And he had ridden ore dale and downe
 By eight o'clocke in the day,
 When he was ware of a bold tanner,
 Come ryding along the waye.

A fayre russet coat the tanner had on
 Fast buttoned under his chin ;
 And under him a good cow-hide,
 And a mare of four shilling.

Nowe stand you still, my good lordes all,
 Under the greene wood spraye,
 And I will wende to yonder fellowe,
 To weet what he will saye.

God speede, God speede thee, said our king,
 Thou art welcome, sir, sayde hee.
 The readiest waye to Drayton Basset
 I praye thee to shewe to mee.

To Drayton Basset wouldst thou goe,
 Fro the place where thou dost stand,
 The next payre of gallows thou comest unto,
 Turn in upon thy right hand.

That is an unready waye, said the king,
 Thou doest but jest, I see :
 Now shewe me out the nearest waye,
 And I pray thee wend with mee.

Awaye with a vengeance ! quoth the tanner,
 I hold thee out of thy witt :
 All daye have I ridden on Brocke my mare,
 And I am fasting yett.

Go with me downe to Drayton Basset,
 No daynties we will spare :
 All daye shalt thou eate and drink of the best,
 And I will paye thy fare.

Gramercye for nothing, the tanner replyde,
 Thou payest no fare of mine :
 I trow I've more nobles in my purse,
 Than thou hast pence in thine.

God give thee joy of them, sayd the king,
 And send them well to priefe.
 The tanner wolde faine have been away,
 For he weende he had been a thiefe.

What art thou, he sayde, thou fine fellowe ?
 Of thee I'm in greate feare ;
 For the clothes thou wearest upon thy backe
 Might besee me a lord to weare.

I never stole them, quoth our king,
 I tell you, sir, by the roode.
 Then thou playest as many an unthrift doth,
 And standeth in midds of thy goode.

What tydings heare you, sayd the kynge,
 As you ryde far and neare ?
 I hear no tydings, sir, by the masse,
 But that cow-hides are deare.

Cowe-hides ! cowe-hides ! what things are those ?
 I marvell what they be ?
 What, art thou a foole ? the tanner reply'd ;
 I carry one under mee.

What craftsman art thou? said the king;
 I pray thee tell me trowe.
 I am a barker,* sir, by trade;
 Now tell me what art thou?

I am a poore courtier, sir, quoth he,
 That am forth of service worne;
 And fain I wolde thy prentise bee,
 Thy cunninge for to learne.

Marrye, heaven forsend, the tanner replyde,
 That thou my prentise were:
 Thou woldst spend more good than I shold winn,
 By fortye shilling a yere.

Yet one thinge wold I, sayd our king,
 If thou wilt not seeme strange;
 Thouge my horse be better than thy mare,
 Yet with thee I faine wold change.

Why if with me thou faine wilt change,
 As change full well maye wee,
 By the faith of my bodye, thou proude fellowe,
 I will have some boot of thee.

That were against reason, sayd the king,
 I sweare, so mote I thee:
 My horse is better than thy mare,
 And that thou well mayst see.

Yea, sir, but Brocke is gentle and mild,
 And softly she will fare:
 Thy horse is unrulye and wild, I wiss;
 Aye skipping here and theare.

What boote wilt thou have? our king replied;
 Now tell me in this stounde.
 Noe pence, nor half-pence, by my faye,
 But a noble in gold so rounde.

Here's twenty groates of white moneye,
 Sith thou wilt have it of mee.
 I would have sworne now, quoth the tannèr,
 Thou hadst not had one penniè.

But since we two have made a change,
 A change we must abide;
 Although thou hast gotten Brocke my mare,
 Thou gettest not my cove-hide.

I will not have it, sayde the kynge,
 I sweare, so mote I thee;
 Thy foule cove-hide I would not beare,
 If thou woldst give it mee.

The tanner he took his good cove-hide,
 That of the cove was hilt;
 And threwe it upon the king's saddelle,
 That was so fayrely gilte.

Now help me up, thou fine fellowe,
 'Tis time that I were gone:
 When I come home to Gyllian my wife,
 She'll say I'm a gentilmon.

The kinge he took him by the legge;
 The tanner a f*** let fall.
 Now marrye, good fellowe, said the kinge,
 Thy courtesye is but small.

When the tanner he was in the king's saddelle,
 And his foote in the stirrup was,
 He marvelled greatlye in his minde,
 Whether it were gold or brass.

But when his steede saw the cows-taile wagge,
 And eke the black cove-horne,
 He stamped, and stared, and away he ranne,
 As the devill had him borne.

The tanner he pull'd, the tanner he sweat,
 And held by the pummil fast;
 At length the tanner came tumbling downe:
 His necke he had well-nye brast.

Take thy horse again with a vengeance, he sayd,
 With mee he shall not hyde.—
 My horse would have borne thee well enough,
 Be he knewe not of thy cove-hide:

Yet if againe thou faine woldst change,
 As change full well may wee,
 By the faith of thy bodye, thou jolly tannèr,
 I will have some boote of thee.

What boote wilt thou have, the tanner reply'd,
 Nowe tell me in this stounde?
 Noe pence, nor half-pence, sir, by my faye,
 But I will have twentye pounce.

Here's twenty groates out of my purse;
 And twentye I have of thine:
 And I have one more, which we will spend
 Together at the Vine.

The kinge set a hugle horne to his mouthe,
 And blewe bothe loude and shrille;
 And soone came lords, and soone came knights,
 Fast ryding over the hille.

Nowe, out alas! the tanner he cryde,
 That ever I sawe this daye!
 Thou art a strong thefe, yon come thy fellowes
 Will beare my cove-hide away.

They are no thieves, the king replyde,
 I sweare, so mote I thee:
 But they are the lords of the north countrèr,
 Here come to hunt with mee.

And soone before our king they came,
 And knelt downe on the grounde:
 Then might the tanner have beene awaye,
 He had lever than twentye pounce.

A collar, a collar, here, sayd the kinge,
 A collar, he loud did crye.
 Then wolde he lever than twentye pounce
 He had not been so nighe.

A collar, a collar, the tanner he sayd,
 I trowe it will breede sorrowe:
 After a collar comes a halter,
 And I shall be hanged to-morrowe.

Away with thy feare, thou jolly tannèr;
 For the sport thou hast shewn to mee,
 I wote noe halter thou shalt weare,
 But thou shalt have a knight's fee.

* Dealer in bark.

For Plumpton parke I will give thee,
With tenements faire beside,
Tis worth three hundred markes by the yeare,
To maintain thy good cove-hide.

Gramercye, my liege, the tanner replyde,
For the favour thou hast me shewne;
If ever thou comest to merry Tamworth,
Neates leather shall clout thy shoen.

§ 115. *Lady Ann Bothwell's Lament. A
Scottish Song.*

The subject of this pathetic ballad is, A Lady of quality
of the name of BOTHWELL, or rather BOSWELL,
having been, together with her child, deserted by
her husband, or lover, composed these affecting
lines herself.

BALOW, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe;
If thoust be silent, Ise be glad,
Thy maining maks my heart ful sad.
Balow, my boy, thy mithers joy,
Thy father breides me great annoy.
Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

When he began to court my luvie,
And with his sugred words to muve,
His faynings fals, and flattering cheire,
To me that time did not appeire:
But now I see, most cruell hee
Careis neither for my babe nor mee.

Balow, &c.

Ly stil, my darlinge, sleipe a while,
And when thou wakest sweetly smile:
But smile not, as thy father did,
To cozen maids; nay, God forbid!
But yette I feire, thou wilt gae neire
Thy fatheris hart and face to beire.

Balow, &c.

I cannae chuse, but ever will
Be luvng to thy father stil:
Whair-eir he gae, whair-eir he ryde,
My love with him maun still abyde:
In weil or wae, whair-eir he gae,
Mine hart can neir depart him frae.

Balow, &c.

But doe not, doe not, prettie mine,
To faynings fals thine hart incline:
Be loyal to thy luvver trew,
And nevir change hir for a new:
If gude or faire, of hir have care,
For womens banning's wonderous sair.

Balow, &c.

Bairne, sin thy cruel father is gane,
Thy winsome smiles maun cise my paine:
My babe and I'll together live,
He'll comfort me when cares doe grieve:

My babe and I right saft will ly,
And quite forget man's cruelty.

Balow, &c.

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falsest youth,
That ever kist a woman's mouth!
I wish all maids be warn'd by mee,
Nevir to trust man's curtesy;
For if we doe bot chance to bow,
They'll use us than they care not how.
Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

§ 116. *Corydon's doleful Knell.*

The burthen of the song DING, DONG, &c. is at present appropriated to burlesque subjects, and therefore may excite only ludicrous ideas in a modern reader, but in the time of our poet it usually accompanied the most solemn and mournful strains.

My Phillida, adieu, love!
For evermore farewell!
Ay me! I've lost my true love,
And thus I ring her knell.
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
My Phillida is dead!
I'll stick a branch of willow
At my fair Phillis' head.

For my fair Phillida
Our bridal bed was made:
But 'stead of silkes so gay,
She in her shroud is laid.

Ding, &c.

Her corpse shall be attended
By maides in faire array,
Till th' obsequies are ended,
And she is wrapt in clay.

Ding, &c.

Her herse it shall be carried
By youths that do excel;
And when that she is buried,
I thus will ring her knell.

Ding, &c.

A garland shall be framed
By art and nature's skill,
Of sundry-colour'd flowers,
In token of good-will; *

Ding, &c.

And sundry-colour'd ribbands
On it I will bestow;
But chiefly blacke and yellowe
With her to grave shall go.

Ding, &c.

I'll deck her tomb with flowers,
The rarest ever seen;
And with my tears, as showers,
I'll keepe them fresh and green.

Ding, &c.

Instead of fairest colours,
Set forth with curious art,†
Her image shall be painted
On my distressed heart.

Ding, &c.

* It is a custom in many parts of England to carry a fine garland before the corpse of a woman who dies unmarried.

† This alludes to the painted effigies of alabaster anciently erected upon tombs and monuments.

And thereon shall be graven
 Her epitaph so faire,
 "Here lies the loveliest maiden
 "That e'er gave shepherd care." Ding, &c.

In sable will I mourne;
 Blacke shall be all my weede:
 Ay me! I am forlorne,
 Now Phillida is dead. Ding, &c.

§ 117. *The old and young Courtier.*

The subject of this excellent old song is a comparison between the manners of the old gentry as still subsisting in the times of Elizabeth, and the modern refinements affected by their sons in the reigns of her successors.

An old song made by an aged old pate,
 Of an old worshipful gentleman who had a
 great estate,
 That kept a brave old house at a bountifull rate,
 And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate;
 Like an old courtier of the queen's,
 And the queen's old courtier.

With an old lady whose anger on word asswages;
 They every quarter paid their old servants their
 wages,
 And never knew what belonged to coachman,
 footmen, nor pages, [badges;
 But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and
 Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old study fill'd full of learned old books,
 With an old reverend chaplain, you might
 know him by his looks,
 With an old buttery-hatch worn quite off the
 hooks, [zen old cooks;
 And an old kitchen that maintain'd half a do-
 Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old hall, hung about with pikes, guns,
 and bows,
 With old swords, and bucklers, that had borne
 many shrewde blows,
 And an old frize coat, to cover his worship's
 trunk hose,
 And a cup of old sherry to comfort his copper
 Like an old courtier, &c. [nose,

With a good old fashion, when Christmase
 was come,
 To call in all his old neighbours with bagpipe
 and drum, [room,
 With good cheer enough to furnish every old
 And old liquor able to make a cat speak, and
 man dumb;
 Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old falconer, huntsman, and a kennel
 of hounds;
 That never hawked nor hunted but in his own
 grounds,
 Who, like a wise man, kept himself within
 his own bounds,
 And when he dyed gave every child a thousand
 good pounds,
 Like an old courtier, &c.

But to his eldest son his house and land he as-
 sign'd, [tiffull mind,
 Charging him in his will to keep the old boun-
 To be good to his old tenants, and to his neigh-
 bours be kind:

But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he
 was inclin'd,
 Like a young courtier of the king's,
 And the king's young courtier.

Like a flourishing young gallant newly come
 to his land,
 Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his
 command,
 And takes up a thousand pound upon his fa-
 ther's land,
 And gets drunk in a tavern, till he can neither
 go nor stand!
 Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fangled lady, that is dainty, nice,
 and spare,
 Who never knew what belonged to good
 house-keeping, or care;
 Who buys gaudy-colour'd fans to play with
 wanton air,
 And seven or eight different dressings of other
 women's hair;
 Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fashion'd hall, built where the old
 one stood,
 Hung round with new pictures that do the
 poor no good,
 With a fine marble chimney, wherein burns
 neither coal nor wood,
 And a new smooth shovelboard, whereon no
 victuals e'er stood;
 Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new study stuff full of pamphlets and
 plays, [prays,
 And a new chaplain, that swears faster than he
 With a new buttery-hatch that opens once in
 four or five days,
 And a new French cook to devise fine kick-
 shaws and toys;
 Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is draw-
 ing on, [must be gone,
 On a new journey to London straight we all
 And leave none to keep house, but our new
 porter John,
 Who relieves the poor with a thump on the
 back with a stone;
 Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new gentleman-usher, whose carriage
 is complete,
 With a new coachman, footmen, and pages to
 carry up the meat,
 With a waiting gentlewoman, whose dressing
 is very neat,
 Who, when her lady has din'd, lets the ser-
 vants not eat;
 Like a young courtier, &c.

With new titles of honor bought with his father's old gold,
 For which sundry of his ancestors' old manors
 are sold; [hold,
 And this is the course most of our new gallants
 Which makes that good house-keeping is now
 grown so cold
 Among the young courtiers of the king,
 Or the king's young courtiers.

§ 118. *Loyalty confined.*

This excellent old song is preserved in David Lloyd's "Memoirs of those that suffered in the cause of Charles I." He speaks of it as the composition of a worthy personage, who suffered deeply in those times, and was still living, with no other reward than the conscience of having suffered. The author's name he has not mentioned; but if tradition may be credited, this song was written by Sir R. L'ESTRANGE.

BEAT on, proud billows; Boreas, blow;
 Swell, curled waves, high as Jove's roof;
 Your incivility doth show,
 That innocence is tempest-proof;
 Though surly Nereus frown, my thoughts are
 calm;
 Then strike, Affliction, for thy wounds are balm.
 That which the world miscalls a jail,
 A private closet is to me:
 Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
 And innocence my liberty;
 Locks, bars, and solitude, together met,
 Make me no prisoner, but an anchorite.
 I, whilst I wish'd to be retir'd,
 Into this private room was turn'd,
 As if their wisdoms had conspir'd
 The salamander should be burn'd:
 Or like those sophists that would drown a fish,
 I am constrain'd to suffer what I wish.

The cynic loves his poverty;
 The pelican her wilderness;
 And 'tis the Indian's pride to be
 Naked on frozen Caucasus:
 Contentment cannot smart; Stoics, we see,
 Make torments easie to their apathy.

These manicles upon my arm
 I as my mistress' favours wear;
 And, for to keep my ancles warm,
 I have some iron shackles there:
 These walls are but my garrison; this cell,
 Which men call jail, doth prove my citadel.
 I'm in the cabinet lock'd up,
 Like some high-prized margarite,
 Or, like the great mogul or pope,
 Am cloyster'd up from public sight:
 Retiredness is a piece of majesty,
 And thus, proud Sultan, I'm as great as thee.
 Here sin for want of food must starve,
 Where tempting objects are not seen;
 And these strong walls do only serve
 To keep vice out, and keep me in:

Malice of late's grown charitable, sure;
 I'm not committed, but am kept secure.

So he that struck at Jason's life,
 Thinking t' have made his purpose sure,
 By a malicious friendly knife,
 Did only wound him to a cure.

Malice, I see, wants wit; for what is meant
 Mischief, oftimes proves favour by th' event.

When once my prince affliction hath,
 Prosperity doth treason seem;
 And to make smooth so rough a path,
 I can learn patience from him:
 Now not to suffer, shows no loyal heart;
 When kings want ease, subjects must bear a part.

What though I cannot see my king,
 Neither in person or in coin;
 Yet contemplation is a thing
 That renders what I have not mine:
 My king from me what adamant can part,
 Whom I do wear engraven on my heart!

Have you not seen the nightingale,
 A prisoner like, coopt in a cage;
 How doth she chant her wonted tale
 In that her narrow hermitage!
 Even then her charming melody doth prove
 That all her bars are trees, her cage a grove.

I am that bird, whom they combine
 Thus to deprive of liberty;
 But though they do my corps confine,
 Yet, maugre hate, my soul is free:
 And though immur'd, yet can I chirp, and sing
 Disgrace to rebels, glory to my king!

My soul is free as ambient air,
 Although my baser part's immew'd,
 Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair
 T' accompany my solitude:
 Although rebellion do my body binde,
 My king alone can captivate my minde.

§ 119. *To Althea, from Prison:*

This excellent Sonnet, which possessed a high degree of fame among the old Cavaliers, was written by Colonel Richard Lovelace during his confinement in the Gate-house, Westminster; to which he was committed by the House of Commons, in April 1642, for presenting a petition from the county of Kent, requesting them to restore the king to his rights, and to settle the government. See Wood's *Athenæ*, vol. ii. p. 228; where may be seen at large the affecting story of this elegant writer; who, after having been distinguished for every gallant and polite accomplishment, the pattern of his own sex, and the darling of the ladies, died in the lowest wretchedness, obscurity, and want, in 1658.

WHEN love with unconfined wings
 Hovers within my gates,
 And my divine Althea brings
 To whisper at my grates;

When I lye tangled in her haire,
And fetter'd with her eye,
The birds that wanton in the aire
Know no such libertie.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses crown'd,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty griefe in wine we steepe,
When healths and drafts goe free,
Fishes that tittle in the deepe,
Know no such libertie.

When, linnet-like, confined I
With shriller note shall sing
The mercye, sweetness, majesty,
And glories, of my king;
When I shall voyce aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Th' enlarged windes that curl the flood
Know no such libertie.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron barres a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soare above,
Enjoy such libertie.

§ 120. *The Braes of Yarrow, in Imitation of the ancient Scots Manner.*

Written by William Hamilton of Bangour, Esq. who died March 25, 1754, aged 50.

A. Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
And think no mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride?
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?

A. I gat her where I dare na weil be seen,
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride!
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow!
Nor let thy heart lament to live
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?

A. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun
she weep,
Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow;
And lang maun I nai mair weil be seen
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow:

For she has tint her luvver, luvver dear,
Her luvver slain, the cause of sorrow;
And I hae slain the comliest swain
That eir pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why rins thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, reid?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholious weids
Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?

What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful
flude?

What's yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!
O 'tis he, the comely swain I slew
Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow!

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in
tears,

His wounds in tears, with dule and sorrow;
And wrap his limbs in mourning weids,
And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow!

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow;
And weep around in wayful wise
His hapless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,
His comely breast on the Braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee, not to, not to luvve?
And warn from fight? but, to my sorrow,
Too rashly bauld, a stronger arm
Thou mett'st, and fell'st on the Braes of
Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green
grows the grass,
Yellow on Yarrow's banks the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flowes Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet
flows Tweed,

As green its grass, its gowan as yellow;
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae its rock as mellow.

Fair was thy luvve, fair, fair indeed thy luvve,
In flow'ry bands thou didst him fetter;
Though he was fair, and well beluv'd again,
Than me he never luv'd thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, and luvve me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. How can I busk a bonny bonny bride?
How can I busk a winsome marrow?
How luvve him upon the banks of Tweed,
That slew my luvve on the Braes of Yarrow?

O Yarrow fields, may never, never rain,
Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover!
For there was basely slain my luvve,
My luvve, as he had not been a luvver!

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, 'twas my awn sewing:
Ah wretched me! I little, little kenn'd
He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white
steed,
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow;
But, ere the dewfall of the night,
He lay a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoic'd that waeft, waeft day;
I sang, my voice the woods returning;
But lang ere night the spear was floun,
That slew my luv, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My luv's blood is on thy spear!
How canst thou, barbarous man! then
wooe me?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud;
With cruel and ungentle scoffin',
May bid me seek on Yarrow's Braes
My luv nailed in his coffin:

My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,
And strive with threatning words to muve
me;

My luv's blood is on thy spear!
How canst thou ever bid me luv thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luv,
With bridal sheets my body caver:
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in the expected husbunde luv.

But who the expected husband, husband is?
His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaugh-
Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon [ter:
Comes in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,
O lay his cold head on my pillow;
Take aff, take aff these bridal weids,
And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale though thou art, yet best, yet best be-
luv'd,
O could my warmth to life restore thee!
Yet lye all night between my briests,
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed! O lovely, lovely youth,
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lye all night between my briests,
No youth shall ever lye there after.

4. Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,
Return, and dry thy useless sorrow;
Thy luv heeds nought of thy sighs,
He lies a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

§ 121. *Childe Waters.*

CHILD is frequently used by our old writers as a title. It is repeatedly given to Prince Arthur in the *Faerie Queene*; and the son of a king is in the same poem called "Child Tristram." And it ought to be observed that the word *child* or *chield* is still used in North Britain to denominate a man, commonly with some contemptuous character affixed to him, but sometimes to denote man in general.

CHILDE Waters in his stable stode,
And stroakt his milke-white steede:
To him a fayre yonge ladye came
As ever ware womans weede.

Sayes, Christ you save! good Childe Waters,
Sayes, Christ you save! and see,
My girdle of gold, that was too longe,
Is now too short for mee.

And all is with one childe of yours,
I feele sturre at my side:
My gowne of greene it is too strait;
Before it was too wide.

If the childe be mine, faire Ellen, he sayd,
Be mine, as you tell mee;
Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,
Take them your owne to bee.

If the childe be mine, faire Ellen, he sayd,
Be mine, as you doe sweare;
Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,
And make that childe your heyre.

Shee sayes, I had rather have one kine,
Childe Waters, of thy mouth;
Than I wolde have Cheshire and Lancashire
both,
That lye by north and southe.

And I had rather have one twinkling,
Childe Waters, of thine ee;
Then I wolde have Cheshire and Lancashire
both,
To take them mine owne to bee.

To-morrow, Ellen, I must forth ryde
Farr into the north cuntrye;
The fayrest ladye that I can finde,
Ellen, must go with mee.

Thoughe I am not that ladye fayre,
Yet let me goe with thee:
And ever, I pray you, Childe Waters,
Your foot-page let me bee.

If you will my foot-page bee, Ellen,
As you doe tell to mee;
Then you must cut your gowne of greene
An inch above your knee.

Soe must you doe your yellowe lockes,
An inch above your ee:
You must tell no man what is my name;
My foot-page then you shall bee.

Shee, all the long daye Childe Waters rode,
Ran barefoot by his syde;
Yet was he never soe courteous a knyghte,
To say, Ellen, will you ryde?

Shee, all the long daye Childe Waters rode,
Ran barefoote thorow the broome;
Yet was he never soe courteous a knyghte,
To say, Put on your shoone.

Ride softlye, shee sayd, O Childe Waters,
Why doe you ride so fast?
The childe, which is no man's but thine,
My body itt will brast.

Hee sayth, Seest thou yond water, Ellen,
That flows from banke or brimme?—
I trust in God, O Childe Waters,
You never will see * me swimme!

But when she came to the water syde,
She sayled to the chinne:
Nowe the Lorde of Heaven be my speede,
For I must learne to swimme!

The salt waters bare up her clothes;
Our Ladye bare up her chinne:
Childe Waters was a woe man, good Lord,
To see faire Ellen swimme!

And when shee over the water was,
Shee then came to his knee;
Hee sayd, Come hither, thou fayre Ellèn,
Loe yonder what I see!

Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellen?
Of red gold shines the yate:
Of twenty-four faire ladies there,
The fairest is my mate.

Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellen?
Of red gold shines the towre:
There are twenty-four fayre ladies there,
The fairest is my paramoure.

I see the hall now, Childe Waters,
Of red gold shines the yate:
God give you good now of yourselfe,
And of your worthy mate.

I see the hall now, Childe Waters,
Of red gold shines the towre:
God give you good now of yourself,
And of your paramoure.

There twenty-four fayre ladies were
A playing at the ball;
And Ellen, the fayrest ladye there,
Must bring his steed to the stall.

There twenty-four fayre ladies were
A playnge at the chesse;
And Ellen, the fayrest ladye there,
Must bring his horse to gresse.

And then bespake Childe Waters sistèr,
These were the wordes sayde shee:
You have the prettyest page, brother,
That ever I did see.

But that his bellye it is soe bigge,
His girdle stands soe hye:
And ever, I pray you, Childe Waters,
Let him in my chamber lye.

It is not fit for a little foot-page,
That has run thro mosse and myre,
To lye in the chamber of any ladye
That wears so rich attyre.

It is more meete for a little foot-page,
That has run through mosse and myre,
To take his supper upon his knee,
And lye by the kitchen fyre.

Now when they had supped every one,
To bedd they tooke theyre waye:
He sayd, Come hither, my little foot-page,
And hearken what I saye:

Goe thee downe unto yonder towne,
And lowe into the streete;
The fayrest ladye that thou canst finde
Hyre, in mine armes to sleepe;
And take her up in thine armes twaine,
For filing † of her feete.

Ellen is gone into the towne,
And lowe into the streete;
The fayrest ladye that she colde finde,
She hyred in his armes to sleepe;
And took her up in her armes twayne,
For filing of her feete.

I pray you nowe, good Childe Waters,
Let me lye at your feete:
For there is noe place about this house
Where I may saye ‡ a sleepe.

He gave her leave, and Faire Ellèn
Down at his beds feet laye:
This done, the night drove on apace;
And, when it was near the daye,

Hee sayd, Rise up, my little foot-page!
Give my steede corne and haye;
And give him nowe the good black oates,
To carry mee better awaye.

Up then rose the fayre Ellen,
And gave his steede corne and haye;
And soe shee did the good black oates,
To carry him better awaye.

She leane her back to the manger side,
And grievously did groane:
Shee leane her back to the manger side,
And there she made her moane.

And that beheard his mother deare,
She heard her woeful woe.
She sayd, Rise up, thou Childe Waters,
And into thy stable goe;

For in thy stable is a ghost,
That grievously doth grone:
Or else some woman laboures with childe,
She is so woe-begone.

Up then rose Childe Waters soone,
And did on his shirte of silke;
And then he put on his other clothes,
On his bodye as white as milke.

And when he came to the stable dore,
Full still there hee did stand,
That he might heare his fayre Ellen,
Howe slicc made her monand.§

She sayd, Lullabye, mine owne deare childe,
Lullabye, deare childe, dear:
I wolde thy father were a kinge,
Thy mother layd on a biere!

* Permit, suffer.

† Defiling.

‡ Essay, attempt.

§ Moaning, bemoaning.

Peace nowe, hee sayd, good faire Ellen,
 Bee of good cheere, I praye!
 And the bridale and the churchinge bothe
 Shall be upon one daye.

§ 122. *The King and the Miller of Mansfield.*

It has been a favourite subject with our English ballad-makers, to represent our kings conversing either by accident or design with the meanest of their subjects. Of the former kind; besides this song of the King and the Miller, we have King Henry and the Soldier; King James I. and the Tinker; K. William III. and the Forester, &c. Of the latter sort are K. Alfred and the Shepherd; K. Edward IV. and the Tanner; K. Henry VIII. and the Cobbler, &c. — This is a piece of great antiquity, being written before the time of Edward IV.; and for its genuine humour, diverting incidents, and faithful picture of rustic manners, is infinitely superior to all that have been since written in imitation of it.

Part the First.

HENRY, our royall king, would ride a hunting
 To the greene forest so pleasant and faire,
 To see the harts skipping, and dainty does
 tripping:
 Unto merry Sherwood his nobles repaire;
 Hawke and hound were unbound, all things
 prepar'd
 For the game, in the same, with good regard.

All along summers day rode the king pleasantly,
 With all his princes and nobles eche one;
 Chasing the hart and hind, and the bucke gal-
 lantlye,
 Till the darke evening forced all to turne
 home.

Then, at last, riding fast, he had lost quite
 All his lords in the wood, late in the night.

Wandering thus wearilye, all alone, up and
 downe,

With a rude miller he mett at the last:
 Asking the ready way unto faire Nottingham:
 Sir, quoth the miller, I mean not to jest,
 Yet I think, what I thinke sooth for to say,
 You doe not lightlye ride out of your way.

Why, what dost thou think of me, quoth our
 king merrily,

Passing thy judgment on me so brieve?
 Good faith, said the miller, I mean not to
 flatter thee;

I guess thee to be but some gentleman thiefe;
 Stand thee backe, in the darke; light not adowne,
 Lest I presently cracke thy knaves crowne.

Thou dost abuse me much, quoth the king, say-
 I am a gentleman; lodging I lacke. [sing thus;
 Thou hast not, quoth the miller, one groat in
 thy purse;

All thy inheritance hanges on thy backe.
 I have gold to discharge all that I call;
 If it be forty pence, I will pay all.

If thou beest a true man, then quoth the miller,
 I sweare by my toll-dish I'll lodge thee all
 night.

Here's my hand, quoth the king, that was I ever.
 Nay, soft, quoth the miller, thou mayest be a
 sprite.

Better I'll know thee, ere hands we will shake;
 With none but honest men hands will I take.

Thus they went all along unto the miller's
 house; [souse:

Where they were seething of puddings and
 The miller first entered in, after him went the
 king,

Never came hee in soe smoaky a house.
 Now, quoth he, let me see here what you are.
 Quoth our king, Look your fill, and do not spare.

I like well thy countenance, thou hast an ho-
 nest face; [lye.

With my son Richard this night thou shalt
 Quoth his wife, By my troth, it is a handsome
 youth,

Yet its best, husband, to deal warilye,
 Art thou no runaway, prythee, youth, tell?
 Shew me thy passport, and all shal be well.

Then our king presentlye, making lowe cour-
 tesye

With his hatt in his hand, thus he did say:
 I have no passport, nor never was servitor,
 But a poor courtier rode out of my way:
 And for your kindness here offered to mee,
 I will requite you in everye degree.

Then to the miller his wife whispered secretlye,
 Saying, It seemeth this youth's of good kin,
 Both by his apparel, and eke by his manners;
 To turne him out, certainlye, were a great sin.
 Yea, quoth hee, you may see, he hath some grace,
 When he doth speake to his betters in place.

Well quo' the miller's wife, young man, ye're
 welcome here;

And, though, I say it, well lodged shall be:
 Fresh straw will I have laid on thy bed so brave
 And good brown hempen sheets likewise,
 quoth shee.

Aye, quoth the good man, and when that is
 done, [sonne.

Thou shalt lye with no worse than our own
 Nay, first, quoth Richard, goode-fellowe, tell
 me true,

Hast thou noe creepers within thy gay hose?
 Or art thou not troubled with the scabbado?

I pray, quoth the king, what creatures are
 those?

Art thou not lowsy, nor scabby? quoth hee:
 If thou beest, surely thou lyeest not with mee.

This caus'd the king suddenlye to laugh most
 heartilye,

Till the tears trickled fast downe from his eyes.
 Then to their supper were they set orderlye,
 With hot bag-puddings, and good apple-pyes,
 Nappy ale, good and stale, in a brown bowle,
 Which did about the board merrily trowle.

Here, quoth the miller, good fellow, I drink
to thee,

And to all cuckolds, wherever they bee.

I pledge thee, quoth our king, and thanke thee
heartilye

For my good welcome in every degree :

And here, in like manner, I drink to thy sonne,
Do then, quoth Richard, and quicke let it come.

Wife, quoth the miller, fetch me forth Light-
foote,

And of his sweetnesse a little we'll taste.

A faire ven'son pastye brought she out pre-
sentlye. [waste :

Eate, quoth the miller, but, sir, make no
Here's dainty Lightfoote! In faith, said the
I never before eate so dainty a thing. [king,

I wis, quoth Richard, no dainty at all it is,

For we do eat of it everye day. [like to this?

In what place, sayd our king, may be bought

We never pay penaye for itt, by my fay :

From merry Sherwood we fetch it home here ;
Now and then we make bold with our king's
deer.

Then I thinke, sayd our king, that it is venison.

Eche foole, quoth Richard, full well may
know that :

Never are we without two or three in the roof,

Very well fleshed, and excellent fat :

But prythee, say nothing, wherever thou goe ;
We would not for two pence the king should
it knowe.

Doubt not, then sayd the king, my promised
secresye :

The king shall never know more on't for me.

A cup of lambs-wool they dranke unto him

And to their beds they past presentlye. [then,
The nobles, next morning, went all up and
downe,

For to seeke out the king in every towne.

At last, at the miller's cot, soone they espy'd
him out,

As he was mounting upon his faire steede ;
To whom they came presently, falling down
on their knee ;

Which made the millers heart wofully bleede :
Shaking and quaking, before him he stood,
Thinking he should have been hang'd by the
rood.

The king perceiving him fearfully trembling,
Drew forth his sword, but nothing he sed.

The miller downe did fall, crying before them
all, [head :

Doubting the king would have cut off his
But he, his kind courtesy for to requite,
Gave him great living, and dubb'd him a knight.

Part the Second.

WHENAS our royall king was come homé from
Nottingham,

And with his nobles at Westminster lay ;

Recounting the sports and pastimes they had

In this late progress along on the way ; [taken

Of them all, great and small, he did protest,
The miller of Mansfield's sport liked him best.

And now, my lords, quoth the king, I am de-
termined,

Against St. George's next sumptuous feast,
That this old miller, our new-confirmed knight,

With his son Richard, shall here be my guest :
For, in this merriment, 'tis my desire

To talke with the jolly knight, and the young
squire.

Whenas the noble lords sawe the kings plea-
santness,

They were right joyful and glad in their
hearts : [business,

A pursuivante there was sent straight on the

The which had oftentimes been in those parts.

When he came to the place where they did dwell,
His message orderlye then gan he tell.

God save your worshippe, then said the mes-
senger,

And grant your ladye her owne hearts desire ;
And to your sonne Richard good fortune and
happiness ;

That sweet, gentle, and gallant young squire !
Our king greets you well, and thus he doth say,
You must come to the court on St. Georges day.

Therefore, in any case, faile not to be in place.

I wis, quoth the miller, this is an odd jest :
What should we doe there? faith, I am halfe
afraid. [least.

I doubt, quoth Richard, to be hang'd at the
Nay, quoth the messenger, you doe mistake ;
Our king he provides a great feast for your sake.

Then sayd the miller, By my troth, messenger,
Thou hast contented my worshippe full well.
Hold, here are three farthings, to quite thy gen-
tleness,

For these happy tydings which thou dost tell.
Let me see, heare thou mee ; tell to our king,
We'll wait on his mastershipp in everye thing.

The pursuivant smiled at their simplicitie,

And, making many leggs, tooke their reward ;
And his leave taking with great humilitee,

To the kings court againe he repair'd ;
Shewing unto his grace, merry and free,
The knights most liberall gift and bountie.

When he was gone away, thus gan the miller say :

Here come expences and charges indeed !
Now must we needs be brave, tho' we spend
all we have ;

For of new garments we have great need :
Of horses and serving-men we must have store,
With bridles and saddles, and twenty things
more.

Tushe! sir John, quoth his wife, why should
you fret or frown?

You shall ne'er be att no charges for mee ;
For I will turn and trim up my old russet gowne,

With every thing else as fine as may bee :
And on our mill-horses swift we will ride,

With pillowes and pannells as we shall provide,

In this most stately sort rode they unto the court,
 Their jolly son Richard rode foremost of all;
 Who set up, for good hap, a cocks feather in
 his cap,

And so they jetted downe to the king's hall;
 The merry old miller with hands on his side;
 His wife like maid Marian did mince at that tide.

The king and his nobles that heard of their
 coming,

Meeting this gallant knight with his brave
 traine;

Welcome, sir knighte, quoth he, with your gay

Good sir John Cockle, once welcome againe :

And so is the squire of courage so free.

Quoth Dicke, A bots on you ! do you know me ?

Quoth our king gentlye, How should I forget
 thee ?

That wast my own bed-fellowe, well it I wot.
 Yea, sir, quoth Richard, and by the same token,

Thou with thy farting didst make the bed hot.
 Thou whoreson unhappy knave, then quoth
 the knight,

Speak cleanly to our king, or else go sh*t*.

The king and his courtiers laugh at this heartily,
 While the king taketh them both by the hand;
 With the court dames and maids, like to the
 queen of spades,

The miller's wife did so orderly stand,
 A milkmaids courtesye at every word;
 And downe all the folkes were set to the board.

There the king royally, in princelye majestye,
 Sate at his dinner with joy and delight;
 When they had eaten well, then he to jesting fell,
 And in a bowle of wine dranke to the knight:
 Here's to you both, in wine, ale, and beer;
 Thanking you heartilye for my good cheer.

Quoth sir John Cockle, I'll pledge you a pottle,
 Were it the best ale in Nottinghamshire.
 But then, said our king, now I think of a thing,
 Some of your Lightfoot I would we had here.
 Ho! ho! quoth Richard, full well I may say it,
 'Tis knavery to eate it, and then to betray it.

Why art thou angry ? quoth our king merrilye;
 In faith, I take it now very unkind:
 I thought thou wouldst pledge me in ale and
 wine heartily.

Quoth Dicke, you are like to stay till I have
 din'd:

You feed us with twatling dishes so small;
 Zounds, a black pudding is better than all.

Aye, marry, quoth our king, that were a daintye
 thing,

Could a man get but one here for to eat.
 With that Dick straight arose, and pluck'd one
 from his hose,

Which with heat of his breech gan for to
 sweate.

The king made a proffer to snatch it away.—
 'Tis meat for your master, good sir, you must stay.

Thus in great merriment was the time wholly
 spent;

And then the ladies prepared to dance:
 Old sir John Cockle and Richard incontinent
 Unto their places the king did advance:
 Here with the ladies such sport they did make,
 The nobles with laughing did make their sides
 ake.

Many thanks for their pains did the king give
 them,

Asking young Richard then if he would wed:
 Among these ladies free, tell me which liketh
 thee ?

Quoth he, Jugg Grumball, sir, with the red
 She's my love, she's my life, her will I wed;
 She hath sworn I shall have her maidenhead.

Then sir John Cockle the king called unto him,
 And of merry Sherwood made him o'erseer;
 And gave him out of hand three hundred pound
 yearlye;

Take heed now you steal no more of my deer;
 And once a quarter let's here have your view;
 And now, sir John Cockle, I bid you adieu.

§ 123. *The Witches' Song.*

From Ben Jonson's *Masque of Queens*, presented at
 Whitehall, Feb. 2, 1609.

It is true, this song of the Witches, falling from the
 learned pen of Ben Jonson, is rather an extract from
 the various incantations of classic antiquity, than a
 display of the opinions of our own vulgar. But let it
 be observed, that a parcel of learned wiseacres had just
 before busied themselves on this subject, with our Bri-
 tish Solomon, James I., at their head; and these had
 so ransacked all writers, ancient and modern, and
 so blended and kneaded together the several super-
 stitions of different times and nations, that those of
 genuine English growth could no longer be traced out
 and distinguished.

By good luck the whimsical belief of fairies and goblins
 could furnish no pretences for torturing our fellow-
 creatures, and therefore we have this handed down to
 us pure and unsophisticated.

1 Witch.

I HAVE beene all day looking after
 A raven feeding upon a quarter;
 And, soone as she turn'd her back to the south;
 I snatch'd this morsell out of her mouth.

2 Witch.

I have beene gathering wolves haire,
 The mad dogges foame, and adders eares;
 The spurning of a dead man's eyes:
 And all since the evening starre did rise.

3 Witch.

I last night lay all alone
 O' the ground, to heare the mandrake grone;
 And pluckt him up, though he grew full low:
 And, as I had done, the cocke did crow:

4 Witch.

And I ha' beene chusing out this scull,
 From charnel houses that were full,

From private grots and publike pits :
And frighted a sexton out of his wits.

5 Witch.

Under a cradle I did creepe
By day, and when the childe was a-sleepe
At night, I suck'd the breath ; and rose,
And pluck'd the nodding nurse by the nose.

6 Witch.

I had a dagger : what did I with that ?
Killed an infant to have his fat :
A piper it got, at a church-ale :
I bade him again blow wind i' the taile.

7 Witch.

A murderer yonder was hung in chaines ;
The sunne and the wind had shrunke his veines :
I bit off a sinew ; I clipt his haire ;
I brought off his ragges, that danc'd i' the ayre.

8 Witch.

The scrich-owles egges, and the feathers blacke,
The blood of the frogge, and the bone in his
backe,
I have been getting ; and made of his skin
A purset, to keep sir Cranion in,

9 Witch.

And I ha' been plucking (plants among)
Hemlock, henbane, adders tongue,
Night-shade, moone-wort, libbards bane ;
And twice by the dogges was like to be tane.

10 Witch.

I from the jaws of a gardiner's bitch
Did snatch these bones, and then leap'd the ditch :
Yet went I back to the house againe,
Kill'd the black cat, and here is the braine.

11 Witch.

I went to the toade, breeds under the wall,
I charmed him out, and he came at my call ;
I scratch'd out the eyes of the owle before ;
I tore the batts wings : what would you have
more ?

Dame.

Yes : I have brought, to helpe your vows,
Horned poppie, cypresse boughes,
The fig-tree wild that grows on tombes,
And juice that from the larch-tree comes,
The basiliskes blood, and the vipers skin ;
And now our orgies let's begin.

§ 124. *The Fairies Farewell.*

This humorous old song fell from the hand of the witty
Dr. CORBET, afterwards Bishop of Norwich, &c. In
his *Poetica Stromata* it is called "A proper new Bal-
lad, intituled, the Fairies Farewell, or God-a-mercy
Will: to be sung or whistled to the tune of the Mea-
dow Brow, by the learned ; by the unlearned, to the
tune of Fortune." :

FAREWELL, rewards and Fairies !
Good housewives now may say ;
For now foule sluts in dairies
Doe fare as well as they ;

And though they sweepe their hearths no less
Than mayds were wont to doe,
Yet who of late for cleanliness
Finds six-pence in her shoe ?

Lament, lament, old abbies,
The fairies lost command !
They did but change priests babies,
But some have chang'd your land :
And all your children stoln from thence
Are now growne Puritanes,
Who live as changelings ever since,
For love of your demaines.

At morning and at evening both
You merry were and glad,
So little care of sleepe and sloth
These pretty ladies had.
When Tom came home from labour,
Or Ciss to milking rose,
Then merrily went their labour,
And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelays
Of theirs, which yet remaine ;
Were footed in Queen Maries dayes
On many a grassy plaine.
But since of late Elizabeth
And later James came in ;
They never danc'd on any heath,
As when the time had been.

By which wee note the fairies
Were of the old profession ;
Their songs were Ave Maries,
Their dances were procession.
But now, alas ! they all are dead,
Or gone beyond the seas,
Or farther for religion fled,
Or else they take their ease.

A tell-tale in their company
They never could endure ;
And whoso kept not secretly
Their mirth, was punish'd sure :
It was a just and Christian deed
To pinch such blacke and blue :
O how the common-welth doth need
Such justices as you !

Now they have left our quarters ;
A Register they have,
Who can preserve their charters ;
A man both wise and grave.
An hundred of their merry pranks
By one that I could name
Are kept in store ; con twenty thanks
To William for the same.

To William Churne of Staffordshire,
Give laud and praises due,
Who every meale can mend your cheare
With tales both old and true ;
To William all give audience,
And pray yee for his noddle ;
For all the fairies evidence
Were lost, if it were addle.

§ 125. *Unfading Beauty.*

This little beautiful Sonnet is reprinted from a small volume of "Poems by THOMAS CAREW, Esq. one of the gentlemen of the privie-chamber, and sewer in ordinary to his majesty Charles I. Lond. 1640." This elegant, and almost forgotten writer, whose poems have been deservedly revived, died in the prime of his age, in 1639.

In the original follows a third stanza, which, not being of general application, nor of equal merit, I have ventured to omit.

HEE that loves a rosie cheeke,
Or coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuell to maintaine his fires;
As old time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfaste mind,
Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combin'd,
Kindle never-dying fires;
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheekes, or lips, or eyes.

* * * * *

§ 126. *Song. The Sky-Lark.* SHENSTONE.

Go, tuneful bird, that gladd'st the skies,
To Daphne's window speed thy way;
And there on quiv'ring pinions rise,
And there thy vocal art display.
And if she deign thy notes to hear,
And if she praise thy matin song,
Tell her, the sounds that soothe her ear
To Damon's native plains belong.
Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
The bird from Indian groves may shine;
But ask the lovely, partial maid,
Where are his notes compar'd with thine?
Then bid her treat yon witless beau
And all his flaunting race with scorn;
And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

§ 127. *The Hermit.* BEATTIE.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove—
'Twas then, by the cave of the mountain reclin'd,
A hermit his nightly complaint thus began:
Though mournful his numbers, his soul was resign'd;
He thought as a sage though he felt as a man.
"Ah! why, thus abandon'd to darkness and woe,
Why thus, lonely Philomel, flows thy sad strain?
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow;
And thy bosom no trace of misfortune retain.

Yet, if pity inspire thee, O cease not thy lay!
Mourn, sweetest companion! man calls thee
to mourn: [away!

O soothe him whose pleasures, like thine, pass
Full quickly they pass, but they never return!

"Now gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
The moon half extinct, a dim crescent dis-
plays;

But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her
blaze.

Roll on then, fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendor again;
But man's faded glory no change shall renew:
Ah, fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

"'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more:
I mourn; but, ye woodlands, I mourn not
for you;

For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glitt'ring
with dew.

Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
Kind Nature the embryo-blossom shall save:
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn?
O when shall it dawn on the night of the
grave?"

§ 128. *A Pastoral Ballad. In Four Parts.* SHENSTONE.

1. ABSENCE.

YE shepherds so cheerful and gay,
Whose flocks never carelessly roam;
Should Corydon's happen to stray,
O call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muse and to sigh,
Nor talk of the change that you find;
None, once, was so watchful as I:
—I have left my dear Phillis behind.
Now I know what it is to have strove
With the torture of doubt and desire;
What it is to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah, lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each evening repel:
Alas! I am faint and forlorn:
—I have bade my dear Phillis farewell.

Since Phillis vouchsaf'd me a look,
I never once dream'd of my vine:
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine!
I priz'd every hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before;
But now they are pass'd, and I sigh,
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.
But why do I languish in vain?
Why wander thus pensively here?
O, why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the smiles of my dear?
They tell me, my favourite maid,
The pride of that valley, is flown;
Alas! where with her I have stray'd
I could wander with pleasure alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
 What anguish I felt at my heart !
 Yet I thought, but it might not be so,
 'Twas with pain when she saw me depart.
 She gaz'd, as I slowly withdrew ;
 My path I could hardly discern ;
 So sweetly she bade me adieu,
 I thought that she bade me return.
 The pilgrim that journeys all day
 To visit some far distant shrine,
 If he bear but a relique away,
 Is happy, nor heard to repine.
 Thus, widely remov'd from the fair,
 Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
 Soft hope is the relique I bear,
 And my solace wherever I go.

2. HOPE.

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
 Whose murmur invites one to sleep ;
 My grottoes are shaded with trees,
 And my hills are white over with sheep.
 I seldom have met with a loss,
 Such health do my fountains bestow ;
 My fountains, all border'd with moss,
 Where the hare-bell and violet grow.
 Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
 But with tendrils of woodbine is bound ;
 Not a beech's more beautiful green,
 But a sweet-brier twines it around.
 Not my fields in the prime of the year
 More charms than my cattle unfold :
 Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
 But it glitters with fishes of gold.
 One would think she might like to retire
 To the bow'r I have labor'd to rear ;
 Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
 But I hasted and planted it there.
 O how sudden the jessamine strove
 With the lilac to render it gay !
 Already it calls for my love,
 To prune the wild branches away.
 From the plains, from the woodlands, and groves,
 What strains of wild melody flow !
 How the nightingales warble their loves
 From thickets of roses that blow !
 And when her bright form shall appear,
 Each bird shall harmoniously join
 In a concert so soft and so clear,
 As—she may not be fond to resign.
 I have found out a gift for my fair,
 I have found where the wood-pigeons breed ;
 But let me that plunder forbear,
 She will say 'twas a barbarous deed.
 For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
 Who could rob a poor bird of its young ;
 And I lov'd her the more when I heard
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue.
 I have heard her with sweetness unfold
 How that pity was due to a dove,
 That it ever attended the bold ;
 And she call'd it the sister of love.

But her words such a pleasure convey,
 So much I her accents adore,
 Let her speak, and whatever she say,
 Methinks I should love her the more.
 Can a bosom so gentle remain
 Unmov'd when her Corydon sighs ?
 Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
 These plains and this valley despise ?
 Dear regions of silence and shade !
 Soft scenes of contentment and ease !
 Where I could have pleasingly stray'd
 If aught in her absence could please.
 But where does my Phillida stray ?
 And where are her grots and her bowers ?
 Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
 And the shepherds as gentle, as ours ?
 The groves may perhaps be as fair,
 And the face of the valleys as fine ;
 The swains may in manners compare,
 But their love is not equal to mine.

3. SOLICITUDE.

Why will you my passion reprove,
 Why term it a folly to grieve,
 Ere I show you the charms of my love ?
 She is fairer than you can believe.
 With her mien she enamours the brave ;
 With her wit she engages the free ;
 With her modesty pleases the grave ;
 She is every way pleasing to me.
 O you that have been of her train,
 Come and join in my amorous lays !
 I could lay down my life for the swain
 That will sing but a song in her praise.
 When he sings, may the nymphs of the town
 Come trooping, and listen the while ;
 Nay, on him let not Phillida frown ;
 —But I cannot allow her to smile.
 For when Paridel tries in the dance
 Any favor with Phillis to find,
 O how, with one trivial glance,
 Might she ruin the peace of my mind !
 In ringlets he dresses his hair,
 And his crook is bestudded around ;
 And his pipe—O may Phillis beware
 Of a magic there is in the sound !
 'Tis his with mock passion to glow ;
 'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold,
 " How her face is as bright as the snow,
 And her bosom, be sure, is as cold ;
 How the nightingales labor the strain,
 With the notes of his charmer to vie ;
 How they vary their accents in vain,
 Repine at their triumphs, and die."
 To the grove or the garden he strays,
 And pillages every sweet ;
 Then, suiting the wreath to his lays,
 He throws it at Phillis's feet.
 " O Phillis," he whispers, " more fair,
 More sweet, than the jessamine's flow'r !
 What are pinks in a morn, to compare ?
 What is elegantine after a shower ?

"Then the lily no longer is white;
Then the rose is priv'd of its bloom;
Then the violets die with despoil,
And the woodbines give up their perfume."
Thus glide the soft numbers along,
And he fancies no shepherd his peer;
Yet I never should envy the song,
Were not Phillis to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So Phillis the trophy despise;
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they shine not in Phillis's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart
Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue;
Yet may she beware of his art!
Or sure I must envy the song.

4. DISAPPOINTMENT.

Ye shepherds, give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep:
They have nothing to do but to stray,
I have nothing to do but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove:
She was fair, and my passion begun;
She smil'd, and I could not but love;
She is faithless, and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought;
Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
That a nymph so complete would be sought
By a swain more engaging than me.
Ah! love ev'ry hope can inspire:
It banishes wisdom the while;
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile!

She is faithless, and I am undone;
Ye that witness the woes I endure,
Let reason instruct you to shun
What it cannot instruct you to cure.
Beware how you loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of a higher degree:
It is not for me to explain
How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes,
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repose?
Yet time may diminish the pain:
The flow'r, and the shrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkl'd rose,
The sound of a murmuring stream,
The peace which from solitude flows,
Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.
High transports are shown to the sight,
But we are not to find them our own:
Fate never bestow'd such delight,
As I with my Phillis had known.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace;
To your deepest recesses I fly;
I would hide with the beasts of the chase,
I would vanish from every eye.
Yet my reed shall resound through the grove
With the same sad complaint it begun;
How she smil'd, and I could not but love;
Was faithless, and I am undone!

§ 129. *Phæbe. A Pastoral.* BYRON.

My time, O ye muses! was happily spent,
When Phæbe went with me wherever I went:
Ten thousand soft pleasures I felt in my breast:
Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest.
But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous change on a sudden I find!
When things were as fine as could possibly be,
I thought it was spring; but alas! it was she.

The fountain that wont to run sweetly along,
And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among,
Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phæbe was there,
It was pleasant to look at, 'twas music to hear!
But now she is absent, I walk by its side,
And, still as it murmurs, do nothing but chide:
Must you be so cheerful, whilst I go in pain?
Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me complain.

My dog I was ever well pleased to see
Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me;
And Phæbe was pleas'd too, and to my dog
said,
"Come hither, poor fellow!" and patted his
head: [look,
But now, when he's fawning, I, with a sour
Cry, "Sirrah!" and give him a blow with
my crook:
And I'll give him another; for why should
not Tray
Be dull as his master, when Phæbe's away?

Sweet music went with us both all the wood
through,
The lark, linnet, throstle, and nightingale too;
Winds over us whisper'd, flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the grasshopper under our feet.
But now she is absent, though still they sing on,
The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone!
Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,
Gives every thing else its agreeable sound.

Will no pitying Power that hears me complain,
Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain?
To be cur'd, thou must, Colin, thy passion remove,
But what swain is so silly to live without love?
No, deity, bid the dear nymph to return;
For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.
Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with despair:
Take heed, all ye swains, how ye love one so fair.

§ 130. *A Pastoral Ballad.* ROWE.

DESPAIRING beside a clear stream,
 A shepherd forsaken was laid;
 And, while a false nymph was his theme,
 A willow supported his head.
 The wind that blew over the plain,
 To his sighs with a sigh did reply;
 And the brook, in return to his pain,
 Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! silly swain that I was!
 (Thus sadly complaining, he cried;)
 When first I beheld that fair face,
 'Twere better by far I had died.
 She talk'd, and I bless'd her dear tongue;
 When she smil'd, it was pleasure too great;
 I listen'd, and cried, when she sung,
 Was nightingale ever so sweet!

How foolish was I to believe
 She could dote on so lowly a clown,
 Or that her fond heart would not grieve
 To forsake the fine folk of the town!
 To think that a beauty so gay,
 So kind and so constant would prove;
 Or go clad, like our maidens, in grey,
 Or live in a cottage on love!

What though I have skill to complain,
 Though the muses my temples have crown'd;
 What though, when they hear my soft strain,
 The virgins sit weeping around;
 Ah, Colin! thy hopes are in vain,
 Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;
 Thy fair one inclines to a swain
 Whose music is sweeter than thine.

All you, my companions so dear,
 Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
 Whatever I suffer, forbear,
 Forbear to accuse the false maid.
 Though through the wide world I should range,
 'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
 'Twas hers to be false, and to change;
 'Tis mine to be constant, and die.

If, while my hard fate I sustain,
 In her breast any pity is found;
 Let her come, with the nymphs of the plain,
 And see me laid low in the ground:
 The last humble boon that I crave
 Is, to shade me with cypress and yew;
 And, when she looks down on my grave,
 Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
 And deck her in golden array;
 Be finest at ev'ry fine show,
 And frolic it all the long day:
 While Colin, forgotten and gone,
 No more shall be talk'd of or seen,
 Unless when, beneath the pale moon,
 His ghost shall glide over the green.

§ 131. *A Fairy Tale.* PARNELL.

IN Britain's isle, and Arthur's days,
 When midnight fairies daunc'd the maze,
 Liv'd Edwin of the Green;
 Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,
 Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
 Though badly shap'd he been.

His mountain back mote well be said
 To measure height against his head,
 And lift itself above;
 Yet, spite of all that Nature did
 To make his uncouth form forbid,
 This creature dar'd to love.

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,
 Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
 Could ladies look within;
 But one Sir Topaz dress'd with art,
 And, if a shape could win a heart,
 He had a shape to win.

Edwin, if right I read my song,
 With slighted passion paced along
 All in the moony light;
 'Twas near an old enchanted court,
 Where sportive fairies made resort,
 To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was cross'd,
 'Twas late, 'twas far, the path was lost
 That reach'd the neighbour town:
 With weary steps he quits the shades,
 Resolv'd, the darkling dome he treads,
 And drops his limbs adown.

But scant he lays him on the floor,
 When hollow winds remove the door,
 A trembling rocks the ground:
 And, well I ween to count aright,
 At once an hundred tapers light
 On all the walls around.

Now sounding tongues assail his ear,
 Now sounding feet approach near,
 And now the sounds increase:
 And, from the corner where he lay,
 He sees a train, profusely gay,
 Come pranking o'er the place.

But (trust me, gentles) never yet
 Was dight a masquing half so neat,
 Or half so rich, before;
 The country lent the sweet perfumes,
 The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,
 The town its silken store.

Now, whilst he gaz'd, a gallant, dress'd
 In flaunting robes above the rest,
 With awful accent cried:
 "What mortal, of a wretched mind,
 Whose sighs infect the balmy wind,
 Has here presum'd to hide?"

At this the swain, whose vent'rous soul
No fears of magic art control,
Advanc'd in open sight;
"Nor have I cause of dread," he said,
"Who view, by no presumption led,
Your revels of the night."

"'Twas grief, for scorn of faithful love,
Which made my steps unweeting rove
Amid the nightly dew."
"Tis well," the gallant cries again,
"We fairies never injure men
Who dare to tell us true."

"Exalt thy love-dejected heart;
Be mine the task, or ere we part,
To make thee grief resign;
Now take the pleasure of thy chaunce;
Whilst I with Mab, my partner, daunce,
Be little Mable thine."

He spoke, and, all a sudden, there
Light music floats in wanton air;
The Monarch leads the Queen:
The rest their fairie partners found:
And Mable trimly tript the ground
With Edwin of the Green.

The dauncing past, the board was laid,
And siker such a feast was made
As heart and lip desire:
Withouten hands the dishes fly,
The glasses with a wish come nigh,
And with a wish retire.

But now, to please the fairie king,
Full every deal they laugh and sing,
And antic feats devise;
Some wind and tumble like an ape,
And other some transmute their shape,
In Edwin's wond'ring eyes.

Till one, at last, that Robin hight,
Renown'd for pinching maids at night,
Has bent him up aloof;
And full against the beam he flung,
Where by the back the youth he hung,
To sprawl unneath the roof.

From thence, "Reverse my charm," he cries,
"And let it fairly now suffice,
The gambol has been shown."
But Oberon answers, with a smile,
"Content thee, Edwin, for a while,
The vantage is thine own."—

Here ended all the phantom-play;
They smelt the fresh approach of day,
And heard a cock to crow;
The whirling wind, that bore the crowd,
Has clapp'd the door, and whistled loud,
To warn them all to go.

Then screaming all at once they fly,
And all at once the tapers die;

Poor Edwin falls to floor:
Forlorn his state, and dark the place,
Was never wight in such a case
Through all the land before!

But, soon as dan Apollo rose,
Full jolly creature home he goes!
He feels his back the less;
His honest tongue and steady mind
Had rid him of the lump behind,
Which made him want success:

With lusty livelyhed he talks,
He seems a-dauncing as he walks;
His story soon took wind;
And beauteous Edith sees the youth
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
Without a bunch behind!

The story told, Sir Topaz mov'd,
(The youth of Edith erst approv'd)
To see the revel scene:
At close of eve he leaves his home,
And wends to find the ruin'd dome
All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it so befel,
The wind came rustling down a dell,
A shaking seiz'd the wall:
Up sprung the tapers, as before,
The fairies bragly foot the floor,
And music fills the hall.

But, certes, sorely sunk with woe
Sir Topaz sees the elfin show,
His spirits in him die;
When Oberon cries, "A man is near;
A mortal passion, cleped fear,
Hangs flagging in the sky."

With that Sir Topaz, hapless youth!
In accents falt'ring aye for ruth,
Intreats them pity graunt;
For als he been a mister wight
Betray'd by wand'ring in the night
To tread the circling haunt.

"Ah, losel vile!" at once they roar,
"And little skill'd of fairie lore,
They cause to come we know:
Now has thy kestrell courage fell;
And fairies, since a lye you tell,
Are free to work thee woe."

Then Will who bears the wispy fire
To trail the swains among the mire,
The captive upward flung;
There, like a tortoise in a shop,
He dangled from the chamber-top,
Where whilom Edwin hung.

The revel now proceeds apace,
Deftly they frisk it o'er the place,
They sit, they drink, and eat;
The time with frolic mirth beguile,
And poor Sir Topaz hangs the while,
Till all the rout retreat.

By this the stars began to wink ;
 They shriek, they fly, the tapers sink,
 And down ydrops the knight :
 For never spell by fairie laid
 With strong enchantment, bound a glade
 Beyond the length of night.

Chill, dark, alone, adreed he lay,
 Till up the welkin rose the day,
 Then deem'd the dole was o'er :
 But wot ye well his harder lot ;
 His seely back the bunch had got
 Which Edwin lost afore.—

This tale a Sybil nurse ared ;
 She softly stroak'd my youngling head,
 And when the tale was done :
 " Thus some are born, my son," she cries,
 " With base impediments to rise,
 And some are born with none.

" But virtue can itself advance
 To what the fav'rite fools of chance
 By fortune seem'd design'd ;
 Virtue can gain the odds of fate,
 And from itself shake off the weight
 Upon th' unworthy mind."

§ 132. *Song.* THOMSON.

For ever, Fortune ! wilt thou prove
 An unrelenting foe to love,
 And when we meet a mutual heart,
 Come in between, and bid us part ;
 Bid us sigh on from day to day,
 And wish, and wish the soul away,
 Till youth and genial years are flown,
 And all the life of love is gone ?
 But busy, busy, still art thou,
 To bind the loveless, joyless vow,
 The heart from pleasure to delude,
 To join the gentle to the rude.
 For once, O Fortune ! hear my prayer,
 And I absolve thy future care ;
 All other blessings I resign,
 Make but the dear Amanda mine.

§ 133. *The Barber's Nuptials.*

IN Liquorpond-street, as is well known to
 many,
 An artist resided, who shav'd for a penny,
 Cut hair for three-halfpence, for three-pence
 he bled,
 And would draw for a groat every tooth in
 your head.
 What annoy'd other folks never spoil'd his
 repose,
 'Twas the same thing to him whether stocks
 fell or rose :
 For blast and for mildew he car'd not a pin ;
 His crops never fail'd, for they grew on the
 chin.

Unvex'd by the cares that ambition and state has,
 Contented he din'd on his daily potatoes ;
 And the pence that he earn'd by excision of
 bristle
 Were nightly devoted to wetting his whistle.

When copper ran low he made light of the
 matter,
 Drank his purl upon tick at the old Pewter
 Platter,
 Read the news, and as deep in the secret appear'd
 As if he had lather'd the minister's beard.

But Cupid, who trims men of every station,
 And 'twixt barbers and beaux makes no dis-
 crimination,
 Would not let this superlative shaver alone,
 Till he tried if his heart was as hard as his hone.

The fair one whose charms did the barber
 intral,
 At the end of Fleet-market, of fish kept a
 stall.
 As red as her cheek was no lobster e'er seen,
 Not an eel that she sold was so soft as her skin.

By love strange effects have been wrought, we
 are told,
 In all countries and climates, hot, temp'rate, or
 cold ;
 Thus the heart of our barber love scorch'd like
 a coal,
 Though 'tis very well known he liv'd under the
 pole.

First, he courted his charmer in sorrowful
 fashion,
 And lied like a lawyer to move her compassion :
 He should perish, he swore, did his suit not
 succeed,
 And a barber to slay was a barbarous deed.

Then he alter'd his tone, and was heard to de-
 clare,
 If valour deserv'd the regard of the fair,
 That his courage was tried, though he scorn'd
 to disclose
 How many brave fellows he 'd took by the nose.

For his politics too, they were thoroughly
 known,
 A patriot he was to the very backbone ;
 Wilkes he gratis had shav'd for the good of the
 nation,
 And he held the *Wig Club* in profound vene-
 ration.

For his tenets religious—he could well expound
 Emanuel Swedenborg's myst'ries profound,
 And new doctrines could broach with the best
 of 'em all ;
 For a periwig-maker ne'er wanted a *caul*.

Indignant she answer'd : "No chin-scraping sot
 Shall be fasten'd to me by the conjugal knot ;

No! to Tyburn repair, if a noose you must tie:
Other fish I have got, Mr. Tonsor, to fry:

“Holborn-bridge and Blackfriars my triumphs
can tell, [bell;

From Billingsgate beauties I’ve long borne the
Nay, tripemen and fishmongers vie for my fa-
vour:—

Then d’ye think I’ll take up with a two-penny
shaver?

“Let dory, or turbot the sov’reign of fish,
Cheek by jowl with red-herring be serv’d in
one dish;

Let sturgeon and sprats in one pickle unite,
When I angle for husbands, and barbers shall
bite.”

But the barber persisted (ah, could I relate ’em)
To ply her with compliments soft as pomatum;
And took ev’ry occasion to flatter and praise
her,

Till she fancied his wit was as keen as his
razor.

He protested besides, if she’d grant his petition,
Sheshould live like a lady of rank and condition;
And to Billingsgate market no longer repair,
But himself all her business would do to a hair.

Her smiles, he asserted, would melt even rocks,
Nay, the fire of her eyes would consume bar-
bers’ blocks,

On insensible objects bestow ahimation,
And give to old periwigs regeneration.

With fair speeches cajol’d, as you’d tickle a
trout, [hold out:
’Gainst the barber the fish-wife no more could
He applied the right bait, and with flattery he
caught her:

Without flatt’ry a female’s a fish out of water.

The state of her heart when the barber once
guess’d,

Love’s siege with redoubled exertion he press’d,
And as briskly bestir’d him, the charmer em-
bracing,

As the wash-ball that dances and froths in his
bason.

The flame to allay that their bosoms did so
burn, [Holborn,

They set out for the church of St. Andrew in
Where tonsors and trulls, country Dicks and
their cousins,

In the halter of wedlock are tied up by dozens.

The nuptials to grace, came from every quarter
The worthies at Rag-fair old caxons who barter,
Who the coverings of judges’ and counsellors’
nobs

Cut down into majors, queues, scratches, and
bobs:

Muscle-mongers and oyster-men, crimps and
coalheavers,

And butchers with marrow-bones smiting their
cleavers:

Shrimp-scalders and bug-killers, tailors and
tilers,

Boys, botchers, bawds, bailiffs, and black-
pudding boilers.

From their voices united such melody flow’d,
As the Abbey ne’er witness’d, nor Tott’nham
Court-road; [so clear ring,

While St. Andrew’s brave bells did so loud and
You’d have given ten pounds to’ve been out
of their hearing.

For his fee, when the parson this couple had
join’d,

As no cash was forthcoming, he took it in
kind: [chin,

So the bridegroom dismantled his rev’rence’s
And the bride entertain’d him with pilchards
and gin.

§ 134. *William and Margaret.*

WHEN all was wrapt in dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In glided Margaret’s grimly ghost,
And stood at William’s feet.

Her face was like the April morn
Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily hand,
That held the sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear
When youth and years are flown;
Such is the robe that kings must wear
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flow’r
That sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
And opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consum’d her early prime;
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;
She died before her time.

Awake! she cried, thy true-love calls,
Come from her midnight grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refused to save:

This is the dark and fearful hour
When injur’d ghosts complain:
Now dreary graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath,
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.

How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

How could you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?
Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

How could you say my lip was sweet,
 And made the scarlet pale?
 And why did I, young, witless maid,
 Believe the flattering tale?
 That face, alas! no more is fair,
 That lip no longer red;
 Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
 And every charm is fled.
 The hungry worm my sister is,
 This winding-sheet I wear;
 And cold and weary lasts our night
 Till that last morn appear.
 But hark! the cock has warn'd me hence:
 A long and last adieu!
 Come see, false man! how low she lies
 That died for love of you.
 Now birds did sing, and Morning smil'd,
 And show'd her glittering head;
 Pale William shook in every limb,
 Then, raving, left his bed.
 He bled him to the fatal place
 Where Marg'ret's body lay,
 And stretch'd him on the green-grass turf
 That wrapt her breathless clay:
 And thrice he call'd on Marg'ret's name,
 And thrice he wept full sore;
 Then laid his cheek to the cold earth,
 And word spoke never more:

§ 135. *Lucy and Colin.*

Of Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair,
 Bright Lucy was the grace;
 Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
 Reflect so fair a face;
 Till luckless love, and pining care,
 Impair'd her rosy hue,
 Her coral lips and damask cheeks,
 And eyes of glossy blue.
 O have you seen a lily pale,
 When beating rains descend?
 So droop'd the slow-consuming maid,
 Her life now near its end.
 By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains
 Take heed, ye easy fair;
 Of vengeance due to broken vows,
 Ye perjur'd swains, beware.
 Three times, all in the dead of night,
 A bell was heard to ring,
 And, shrieking at her window thrice,
 A raven flap'd his wing.
 Too well the love-lorn maiden knew,
 The solemn boding sound,
 And thus in dying words bespoke
 The virgins weeping round:
 I hear a voice you cannot hear,
 Which says, I must not stay;
 I see a hand you cannot see,
 Which beckons me away.
 By a false heart and broken vows,
 In early youth I die:
 Am I to blame because his bride
 Is thrice as rich as I?

Ah Colin! give not her thy vows,
 Vows due to me alone;
 Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
 Nor think him all thy own.
 To-morrow in the church to wed,
 Impatient both prepare;
 But know, fond maid, and know, false man,
 That Lucy will be there!

There bear my corpse, ye comrades, bear
 The bridegroom blithe to meet;
 He in his wedding-trim so gay,
 I in my winding-sheet.—
 She spoke, she died! her corse was borne,
 The bridegroom blithe to meet,
 He in his wedding-trim so gay,
 She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts?
 How were those nuptials kept?
 The bridemen flock'd round Lucy, dead,
 And all the village wept.
 Compassion, shame, remorse, despair,
 At once his bosom swell;
 The damps of death bedew'd his brows,
 He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride (ah, bride no more!)
 The varying crimson fled;
 When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,
 She saw her husband dead.
 He, to his Lucy's new-made grave
 Convey'd by trembling swains,
 One mould with her, beneath one sod,
 For ever now remains.

Of at this grave the constant hind,
 And plighted maid are seen;
 With garlands gay, and true-love knots,
 They deck the sacred green.
 But, swain forsworn! whoe'er thou art,
 This hallow'd spot forbear;
 Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
 And fear to meet him there.

§ 136. *Song. DIBDIN.*

I saw what seem'd a harmless child,
 With wings and bow
 And aspect mild,
 Who sobb'd, and sigh'd, and pin'd,
 And begg'd I would some boon bestow
 On a poor little boy, stone-blind.

Not aware of the danger, I instant comply'd,
 When he drew from his quiver a dart,
 And cry'd, "My power you shall know!"
 Then he levell'd his bow,
 And wounded me right in the heart.

§ 137. *The Race Horse. By the same.*

SEE the course throng'd with gazers, the
 sports are begun,
 The confusion but hear!—I'll bet you, sir—
 Done!
 Ten thousand strange murmurs resound far and
 near,
 Lords, hawkers, and jockeys assail the tir'd ear:

While, with neck like a rainbow, erecting his crest,
Pamper'd, prancing, and pleas'd, his head touching his breast,
Scarcely snuffing the air, he's so proud and elate,
The high-mettled racer first starts for the plate.

Now Reynard's turn'd out, and o'er hedge and ditch rush [brush;
Hounds, horses, and huntsmen, all hard at his
They run him at length, and they have him at bay, [dious way:
And by scent, and by view, cheat a long te-
While, alike born for sports of the field and the course,

Always sure to come through, a staunch and fleet horse;
When, fairly run down, the fox yields up his breath,
The high-mettled racer is in at the death.

Grown aged, us'd up, and turn'd out of the stud [some blood;
Lame, spavin'd, and wind-gall'd, but yet with
While knowing postillions his pedigree trace,
Tell his dam won this sweepstakes, his sire gain'd that race; [o'er,
And what matches he won to the ostlers count
As they loiter their time at some hedge-ale-house door;

While the harness sore galls, and the spurs his sides goad,
The high-mettled racer's a hack on the road.

Till, at last, having labour'd, drudg'd early and late,
Bow'd down by degrees, he bends to his fate;
Blind, old, lean, and feeble, he tugs round a mill, [stands still.

Or draws sand, till the sand of his hour-glass
And now, cold and lifeless, expos'd to the view
In the very same cart which he yesterday drew,
While a pitying crowd his sad relics surrounds,
The high-mettled racer is sold for the hounds!

§ 133. *Poor Jack. By the same.*

Go patter to lubbers and swabs, d'ye see,
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
A tight-water boat and good sea-room give me,
And t'ent to a little I'll strike:
Though the tempest top-gallant masts smack
smooth should smite,

And shiver each splinter of wood;
Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bouse
every thing tight,

And under reef'd foresail we'll scud.
Avast! nor don't think me a milksoop so soft
To be taken for trifles aback,
For they says there's a Providence sits up aloft
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

Why, I heard the good chaplain palaver one day
About souls, heaven, mercy, and such,
And, my timbers! what lingo he'd coil and
belay!

Why, 'twas just all as one as High Dutch.

But he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye
Without orders that come down below, [see,
And many fine things that prov'd clearly to me
That Providence takes us in tow.

For, says he, do you mind me, let storms e'er
Take the top-sails of sailors aback, [so oft
There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

I said to our Poll, for you see she would cry,
When last we weigh'd anchor for sea,
What argues sniv'ling, and piping your eye?
Why, what a great fool you must be!
Can't you see the world's wide, and there's
room for us all,

Both for seamen and lubbers ashore?
And if to old Davy I should go, friend Poll,
Why, you never will hear of me more.

What then? all's a hazard: come don't be so
Perhaps I may laughing come back; [soft,
For, d'ye see, there's a cherub that sits up aloft
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch
All as one as a piece of the ship,
And with her brave the world without offering
to flinch,

From the moment the anchor's a-trip.
As for me, in all weathers, all times, tides and
ends,

Nought's a trouble from duty that springs;
For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino's my
friend's,

And as for my life, 'tis the king's.
Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me
As for grief to be taken aback: [so soft
That same little cherub that sits up aloft
Will look out a good birth for Poor Jack.

§ 139. *By the same.*

Of all sensations pity brings
To proudly swell the ample heart,
From which the willing sorrow springs,
In others' grief that bears a part:
Of all sad sympathy's delights,
The manly dignity of grief,
A joy in mourning that excites,
And gives the anxious mind relief:
Of these would you the feeling know,
Most gen'rous, noble, greatly brave,
That ever taught a heart to glow,
'Tis the tear that bedews a soldier's grave.

For hard and painful is his lot;
Let dangers come, he braves them all;
Valiant, perhaps, to be forgot,
Or undistinguish'd doom'd to fall.
Yet wrapt in conscious worth secure,
The world, that now forgets his toil,
He views from a retreat obscure,
And quits it with a willing smile.
Then, trav'ller, one kind drop bestow,
'Twere graceful pity, nobly brave;
Nought ever taught the heart to glow
Like the tear that bedews a soldier's grave.

§ 140. *By the same.*

WHAT though from Venus Cupid sprung,
 No attribute divine
 (Whate'er the bawling bards have sung)
 Had he, his bow till Bacchus strung,
 And dipt his darts in wine;
 Till old Silenus plung'd the boy
 In nectar from the vine:
 Then love, that was before a toy,
 Became the source of mortal joy;
 The urchin shook his dewy wings,
 And careless levell'd clowns and kings;
 Such power has mighty wine!

When Theseus on the naked shore
 Fair Ariadne left,
 D'ye think she did her fate deplore,
 Or her fine locks or bosom tore,
 Like one of hope bereft?
 Not she, indeed. Her fleeting love
 From mortal turns divine;
 And as gay Bacchus' tigers move,
 His car ascends amidst a grove
 Of vines, surrounded by a throng,
 Who lead the jolly pair along,
 Almost half-gone with wine.

Ma'am Helen lov'd the Phrygian boy,
 He thought her all his own:
 But hottest love will soonest cloy,
 He ne'er had brought her safe to Troy
 But for the wife of Thone.
 She, merry gossip, mix'd a cup
 Of tippie right divine,
 To keep love's flagging spirits up,
 And Helen drank it every sup:
 This liquor is 'mongst learned elves
 Nepenthe call'd; but 'twixt ourselves
 'Twas nothing more than wine.

Of Lethe, and its flow'ry brink,
 Let musty poets prate,
 Where thirsty souls are said to drink,
 That never they again may think
 Upon their former state:
 What is there in this soulless lot,
 I pray you, so divine?
 Grief finds the palace and the cot,
 Which, for a time, were well forgot;
 Come here then, in our Lethe share,
 The true oblivion of your care
 Is only found in wine.

§ 141. *By the same.*

YANKO he tell, and he tell no lie,
 We near one pretty brook,
 Him flowing hair, him lovely eye,
 Sweetly on Orra look:
 Him see big world, fine warrior men,
 Grand cruel king love blood;
 Great king! but Yanko say what den
 If he no honest good?

Virtue in foe be virtue still,
 Fine stone be found in mine:
 The sun one dale, as well one hill,
 Make warm where'er him shine.

You broder him, him broder you,
 So all the world should call;
 For nature say, and she say true,
 That men be broder all.

If cruel man, like tiger grim,
 Come bold in thirst of blood,
 Poor man: be noble, pity him,
 That he no honest good:
 Virtue in foe be virtue still,
 Fine stone be found in mine:
 The sun one dale, as well one hill,
 Make warm where'er him shine.

§ 142. *Yanko. By the same.*

DEAR Yanko say, and true he say,
 All mankind, one and t'other,
 Negro, mulatto, and Malay,
 Through all the world be broder.
 In black, in yellow, what disgrace,
 That scandal so he use 'em?
 For dere no virtue in de face;
 De virtue in de bosom.

What harm dere in a shape or make?
 What harm in ugly feature?
 Whatever color, form, he take,
 The heart make human creature.
 Then black and copper both be friend,
 No color he bring beauty;
 For beauty, Yanko say, attend,
 On him who do him duty.
 Dear Yanko say, &c.

§ 143. *The Soldier's Adieu. By the same.*

ADIEU, adieu, my only life!
 My honor calls me from thee;
 Remember thou 'rt a soldier's wife,
 Those tears but ill become thee.

What though by duty I am call'd
 Where thund'ring cannons rattle,
 Where Valor's self might stand appall'd?
 When on the wings of thy dear love
 To Heaven above
 Thy fervent orisons are flown,
 The tender prayer
 Thou putt'st up there
 Shall call a guardian angel down,
 To watch me in the battle.

My safety thy fair truth shall be,
 As sword and buckler serving;
 My life shall be more dear to me,
 Because of thy preserving.
 Let peril come, let horror threat,
 Let thund'ring cannons rattle,
 I'll fearless seek the conflict's heat,
 Assur'd, when on the wings of love
 To Heaven above, &c.

Enough. With that benignant smile
 Some kindred god inspir'd thee;
 Who knew thy bosom void of guile,
 Who wonder'd and admir'd thee.

I go assur'd : my life, adieu ;
 Though thund'ring cannons rattle,
 Though murdering carnage stalk in view,
 When on the wings of thy true love
 To Heaven above, &c.

§ 144. *Indian Song. By the same.*

THE sun's descending in the wave ;
 I go, I go, my fate to brave :
 Ghosts of dead incas, now appear,
 Shriek as ye come
 Cold from the tomb,
 And see if Moniaco knows to fear.
 Oh Sun, my sire !
 Lend me all thy noble fire :
 Illia Moniaco to thy tomb,
 Oh Atabalipa, soon shall come ;
 Cover me with scars,
 Nought can control
 The dauntless soul,
 That shall live among its kindred stars.

What is 't to die ? To leave this clay,
 And breathe an everlasting day ;
 For robes celestial shake off dust ;
 Among the blest,
 From care to rest,
 And emulate the virtues of the just :
 Then, Sun, my sire,
 Lend me all thy noble fire,
 Illia Moniaco, &c.

Adieu, ye friends ! vain world, adieu !
 Bliss is for me, but woe for you ;
 While I, new-born, shall go to find
 The upper heaven,
 You shall be driven
 Like scatter'd chaff before false fortune's wind.
 Now, Sun, my sire,
 I feel, I feel thy noble fire !
 Illia Moniaco, &c.

§ 145. *By the same.*

HARK the din of distant war,
 How noble is the clangor !
 Pale Death ascends his ebony car,
 Clad in terrific anger.
 A doubtful fate the soldier tries
 Who joins the gallant quarrel :
 Perhaps on the cold ground he lies,
 No wife, no friend, to close his eyes,
 Though nobly mourn'd ;
 Perhaps, return'd,
 He's crown'd with victory's laurel.

How many, who, disdaining fear,
 Rush on the desperate duty,
 Shall claim the tribute of the tear
 That dims the eye of beauty ?
 A doubtful fate, &c.

What nobler fate can fortune give ?
 Renown shall tell our story
 If we should fall ; but if we live,
 We live our country's glory.
 'Tis true, a doubtful fate, &c.

§. 146. *By the same.*

POOR Peggy lov'd a soldier lad
 More, far more, than tongue can tell ye ;
 Yet was her tender bosom sad
 Whene'er she heard the loud reveiller.
 The fives were screech-owls to her ears,
 The drums like thunder seem'd to rattle ;
 Ah too prophetic were her fears,
 They call'd him from her arms to battle.
 There wonders he against the foe
 Perform'd, and was with laurels crown'd ;
 Vain pomp ! for soon death laid him low
 On the cold ground.

Her heart all love, her soul all truth,
 That none her fears or flight discover,
 Poor Peg, in guise a comely youth,
 Follow'd to the field her lover.
 Directed by the fife and drum
 To where the work of death was doing ;
 Where of brave hearts the time was come,
 Who, seeking honor, grasp at ruin :
 Her very soul was chill'd with woe,
 New horror came in every sound,
 And whisper'd, death had laid him low
 On the cold ground.

With mute affliction as she stood,
 While her woman's fears confound her,
 With terror all her soul subdued,
 A mourning train came thronging round her.
 The plaintive fife, and muffled drum,
 The marshal obsequies discover ;
 His name she heard, and cried, I come,
 Faithful to meet my murder'd lover !
 Then heart-rent by a sigh of woe,
 Fell, to the grief of all around,
 Where death had laid her lover low
 On the cold ground !

§ 147. *Song. STEPHENS.*

ONCE the gods of the Greeks, at ambrosial feast,
 Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing,
 Merry Momus among them appear'd as a guest :
 Homer says the celestials love laughing.
 This happen'd 'fore Chaos was fix'd into form,
 While nature disorderly lay ;
 While elements adverse engender'd the storm,
 And uproar embroil'd the loud fray.

On every Olympic the humorist droll'd,
 So none could his jokes disapprove ;
 He sung, reparteed, and some old stories told,
 And at last thus began-upon Jove :
 Sire, mark how yon matter is heaving below,
 Were it settled 't would please all your court ;
 'Tis not wisdom to let it lie useless, you know ;
 Pray people it, just for our sport.

Jove nodded assent, all Olympus bow'd down,
 At his fiat creation took birth ;
 The cloud-keeping deity smil'd on his throne,
 Then announc'd the production was earth.
 To honor their sov'reign each god gave a boon :
 Apollo presented it light ;
 The goddess of child-bed dispatch'd us a moon,
 To silver the shadow of night :

The queen of soft wishes, foul Vulcan's fair
bride,

Leer'd wanton on her man of war; [guide.
Saying, As to these earth-folks, I'll give them a
So she sparkled the morn and eve star.

From her cloud, all in spirits, the goddess up
In ellipsis each planet advanc'd; [sprung,
The tune of the spheres the Nine Sisters sung,
As round Terra Nova they danc'd.

Even Jove himself could not insensible stand,
Bid Saturn his girdle fast bind: [hand,
The expounder of fate grasp'd the globe in his
And laugh'd at those mites call'd mankind.
From the hand of great Jove into space it was
hurl'd,

He was charm'd with the roll of the ball,
Bid his daughter Attraction take charge of the
And she hung it up high in his hall. [world,

Miss, pleas'd with the present, review'd the
globe round,

Saw with rapture hills, valleys, and plains;
The self-balanc'd orb in an atmosphere bound,
Prolific by suns, dews, and rains.

With silver, gold, jewels, she India endow'd,
France and Spain she taught vineyards to
rear; [bestow'd,

What was fit for each clime on each clime she
And freedom she found flourish'd here.

The blue-ey'd celestial, Minerva the wise,
Ineffably smil'd on the spot;

My dear, says plum'd Pallas, your last gift I
prize,

But, excuse me, one thing is forgot.
Licentiousness freedom's destruction may bring,
Unless prudence prepares its defence.

The goddess of sapience bid Iris take wing,
And on Britons bestow'd common-sense.

Four cardinal virtues she left in this isle,
As guardians to cherish the root;

The blossoms of liberty gaily 'gan smile,
And Englishmen fed on the fruit.

Thus fed, and thus bred, by a bounty so rare,
Oh! preserve it as pure as 'twas giv'n.

We will while we've breath; nay we'll grasp
it in death,

And return it untainted to heav'n.

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

§ 1. *Epilogue to A Woman killed with Kindness.* 1617.

AN honest crew, disposed to be merry,
Came to a tavern by, and call'd for wine:

The drawer brought it (smiling like a cherry),
And told them it was pleasant, neat, and fine.

Taste it, quoth one; he did: O fie! (quoth
he): [the lee.

This wine was good: now 't runs too near

Another sipp'd to give the wine his due,
And said unto the rest it drank too flat;

The third said it was old; the fourth too new;
Nay, quoth the fifth, the sharpness likes me
not.

Thus, gentlemen, you see how in one hour
The wine was new, old, flat, sharp, sweet,
and sour.

Unto this wine do we allude our play; [grave:
Which some will judge too trivial, some too

You, as our guests, we entertain this day,
And bid you welcome to the best we have.

Excuse me then; good wine may be disgrac'd
When ev'ry sev'ral mouth has sundry taste.

§ 2. *Prologue to The Unfortunate Lovers.* *Spoken at Black-Friars.* 1643. DAVENANT.

WERE you but half so humble to confess,
As you are wise to know your happiness;

Our author would not grieve to see you sit
Ruling with such unquestion'd pow'r his wit:

What would I give, that I could still preserve
My loyalty to him, and yet deserve

Your kind opinion, by revealing now
The cause of that great storm which clouds his
brow; [you,

And his close murmurs, which, since meant to
I cannot think or mannerly or true!

Well; I begin to be resolv'd, and let
My melancholy tragic Monsieur fret;

Let him the several harmless weapons use
Of that all-daring trifle, call'd his Muse.

Yet I'll inform you what, this very day,
Twice before witness I have heard him say;

Which is, that you are grown excessive proud
For ten times more of wit, than was allow'd;

Your silly ancestors in twenty year,
Y' expect should in two hours be given you
here:

For they, he swears, to th' theatre would come
Ere they had din'd, to take up the best room;

There sit on benches, not adorn'd with mats,
And graciously did vail their high-crown'd hats

To every half-dress'd player, as he still
Thro' th' hangings peep'd to see how the house
did fill.

Good easy-judging souls! with what delight
They would expect a gig or target fight;

A furious tale of Troy, which they ne'er thought
Was weakly written, so 'twere strongly fought;

Laugh'd at a clinch, the shadow of a jest,
And cry'd "A passing good one, I protest!"

Such dull and humble-witted people were
Even your forefathers, whom we govern'd here;

And such had you been too, he swears, had not
The poets taught you how to unweave a plot,

And trace the winding scenes; taught you t'ad-
mit [wit.]

What was true sense, not what did sound like
Thus they have arm'd you 'gainst themselves to
fight, [write.]

Made strong and mischievous from what they
You have been lately highly feasted here,
With two great wits* that grac'd our theatre.
But, if to feed you often with delight
Will more corrupt, than mend, your appetite;
He vows to use you, which he much abhors,
As others did your homely ancestors.

§ 3. *Epilogue to The Cutter of Coleman-
street; spoken by the Person who acted
Cutter.* 1656. COWLEY.

METHINKS a vision bids me silence break,
[Without his Peruke.]

And some words to this congregation speak;
So great and gay a one I ne'er did meet
At the fifth monarch's court in Coleman-
street;

But yet I wonder much, not to espy a
Brother in all this court, call'd Zephaniah.
Bless me! what are we? what may this place
be?

For I begin my vision now to see,
That this is a mere theatre—Well then,
If t' be e'en so, I'll Cutter be again.

[Puts on his Peruke.]

Not Cutter the pretended cavalier;
For, to confess ingenuously here
To you, who always of that party were,
I never was of any; up and down
I roll'd, a very rake-hell of this town.
But now my follies and my faults are ended,
My fortune and my mind are both amended;
And if we may believe one who has fail'd be-
fore, [no more.]

Our author says he'll mend—that is, he'll write

§ 4. *Prologue to Nero.* 1675. LEE.

Goon plays, and perfect sense, as scarce are
grown

As civil women in this d—d lewd town;
Plain sense is despicable as plain clothes,
As English hats, bone-lace, or woollen hose.
'Tis your brisk fool that is your man of note;
Yonder he goes, in the embroider'd coat:
Such wenching eyes, and hands so prone to
ruffle,

The genteel fling, the trip, and modish shuffle;
Salt soul and flame, as gay as any prince;
Thus tags and silks make up your men of sense.
I'm told that some are present here to-day
Who, ere they see, resolve to damn this play,
So much would interest with ill-nature sway.
But, ladies, you, we hope, will prove more civil,
And charm these wits that damn beyond the
Then let each critic here all hell inherit, [devil;
You have attractions that can lay a spirit.

* Beaumont and Fletcher.

A bloody fatal play you'll see to-night;
I vow to God, 't has put me in a fright.
The meanest waiter huffs, looks big, and struts,
Gives breast a blow, then hand on hilt he puts.
'Tis a fine age, a tearing thundering age,
Pray heaven this thund'ring does not crack the
This play I like not now— [stage:]
And yet, for aught I know, it may be good,
But still I hate this fighting, wounds, and
blood. [nour?]

Why, what the devil have I to do with Ho-
Let heroes court her; I cry, Pox upon her!
All tragedies, i'gad, to me sound oddly;
I can no more be serious, than you godly.

§ 5. *Epilogue to Tyrannic Love; spoken by
Nell Gwyn, when she was to be carried off
dead by the bearers.* 1672. DRYDEN.

To the Bearer.

HOLD! are you mad, you damn'd con-
founded dog?

I am to rise, and speak the epilogue.

To the Audience.

I come, kind gentlemen, strange news to tell ye;
I am the ghost of poor departed Nelly.
Sweet ladies, be not frighted, I'll be civil:
I'm what I was, a little harmless devil;
For, after death, we sprites have just such na-
tures [tures:]

We had, for all the world, when human crea-
And therefore I, that was an actress here,
Play all my tricks in hell, a goblin there.
Gallants, look to't; you say there are no sprites;
But I'll come dance about your beds at nights;
And 'faith you'll be in a sweet kind of taking,
When I surprise you between sleep and waking.
To tell you true, I walk, because I die
Out of my calling, in a tragedy.

O poet, damn'd dull poet! who could prove
So senseless, to make Nelly die for love!
Nay, what's yet worse, to kill me in my prime
Of Easter-term, in tart and cheesecake time!
I'll fit the fop; for I'll not one word say,
T' excuse his godly out-of-fashion play;
A play which if you dare but twice sit out,
You'll all be slander'd, and be thought devout.
But farewell, gentlemen; make haste to me;
I'm sure ere long to have your company.
As for my epitaph, when I am gone,
I'll trust no poet, but will write my own:
Here Nelly lies, who, tho' she liv'd a slattern,†
Yet died a princess, acting in St. Cath'rine. ‡

§ 6. *Prologue to Alcibiades.* 1675. OTWAY.

NEVER did rhymers greater hazards run,
'Mongst us by your severity undone;
Tho' we, alas! to oblige ye, have done most,
And bought ye pleasures at our own sad cost,
Yet all our best endeavours have been lost.
So oft a statesman lab'ring to be good,
His honesty's for treason understood;

† Her real character.

‡ The character she represented in the play.

Whilst some false flattering minion of the court
Shall play the traitor, and be honour'd for't.
To you, known judges of what's sense and wit,
Our author swears he gladly will submit :
But there's a sort of things infest the pit,
That would be witty spite of nature too,
And, to be thought so, haunt and pester you.
Hither sometimes those would-be-wits repair,
In quest of you ; where if you don't appear,
Cries one—Pugh ! D—n me, what do we do
here ?

Straight up he starts, his garniture then puts
In order, so he cocks, and out he struts
To the coffee-house, were he about him looks :
Spies friend ; cries, Jack—I've been to-night at
th' Duke's ;

The silly rogues are all undone, my dear,
I'gad, not one of sense that I saw there.
Thus to himself he'd reputation gather
Of wit, and good acquaintance, but has neither.
Wit has indeed a stranger been, of late ;
'Mongststis pretenders, nought so strange as that.
Both houses too so long a fast have known,
That coarsest nonsense goes most glibly down.
Thus though this trifler never wrote before,
Yet faith he ventur'd on the common score :
Since nonsense is so generally allow'd,
He hopes that this may pass amongst the crowd.

§ 7. *Epilogue to Aurengzebe.* 1676.

DRYDEN.

A PRETTY task ! and so I told the fool,
Who needs would undertake to please by rule :
He thought that if his characters were good,
The scenes entire, and freed from noise and
blood,

The action great, yet circumscrib'd by time,
The words not forc'd, but sliding into rhyme,
The passion rais'd and calm'd by just degrees,
As tides are swell'd and then retire to seas ;
He thought in hinting these his bus'ness done,
Though he, perhaps, has fail'd in ev'ry one.

But after all, a poet must confess,
His art's like physic, but a happy guess.
Your pleasure on your fancy must depend ;
The lady's pleas'd, just as she likes her friend.
No song ! no dance ! no show ! he fears you'll
say,

You love all naked beauties, but a play.
He much mistakes your methods to delight,
And, like the French, abhors our target fight :
But those damn'd dogs can ne'er be i' th' right.
True English hate your Monsieurs' paltry arts ;
For you are all silk-weavers* in your hearts.
Bold Britons, at a brave bear-garden fray,
Are rous'd, and, clatt'ring sticks, cry, Play,
play, play !

Mean time, your fribbling foreigner will stare,
And mutter to himself, *Ah, gens barbare !*
And 'gad, 'tis well he mutters, well for him ;
Our butchers else would tear him limb from
limb.

'Tis true, the time may come, your sons may be
Infected with this French civility :

But this in after-ages will be done ;
Our poet writes an hundred years too soon.
This age comes on too slow, or he too fast ;
And early springs are subject to a blast.
Who would excel, when few can make a test
Betwixt indifferent writing and the best ?
For favours cheap and common who would
strive,

Which, like abandon'd prostitutes, you give ?
Yet scatter'd here and there I some behold,
Who can discern the tinsel from the gold ;
To these he writes ; and, if by them allow'd,
'Tis their prerogative to rule the crowd ;
For he more fears (like a presuming man)
Their votes who cannot judge, than theirs who
can.

§ 8. *Epilogue to the First Part of The Rover, or the Banished Cavaliers.* 1677. Mrs. BEHN.

THE banish'd cavaliers ! a roving blade !
A popish carnival ! a masquerade !
The devil's in't if this will please the nation,
In these our blessed times of reformation,
When conventicling is so much in fashion.
And yet——

That mutinous tribe less factions do beget,
Than your continual differing in wit.
Your judgment (as your passion)'s a disease ;
Nor Muse nor Miss your appetite can please ;
You're grown as nice as queasy consciences,
Whose each convulsion, when the spirit moves,
Damns every thing that maggot disapproves.
With canting rule you would the stage refine,
And to dull method all our sense confine.
With th' insolence of commonwealths you rule,
Where each gay top, and politic brave fool,
On monarch Wit impose without controul.
As for the last, who seldom sees a play,
Unless it be the old Black-Friars way,
Shaking his empty noddle o'er bamboo,
He cries, Good faith, these plays will never do :
Ah, sir ! in my young days, what lofty wit,
What high-strain'd scenes of fighting, there
were writ !

These are slight airy toys. But tell me, pray,
What has the House of Commons done to-day ?
Then shows his politics, to let you see
Of state affairs he'll judge as notably
As he can do of wit and poetry.
The younger sparks, who hither do resort,
Cry——

Pox o' your gentle things ! give us more sport ;
Damme ! I'm sure 't will never please the court.
Such fops are never pleas'd, unless the play
Be stuff'd with fools, as brisk and dull as they ;
Such might the half-crown spare, and in a glass
At home behold a more accomplish'd ass ;
Where they may set their cravats, wigs, and
faces,

And practise all their buffoon'ry grimaces——

* Alluding to the rivalry of the Spitalfields manufactures with those of France.

See how this huff becomes—this damme stare,
Which they at home may act, because they
dare;

But must with prudent caution do elsewhere.
O, that our Nokes, or Tony Lee, could show
A fop but half so much to th' life as you!

§ 9. *Epilogue to the Duke of Guise.* 1683.
Spoken by Mrs. Cook. DRYDEN.

Much time and trouble this poor play has cost,
And, 'faith, I doubted once the cause was lost.
Yet no one man was meant, nor great nor
small;

Our poets like frank gamesters,* threw at all.
They took no single aim——
But like bold boys, true to their prince and
heartly,

Huzza'd, and fir'd broadsides at the whole party.
Duels are crimes; but when the cause is right
In battle every man is bound to fight:

For what should hinder me to sell my skin
Dear as I could, if once my heart were in?
Se defendendo never was a sin.

'Tis a fine world, my masters—right or wrong,
The Whigs must talk, and Tories hold their
tongue.

They must do all they can—

But we, forsooth, must bear a Christian mind,
And fight like boys with one hand tied behind:
Nay, and when one boy's down 'twere wond-
rous wise

To cry, Box fair, and give him time to rise.
When fortune favours, none but fools will dally:
Would any of you, sparks, if Nan or Mally
Tipp'd you th' inviting wink, stand, Shall I,
shall I?

A trimmer cried (that heard me tell the story)
Fie, Mistress Cook! 'faith you're too rank a
Tory! [cases;

Wish not Whigs hang'd, but pity their hard
You women love to see men make wry faces.
Pray, Sir, said I, don't think me such a Jew;
I say no more, but give the devil his due.

Lenitives, says he, best suit with our condition.
Jack Ketch, says I, 's an excellent physician.
I love no blood. Nor I, Sir, as I breathe;
But hanging is a fine dry kind of death.

We trimmers are for holding all things even.
Yes, just like him that hung 'twixt hell and
heaven.

Have we not had men's lives enough already?—
Yes, sure; but you're for holding all things
steady. [brother,

Now, since the weight hangs all on one side,
You trimmers should, to poise it, hang on
t'other.

Damn'd neutrals, in their middle way of steering,
Are neither fish nor flesh, nor good red-herring:
Not Whigs nor Tories they, nor this nor that;
Nor birds, nor beasts, but just a kind of bat;
A twilight animal, true to neither cause,
With Tory wings, but Whiggish teeth and claws.

§ 10. *Prologue to the Old Bachelor.* 1693.

CONGREVE.

How this vile world is chang'd! In former
days

Prologues were serious speeches before plays;
Grave, solemn things (as graces are to feasts),
Where poets begg'd a blessing from their guests.
But now no more like suppliants we come!

A play makes war, and prologue is the drum.
Arm'd with keen satire, and with pointed wit,
We threaten you, who do for judges sit,
To save our plays; or else we'll damn your pit.

But for your comfort, it falls out to-day,
We've a young author, and his first-born play:
So, standing only on his good behaviour,
He's very civil, and entreats your favour.

Not but the man has malice, would he show it:
But, on my conscience, he's a bashful poet;
You think that strange—no matter; he'll out-
grow it.

Well, I'm his advocate—by me he prays you,
(I don't know whether I shall speak to please
you)

He prays—O bless me! what shall I do now?
Hang me if I know what he prays, or how!
And 'twas the prettiest prologue as he wrote it:

Well, the deuce take me if I ha'n't forgot it.
O Lord! for heaven's sake excuse the play,
Because, you know, if it be damn'd to-day,
I shall be hang'd for wanting what to say.

For my sake then—but I'm in such confusion,
I cannot stay to hear your resolution. [Runs off.

§ 11. *Prologue, spoken by Lord Buckhurst, at
Westminster School, at a Representation of
Mr. Dryden's CLEOMENES, the Spartan Hero,
at Christmas, 1695.* PRIOR.

PISH! Lord, I wish this prologue was but
Greek,

Then young Cleonidas would boldly speak:
But can Lord Buckhurst in poor English say,
Gentle spectators, pray excuse the play?

No, witness all ye gods of ancient Greece,
Rather than condescend to terms like these,
I'd go to school six hours on Christmas-day,
Or construe Persius while my comrades play.

Such work by hireling actors should be done,
Who tremble when they see a critic frown;
Poor rogues, that smart, like fencers, for their
bread,

And if they are not wounded, are not fed.
But, sirs, our labor has more noble ends,
We act our tragedy to see our friends:

Our gen'rous scenes are for pure love repeated,
And if you are not pleas'd, at least you're treated.
The candles and the clothes ourselves we bought,
Our tops neglected, and our balls forgot.

To learn our parts we left our midnight bed,
Most of you snor'd whilst Cleomenes read.
Not that from this confession we would sue
Praise undeserv'd; we know ourselves and you:

* This play was written jointly by Dryden and Lee.

Resolv'd to stand or perish by our cause,
 We neither censure fear, nor beg applause,
 For those are Westminster and Sparta's laws.
 Yet if we see some judgment well inclin'd,
 To young desert and growing virtue kind,
 That critic by ten thousand marks should know,
 That greatest souls to goodness only bow;
 And that your little hero does inherit
 Not Cleomenes' more than Dorset's spirit.

§ 12. *Prologue to the Royal Mischief.* 1696.
 PRIOR.

LADIES, to you with pleasure we submit
 This early offspring of a virgin-wit.
 From your good-nature nought our authoress
 fears:

Sure you'll indulge, if not the muse, her years;
 Freely, the praise she may deserve, bestow;
 Pardon, not censure, what you can't allow;
 Smile on the work, be to her merits kind,
 And to her faults, whate'er they are, be blind.

Let critics follow rules; she boldly writes
 What Nature dictates, and what Love indites.
 By no dull forms her queen and ladies move,
 But court their heroes, and agnize their love.
 Poor maid! she'd have (what e'en no wife
 would crave)

A husband love his spouse beyond the grave:
 And, from a second marriage to deter,
 Shows you what horrid things step-mothers are.
 Howe'er, to constancy the prize she gives,
 And though the sister dies, the brother lives.
 Blest with success, at last he mounts a throne,
 Enjoys at once his mistress and a crown.
 Learn, ladies, then, from Libaraxa's fate,
 What great rewards on virtuous lovers wait.
 Learn too, if Heaven and fate should adverse
 prove,

(For fate and Heaven don't always smile on love)
 Learn with Zelinda to be still the same,
 Nor quit your first for any second flame:
 Whatever fate, or death or life, be given,
 Dare to be true, submit the rest to Heaven.

§ 13. *Prologue to Love and a Bottle.* 1699.
 FARQUHAR.

[*Servant attending with a Bottle of Wine.*]

As stubborn atheists who disdain to pray,
 Repent, though late, upon their dying day;
 So in their pangs most authors, rack'd with fears,
 Implore your mercy in our suppliant prayers.
 But our new author has no cause maintain'd,
 Let him not lose what he has never gain'd:
 Love and a bottle are his peaceful arms;
 Ladies and gallants, have not those some
 charms?

For love, all mankind to the fair must sue:
 And, sirs, the bottle he presents to you.
 Health to the play I toast [*Drinks.*]
 e'en let it pass,
 Sure none sit here that will refuse their glass!

O there's a damning soldier—let me think—
 He looks as he were sworn—to what? To drink.
 [*Drinks.*]

Come on then; foot to foot be boldly set,
 And our young author's new commission wet.
 He and his bottle here attend their doom,
 From you the poet's Helicon must come;
 If he has any foes, to make amends
 He gives his service [*Drinks.*]
 —Sure you now are friends;

No critic here will he provoke to fight;
 The day be theirs, he only begs his night.
 Pray pledge him now, secur'd from all abuse;
 Then name the health you love, let none refuse.

§ 14. *Prologue to the Constant Couple.* 1700.
 FARQUHAR.

POETS will think nothing so checks their fury,
 As wits, cits, beaux, and women, for their jury.
 Our spark's half-dead to think what medleys
 come, [doom.

With blended judgments, to pronounce his
 'Tis all false fear; for in a mingled pit,
 Why, what your grave don thinks but dully writ,
 His neighbour i' th' great wig may take for wit.
 Some authors court the few, the wise if any:
 Our youth's content, if he can reach the many,
 Who go with muchlike ends to church and play,
 Not to observe what priests or poets say—
 No, no! your thoughts, like theirs, lie quite
 another way.

The ladies safe may smile, for here's no slander,
 No smut, no lewd-tongued beau, no *double en-*
tendre.

'Tis true, he has a spark just come from France,
 But then, so far from beau—why, he talks sense,
 Like coin, oft carried out, but—seldom brought
 from thence.

There's yet a gang to whom our spark submits,
 Your elbow-shaking fool that lives by's wits,
 That's only witty though, just as he lives, by
 fits:

Who, lion-like, through bailiffs scours away,
 Hunts, in the face of dinner, all the day,
 At night with empty bowels grumbles o'er the
 play.

And now the modish prentice he implores,
 Who, with his master's cash, stol'n out of doors,
 Employs it on a brace of—honorable whores:
 While their good bulky mother pleas'd sits by,
 Bawd-regent of the bubble-gallery.
 Next to our mounted friends we humbly move,
 Who all your side-box tricks are much above,
 And never fail to pay us with your love.
 Ah, friends! poor Dorset Garden-house is gone;
 Our merry meetings there are all undone:
 Quite lost to us, sure for some strange misdeeds,
 That strong dog Samson's pull'd it o'er our heads,
 Snaps rope like thread; but when his fortune's
 told him,

He'll hear perhaps of rope will one day hold him:
 At least, I hope that our good-natur'd town
 Will find a way to pull his prices down.

Well, that's all! Now, gentlemen, for the play:
On second thoughts, I've but two words to say;
Such as it is, for your delight design'd,
Hear it, read, try, judge, and speak as you find.

§ 15. *Prologue to The Inconstant.* 1702.

FARQUHAR.

LIKE hungry guests a sitting audience looks:
Plays are like suppers; poets are the cooks:
The founders you: the table is the place:
The carvers we: the prologue is the grace:
Each act a course; each scene a diff'rent dish:
Though we're in Lent, I doubt you're still for
flesh. [rough;

Satire's the sauce, high-season'd, sharp, and
Kind masks and beaux, I hope you're pepper-
proof.

Wit is the wine; but 'tis so scarce the true,
Poets, like vintners, balderdash and brew.

Your surly scenes, where rant and bloodshed
Are butcher's meat, a battle's a sirloin: [join,
Your scenes of love, so flowing, soft, and chaste,
Are water-gruel, without salt or taste.

Bawdy's fat venison, which, though stale, can
please:

Your rakes love *haut-gouts*, like your damn'd
French cheese.

Your rarity, for the fair guest to gape on,
Is your nice squeaker, or Italian capon;
Or your French virgin-pullet, garnish'd round
And dress'd with sauce of some—four hundred
pound.

An opera, like an oglio, nicks the age;
Farce is the hasty-pudding of the stage:

For when you're treated with indifferent cheer,
You can dispense with slender stage-coach fare.
A pastoral's whipt-cream; stage-whims; mere
trash;

And tragi-comedy, half fish and flesh.

But comedy, that, that's the darling cheer;
This night, we hope, you'll an Inconstant bear;
Wild-fowl is lik'd in play-house all the year.

Yet since each mind betrays a diff'rent taste,
And ev'ry dish scarce pleases ev'ry guest,
If aught you relish, do not damn the rest.
This favor crav'd, up let the music strike:
You're welcome all—now fall to where you like.

§ 16. *Prologue on the proposed Union of the
Two Houses.* 1703. FARQUHAR.

Now all the world's ta'en up with state affairs,
Some wishing peace, some calling out for wars,
'Tis likewise fit we should inform the age,
What are the present politics o' th' stage:
Two diff'rent states, ambitious both, and bold,
All free-born souls, the New House and the Old,
Have long contended, and made stout essays,
Which should be monarch absolute in plays.
Long has the battle held with bloody strife,
Where many ranting heroes lost their life;
Yet such their enmity, that e'en the slain
Do conquer death, rise up, and fight again.

Whilst from the gallery, box, the pit, and all,
The audience look'd, and shook its awful head,
Wond'ring to see so many thousands fall,
And then look'd pale to see us look so red.
For force of numbers, and poetic spell,
We've rais'd the ancient heroes too from hell,
To lead our troops; and on this bloody field
You've seen great Cæsar fight, great Pompey
yield.

Vast sums of treasure too we did advance,
To draw some mercenary troops from France;
Light-footed rogues, who, when they got their
pay,

Took to their heels—*Allons*—and ran away.
Here you have seen great Philip's conqu'ring son,
Who in twelve years did the whole world o'errun;
Here has he fought, and found a harder job
To beat one play-house, than subdue the globe;

All this from emulation for the bays:
You lik'd the contest, and bestow'd your praise,
But now (as busy heads love something new)
They would propose an union—*O mon dieu!*

If it be so, let Cæsar hide his head,
And fight no more for glory, but for bread.

Let Alexander mourn, as once before,
Because no worlds are left to conquer more.
But if we may judge small from greater things,
The present times may show what union brings,
You feel the danger of united kings.

If we grow one, then slav'ry must ensue
To poets, players, and, my friends, to you.
For, to one house confin'd, you then must praise
Both curs'd actors, and confounded plays.
Then leave us as we are, and next advance
Bravely to break the tie 'twixt Spain and France.

§ 17. *Epilogue to the Beau's Duel.* 1703.

CENTLIVRE.

You see, gallants, 't has been our poet's care,
To show what beaux in their perfection are;
By nature cowards, foolish; useless tools,
Made men by tailors, and by women, fools:
A fickle, false, a singing, dancing crew;
Nay, now we hear they've smiling-master o.
Just now a Frenchman, in the dressing-room,
From teaching of a beau to smile, was come.
He show'd five guineas—Wasn't he rarely paid?
Thus all the world by smiles are once betray'd.
The statesman smiles on them he would undo,
The courtier's smiles are very seldom true,
The lover's smiles too many do believe,
And women smile on them they would deceive.
When tradesmen smile, they safely cheat with
ease;

And smiling lawyers never fail of fees.
The doctor's look the patient's pains beguiles,
The sick man lives if the physician smiles.
Thus smiles with interest hand in hand do go,
He surest strikes, that smiling gives the blow,
Poets, with us, this proverb do defy:
We live by smiles, for if you frown we die.
To please you then shall be our chief endeavour,
And all we ask is but your smiles for ever.

[Going.]

Hold—I forgot—the author bid me say,
She humbly begs protection for her play:
'Tis yours—she dedicates it to you all,
And you're too gen'rous, sure, to let it fall;
She hopes the ladies will her cause maintain,
Since virtue here has been her only aim.
The beaux, she thinks, won't fail to do her right,
Since here they're taught with safety how to fight.

She's sure of favor from the men of war,
A soldier is her darling character:
To fear their murmurs then would be absurd,
They only mutiny when not prefer'd.
But yet, I see, she does your fury dread,
And, like a pris'ner, stands with fear half-dead,
While you, her judges, do her sentence give;
If you're not pleas'd, she says, she cannot live.
Let my petition then for once prevail,
And let your gen'rous hands her pardon seal.

§ 18. *Prologue to Love makes a Man.* 1704.
CIBBER.

SINCE plays are but a kind of public feasts,
Where tickets only make the welcome guests;
Methinks, instead of grace, we should prepare
Your tastes in prologue, with your bill of fare.
When you foreknow each course, though this
may tease you,

'Tis five to one but one o' th' five may please you.
First, for the critics, we've your darling cheer,
Faults without number, more than sense can bear;

You're certain to be pleas'd where errors are.
From your displeasure I dare vouch we're safe;
You never frown but where your neighbours laugh.

Now, you that never know what spleen or hate is,
Who for an act or two are welcome gratis,
That tip the wink, and so sneak out with *nunquam satis*;

For your smart tastes we've toss'd you up a fop,
We hope the newest that's of late come up;
The fool, beau, wit, and rake, so mix'd he carries,
He seems a ragout piping-hot from Paris.
But, for the softer sex, whom most we'd move,
We've what the fair and chaste were form'd
for—love:

An artless passion, fraught with hopes and fears,
And nearest happy when it most despairs.
For masks, we've scandal, and for beaux,
French airs.

To please all tastes, we'll do the best we can;
For the galleries, we've Dicky and Will Pinkethman. [fare;

Now, sirs, you're welcome, and you know your
But pray, in charity, the founder spare,
Lest you destroy at once the poet and the play'r.

§ 19. *Prologue to the Twin Rivals.* 1706.
FARQUHAR.

[An alarm sounded.]

With drums and trumpets, in this warring age,
A martial prologue should alarm the stage.

New plays—ere acted, a full audience here,
Seem towns invested, when a siege they fear.
Prologues are like a forlorn hope, sent out
Before the play, to skirmish and to scout:
Our dreadful foes, the critics, when they spy,
They cock, they charge, they fire—then back
they fly.

The siege is laid—there gallant chiefs abound,
Here—foes intrench'd, there—glitt'ring troops
around, [ground.

And the loud batt'ries roar—from yonder rising
In the first act, brisk sallies (miss or hit),
With volleys of small shot, or snip-snap wit,
Attack, and gall the trenches of the pit.

The next—the fire continues, but at length
Grows less, and slackens like a bridegroom's
strength. [abound;

The third—feints, mines, and countermines,
Your critic engineers, safe under ground,
Blow up our works, and all our art confound.
The fourth—brings on most action, and 'tis
sharp,

Fresh foes crowd on, at your remissness carp,
And desp'rate, though unskill'd, insult our
counterscarp.

Then comes the last; the gen'ral storm is near,
The poet-governor now quakes for fear;
Runs wildly up and down, forgets to huff,
And would give all he's plunder'd—to get off.
So—Don, and Monsieur—Bluff, before the
siege,

Were quickly tam'd—at Venlo, and at Liege:
'Twas *Viva Spagnia! Viva France!* before;
Now, *Quartier, Monsieur! Quartier! Ah,*
Senor!

But what your resolution can withstand?
You master all, and awe the sea and land.
In war—your valor makes the strong submit;
Your judgment humbles all attempts in wit.
What play, what fort, what beauty, can endure
All fierce assaults, and always be secure?
Then grant 'em gen'rous terms who dare to write,
Since now—that seems as desp'rate as to fight.
If we must yield—yet, ere the day be fix'd,
Let us hold out the third, and, if we may, the
sixth.

§ 20. *Prologue to the Basset-Table.* 1706.
Spoken by Mr. Pinkethman. CENTLIVRE.

IN all the faces that to plays resort,
Whether of country, city, mob, or court,
I've always found, that none such hopes inspire
As you, dear brethren of the upper tier.

Poets in prologues may both preach and rail,
Yet all their wisdom nothing will avail; [fail.
Who writes not up to you, 'tis ten to one will
Your thund'ring plaudit 'tis that deals out fame;
You make plays run, though of themselves but
lame. [manding,

How often have we known your noise com-
Impose on your inferior masters' understanding!
Therefore, dear brethren, since I'm one of you,
Whether adorn'd in grey, green, brown, or blue,
This day stand all by me, as I will fall by you.

And now let—

The poor pit see how Pinkey's voice commands.
Silence—Now rattle all your sticks, and clap
your grimy hands.

I greet your love, and let the vainest author
show

Half this command on cleaner hands below :
Nay more, to prove your interest, let this play
live by you.

So may you share good claret with your masters,
Still free in your amours from their disasters ;
Free from poor house-keeping, where peck is
under locks ;

Free from cold kitchens, and no Christmas-box ;
So may no long debates i' th' House of Commons
Make you i' the lobby starve, when hunger
summons ;

But may your plenteous vails come flowing in,
Give you a lucky hit, and make you gentlemen :
And, thus prefer'd, ne'er fear the world's re-
proaches,

But shake your elbows with my lord, and keep
your coaches.

§ 21. *Prologue to the Busybody.* 1708.

CENTLIVRE.

THOUGH modern prophets were expos'd of
late,

The author could not prophesy his fate :
If with such scenes an audience had been fir'd,
The poet must have really been inspir'd.
But these, alas ! are melancholy days
For modern prophets, and for modern plays.

Yet since prophetic lies please fools of fashion,
And women are so fond of agitation ;
To men of sense I'll prophesy anew,

And tell you wondrous things that will prove
Undaunted colonels will to camps repair, [true.
Assur'd there'll be no skirmishes this year ;
On our own terms will flow the wish'd-for peace,
All wars, except 'twixt man and wife, shall cease.
The Grand Monarque may wish his son a throne,
But hardly will advance to lose his own.

This season most things bear a smiling face ;
But play'rs in summer have a dismal case,
Since your appearance only is our act of grace.
Court-ladies will to country seats be gone,
My lord can't all the year live great in town :
Where wanting operas, basset, and a play,
They'll sigh, and stitch a gown to pass the time
away.

Gay city-wives at Tunbridge will appear,
Whose husbands long have wished for an heir ;
Where many a courtier may their wants relieve,
But by the waters only they conceive.

The Fleet-street sempstress, toast of Temple
sparks, [clerks,

That runs spruce neckcloths for attorneys'
At Cuper's gardens will her hours regale,
Sing Fair Dorinda, and drink bottled ale.

At all assemblies rakes are up and down,
And gamesters, when they think they are not
known.

Should I denounce our author's fate to-day,
To cry down prophecies, you'd damn the play ;
Yet whims like these have sometimes made you
'Tis tattling all like Isaac Bickerstaff. [laugh,
Since war and places claim the bards that write,
Be kind, and bear a woman's treat to-night ;
Let your indulgence all her fears allay,
And none but woman-haters damn this play.

§ 22. *Prologue to The Man's Bewitch'd.* 1710.
CENTLIVRE.

OUR female author trembling stands within,
Her fear arises from another's sin :
One of her sex has so abus'd the town,
That on her score she dreads your angry frown ;
Though I dare say, poor soul, she never writ
Lampoon, or satire, on the box or pit ;
A harmless hum'rous play is her extent of wit.
Though Bickerstaff's vast genius may engage,
And lash the vice and follies of the age ;
Why should the tender Delia tax the nation,
Stickle and make a noise for reformation,
Who always gave a loose herself to inclination ?
Scandal and satire's thrown aside to-day,
And humor's the sole business of our play.
Beaux may dress on, to catch the ladies' hearts,
And good assurance pass for mighty parts :
The cits may bring their spouses without fear ;
We show no wife that's poaching for an heir,
Nor teach the use of fine gauze handkerchief.
Cowards may huff, and talk of mighty wonders,
And jilts set up—for twenty-thousand-pounders.
Our author, even though she knows full well,
Is so good-natur'd, she forbears to tell,
What colonels, lately, have found out the knack
To muster madam, still, by Ned or Jack ;
To keep their pleasures up, a frugal way, [pay.
They give her—subaltern's subsistence for her
In short, whate'er your darling vices are,
They pass untouched in this night's bill of fare.
But if all this can't your good-nature wake,
Though here and there a scene should fail to
Yet spare her for the Busybody's sake. [take,

§ 23. *Epilogue to the same. Spoken by Mrs.
Oldfield.* 1710. CENTLIVRE.

[A Porter delivers a Letter, just as
she is going to speak.

WHAT's this ? a billet-doux from hands un-
known ?

'Tis new to send it thus 'fore all the town :
But since the poor man's so agog,
I'll read it out, by way of epilogue.

[Reads.

Madam,
Permit a wretch to let you know,
That he's no more *in statu quo* ;
My ruin from this night commences,
Unless your smiles refund my senses ;
For, with one thrust of Cupid's dart,
You've whipp'd your slave quite through
the heart :
Therefore, I beg you, cast your eye
O'er boxes, pit, and gallery.

In pity of my pains and doubt,
And try if you can't find me out.
Poor soul! he seems indeed in dismal plight;
Let's see! it can't be, sure, from th' upper flight.
No, no—that's plain—for—none of them can
Nor can I think it from the middle fell, [write:
For I'm afraid as few of them can spell;
Beside, their haggling passions never gain
Beyond the passage-walking nymphs of Drury-
lane:

[rovers,
And then the pit's more stock'd with rakes and
Than any of these senseless, whining lovers.
The backs o' the boxes too seem mostly lin'd
With souls whose passion's to themselves con-
fin'd.

In short, I can't perceive, 'mongst all your sparks,
The wretch distinguish'd by these bloody marks:
But since the town has heard your kind com-
mands, sir,

The town shall e'en be witness of my answer.
First then, beware you prove no spark in red,
With empty purse and regimental head;
That thinks no woman can refuse t' engage in't,
While love's advanc'd with offer'd bills on
agent;

[ing,
That swears he'll settle from his joys commenc-
And make the babe, the day he's born, an en-
Nor could I bear a titled beau, that steals [sign.
From fasting spouse her matrimonial meals;
That modish sends next morn to her apartment
A civil how d'ye—far, alas! from th' heart
meant:

Then powder'd for th' ensuing day's delights,
Bows through his crowd of duns, and drives to
White's.

Nor could I like the wretch that all night plays,
And only takes his rest on winning days;
Then sets up, from a lucky hit, his rattler;
Then 's trac'd from his original—in the Tatler.
To tell you all that are my fix'd aversion,
Would tire the tongue of malice or aspersion:
But if I find 'mongst all one gen'rous heart,
That, deaf to stories, takes the stage's part;
That thinks that purse deserves to keep the plays,
Whose fortune's bound for the support of operas;
That thinks our constitution here is justly fix'd,
And now no more with lawyers' brawls per-
plex'd;

He, I declare, shall my whole heart receive;
And (what's more strange) I'll love him while
I live.

§ 24. *Prologue to Cato.* 1713. POPE.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
For this the tragic muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through ev'ry age;
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.

Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;

In pitying love, we but our weakness show,
And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws:
He bids your breasts with ancient ardor rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was:
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure Heaven itself surveys,
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to
bleed?

[cars,
Even when proud Cæsar, 'midst triumphal
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state:
As her dead father's rev'rend image pass'd,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast;
The triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from ev'ry eye;
The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by;
Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honor'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.

Britons, attend; be worth like this approv'd,
And show you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she
subdued:

Our scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation, and Italian song.
Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage:
Such plays alone should please a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

§ 25. *Prologue to Lady Jane Gray.* 1715.
ROWE.

To-NIGHT the noblest subject swells our
scene,
A heroine, a martyr, and a queen;
And though the poet dares not boast his art,
The very theme shall something great impart,
To warm the gen'rous soul, and touch the ten-
der heart.

To you, fair judges, we the cause submit;
Your eyes shall tell us how the tale is writ.
If your soft pity waits upon our woe,
If silent tears for suff'ring virtue flow;
Your grief the muses' labor shall confess,
The lively passions, and the just distress.
O! could our author's pencil justly paint,
Such as she was in life, the beauteous saint;
Boldly your strict attention might we claim,
And bid you mark and copy out the dame.
No wand'ring glance one wanton thought con-
fess'd;

No guilty wish inflam'd her spotless breast:
The only love that warm'd her blooming youth,
Was husband, England, liberty, and truth.

For these she fell; while, with too weak a hand,
She strove to save a blind ungrateful land.
But thus the secret laws of fate ordain,
William's great hand was doom'd to break that chain,

And end the hopes of Rome's tyrannic reign.
For ever as the circling years return,
Ye grateful Britons! crown the hero's urn;
To his just care you ev'ry blessing owe,
Which or his own, or following reigns bestow;
Though his hard fate a father's name denied,
To you a father, he that loss supplied.
Then while you view the royal line's increase,
And count the pledges of your future peace,
From this great stock while still new glories come,

Conquest abroad, and liberty at home;
While you behold the beautiful and brave,
Bright princesses to grace you, kings to save,
Enjoy the gift, but bless the hand that gave.

§ 26. *Epilogue to the Cruel Gift. Spoken by Mrs. Oldfield. 1717. ROWE.*

WELL, 'twas a narrow 'scape my lover made—
That cup and message—I was sore afraid!
Was that a present for a new-made widow,
All in her dismal dumps, like doleful Dido?
When one peep'd in—and hop'd for something good,

There was—O gad! a nasty heart and blood.*
If the old man had show'd himself a father,
His bowl should have inclos'd a cordial rather;
Something to cheer me up amidst my trance,
L'eau de Barbade—or comfortable *Nantz*.†
He thought he paid it off with being smart,
And, to be witty, cried, he'd send the heart.
I could have told his gravity, moreover,

Were I our sex's secrets to discover,
'Tis what we never look for in a lover.
Let but the bridegroom prudently provide
All other matters fitting for a bride,
So he make good the jewels and the jointure,

To miss the heart does seldom disappoint her.
'Faith, for the fashion hearts of late are made in,
They are the vilest bauble we can trade in.
Where are the tough brave Britons to be found,
With hearts of oak, so much of old renown'd?
How many worthy gentlemen of late
Swore to be true to mother-church and state;
When their false hearts were secretly main-
taining

Yon trim king Pepin, at Avignon reigning?
Shame on the canting crew of soul-insurers,
That Tyburn tribe of speech-making nonjurors,
Who, in new-fangled terms old truths explain-
ing, [meaning!

Teach honest Englishmen damn'd double-
O! would you lost integrity restore,
And boast that faith your plain forefathers bore;

What surer pattern can you hope to find
Than that dear pledge † your monarch left be-
hind?

See how his looks his honest heart explain,
And speak the blessings of his future reign!
In his each feature truth and candor trace,
And read plain-dealing written in his face.

§ 27. *Epilogue to the Lying Valet. 1740.*

GARRICK.

THAT I'm a lying rogue you all agree; [see,
And yet, look round the world, and you shall
That many more, my betters, lie as fast as me.
Against this vice we all are ever railing,
And yet, so tempting is it, so prevailing,
You'll find but few without this useful failing.
Lady or Abigail, my Lord or Will,
The lie goes round, and the ball's never still.
My lies were harmless, told to show my parts,
And not like those when tongues belie their hearts.

In all professions you will find this flaw;
And in the gravest too, in physic and in law:
The gouty sergeant cries, with formal pause,
"Your plea is good, my friend, don't starve
the cause."

But when my Lord decrees for t'other side,
Your costs of suit convince you—that he lied.
A doctor comes, with formal wig and face,
First feels your pulse, then thinks, and knows
your case,

"Your fever's slight, not dangerous, I assure
you; [cure you."

Keep warm, and *repetatur haustus*, Sir, will
Around the bed, next day, his friends are crying;
The patient dies; the doctor's paid for lying.

The poet, willing to secure the pit,
Gives out, his play has humor, taste, and wit:
The cause comes on, and while the judges try,
Each groan and cat-call gives the bard the lie.
Now let us ask, pray, what the ladies do:
They too will fib a little, *entre nous*.

"Lord!" says the prude (her face behind her
"How can our sex have any joy in man? [fan,
As for my part, the best could ne'er deceive me;
And were the race extinct, 'twould never
grieve me!

Their sight is odious, but their touch, O gad!
The thought of that's enough to drive one mad."
Thus rails at men the squeamish Lady Dainty,
Yet weds at fifty-five a rake of twenty.

In short, a beau's intrigues, a lover's sighs,
The courtier's promise, the rich widow's cries,
And patriot's zeal, are seldom more than lies.
Sometimes you'll see a man belie his nation,
Nor to his country show the least relation.

For instance, now—
A cleanly Dutchman, or a Frenchman grave,
A sober German, or a Spaniard brave,
An Englishman, a coward or a slave.

* This tragedy was founded upon the story of Sigismunda and Guiscardo, out of Boccace's novels; wherein the heart of the lover is sent by the father to his daughter, as a present.

† i. e. Citron-water and good brandy.

‡ The Prince of Wales, then present.

Mine, though a fibbing, was an honest art;
I serv'd my master, play'd a faithful part:
Rank me not, therefore, 'mongst the lying crew,
For though my tongue was false, my heart was true.

§ 28. *Epilogue to Ignoramus, acted at Westminster School in December 1747. Spoken by Ignoramus and Musæus.*

Ign. PEACE, bookworm! bless me, what a clerk have I!

A strange place, sure—this university!
What's learning, virtue, modesty, or sense?
Fine words to hear—but will they turn the pence?
These stiff pedantic notions—far outweighs
That one short, comprehensive thing—a face.
Go, match it if you can with all your rules
Of Greek or Roman, old or modern schools:
The total this of Ignoramus' skill,
To carve his fortune—place him where you will.
For not in law alone could I appear;
My parts would shine alike in any sphere.

You've heard my song in Rosabella's praise:
You'll see me soon—a rival for the bays.

Or, I could turn a journalist, and write
With little wit, but large recruits of spite:
Abuse and blacken—just as party sways—
And lash my betters—these are thriving ways.

My mind to graver physic would I bend,
Think you I'd study Greek, like Mead or Friend?
No—with some *nostrum* I'd ensure my fees,
Without the help of learning or degrees:
On drop or pill securely I'd rely,
And shake my head at the whole faculty.
Or would I take to orders—

Mus. Orders; how?

Ign. One not too scrupulous a way might know:
'Twere but the forging of a hand—or so.
In orders too my purposes I'd serve;
And if I could not rise, I would not starve.
With lungs and face I'd make my butchers
Or publish—that I'd marry at May-fair. [stare,
These, these are maxims, that will stand the test:

Both universities—are all a jest.

Mus. I grant, a prodigy we sometimes view,
Whom neither of our seats of learning knew.
Yet sure none shine more eminently great,
In law or physic, in the church or state,
Than those who early drank the love of fame
At Cam's fair bank, or Isis' silver stream.
Look round—here's proof enough this point to clear.

Ign. Bless me!—what!—not one Ignoramus here?

I stand convicted—what can I say more?
See, my face fails, which never fail'd before.
How great soe'er I seem in Dulman's eye, [by.
Yet Ignorance must blush—when Learning's

§ 29. *Epilogue to Agamemnon.* THOMSON.

OUR bard, to modern epilogue a foe,
Thinks such mean mirth but deadens gen'rous woe;

Dispels in idle air the moral sigh,
And wipes the tender tear from pity's eye:
No more with social warmth the bosom burns;
But all th' unfeeling, selfish man returns.

Thus he began: and you approv'd the strain,
Till the next couplet sunk to light and vain.
You check'd him there—to you, to reason, just,
He owns he triumph'd in your kind disgust.
Charm'd by your frown, by your displeasure grac'd,

He hails the rising virtue of your taste.
Wide will its influence spread, as soon as known;
Truth, to be lov'd, need only to be shown.
Confirm it, once, the fashion to be good
(Since fashion leads the fool, and awes the rude)
No petulance shall wound the public ear;
No hand applaud what honor shuns to hear;
No painful blush the modest cheek shall stain;
The worthy breast shall heave with no disdain.
Chastis'd to decency, the British stage
Shall oft invite the fair, invite the sage: [part;
Both shall attend well pleas'd, well pleas'd de-
Or, if they doom the verse, absolve the heart.

§ 30. *Prologue spoken by Mr. Garrick at the opening of the Theatre in Drury-lane, in the Year 1747.* JOHNSON.

WHEN Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes

First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakspeare rose;
Each change of many-color'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth impress'd,
And unresisted passion storm'd the breast.

Then Jonson came, instructed from the school
To please in method, and invent by rule:
His studious patience, and laborious art,
By regular approach assay'd the heart:
Cold approbation gave the ling'ring bays;
For those who durst not censure scarce could praise.

A mortal born, he met the gen'ral doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,
Nor wish'd for Jonson's art, nor Shakspeare's flame;
Themselves they studied, as they felt they writ;
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.
Vice always found a sympathetic friend;
They pleas'd their age, but did not aim to mend.

Yet bards like these aspir'd to lasting praise,
And proudly hop'd to pimp in future days:
Their cause was gen'ral, their supports were strong,
Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long;

Till shame regain'd the post that sense betray'd,
And virtue call'd oblivion to her aid.

Then crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,
For years the pow'r of Tragedy declin'd:

From hard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till declamation roar'd whilst passion slept;
Yet still did virtue deign the stage to tread,
Philosophy remain'd, though nature fled.
But forc'd at length her ancient reign to quit,
She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of wit:
Exulting Folly hail'd the joyful day,
And Pantomime and Song confirm'd her sway.

But who the coming changes can presage,
And mark the future periods of the stage?
Perhaps, if skill could distant times explore,
New Behns, new Durfeys, yet remain in store;
Perhaps, where Lear has rav'd, and Hamlet
died,

On flying cars new sorcerers may ride;
Perhaps (for who can guess th' effects of
chance?)

Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance.

Hard is his lot that, here by fortune plac'd,
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste;
With every meteor of caprice must play,
And chase the new-born bubble of the day.
Ah! let not censure term our fate our choice,
The stage but echoes back the public voice;
The Drama's laws the Drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please, must please to live.

Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die;
'Tis yours this night to bid the reign commence
Of rescued nature, and reviving sense; [show,
To change the charms of sound, the pomp of
For useful mirth and salutary woe;
Bid Scenic Virtue form the rising age,
And Truth diffuse her radiance from the Stage.

§ 31. *Epilogue to Shakspeare's First Part of
King Henry IV. Spoken by Mr. J. Y. in
the Character of Falstaff, 1748. Acted by
young gentlemen at Mr. Newcome's School at
Hackney.* HOADLEY.

[Push'd in upon the Stage by Prince Henry.]

A PLAGUE upon all cowards, still I say—
Old Jack must bear the heat of all the day,
And be the master-fool beyond the play—
Amidst hot-blooded Hotspur's rebel strife,
By miracle of wit I sav'd my life;
And now stand foolishly expos'd again
To th' hissing bullets of the critic's brain.

Go to, old lad, 'tis time that thou wert wiser—
Thou art not fram'd for an epiloguizer.
There's Hal, now, or his nimble shadow, Poins,
Straight in the back, and lissome in the loins,
Who wears his boot smooth as his mistress' skin,
And shining as the glass she dresses in;
Can bow and cringe, fawn, flatter, cog, and lie—
Which honest Jack could never do—not I.
Hal's heir-apparent face might stand it buff,
And make (ha! ha! ha!) a saucy epilogue
enough.

But I am old and stiff—nay, bashful grown,
For Shakspeare's humor is not now my own.
I feel myself a counterfeiting ass;
And if for sterling wit I give you brass,
It is his royal image makes it pass.

Fancy now works; and here I stand and stew
In mine own greasy fears, which set to view
Eleven buckram critics in each man of you;
Wights, who with no out-facings will be
shamm'd,

Nor into risibility be bamm'd, [treason,
Will, tho' she shake their sides, think Nature
And see one damn'd—ere laugh without a
reason. [speed,

Then how shall one, not of the virtuous,
Who merely has a wicked wit to plead—
Wit without measure, humour without rule,
Unfetter'd laugh, and lawless ridicule?
Faith! try him by his peers, a jury chosen—
The kingdom will, I think, scarce raise the
dozen.

So—be but kind, and countenance the cheat,
I'll in, and say to Hal, I've done the feat.

§ 32. *Prologue to Irene. 1749. JOHNSON.*

YE glitt'ring train! whom lace and velvet
bless,

Suspend the soft sollicitudes of dress;
From grov'ling business and superfluous care,
Ye sons of Avarice! a moment spare:
Vot'ries of Fame, and worshippers of Pow'r!
Dismiss the pleasing phantoms for an hour.
Our daring bard, with spirit unconfin'd,
Spreads wide the mighty moral of mankind.
Learn here how Heaven supports the virtuous
mind,

Daring, tho' calm; and vig'rous, tho' resign'd.
Learn here what anguish racks the guilty breast,
In pow'r dependent, in success deprest;
Learn here that peace from innocence must
flow;

All else is empty sound, and idle show. [join;
But truths like these with pleasing language
Ennobled, yet unchang'd, if Nature shine:
If no wild draught depart from Reason's rules,
Nor gods his heroes, nor his lovers fools;
Intriguing wits! his artless plot forgive;
And spare him, beauties! tho' his lovers live.

Be this at least his praise, be this his pride;
To force applause no modern arts are tried.
Should partial cat-calls all his hopes confound,
He bids no trumpet quell the fatal sound;
Should welcome sleep relieve the weary wit,
He rolls not thunders o'er the drowsy pit;
No snares to captivate the judgment spreads;
Nor bribes your eyes to prejudice your heads.
Unmov'd tho' witlings sneer, and rivals rail;
Studious to please, yet not asham'd to fail,
He scorns the meek address, the suppliant strain,
With merit needless, and without it vain.
In Reason, Nature, Truth, he dares to trust;
Ye fops, be silent; and ye wits, be just.

§ 33. *Prologue to Comus, for the Benefit of
Milton's Grand-daughter. 1750. Spoken by
Mr. GARRICK.* JOHNSON.

YE patriot crowds who burn for England's
fame, [name,
Ye nymphs whose bosoms beat at Milton's

Whose gen'rous zeal, unbought by flatt'ring rhymes,
Shames the mean pensions of Augustan times;
Immortal patrons of succeeding days,
Attend this prelude of perpetual praise;
Let wit, condemn'd the feeble war to wage
With close malevolence, or public rage;
Let study, worn with virtue's fruitless lore;
Behold this Theatre, and grieve no more. [tell
This night, distinguish'd by your smiles, shall
That never Briton can in vain excel;
The slighted Arts futurity shall trust,
And rising ages hasten to be just.

At length our mighty bard's victorious lays
Fill the loud voice of universal praise;
And baffled spite, with hopeless anguish dumb,
Yields to renown the centuries to come;
With ardent haste each candidate of fame
Ambitious catches at his tow'ring name;
He sees, and pitying sees, vain wealth bestow
Those pageant honors which he scorn'd below,
While crowds aloft the laureat bust behold,
Or trace his form on circulating gold,
Unknown, unheeded, long his offspring lay,
And want hung threat'ning o'er her slow decay.
What tho' she shine with no Miltonian fire,
No fav'ring muse her morning dreams inspire,
Yet softer claims the melting heart engage,
Her youth laborious, and her blameless age;
Hers the mild merits of domestic life,
The patient sufferer, and the faithful wife.
Thus grac'd with humble virtue's native charms,
Her Grandsire leaves her in Britannia's arms;
Secure with peace, with competence, to dwell,
While tutelary nations guard her cell.
Yours is the charge, ye fair, ye wise, ye brave!
'Tis yours to crown desert—beyond the grave.

§ 34. *Occasional Prologue, spoken at Covent-Garden Theatre by Mr. Barry, 1750.*

WHEN vice or folly over-runs a state,
Weak politicians lay the blame on fate:
When rulers useful subjects cease to prize,
And damn for arts that caus'd themselves to rise;
When jealousies and fears possess the throne,
And kings allow no merit—but their own;
Can it be strange, that men for flight prepare,
And strive to raise a colony elsewhere?
This custom has prevail'd in ev'ry age,
And has been sometimes practis'd on the stage:
For—*entre nous*—these managers of merit,
Who fearless arm, and take the field with spirit,
Have curb'd us monarchs with their haughty mien,
And Herod* have out Herod-ed—within.

[Pointing to the Green Room.
O, they can torture twenty thousand ways!
Make bouncing Bajazet† retreat from Bayes!†

The ladies § too, with every pow'r to charm,
Whose face and fire an anchorite might warm,
Have felt the fury of a tyrant's arm.
By selfish arts expell'd our ancient seat,
In search of candor, and in search of meat,
We from your favor hope for this retreat.

If Shakspeare's passion, or if Jonson's art,
Can fire the fancy, or can warm the heart,
That task be ours; but if you damn their scenes,
And heroes must give way to Harlequins,
We too can have recourse to mime and dance;
Nay, there, I think, we have the better chance:
And, should the town grow weary of the mute,
Why, we'll produce a child upon the flute. ||
But, be the food as 'twill, 'tis you that treat!
Long they have feasted—permit us now to eat.

§ 35. *Epilogue spoken by Mrs. Clive, on the two occasional Prologues at Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane, 1750.*

[Enters hastily, as if speaking to one who would oppose her.

I'LL do't: by Heaven, I will—Pray get you gone;
What! all these janglings, and I not make one?
Was ever woman offer'd so much wrong?
These creatures here would have me hold my tongue!

I'm so provok'd, I hope you will excuse me;
I must be heard—and beg you won't refuse me.
While our mock heroes, not so wise as rash,
With indignation hold the vengeful lash,
And at each other throw alternate squibs,
Compos'd of little wit—and some few fibs;
I Catherine Clive come here to attack 'em all,
And aim alike at little and at tall.
But first, ere with the buskin'd chiefs I brave it,
A story is at hand, and you shall have it.

Once on a time two boys were throwing dirt,
A gentle youth was one, and one was somewhat pert:

Each to his master with his tale retreated,
Who gravely heard their diff'rent parts repeated,
How Tom was rude, and Jack, poor lad! ill-treated.

The master paus'd—to be unjust was loath,
Call'd for a rod, and fairly whipp'd them both.
In the same master's place, lo! here I stand,
And for each culprit hold the lash in hand.
First, for our own—O, 'tis a pretty youth!
But out of fifty lies I'll sift some truth:
'Tis true, he's of a choleric disposition,
And fiery parts make up his composition. [ried!
How have I seen him rave when things miscar-
Indeed he's grown much tamer since he married.
If he succeeds, what joys his fancy strike!
And then he gets—to which he's no dislike.
Faults he has many,—but I know no crimes;
Yes, he has one—he contradicts sometimes:
And when he falls into his frantic fit,

* Mr. Quin. † Both Quin and Barry.

‡ Mr. Garrick.

§ Mrs. Cibber, &c.

|| A child, said to be about four years of age, had been introduced on the stage of Drury-Lane theatre, to play a tune on that instrument.

He blusters so, it makes e'en me submit.
So much for him—the other youth comes next,
Who shows, by what he says, poor soul! he's
[vex'd.

He tells you tales how cruelly this treats us,
To make you think the little monster beats us.
Would I have whin'd in melancholy phrase,
How bouncing Bajazet retreats from Bayes?
I, who am woman, would have stood the fray;
At least not snivell'd thus, and run away!
Should any manager lift arm at me,
I have a tyrant arm as well as he!—
In fact, there has some little bouncing been,
But who the bouncer was, inquire within.
No matter who—I now proclaim a peace,
And hope henceforth hostilities will cease:
No more shall either rack his brains to tease ye,
But let the contest be—who most shall please ye.

§ 36. *Prologue to Gil Blas.* 1751. *Spoken by Mr. Woodward, in the Character of a Critic, with a Cat-call in his Hand.* MOORE.

ARE you all ready? here's your music, here! *
Author, sneak off; we'll tickle you, my dear;
The fellow stopp'd me in a hellish fright—
Pray, Sir, said he, must I be damn'd to-night?
Damn'd! Surely, friend—don't hope for our
compliance; [fiance.

Zounds, Sir—a second play's downright de-
Though once, poor rogue! we pitied your con-
Here's the true recipe—for repetition. [dition,
Well, Sir, says he, ev'n as you please; so then
I'll never trouble you with plays again.

But, hark ye, poet!—won't you though, says I,
'Pon honor!—then we'll damn you, let me die.
Shan't we, my bucks! Let's take him at his word:
Damn him, or, by my soul, he'll write a third.
The man wants money, I suppose—but, mind ye,
Tell him—you've left your charity behind ye.
A pretty plea, his wants, to our regard!

As if we bloods had bowels for a bard!
Besides, what men of spirit, now-a-days,
Come to give sober judgments of new plays?
It argues some good-nature to be quiet—
Good-nature!—Aye—but then we lose a riot.
The scribbling fool may beg and make a fuss,
'Tis death to him—What then?—'Tis sport to
us. [jokes,

Don't mind me though—for all my fun and
The bard may find us bloods good-natur'd folks.
No crabbed critics—foes to rising merit—
Write but with fire, and we'll applaud with
Our author aims at no dishonest ends, [spirit.
He knows no enemies and boasts some friends;
He takes no methods down your throats to cram
So, if you like it, save it; if not, damn it. [it;

§ 37. *Prologue to Taste.* 1752. *Spoken in the Character of an Auctioneer.* GARRICK.

BEFORE this court I Peter Puff appear,
A Briton born, and bred an auctioneer!

* Blowing his cat-call.

Who, for myself, and eke a hundred others,
My useful, honest, learned, bawling brothers,
With much humility and fear implore ye,
To lay our present desperate case before ye.

'Tis said, this night a certain wag intends
To laugh at us, our calling, and our friends:
If lords and ladies, and such dainty folks,
Are cur'd of auction-hunting by his jokes;
Should this odd doctrine spread throughout the
'Before you buy, be sure to understand;' [land,
O, think on us, what various ills will flow,
When great ones purchase only what they
know!

Why laugh at *taste*? It is a harmless fashion,
And quite subdues each detrimental passion:
The fair ones' hearts will ne'er incline to man,
While thus they rage for—china and japan.

The virtuoso too, and connoisseur,
Are ever decent, delicate, and pure; [hold,
The smallest hair their looser thoughts might
Just warm when single, and when married cold.
Their blood, at sight of beauty, gently flows;
Their Venus must be old, and want a nose!
No am'rous passion with deep knowledge
thrives;

'Tis the complaint, indeed, of all our wives!
'Tis said *virtù* to such a height is grown,
All artists are encourag'd—but our own.

Be not deceiv'd; I here declare on oath,
I never yet sold goods of foreign growth:
Ne'er sent commissions out to Greece or Rome!
My best antiquities are made at home.

I've Romans, Greeks, Italians, near at hand,
True Britons all, and living in the Strand.
I ne'er for trinkets rack my pericranium;
They furnish out my room from Herculeaneum.
But hush—

Should it be known that English are employ'd,
Our manufacture is at once destroy'd;
No matter what our countrymen deserve,
They'll thrive as ancients, but as moderns starve;
If we should fall, to you it will be owing;
Farewell to arts—they are going, going!
The fatal hammer's in your hand, O town!
Then set us up, and knock the poet down.

§ 38. *Prologue to Cato.* Acted in 1753 by the
Scholars of the free Grammar School at Derby,
for the Benefit of the Orphan of the late Usher.
Written by one of the Scholars, aged 16.

No Garrick here majestic treads the stage,
No Quin your whole attention to engage;
No practis'd actor here the scene employs;
But a raw parcel of unskilful boys.
Shall we disfigur'd in a school-boy see
Cato's great soul in base epitome?
Can critics bear such slavery as this?
Would not e'en Cato join the critic's hiss?
What shall we say then? what excuses make?
Our credit and success lie both at stake.

As when some peasant, who to treat his lord,
Brings out his little stock, and decks his board
With what his ill-stor'd cupboard will afford,

With awkward bows, and ill-plac'd rustic airs,
To make excuses for his feast prepares;
So we, with tremor mix'd with vast delight,
View the bright audience which appears to-
night,

And, conscious of its meanness, hardly dare
To bid you welcome to our homely fare.

But would the ladies in our cause appear,
One look would silence every critic here.
If you but smile, 'twill cheer our tim'rous
hearts,

And give us courage to perform our parts.

To you, ye fair ones, then, we make address,
And beg protection for this night's success.
Look gently on our faults, and, where we fail,
Let pity to our tender youth prevail.
Our cause is in your hands; and Cato, who
Disdain'd great Cæsar's yoke, submits to you.

§ 39. *Prologue to the Fairies.* 1755. *Writ-
ten and spoken by Mr. GARRICK.*

[Enter—interrupting the band of music.

A MOMENT stop your tuneful fingers, pray,
While here, as usual, I my duty pay.

[To the audience.

Don't frown, my friends [to the band]; you
shall soon melt again;

But, if not there is felt each dying strain,
Poor I shall speak, and you will scrape, in vain.
To see me now, you think the strangest thing!
For, like friend Benedick, I cannot sing:
Yet, in this prologue, cry but you *corragio*,
I'll speak you both a jig, and an *adagio*.

A Persian king, as Persian tales relate,
Of't went disguis'd, to hear the people pray;
So, curious I sometimes steal forth *incog*.
To hear what critics croak of me, King-Log.
Three nights ago, I heard a *tête-à-tête*,
Which fix'd at once our English opera's fate:
One was a youth born here, but flush from
Rome;

The other born abroad, but here his home:
And first the *English foreigner* began,
Who thus address'd the *foreign Englishman*:
“An English opera! 'tis not to be borne;
“I both my country and their music scorn.
“O, damn their Ally Croakers, and their
Early-horn!

“*Signior, si—but sons—vors recitativo*:

“*Il tutto è bestiale e cativo*,”

This said, I made my *exit* full of terrors;
And now ask pardon for the following errors:
Excuse us, first, for foolishly supposing,
Your countrymen could please you in com-
posing;

An opera too!—play'd by an English band,
Wrote in a language which you understand—
I dare not say who wrote it—I could tell ye,
To soften matters—Signor Shakspearelli:
This awkward drama (I confess th' offence)
Is guilty too of poetry and sense:
And then the price we take, you'll all abuse it;

So low, so unlike op'ras—but excuse it;
We'll mend that fault, whenever you shall
choose it.

Our last mischance, and worse than all the rest,
Which turns the whole performance to a jest,
Our singers all are well, and all will do their best.
But why would this rash fool, this Englishman,
Attempt an opera?—'tis the strangest plan!

Struck with the wonders of his master's art,
Whose sacred dramas shake and melt the heart,
Whose heaven-born strains the coldest breast
inspire,

Whose chorus-thunder sets the soul on fire!
Inflam'd, astonish'd, at those magic airs,
When Samson groans, and frantic Saul despairs,
The pupil wrote—his work is now before ye,
And waits your stamp of infamy or glory!
Yet, ere his errors and his faults are known,
He says, those faults, those errors, are his own;
If thro' the clouds appear some glimmering rays,
They're sparks he caught from his great mas-
ter's blaze!

§ 40. *Prologue to Virginia.* 1754. *Written
and spoken by Mr. GARRICK.*

PROLOGUES, like compliments, are loss of time,
'Tis penning bows, and making legs, in rhyme:
'Tis cringing at the door, with simp'ring grin,
When we should show the company within—
So thinks our bard, who, stiff in classic know-
ledge, [ledge.—

Preserves too much the buckram of the col-
“Lord, Sir,” said I, “an audience must be
woo'd,

“And, lady-like, with flattery pursued;

“They nauseate fellows that are blunt and rude.

“Authors should learn to dance as well as
write—”

“Dance at my time of life! Zounds, what a
sight!

“Grown gentlemen ('tis advertis'd) do learn
by night.

“Your modern prologues, and such whims as
these,

“The Greeks ne'er knew—turn, turn to So-
phocles.”

“I read no Greek, Sir—when I was at school,

“Terence had prologues—Terence was no fool.”

“He had; but why?” replied the bard in rage:

“Exotics, monsters, had possess'd the stage;

“But we have none, in this enlighten'd age!

“Your Britons now, from gallery to pit,

“Can relish nought but sterling Attic wit.

“Here, take my play, I meant it for in-
struction;

“If rhymes are wanting for its introduction,

“E'en let that nonsense be your own produc-
tion.”

Off went the poet—It is now expedient
I speak as manager, and your obedient.

I, as your cat'rer, would provide your dishes,
Dress'd to your palates, season'd to your wishes.

Say but you're tir'd with boil'd and roast at home,
We too can send for niceties from Rome;
To please your tastes will spare nor pains nor money,

Discard sirloins, and get you maccheroni.
Whate'er new gusto for a time may reign,
Shakspeare and beef must have their turn again.

If novelties can please, to-night we've two—
Tho' English both, yet spare 'em as they're new.
To one, at least, your usual favors show;
A female asks it—can a man say No?
Should you indulge our novice* yet unseen,
And crown her, with your hands, a tragic queen;

Should you, with smiles, a confidence impart,
To calm those fears which speak a feeling heart;
Assist each struggle of ingenuous shame,
Which curb a genius in its road to fame:
With one wish more her whole ambition ends—
She hopes some merit, to deserve such friends.

§ 41. *Epilogue to the same.* 1754. GARRICK.

THE poet's pen can, like a conjurer's wand,
Or kill or raise his heroine at command:
And I shall, spirit-like, before I sink,
Not courteously inquire, but tell you, what you think.

From top to bottom I shall make you stare,
By hitting all your judgments to a hair!
And, first, with you above I shall begin—

[*To the upper gallery.*]

Good-natur'd souls, they're ready all to grin.
Though twelve-pence seat you there, so near the ceiling,

The folks below can't boast a better feeling.
No high-bred prud'ry in your region lurks,
You boldly laugh and cry as nature works.

Says John to Tom (aye, there they sit together,
As honest Britons as e'er trod on leather);
" 'Tween you and I, my friend, 'tis very vild,
" That old Vergeenus should have struck his child;

" I would have hang'd him for't had I been ruler,

" And duck'd that Apus too, by way of cooler."
Some maiden-dames, who hold the middle floor,

[*To the middle gallery.*]

And fly from naughty man, at forty-four,
With turn'd-up eyes applaud Virginia's 'scape,
And vow they'd do the same to shun a rape;
So very chaste, they live in constant fears,
And apprehension strengthens with their years.

Ye bucks, who from the pit your terrors send,
Yet love distressed damsels to befriend;
You think this tragic joke too far was carried,
And wish, to set all right, the maid had married:

You'd rather see (if so the fates had will'd)
Ten wives be kind, than one poor virgin kill'd.

May I approach unto the boxes, pray,
And there search out a judgment on the play?
In vain, alas! I should attempt to find it;
Fine ladies see a play, but never mind it.
'Tis vulgar to be mov'd by acted passion,
Or form opinions till they're fix'd by fashion.

Our author hopes this fickle goddess, Mode,
With us will make, at least, nine days' abode;
To present pleasure he contracts his view,
And leaves his future fame to time and you.

§ 42. *Prologue to Barbarossa.* 1755. Written and spoken by Mr. GARRICK, in the Character of a Country Boy.

MEASTER! measter!
Is not my measter here among you, pray?
Nay speak—my measter wrote this fine new play.

The actor-folks are making such a clatter!
They want the pro-log—I know nought o' the matter:

He must be there among you—look about—
A weezen pale-fac'd mon—do find him out.
Pray, measter, come, or all will fall to sheame;
Call Mister—hold—I must not tell his neame.

La! what a crowd is here! what noise and pother!

Fine lads and lasses! one o' top o' t' other.

[*Pointing to the rows of pit and gallery.*]

I could for ever here with wonder gaze;
I ne'er saw church so full in all my days!—
Your servant, Sirs—what do you laugh for, eh?
You donna take me sure for one o' the play?
You should not flout an honest country lad—
You think me fool, and I think you half mad:
You're all as strange as I, and stranger too;
And, if you laugh at me, I'll laugh at you.

[*Laughing.*]

I donna like your London tricks, not I;
And, since you've rais'd my blood, I'll tell you why:

And, if you wull, since now I am before ye,
For want of pro-log, I'll relate my story.

I came from country here to try my fate,
And get a place among the rich and great:
But, troth, I'm sick o' th' journey I ha' ta'en;
I like it not—would I were whoame again!

First, in the city I took up my station,
And got a place with one o' th' corporation;
A round big mon—he ate a plaguy deal;
Zooks! he'd have beat five ploomen at a meal!
But long with him I could not make abode,
For, could you think't? he ate a great sea-toad?

It came from *Indies*—'twas as big as me;
He call'd it *belly-patch* and *cap-a-pie*:
La! how I star'd!—I thought—who knows but I,

For want of monsters, may be made a pie?
Rather than tarry here for bribe or gain,
I'll back to whoame and country-fare again,

* Mrs. Graham, afterwards Mrs. Yates, then a new actress.

I left toad-eater; then I serv'd a lord,
And there they promis'd—but ne'er kept their word.

While 'mong the great this geaming work the trade is,

They mind no more poor servants—than their ladies.

A lady next, who lik'd a smart young lad,
Hir'd me forthwith—but, troth, I thought her mad:

She turn'd the world top-down, as one may say,
She chang'd the day to neet, the neet to day?
I was so sheam'd with all her freakish ways,
She wore her geare so short, so low her stays—
Fine folks show all for nothing now-a-days!

Now I'm the poet's mon—I find with wits
There's nothing sartain—nay, we eat by fits.
Our meals, indeed, are slender—what of that?
There are but three on 's—measter, I, and cat.
Did you but see us all, as I'm a sinner,
You'd scarcely say which of the three is thinner.

My wages all depend on this night's piece;
But should you find that all ourswans are geese,
'Efect, I'll trust no more to measter's brain,
But pack up all, and whistle whoame again.

§ 43. *Epilogue to the same.* 1755. *Spoken by Mr. Woodward, in the Character of a fine Gentleman.* GARRICK.

[Enter—speaking without.

PSHAW! damn your epilogue, and hold your tongue—

Shall we of rank be told what's right and wrong? [em,

Had you ten epilogues you should not speak
Though he had writ 'em all in *lingum Grecum*.

I'll do't, by all the gods! (you must excuse me)
Though author, actors, audience, all abuse me!

[To the audience.

Behold a gentleman!—and that's enough!
Laugh if you please—I'll take a pinch of snuff!

I come to tell you (let it not surprise you)
That I'm a wit—and worthy to advise you.

How could you suffer that same country booby,
That pro-log speaking savage, that great looby,

To talk his nonsense?—give me leave to say,
'Twas low! damn'd low; but save the fellow's

Let the poor devil eat; allow him that, [play:
And give a meal to *measter, mon, and cat;*

But why attack the fashions? senseless rogue!
We have no joys but what result from vogue!

The mode should all control!—nay, ev'ry passion,

Sense, appetite, and all, give way to fashion.
I hate as much as he a turtle-feast,

But, till the present turtle-rage is ceas'd,
I'd ride a hundred miles to make myself a

I have no ears; yet operas I adore. [beast.
Always prepar'd to die—to sleep—no more!

The ladies too were carp'd at, and their dress,
He wants them all ruff'd up like good queen
Bess!

They are, forsooth, too much expos'd and free:
Were more expos'd, no ill effects I see,
For, more or less, 'tis all the same to me.

Poor gaming too was maul'd among the rest,
That precious cordial to a high-life breast!

When thoughts arise, I always game or drink,
An English gentleman should never think—

The reason's plain, which ev'ry soul might hit
on—

What trims a Frenchman, oversets a Briton.

In us reflection breeds a sober sadness,

Which always ends in politics or madness:

I therefore now propose, by your command,

That tragedies no more shall cloud this land;

Send o'er your Shakspeares to the sons of France,

Let *them* grow grave—let *us* begin to dance!

Banish your gloomy scenes to foreign climes,

Reserve alone, to bless these golden times,

A farce or two—and Woodward's panto-
mimes.

§ 44. *Occasional Prologue to the Mask of Britannia.* 1755. *Written and spoken by Mr. GARRICK, in the Character of a Sailor, fuddled, and talking to himself.*

Enters, singing, "How pleasant a sailor's life
passes!"

WELL! if thou art, my boy, a little mellow,

A sailor, half-seas o'er, 's a pretty fellow.

What cheer, ho? Do I carry too much sail?

[To the pit.

No—tight and trim—I scud before the gale—

[He staggers forward, and then stops.

But softly tho'—the vessel seems to heel—

Steady! my boy—she must not show her keel.

And now, thus ballasted—what course to steer?

Shall I again to sea—and bang Mounseer?

Or stay on shore, and toy with Sall and Sue?

Dost love 'em, boy? By this right hand, I do!

A well-rigg'd girl is surely most inviting:

There's nothing better, faith—save flip and
fighting.

I must away—I must—

What! shall we sons of beef and freedom stoop,

Or lower our flag to slavery and soup?

What! shall these *Parly-voos* make such a
racket,

And I not lend a hand to lace their jacket?

Still shall Old England be your Frenchman's
butt?—

Whene'er he shuffles we should always cut.

I'll to 'em, faith—Avast—before I go—

Have I not promis'd Sall to see the show?

[Pulls out a play-bill.

From this same paper we shall understand

What work's to-night—I read your printed
hand.

First let's refresh a bit—for, faith, I need it—

I'll take one sugar-plum—[takes some tobacco.
and then I'll read it.

[He reads the play-bill of *Zara*,
which was acted that evening.

"At the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane—

"Will be presen-ta-ted a tragedy called
Sarah"

I'm glad 'tis *Sarah*—then our Sall may see
Her namesake's tragedy: and as for me,
I'll sleep as sound as if I were at sea.

"To which will be added a new mask—"
Zounds! why a mask? We sailors hate gri-
maces:

Aboveboard all; we scorn to hide our faces.
But what is here, so very large and plain?

"Bri-tan-nia."—O, Britannia!—good
again—

Huzza, boys! By the Royal George, I swear,
Tom Coxen, and the crew, shall straight be
there.

All free-born souls must take Bri-tan-nia's
part,

And give her three round cheers, with hand
and heart! [*Going off, he stops.*]

I wish you landmen, though, would leave your
tricks,

Your factions, parties, and damn'd politics;
And, like us honest tars, drink, fight, and sing;
True to yourselves, your country, and your
king!

§ 45. *Prologue to Comus. Performed for the
Benefit of the General Hospital at Bath, 1756,
and spoken by Miss MORRISON, in the Cha-
racter of a Lady of Fashion.* HOADLEY.

[*She enters with a number of tickets in her hand.*]

WELL, I've been beating up for volunteers,
But find that charity has got no ears.
I first attack'd a colonel of the guards—
Sir, charity—consider its rewards;
With healing hand the saddest sores it skins,
And covers—O! a multitude of sins.
He swore the world was welcome to his
thoughts:

'Twas damn'd hypocrisy to hide one's faults;
And with that sin his conscience ne'er was
twitted,

The only one he never had committed.

Next to my knight I plead. He shook his
head,

Complain'd the stocks were low, and trade was
dead.

In these Bath charities a tax he'd found
More heavy than four shillings in the pound.
What with the play-house, hospital, and abbey,
A man was stripp'd—unless he'd look quite
shabby.

Then such a train, and such expense; to wit,
My lady, all the brats, and cousin Kit—
He'd steel himself, perhaps, into the pit.

Old Lady Slipelop, at her morning cards,
Vows that all works of *genus* she regards,
Raffles for Chinese gods, card houses, shells,
Nor grudges to the music, or the bells,
But has a strange *antiquity* to nasty *ospitals*.

I hope your lordship—then my lord replies—

No doubt, the governors are—very wise;
But, for the play, he wonder'd at their choice.
In Milton's days such stuff might be the taste,
But, faith! he thought it was damn'd dull and
chaste:

Then swears he to the charity is hearty,
But can't in honor break his evening party.

When to the gouty alderman I sued,
The nasty fellow (gad) was downright rude;
Is begging grown the fashion, with a pox?
The mayor should set such housewives in the
stocks.

Give you a guinea! Z——ds! replies the beast,
'Twould buy a ticket for a turtle-feast.

Think what a guinea a-head might set before
ye—

Surmullet—turbot—and a grand John Dory.

I'll never give a groat, as I'm a sinner,
Unless they gather 't in a dish—at dinner.

I trust, by art and more polite address,
Your fairer advocates met more success;
And not a man compassion's cause withstood,
When beauty pleaded for such *gen'ral* good.

§ 46. *Prologue to the Winter's Tale, and Ca-
therine and Petruchio. 1756. Written and
spoken by Mr. GARRICK.*

To various things the stage has been com-
par'd,

As apt ideas strike each humorous bard:

This night, for want of better simile,

Let this our theatre a tavern be:

The poets vintners, and the waiters we.

So, as the cant and custom of the trade is,

You're welcome, gemmen; kindly welcome,
ladies.

To draw in customers, our bills are spread;

You cannot miss the sign, 'tis Shakspeare's
Head.

From this same head, this fountain-head divine,
For different palates springs a different wine;

In which no tricks, to strengthen or to thin 'em—
Neat as imported—no French brandy in 'em.

Hence for the choicest spirits flows Champagne,
Whose sparkling atoms shoot through every
vein,

Then mount in magic vapors to th' enraptur'd
brain!

Hence flow for martial minds potations strong,
And sweet love-potions for the fair and young.

For you, my hearts of oak, for your regale,

[*To the upper gallery.*]
There's good old English stingo, mild and
stale;

For high, luxurious souls, with luscious smack,
There's Sir John Falstaff in a butt of sack;

And, if the stronger liquors more invite ye,

Bardolph is gin, and Pistol aqua-vitæ.

But should you call for Falstaff, where to find
him,

He's gone—nor left one cup of sack behind
him.

Sunk in his elbow-chair, no more he'll roam,
No more, with merry wags, to Eastcheap come;
He's gone—to jest and laugh, and give his sack,
at home.

As for the learned critics, grave and deep,
Who catch at words, and, catching, fall asleep;
Who, in the storms of passion, hum and haw—
For such our master will no liquor draw—
So blindly thoughtful, and so darkly read,
They take Tom Durfey's for the Shakspeare's
Head.

A vintner once acquir'd both praise and gain,
And sold much perry for the best Champagne.
Some rakes this precious stuff did so allure,
They drank whole nights—what's that when
wine is pure? [Lord.]

"Come, fill a bumper, Jack."—"I will, my
"Here's cream!—damn'd fine!—immense!—
upon my word!

"Sir William, what say you?"—"The best,
believe me." [me.]

"In this—eh, Jack!—the devil can't deceive
Thus the wise critic, too, mistakes his wine;
Cries out, with lifted hands—"Tis great! divine!
Then jogs his neighbour, as the wonders strike
him;

This Shakspeare! Shakspeare!—O, there's
nothing like him!

In this night's various and enchanted cup
Some little perry's mix'd, for filling up.
The five long acts, from which our three are
taken,

Stretch'd out to sixteen years,* lay by, forsaken:
Lest then this precious liquor run to waste,
'Tis now confin'd and bottled for your taste.
'Tis my chief wish, my joy, my only plan,
To lose no drop of that immortal man!

§ 47. *Prologue to the Apprentice.* 1756.
Spoken by Mr. MURPHY, Author of the Piece,
dressed in black. GARRICK.

BEHOLD a wonder for theatric story!
The culprit of this night appears before ye:
Before his judges dares these boards to tread,
"With all his imperfections on his head!"

Prologues precede the piece, in mournful verse,
As undertakers walk before the hearse;
Whose doleful march may strike the harden'd
mind,

And wake its feelings for the dead behind.
Trick'd out in black, thus actors try their art,
To melt that rock of rocks, the critic's heart.
No acted fears my vanity betray!

I am, indeed—what others only play.
Thus far myself. The farce comes next in view;
Though many are its faults, at least 'tis new.
No smuggled, pilfer'd scenes from France we
show;

'Tis English—English, Sirs, from top to toe.
Though coarse my colors, and my hand un-
From real life my little cloth is fill'd. [skill'd,
My hero is a youth, by fate design'd

For culling simples—but whose stage-struck
mind

Nor fate could rule, nor his indentures bind.
A place there is, where such young Quixotes
meet;

'Tis call'd the spouting-club—a glorious treat!
Where prenticed kings alarm the gaping street.
There Brutus starts and stares by midnight taper,
Who all the day enacts—a woollen-drapeer. [list:
Here Hamlet's ghost stalks forth with doubled
Cries out, with hollow voice, "List, list, O
list!" [bacconist.

And frightens Denmark's prince—a young to-
The spirit too, clear'd from his deadly white,
Rises—a haberdasher to the sight!

Nor young attorneys have this rage withstood,
But change their pens for truncheons, ink for
blood; [good

And (strange reverse!)—die for their country's
Through all the town this folly you may trace;
Myself am witness—'tis a common case.

I've further proofs, could ye but think I wrong
ye— [among ye.

Look round—you'll find some spouting youths
To check these heroes, and their laurels crop,
To bring them back to reason—and their shop;
To raise a harmless laugh, was all my aim;
And, if I shun contempt—I seek not fame.

Indulge this firstling, let me but begin,
Nor nip me—in the buddings of my sin:
Some hopes I cherish, in your smiles I read 'em;
Whate'er my faults, your candor can exceed 'em.

§ 48. *Epilogue to the same.* 1756. *Spoken*
by Mrs. CLIVE. SMART.

[Enters, reading the play-bill.

A VERY pretty bill—as I'm alive!
The part of—Nobody—by Mrs. Clive!
A paltry, scribbling fool—to leave me out!
He'll say, perhaps—he thought I could not
Malice and envy to the last degree! [spout.
And why?—I wrote a farce as well as he,
And fairly ventur'd it, without the aid
Of prologue dress'd in black, and face in mas-
querade;

O pit, have pity—see how I'm dismay'd!
Poor soul! this canting stuff will never do,
Unless, like Bayes, he brings his hangman too.
But granting that, from these same obsequies,
Some pickings to our bard in black arise;
Should your applause to joy convert his fear,
As Pallas turns to feast Lardella's bier;
Yet 'twould have been a better scheme, by half,
T' have thrown his weeds aside, and learnt with
me to laugh.

I could have shown him, had he been inclin'd,
A spouting junto of the female kind.

There dwells a milliner in yonder row, [show,
Well-dress'd, full-voic'd, and nobly built for
Who, when in rage she scolds at Sue and Sarah,
Damn'd, damn'd dissembler! thinks she's more
than Zara.

* The action of the *Winter's Tale*, as written by Shakspeare, comprehends sixteen years.

She has a daughter too that deals in lace,
And sings—O ponder well—and Chevy-chase,
And fain would fill the fair Ophelia's place;
And in her cock'd-up hat, and gown of camlet,
Presumes on something—touching the lord
Hamlet.

A cousin too she has, with squinting eyes,
With waddling gait, and voice like London
crie,
Who, for the stage too short by half a story,
Acts Lady T'ownly—thus—in all her glory;
And, while she's traversing her scanty room,
Cries—"Lord, my lord, what can I do at
home?"

In short, there's girls enough for all the fellows,
The ranting, whining, starting, and the jealous,
The Hotspurs, Romeos, Hamlets, and Othellos.
O! little do these silly people know
What dreadful trials actors undergo.
Myself, who most in harmony delight,
Am scolding here from morning until night.
Then take advice by me, ye giddy things,
Ye royal milliners, ye apron'd kings!
Young men, beware, and shun our slippery
Study arithmetic, and burn your plays; [ways,
And you, ye girls, let not our tinsel train
Enchant your eyes, and turn your madd'ning
brain:

Be timely wise; for, O! be sure of this:—
A shop, with virtue, is the height of bliss.

§ 49. *Epilogue to the Reprisal.* 1757. *Spoken*
by Miss MACKLIN.

AYE—now I can with pleasure look around,
Safe as I am, thank Heaven, on English ground.
In a dark dungeon to be stow'd away,
'Midst roaring, thund'ring, danger, and dismay;
Expos'd to fire and water, sword and bullet—
Might damp the heart of any virgin pullet.
I dread to think what might have come to pass,
Had not the British lion quell'd the Gallic ass.
By Champignon a wretched victim led
To cloister'd cell, or more detested bed,
My days in pray'r and fasting I had spent;
As nun, or wife, alike a penitent.
His gallantry, so confident and eager,
Had prov'd a mess of delicate soup-meagre.
To bootless longings I had fell a martyr;
But Heaven be prais'd, the Frenchman caught
a Tartar.

Yet soft—our author's fate you must decree;
Shall he come safe to port, or sink at sea?
Your sentence, sweet or bitter, soft or sore,
Floats his frail bark, or runs it bump ashore—
Ye wits above, restrain your awful thunder;
In his first cruise 'twere pity he should founder.

[*To the gallery.*

Safe from your shot, he fears no other foe,
No gulf but that which horrid yawns below.

[*To the pit.*

The bravest chiefs, e'en Hannibal and Cato,
Have here been tam'd with—pippin and potatoe.
Our bard embarks in a more Christian cause,
He claims not mercy, but he claims applause.

His pen against the hostile French is drawn,
Who damns him is no Antigallican.
Indulg'd with fav'ring gales and smiling skies,
Hereafter he may board a richer prize.
But if this welkin angry clouds deform,

[*Looking round the house.*

And hollow groans portend th' approaching
storm; [To the gallery.

Should the descending show'rs of hail redouble,
And these rough billows hiss, and boil, and
bubble, [To the pit.

He'll launch no more on such fell seas of trouble.

§ 50. *Prologue to the Author.* 1757. *FOOTE.*

SEVERE their task, who, in this critic age,
With fresh materials furnish out the stage!
Not that our fathers drain'd the comic store;
Fresh characters spring up as heretofore.
Nature with novelty does still abound;
On ev'ry side fresh follies may be found.
But then the taste of every guest to hit,
To please at once the gallery, box, and pit,
Requires, at least, no common share of wit.

Those who adorn the orb of higher life,
Demand the lively rake or modish wife;
Whilst they who in a lower circle move,
Yawn at their wit, and slumber at their love.
If light low mirth employs the comic scene,
Such mirth as drives from vulgar minds the
spleen,

The polish'd critic damns the wretched stuff,
And cries—"Twill please the gall'ries well
enough."

Such jarring judgments who can reconcile?
Since fops will frown, where humble traders
smile.

To dash the poet's ineffectual claim,
And quench his thirst for universal fame,
The Grecian fabulist, in moral lay,
Has thus address'd the writers of his day:
Once on a time, a son and sire, we're told,
The stripling tender, and the father old,
Purchas'd a jack-ass at a country fair,
To ease their limbs, and hawk about their ware;
But as the sluggish animal was weak,
They fear'd, if both should mount, his back
would break:

Up gets the boy, the father leads the ass,
And through the gazing crowd attempts to pass;
Forth from the throng the greybeards hobble
And hail the cavalcade with feeble shout. [out,
"This the respect to rev'rend age you show,
And this the duty you to parents owe:
He beats the hoo!, and you are set astride:
Sirrah! get down, and let your father ride."
As Grecian lads are seldom void of grace,
The decent duteous youth resign'd his place.
Then a fresh murmur through the rabble ran,
Boys, girls, wives, widows—all attack the man.
"Sure never was brute beast so void of nature!
Have you no pity for the pretty creature?
To your own baby can you be unkind?
Here—Suke, Bill, Betty—put the child be-
hind."

Old Dapple next the clown's compassion
claim'd :

" 'Tis wonderment them boobies ben't asham'd !
Two at a time upon the poor dumb beast !
They might as well have carried him, at least."
The pair, still pliant to the partial voice,
Dismount, and bear the ass—Then what a noise !
Huzzas, loud laughs, low gibe, and bitter joke,
From the yet silent sire, these words provoke :
" Proceed, my boy, nor heed their farther call ;
Vain his attempts, who strives to please them
all."

§ 51. *Prologue to the Trip to Paris. Spoken
by Mr. SHUTER, at one of his Benefits.*

FOOTE.

IN former times there liv'd one Aristotle,
Who, as the song says, lov'd, like me, his bottle.
To Alexander Magnus he was tutor—
(A'n't you surpris'd to hear the learned Shuter?)
But let that rest—a new tale I'll advance—
A tale?—no; truth, mun—I'm just come
from France. [ter;
From Paris I came; why I went there, no mat-
I'm glad that once more I'm on this side the
water.

'Twas to win a large wager that hurried me over;
But I wish'd to be off when I came down to
Dover;

To swallow sea-water the doctors will tell ye,
But the sight of such water at once fill'd my
belly; [sea,

They who choose it for physic may drink of the
But only to think on 't is physic for me.

When I first went on board, Lord! I heard
such a racket,

Such babbling and squabbling, fore and aft,
through the packet;

The passengers bawling, the sailors yoho-ing,
The ship along dashing, the winds aloft blowing;
Some sick, and some swearing, some singing,
some shrieking,

Sails hoisting, blocks rattling, the yards and
brooms creaking; [our cases,

Stop the ship!—but the tars, never minding
Took their chaws, hitch'd their trowsers, and
grinn'd in our faces. [shore,

We made Calais soon, and were soon set on
And I trod on French ground, where I ne'er
trod before. [Yo, yo-ho.

The scene was quite chang'd; 'twas no more,
With Damme Jack, yes, boy—or Damme
Tom, no! [plaisance;

'Twas quite t'other thing, mun, 'twas all com-
With cringes and scrapes we were welcom'd to
France:

Ah, Monseer Angloy—they cried—*be on ven nu,
Tres umble servant, Sir, we glad to see you.*

I ne'er met such figures before in my rambles,
They flock'd round my carcase like flies in the
shambles;

To be crowded amongst them at first I was loth,
For fear they should seize me, and scouse me for
broth.

At last though, they call'd me my *Lor Angleterre*,
(Lord, had you then seen but my strut and my
stare !)

Wee, wee, I cried, *wee* then—and put on a sword;
So at once Neddy Shuter turn'd into a lord.

I expected at France all the world and his wife,
But I never was balk'd so before in my life:

I should see wonders there, I was told by
Monseer; [queer;

So I did, I saw things that were wonderful
Queer streets and queer houses, with people
much queerer;

Each one was a talker, but no one a hearer.

I soon had enough of their *pallovousee*;

It's a fine phrase to some folks, but nonsense
to me. [show,

All folks there are dress'd in a toyshop-like
A hodge-podging habit 'twixt fiddler and beau;

Such hats, and such heads too, such coats and
such skirts— [shirts.

They sold me some ruffles—but I found the
Then, as to their dinners, their soups, and
their stewings,

One ounce of meat serves for ten gallons of
brewings; [agog!

For a slice of roast beef how my mind was
But for beef they produced me a fricaseed frog:

Out of window I toss'd it, it wa'n't fit to eat,
Then down stairs I jump'd, and ran into the
street. [mine

'Twas not their palaver could make me deter-
To stay where I found it was taste to eat vermin:

Frogs in France may be fine, and their Grand
Monarque clever; [for ever!

I'm for beef, and King George, and old England

§ 52. *Prologue to All in the Wrong. 1761.
Written and spoken by Mr. FOOTE.*

TO-NIGHT, be it known to box, gall'ries,
and pit,

Will be open the original warehouse of wit;
The new manufacture, Foote and Co. under-

takers,
Play, opera, pantomime, farce—by the makers.

We scorn, like our brethren, our fortunes to
owe [Rowe:

To Shakspeare and Southerne, to Otway and
Though our judgment may err, yet our justice

is shown, [own;

For we promise to mangle no works but our
And moreover, on this you may firmly rely,

If we can't make you laugh, that we won't
make you cry;

For our monarch, who knew we were mirth-
loving souls,

Has lock'd up his lightning, his daggers, and
bowls;

Resolv'd that in buskins no hero should stalk,
He has shut us quite out of the tragedy-walk.

No blood, no blank verse—in short, we're un-
done,

Unless you're contented with frolic and fun.
If, tir'd of her round in the Ranelagh mill,
There should be one female inclin'd to sit still;

If, blind to the beauties, or sick of the squall,
A party shouldn't choose to catch cold at Vaux-
hall; [thick,

If at Sadler's sweet Wells the wine should be
The cheesecakes be sour, or Miss Wilkinson
sick; [in June,

If the fume of the pipe should prove pow'rful
Or the tumblers be lame, or the bells out of tune;
We hope you will call at our warehouse in
Drury: [ye,

We've a curious assortment of goods, I assure
Domestic and foreign, indeed all kind of wares,
English cloth, Irish linens, and French *pet-en-
l'airs*.

If, for want of good custom, or losses in trade,
The poetical partners should bankrupts be
made; [in debt,

If, from dealings too large, we plunge deeply
And a *Whereas* comes out in the Muses' Gazette,
We'll on you, our assigns, for certificates call;
Though insolvents, we're honest, and give up
our all.

§ 53. *Epilogue to the Liar, 1761; between
Miss Grantham and Old Wilding.*

M. Gr. HOLD, Sir!

Our plot concluded, and strict justice done,
Let me be heard as counsel for your son.
Acquit I can't, I mean to mitigate;
Proscribe all lying, what would be the fate
Of this and every other earthly state?
Consider, Sir, if once you cry it down,
You'll shut up every coffee-house in town;
The tribe of politicians will want food,
Even now half-famish'd—for the public good;
All Grub-street murderers of men and sense,
And every office of intelligence,
All would be bankrupts, the whole lying race,
And no Gazette to publish their disgrace.

O. Wild. Too mild a sentence! Must the
good and great

Patriots be wrong'd, that booksellers may eat?

M. Gr. Your patience, Sir; yet hear another
word: [sword;

Turn to that hall where Justice wields her
Think in what narrow limits you would draw,
By this proscription, all the sons of law:
For 'tis the fix'd determin'd rule of courts,
(Viner will tell you—nay, even Coke's Reports)
All pleaders may, when difficulties rise,
To gain one truth expend a hundred lies.

O. Wild. To curb this practice I am some-
what loth;

A lawyer has no credit but on oath. [show;

M. Gr. Then to the softer sex some favor
Leave us possession of our modest No!

O. Wild. O freely, Ma'am, we'll that allow-
ance give,

So that two noes be held affirmative:
Provided ever, that your pish and fie,
On all occasions, should be deem'd a lie.

M. Gr. Hard terms!

On this rejoinder then I rest my cause:
Should all pay homage to truth's sacred laws,

Let us examine what would be the case;
Why, many a great man would be out of place:
O. Wild. 'Twould many a virtuous character
restore.

M. Gr. But take a character from many more.

O. Wild. Strong are your reasons; yet, ere
I submit,

I mean to take the voices of the pit.

Is it your pleasures that we make a rule,

That ev'ry liar be proclaim'd a fool,
Fit subjects for our author's ridicule?

§ 54. *Prologue to the Earl of Essex. 1761.*

MURPHY.

WHENE'ER the brave, the gen'rous, and
the just,

Whene'er the patriot sinks to silent dust,
The tragic muse attends the mournful hearse,
And pays her tribute of immortal verse.

Inspir'd by noble deeds, she seeks the plain,
In honor's cause where mighty chiefs are slain;
And bathes with tears the sod that wraps the
And bids the turf lie lightly on his head. [dead,
Nor thus content, she opens death's cold

womb,

And bursts the cerements of the awful tomb,
To cast him up again—to bid him live,
And to the scene his form and presence give.

Thus once-fam'd Essex at her voice appears,
Emerging from the sacred dust of years.

Nor deem it much, that we retrace, to-night,
A tale to which you've listen'd with delight.

How oft, of yore, to learned Athens' eyes
Did new Electras and new Phædra rise!

In France, how many Theban monarchs groan
For Laius' blood, and incest not their own!

When there new Iphigenias raise the sigh,
Fresh drops of pity gush from ev'ry eye.

On the same theme though rival wits appear,
The heart still finds the sympathetic tear.

If there soft Pity pour her plenteous store,
For fabled kings, and empires now no more;

Much more should you, from freedom's glorious
Who still inherit all the rights of man; [plan,

Much more should you with kindred sorrows
glow

For your own chiefs, your own domestic woe;
Much more a British story should impart

The warmest feelings to each British heart.

§ 55. *Prologue to the School for Lovers. 1762.*

Written and spoken by Mr. GARRICK.

Success makes people vain—the maxim's
We all confess it, and not over-new. [true,

The veriest clown, who stumps along the streets,
And doffs his hat to each grave cit he meets,

Some twelve months hence, bedawb'd with
livery lace,

Shall thrust his saucy flambeau in your face.

Not so our bard—though twice your kind ap-
plause

Has, on this fickle spot, espous'd his cause;

He owns with gratitude th' obliging debt;
Has twice been favor'd, and is modest yet.
Your giant wits, like those of old, may climb
Olympus-high, and step o'er space and time;
May stride, with seven-league boots, from
shore to shore,

And, nobly by transgressing, charm ye more.
Alas! our author dares not laugh at schools—
Plain sense confines his humbler muse to rules:
He shifts no scene—But here I stopt him short—
“Not change your scenes?” said I—“I’m
sorry for’t:

My constant friends above, around, below,
Have English tastes, and love both change and
show:

Without such aid even Shakspeare would be flat,
Our crowded pantomimes are proofs of that.
What eager transport starts from ev’ry eye,
When pulleys rattle, and our genii fly!
When tin cascades, like falling waters, gleam,
Or through the canvas bursts the real stream;
While thirsty Islington laments, in vain,
Half her New-river roll’d to Drury-lane!
Lord, sir!” said I, “for gallery, boxes, pit,
I’ll back my Harlequin against your wit.”
Yet still the author, anxious for his play,
Shook his wise head—“What will the critics
say?”

“As usual, sir—abuse you all they can!”
“And what the ladies?”—“He’s a charming
man!” [means;

A charming piece!—one scarce knows what it
But that’s no matter—when there’s such sweet
scenes!”

Still he persists—and let him—*entre nous*—
I know your tastes, and will indulge ’em too.
Change you shall have: so set your hearts at ease:
Write as *he* will, we’ll act it—as *you* please.

§ 56. *Prologue upon Prologues, to the Deuce is
in Him. Spoken by Mr. King.* GARRICK.

*And egad it will do for any other Play as well
as this.* BAYES.

AN old trite proverb let me quote—
As is your cloth, so cut your coat.
To suit our author, and his farce,
Short let me be, for wit is scarce;
Nor would I show it, had I any:
The reasons why are strong and many.
Should I have wit, the piece has none;
A flash in pan with empty gun,
The piece is sure to be undone.
A tavern with a gaudy sign,
Whose bush is better than the wine,
May cheat you once—Will that device,
Neat as imported, cheat you twice?

’Tis wrong to raise your expectations:
Poets, be dull in dedications:
Dulness in these to wit prefer—
But there, indeed, you seldom err.
In prologues, prefaces, be flat!
A silver button spoils your hat.

A threadbare coat might jokes escape,
Did not the blockheads lace the cape.
A case in point to this before ye;
Allow me, pray, to tell a story.

To turn the penny, once a wit
Upon a curious fancy hit,
Hung out a board, on which he boasted,
Dinner for three-pence, boil’d and roasted.
The hungry read, and in they trip,
With eager eye, and smacking lip—
“Here, bring this boil’d and roasted, pray—”
Enter potatoes, dress’d each way.
All star’d and rose, the house forsook,
And damn’d the dinner—kick’d the cook.
My landlord found, poor Patrick Kelly!
There was no joking with the belly.

These facts laid down, then thus I reason,
Wit in a prologue’s out of season.
Yet still will you for jokes sit watching,
Like Cock-lane folks for Fanny’s scratching.
And here my simile’s so fit,
For prologues are but ghosts of wit;
Which mean to show their art and skill,
And scratch you to their author’s will.
In short, for reasons great and small,
’Tis better to have none at all.

Prologues and ghosts!—a paltry trade—
So let ’em both at once be laid!
Say but the word—give your commands,
We’ll tie our prologue-monger’s hands:
Confine these culprits, bind ’em tight,

[Holding up his hands.
Nor girl can scratch, nor fools can write.

§ 57. *Epilogues to Elvira.* 1763. GARRICK.

LADIES and gentlemen—’tis so ill-bred—
We have no epilogue, because I’m dead;
For he, our bard, with phrensy-rolling eye,
Swear you shan’t laugh, when he has made
you cry:

At which I gave his sleeve a gentle pull,
Suppose they should not cry, and should be dull;
In such a case, ’twould surely do no harm;
A little lively nonsense taken warm,

On critic stomachs delicate and queasy,
’Twill even make a heavy meal sit easy.

The town hates epilogues—It is not true,
I answer’d that for *you*—and *you*—and *you*—

[To Pit, Boxes, and First Gallery.
They call for epilogues and hornpipes too.

[To the Upper Gallery.
Madam, the critics say—to you they’re civil;
Here, if they have ’em not, they’ll play the
devil—

Out of this house, sir: and to you alone,
They’ll smile, cry Bravo! Charming!—Here
they groan;

A single critic will not frown, look big,
Harmless and pliant as a single twig:
But crowded here they change, and ’tis not odd,
For twigs, when bundled up, become a rod.
Critics to bards, like beauties to each other,
When *tête-à-tête* their enmity they smother:

"Kiss me, my dear—how do you?—charming creature!" [feature!]
 What shape! what bloom! what spirit in each
 "You flatter me."—" 'Pon honor, no."—
 "You do—

My friend—my dear—sincerely yours—adieu!"
 But when at routs, the dear friends change their
 tone:

I speak of foreign ladies, not our own.
 Will you permit, good sirs, these gloomy folk
 To give all tragedy, without one joke?
 They gravely tell us, Tragedy's design'd
 To purge the passions, purify the mind:
 To which I say, to strike those blockheads dumb,
 With physic always give a sugar-plum.
 I love these sugar-plums in prose or rhymes;
 No one is merrier than myself sometimes;
 Yet I, poor I, with tears and constant moan,
 Am melted down almost to skin and bone:
 This night, in sighs and sobs I drew my breath;
 Love, marriage, treason, prison, poison, death,
 Were scarce sufficient to complete my fate;
 Two children were thrown in to make up
 weight.

With all these suff'rings, is it not provoking,
 To be denied at last a little joking? [break 'em:
 If they will make new laws, for mirth's sake
 Roar out for epilogues, and let me speak 'em.

§ 58. *Mr. Foote's Address to the Public, after
 a Prosecution against him for a Libel.* 1764.
 FOOTE.

Hush! let me search before I speak aloud—
 Is no informer skulking in the crowd,
 With art laconic noting all that's said,
 Malice at heart, indictments in his head;
 Prepar'd to level all the legal war,
 And rouse the clamorous legions of the bar?
 Is there none such?—Not one:—then, *entre*
nous,

I will a tale unfold, though strange, yet true;
 The application must be made by you.
 At Athens once, fair queen of arms and arts,
 There dwelt a citizen of moderate parts;*
 Precise his manner, and demure his looks,
 His mind unletter'd, though he dealt in books;
 Amorous, though old: though dull, lov'd re-
 partee;

And penn'd a paragraph most daintily:
 He aim'd at purity in all he said,
 And never once omitted *eth* or *ed*;
 In *hath* and *doth*, was rarely known to fail,
 Himself the hero of each little tale;
 With wits and lords this man was much de-
 lighted, [knighted.

And once (it has been said) was near being
 One Aristophanes (a wicked wit,
 Who never heeded grace in what he writ)
 Had mark'd the manners of this Grecian sage,
 And, thinking him a subject for the stage,
 Had from the lumber cull'd, with curious care,
 His voice, his looks, his gesture, gait, and air,

* George Faulkner, bookseller.

His affectation, consequence, and mien,
 And boldly launch'd him on the comic scene.
 Loud peals of plaudits through the circle ran,
 All felt the satire, for all knew the man.

Then Peter—*Petros* was his classic name,
 Fearing the loss of dignity and fame,
 To a grave lawyer in a hurry flies,
 Opens his purse, and begs his best advice.
 The fee secur'd, the lawyer strokes his band,
 "The case you put I fully understand;
 The thing is plain from *Cocos's* reports,
 For rules of poetry a'n't rules of courts:
 A libel this—I'll make the mummer know
 A Grecian constable took up the poet, [it."—
 Restrain'd the sallies of his laughing muse,
 Call'd harmless humour scandalous abuse:
 The bard appeal'd from this severe decree,
 Th' indulgent public set the pris'n'r free:
 Greece was to him what Dublin is to me.

§ 59. *Epilogue to the English Merchant.* 1767.
 GARRICK.

*Enter Lady Alton [Mrs. Abington] in a passion;
 Spatter [Mr. King] following.*

L. Alton. I'll hear no more, thou wretch!

Spatter. Attend to reason!

L. Alton. A woman of my rank, 'tis petty
 treason!

Hear reason, blockhead! Reason! what is that?
 Bid me wear pattens and a high-crown'd hat!
 Won't you begone? What, won't you? What's
 your view? [you.—

Spatter. Humbly to serve the tuneful nine in

L. Alton. I renounce such things; [strings:
 Not Phœbus now, but vengeance, sweeps the
 My mind is discord all! I scorn, detest
 All human kind—you more than all the rest.

Spatter. I humbly thank you, Ma'am—but
 weigh the matter. [you, Spatter!

L. Alton. I won't hear reason! and I hate
 Myself, and ev'ry thing.

Spatter. That I deny;

You love a little mischief, so do I;
 And mischief I have for you.

L. Alton. How? where? when?

Will you stab Falbridge?

Spatter. Yes, Ma'am—with my pen.

L. Alton. Let loose, my Spatter, till to death
 you've stung 'em,

That green-eyed monster, jealousy, among 'em.

Spatter. To dash at all, the spirit of my trade
 is, [ladies.

Men, women, children, parsons, lords, and
 There will be danger.

L. Alton. And there shall be pay—

Take my purse, Spatter! [Gives it him.

Spatter. In an honest way.

[Smiles and takes it.

L. Alton. Should my lord beat you—

Spatter. Let them laugh that win.

For all my bruises here's goldbeater's skin;

[Chinking the purse.

L. Alton. Nay, should he kill you!

Spatter. Ma'am ?

L. Alton. My kindness meant
To pay your merit with a monument !

Spatter. Your kindness, lady, takes away
my breath : [death.

We'll stop, with your good leave, on this side

L. Alton. Attack Amelia, both in verse and
Your wit can make a nettle of a rose. [prose,

Spatter. A stinging-nettle for his lordship's
breast :

And to my stars and dashes leave the rest.

I'll make them miserable, never fear ;

Pout in a month, and part in half a year.

I know my genius, and can trust my plan ;

I'll break a woman's heart with any man.

L. Alton. Thanks, thanks, dear Spatter ! be
severe and bold !

Spatter. No qualms of conscience with a
purse of gold.

Tho' pill'ries threaten, and tho' crab-sticks fall,
Yours are my heart, soul, pen, ears, bones, and
all. [Exit Spatter.

Lady Alton alone.

Thus to the winds at once my cares I scatter—

O, 'tis a charming rascal, this same Spatter !

His precious mischief makes the storm subside !

My anger, thank my stars ! all rose from pride ;

Pride should belong to us alone of fashion ;

And let the mob take love, that vulgar passion.

Love, pity, tenderness, are only made

For Poets, Abigails, and folks in trade.

Some cits about their feelings made a fuss,

And some are better bred—who live with us.

How low lord Falbridge is !—He takes a wife,

To love, and cherish, and be fix'd for life !

Thinks marriage is a comfortable state,

No pleasure like a *virtuous tête-à-tête* !

Do our lords justice, for I would not wrong 'em,

There are not many such poor souls among 'em.

Our turtles from the town will fly with speed,

And I'll foretell the vulgar life they'll lead.

With love and ease grown fat, they face all
weather, [ther :

And, farmers both, trudge arm in arm toge-

Now view their stock, now in their nursery
prattle,

For ever with their children or their cattle.

Like the dull mill-horse in one round they keep ;

They walk, talk, fondle, dine, and fall asleep ;

" Their custom always in the afternoon—"

He bright as Sol, and she the chaste full moon !

Wak'd with her coffee, Madam first begins,

She rubs her eyes, his lordship rubs his shins ;

She sips and smirks—" Next week's our wed-

ding-day,

" Married seven years ; and every hour more
gay ?" [Yawns.

" True, Emmy," cries my lord, " the blessing
lies,

" Our hearts in ev'ry thing so sympathise !" [Yawns.

The day thus spent, my lord for music calls ;

He thrums the base, to which my lady squalls ;

The children join, which so delight these nin-
nies,

The brats seem all Guaduccies, Lovatinis.

—What means this qualm ?—Why, sure, while
I'm despising,

That vulgar passion, Envy, is not rising !

O no !—Contempt is struggling to burst out—

I'll give it vent at Lady Scalp'em's rout.

[Exit hastily

§ 60. *Epilogue to Zenobia.* 1768. Spoken by
Mrs. Abington. GARRICK.

[She peeps through the curtain.
How do you all, good folks ?—In tears, for
certain ;

I'll only take a peep behind the curtain :

You're all so full of tragedy and sadness,

For me to come among you would be madness !

This is no time for giggling—when you've
leisure,

Call out for me, and I'll attend your pleasure ;

As soldiers hurry at the beat of drum,
Beat but your hands, that instant I will come.

[She enters upon their clapping.

This is so good ! to call me out so soon—

The Comic Muse by me entreats a boon ;

She call'd for Pritchard, her first maid of
honor,

And begg'd of her to take the task upon her ;

But she, I am sure you'll all be sorry for't,

Resigns her place, and soon retires from court :

To bear this loss we courtiers make a shift,

When good folks leave us, worse may have a
lift.

The Comic Muse, whose ev'ry smile is grace,

And her stage sister, with her tragic face,

Have had a quarrel—each has writ a case ;

And on their friends assembled now I wait,

To give you of their diff'rence a true state.

Melpomene complains, when she appears,

For five good acts, in all her pomp of tears,

To raise your souls, and with your raptures
wing 'em, [wring 'em—

Nay, wet your handkerchiefs, that you may

Some flippant hussey, like myself, comes in ;

Crack goes her fan, and with a giggling grin,

" Hey ! Presto ! pass !"—all topsy turvy, see,

For " ho, ho, ho ! " is chang'd to " he, he, he ! "

We own'd the fault, but 'tis a fault in vogue ;

'Tis theirs who call and bawl for—Epilogue ;

O, shame upon you !—for the time to come,

Know better, and go miserable home.

What says our comic goddess ?—With re-
proaches,

She vows her sister tragedy encroaches !

And, spite of all her virtue and ambition,

Is known to have an amorous disposition !

For in False Delicacy—wondrous sly,

Join'd with a certain Irishman—O he ! [cry.

She made you, when you ought to laugh, to

Her sister's smiles with tears she tried to smo-

ther, Rais'd such a tragi-comic kind of pother,

You laugh'd with one eye, while you cried with
 t'other. [scenes!
 What can be done?—sad work behind the
 There comic females scold with tragic queens;
 Each party diff'rent ways the foe assails,
 These shake the daggers, those prepare their
 nails.
 'Tis you alone must calm these dire mishaps,
 Or we shall still continue pulling caps.
 What is your will?—I read it in your faces
 That all hereafter take their proper places,
 Shake hands, and kiss, be friends, and burn
 their cases.

§ 61. *Prologue to the Good-natured Man.* 1768.
 JOHNSON.

PREST by the load of life the weary mind
 Surveys the gen'ral toil of human kind,
 With cool submission joins the lab'ring train,
 And social sorrow loses half its pain:
 Our anxious bard without complaint may share
 This bustling season's epidemic care;
 Like Cæsar's pilot dignified by fate,
 Tost in one common storm with all the great;
 Distrest alike the statesman and the wit,
 When one a Borough courts, and one the Pit.
 The busy candidates for power and fame
 Have hopes, and fears, and wishes just the same:
 Disabled both to combat or to fly,
 Must hear all taunts, and hear without reply.
 Uncheck'd on both loud rabbles vent their rage,
 As mongrels bay the lion in a cage.
 Th' offended burgess hoards his angry tale,
 For that blest year when all that vote may rail;
 Their schemes of spite the poet's foes dismiss,
 Till that glad night when all that hate may hiss.
 "This day the powder'd curls and golden
 coat,"
 Says swelling Crispin, "begg'd a cobbler's vote."
 "This night our wit," the pert apprentice cries,
 "Lies at my feet; I hiss him, and he dies."
 The great, 'tis true, can charm the electing
 tribe;
 The bard may supplicate, but cannot bribe.
 Yet judg'd by those whose voices ne'er were
 sold,
 He feels no want of all-persuading gold;
 But confident of praise, if praise be due,
 Trusts without fear to merit and to you.

§ 62. *Prologue to Doctor Last in his Chariot.*
 1769: Spoken by Mr. Foote. GARRICK.

YOUR servant, kind masters, from bottom to
 top, [mean hop;
 Be assur'd, while I breathe, or can stand—I
 Be you pleased to smile, or be pleased to
 grumble, [humble.
 Be whatever you please, I am still your most
 As to laugh is a right only given to man,
 To keep up that right is my pride and my plan.
 Fair ladies, don't frown; I meant woman too:
 What's common to man, must be common to
 you.

You all have a right your sweet muscles to curl,
 From the old smirking prude to the titt'ring
 young girl;
 And ever with pleasure my brains I could spin,
 To make you all giggle, and you, ye gods, grin.
 In this present summer, as well as the past,
 To your favor again we present Dr. Last,
 Who, by wonderful feats, in the papers re-
 counted,
 From trudging on foot to his chariot is mounted.
 Amongst the old Britons when war was begun,
 Charioteers would slay ten, while the foot
 could slay one. [sent,
 So when doctors on wheels with dispatches are
 Mortality bills rise a thousand per cent.
 But think not to physic that quackery's confin'd;
 All the world is a stage, and the quacks are
 mankind:
 There's trade, law, and state quacks: nay,
 would we but search,
 We should find—Heaven bless us!—some
 quacks in the church! [race,
 The stiff band and stiff bob of the Methodist
 Give the balsam of life and the tincture of grace;
 And their poor wretched patients think much
 good is done 'em,
 Though blisters and caustics are ever upon 'em.
 As for laws and the state, if quackery's a curse,
 Which will make the good bad, and the bad
 will make worse,
 We should point out the quack from the regu-
 lar brother; [t'other!
 They are wiser than I who can tell one from
 Can the stage with its bills, puffs, and patients
 stand trial? [Royal?
 Shall we find out no quacks in the Theatre-
 Some dramatical drugs, that are puff'd on the
 town,
 Cause many wry faces, and scarce will go down.
 Nay, an audience sometimes will in quack'ry
 delight, [night.
 And sweat down an author some pounds in one
 To return to our quack—should he, help'd by
 the weather,
 Raise laughter and kind perspiration together;
 Should his nostrums of hip and of vapours but
 cure ye,
 His chariot he well can deserve, I assure ye:
 'Tis easy to set up a chariot in town,
 And easier still is that chariot laid down.
 He petitions by me, both as doctor and lover,
 That you'll not stop his wheels, or his chariot
 tip over.
 Fix him well, I beseech you; the worst on 't
 would be,
 Should you overturn him, you may overset me.

§ 63. *Epilogue to the Duellist.* 1773. Spoken
 by Miss Barsanti.

So, men of valour! you dislike our play;
 Nothing against it do the ladies say.
 To own they're pleas'd the critics ever loath,
 Mutter, "A Duellist, with scarce an oath!

'Tis like his hat that was without a feather;
Duels and dammes always go together."
Old sinners, loving the licentious joke,
May think there wants too, here and there, a
stroke; [tween,
Round oaths and double meanings strew'd be-
With them the virtues of the comic scene,
And yet the town in gen'ral is so nice,
It holds these virtues as a kind of vice!
From the teeth outwards chaste, their hands
before 'em,

Like reps, even demi-reps, are all decorum.
Though gross their thoughts, so delicate their
hearing,

They think the very stage should fine for
swearing;

Our author therefore scrupled to employ
Your vulgar Damme, sir! and Damme, boy!
Nay, when by chance a naughty joke came
pat in,

He wrapt it up, you know, in lawyer's Latin.
So much refin'd the scene since former days,
When Congreve, Vanburgh, Wycherley, wrote
plays,

"The stage so loosely did Astrea tread,
She fairly put all characters to bed."
Though now no bard would venture to deposit
A macaroni in a lady's closet;
Lest the frail fair-one he be thought to ruin,
"While moon and stars alone" see what they're
doing.

In the old plays, gallants take no denial,
But put the struggling actress to the trial.
Bless me! I shudder even now to think,
How near myself may come to danger's brink!
In modern plays more safe the female station,
Secure as our sad solemn situation!
No rakish forward spark dares now be rude,
The Comic Muse herself's grown quite a prude!
No wonder, then, if in so pure an age
No Congreves write for as demure a stage!

§ 64. *Prologue to the Jubilee. 1769. Spoken
by Mr. King in the Character of a Waiter.*

GARRICK.

FROM London, your honors, to Stratford I'm
come: [Tom;

I'm a waiter, your honors; you know bustling
Who, proud of your orders, and bowing before
Till supper is ready, I'll tell ye a story. [ye,
'Twixt Hounslow and Colnbrook two houses
of fame,

Well known on that road, the two Magpies by
name:

The one of long standing, the other a new one;
This boasts it's the old one, and that it's the
true one.

Sure we, the old Magpie, as well as the younger,
May boast that our liquor is clearer and stronger.
Of bragging and puffing you make but a jest;
You taste of us both and will stick to the best.
A race we have had for your pastime and
laughter; [after.

Young Mag started first, with old Mag hopping

'Tis said the old house hath possess'd a receipt
To make a choice mixture of sour, strong, and
sweet;

A Jubilee punch, which, right skilfully made,
Insur'd the old Magpie a good running trade.
But think you we mean to monopolize?—No, no:
We are like brother Ashley, pro publico bono,
Each Magpie, your honors, will pick at his
brother, [other.

And their natures were always to crib from each
Young landlords and old ones are taught by
their calling [ing.

To laugh at engrossing—but practise forestall—
Our landlords are game-cocks' and fair play but
grant 'em, [tam.

I'll warrant you pastime from each little ban-
Let's return to the punch,—I hope from my soul,
That now the old Magpie may sell you a bowl.
We have all sorts and sizes, a quick trade to
drive,

As one shilling, two shilling, three shilling, five:
In this town of Stratford, we'll have each in-
gredient,

Beside a kind welcome from me, your obedient.
I'll now squeeze my fruit, put sugar and rum in,
And be back in a moment. [Bell rings] A-
coming, a-coming, a-coming!

§ 65. *Prologue to the Christmas Tale. 1774.*

GARRICK.

*Music plays, and enter several persons with dif-
ferent kinds of Dishes.*

Enter Mr. Palmer in the Character of Christmas.

Go on—prepare my bounty for my friends,
And see that Mirth, with all her crew, attends.
To the Audience.

Behold a personage, well known to fame,
Once lov'd and honor'd—Christmas is my
name!

My officers of state my taste display;
Cooks, scullions, pastry-cooks, prepare my way
Holly and ivy round me honors spread,
And my retinue show—I'm not ill-fed;
Minced pies, by way of belt, my breast divide,
And a large carving-knife adorns my side,
'Tis no fop's weapon, 'twill be often drawn:
This turban for my head—is collar'd brawn.
Though old, and white my locks, my cheeks
are cherry: [merry,

Warm'd by good fires, good cheer, I'm always
With carol, fiddle, dance, and pleasant tale,
Jest, gibe, prank, gambol, mummery, and ale
I English hearts rejoic'd in days of yore;
For new strange modes, imported by the score,
You will not sure turn Christmas out of door?
Suppose yourselves well seated by a fire,
(Stuck close, you seem more warm than you
desire)

Old Father Christmas, now in all his glory,
Begs with kind hearts you'll listen to his story;
Clear well your thoughts from politics and
spleen,

Hear my tale out, see all that's to be seen

Take care, my children, that you well behave:
You, Sir, in blue, red cape, not quite so grave:
That critic there in black—so stern and thin,
Before you frown, pray let the tale begin—
You in the crimson capuchin, I fear you;
Why, madam, at this time so cross appear you?
Excuse me, pray—I did not see your husband
near you.

Don't think, fair ladies, I expect that you
Should hear my tale—you've something else to
do;

Nor will our beaux old English fair encourage;
No foreign taste could e'er digest plum-porridge.
I have no sauce to quicken lifeless sinners;
My food is meant for honest hearty grinders.
For you, your spirits with good stomachs bring,
O make the neighb'ring roof with rapture ring:
Open your mouths, pray, swallow every thing!
Critics, beware how you our pranks despise;
Hear well my tale, or you sha'n't touch my pies;
The proverb change—Be merry, but not wise.

§ 66. *Prologue spoken by Mr. Yates, on opening a new Theatre, built for him by the Inhabitants of Birmingham.* FOOTE.

FROM fiddling, fretting, monsieur, and signor,
And all the dangers of the Italian shore:
From squeaking monarchs and chromatic
queens,

And Metastasio's mix'd and mangled scenes,
Where Fashion, and not Feeling, bears the
sway,

While Sense and Nature coyly keep away,
I come.—All hail the consecrated earth,*
Whose bounteous bosom gave our Shakspeare
birth!

Gave that great master of the scenic art
To feed the fancy, and correct the heart;
To check th' unruly passions' wild career,
And draw from Pity's eye the tender tear;
Of Folly's sons t' explore the ample train,
The sot, the fop, the vicious, and the vain;
Hypocrisy to drag from her disguise,
And affectation hunt through all her lies:
Such was your bard. Who then can deem the
stage

The worthless fav'rite of an idle age?
Or judge that pleasure, with instruction join'd,
Can soil the manners, or corrupt the mind?
Far other thoughts your generous breasts inspire,
Touch'd with a spark of true Promethean fire:
Sure that the Arts with Commerce came to earth,
That the same parents gave those sisters birth,
Cold creeping Prejudice you dar'd despise,
And bade this temple to the muses rise.
O that my tongue could utter all I feel,
Or that my powers were equal to my zeal!
Placed by your favor, not by right divine,
Th' unworthy high priest of the sacred nine,
No tainted incense should pollute their shrine,
Nor ought be offer'd to the public view,
But what was worthy them—and worthy you.

* Shakspeare was born in Warwickshire.

§ 67. *Prologue to Bon Ton. 1775.* COLMAN.

FASHION in every thing bears sovereign sway,
And words and periwigs have both their day;
Each have their purlieus too, are modish each,
In stated districts, wigs as well as speech.
The Tyburn scratch, thick club, and Temple tie;
The parson's feather-top, frizz'd broad and high;
The coachman's cauliflower, built tiers on tiers;
Differ not more from bags and brigadiers,
Than great St. George's or St. James's styles
From the broad dialect of Broad St. Giles.

What is Bon Ton?—"O, damme!" cries a
buck, [luck:
Half drunk—"ask me, my dear, and you're in
Bon Ton's to swear, break windows, beat the
watch, [catch.
Pick up a wench, drink healths, and roar a
Keep it up! keep it up! damme, take your
swing! [thing!"

Bon Ton is life, my boy; Bon Ton's the
"Ah! I loves life, and all the joys it yields,"
Says Madam Fussock, warm from Spitalfields.
"Bon Ton's the space betwixt Saturday and
Monday,

And riding in a one-horse chair o' Sunday!
'Tis drinking tea, on summer afternoons,
At Bagnigge Wells, with china and gilt spoons!
'Tis laying by our stuffs, red cloaks, and pattens,
To dance *contillions* all in silks and satins!"
"Vulgar!" cries Miss—"Observe, in higher
life, [wife:

The feather'd spinster, and thrice-feather'd
The Club's Bon Ton. Bon Ton's a constant
Of rout, *festino*, ball, and masquerade! [trade
'Tis plays and puppet-shows—'Tis something
'Tis losing thousands every night at *lu!* [new;
Nature it thwarts, and contradicts all reason,
'Tis stiff French stays, and fruit when out of
season!

A rose, when half-a-guinea is the price;
A set of bays scarce bigger than six mice:
To visit friends—you never wish to see;
Marriage 'twixt those who never can agree.
Old dowagers, dress'd, painted, patch'd, and
curl'd—

This is Bon Ton, and this we call *the world!*"
"True," says my lord, "and thou, my only
son, [Ton!

Whate'er your faults, ne'er sin against Bon
Who toils for learning at a public school,
And digs for Greek and Latin, is a fool.
French, French, my boy, 's the thing! *jasez!*
prate, chatter!

Trim be the mode, whipt-syllabub the matter!
Walk like a Frenchman; for on English pegs
Moves native awkwardness with two legs.
Of courtly friendship form a treacherous league,
Seduce men's daughters, with their wives in-
trigue;

In slightly senicircles round your nails, [fails:
Keep your teeth clean—and grin, if small-talk
But never laugh, whatever jest prevails:
Nothing but nonsense e'er gave laughter birth,
That vulgar way the vulgar show their mirth.

Laughter's a rude convulsion, sense that justles,
Disturbs the cockles, and distorts the muscles.
Hearts may be black, but all should wear clean
faces ;

The graces, boy ! The graces, graces, graces !"

Such is Bon Ton ! and walk this city through,
In building, scribbling, fighting, and *virtù*,
And various other shapes, 'twill rise to view :
To-night our Bayes, with bold but careless tints,
Hits off a sketch or two, like Darly's prints.
Should connoisseurs allow his rough draughts
strike 'em,

'Twill be Bon Ton to see 'em, and to like 'em.

§ 68. *Prologue to the Rivals.* 1775.

SHERIDAN.

Enter Sergeant at Law, and Attorney following and giving a Paper.

Serj. WHAT'S here?—a vile cramp hand !
I cannot see

Without my spectacles. *Att.* He means his
Nay, Mr. Serjeant, good sir, try again. [*fee.*

[*Gives Money.*

Serj. The scrawl improves—[*more.*] O
come, 'tis pretty plain.

Hey ! how's this?—Dibble!—sure it cannot be !
A poet's brief ! a poet—and a fee !

Att. Yea, sir ! though *you* without reward,
I know,

Would gladly plead the muses' cause—*Serj.*
So, so !

Att. And if the fee offends, your wrath
should fall

On me—*Serj.* Dear Dibble, no offence at all.

Att. Some sons of Phæbus in the Courts we
meet—

Serj. And fifty sons of Phæbus in the Fleet !

Att. Nor pleads he worse, who, with a decent
sprig

Of bays, adorns his legal waste of wig.

Serj. Full-bottom'd heroes thus on signs
unfurl

A leaf of laurel in a grove of curl !

Yet tell your client, that, in adverse days,
This wig is warmer than a bush of bays.

Att. Do you then, sir, my client's place sup-
Profuse of robe, and prodigal of tie— [*ply,*
Do you, with all those blushing powers of face,
And wonted bashful hesitating grace,
Rise in the court, and flourish on the case.

[*Exit.*

Serj. For practice then suppose—this brief
will show it—

Me, Serjeant Woodward—counsel for the poet.
Us'd to the ground—I know 'tis hard to deal
With this dread Court, from whence there's
no appeal ;

No *tricking* here to blunt the edge of law,

Or damn'd in *equity*—escape by *flaw ;*

But judgment given—your sentence must re-
main ;

No writ of error lies—to *Drury-lane !*

Yet when so kind you seem, 'tis past dispute
We gain some favor, if not *costs of suit.*

No spleen is here ! I see no hoarded fury ;

I think I never fac'd a milder jury !

Sad else our plight !—where frowns are trans-
portation,

A hiss the gallows—and a groan damnation !

But such the public candour, without fear

My client waves all *right of challenge* here.

No newsman from our session is dismiss'd,

Nor wit nor critic *we* scratch off the list ;

His faults can never hurt another's ease,

His crime at worst—a *bad attempt* to please : !

Thus, all respecting he appeals to all,

And by the general voice will stand or fall.

§ 69. *Epilogue to the same.* 1775. SHERIDAN.

LADIES, for you—I heard our poet say,
He'd try to coax some *moral* from his play ;

"One moral's plain," cried I, "without more

Man's social happiness all rests on us : [fuss ;

Through all the drama, whether damn'd or not,

Love gilds the scene, and *women* guide the plot.

From ev'ry rank obedience is our due :

D'y'e doubt!—the world's great stage shall prove
it true."

The cit, well skill'd to shun domestic strife,

Will sup abroad ; but first—he'll ask his *wife*.

John Trot, his friend, for once will do the same ;

But then—he'll just *step home to tell his dame.*

The *surlly squire* at noon resolves to rule,

And half the day—Zounds ! Madam is a fool !

Convinc'd at night, the vanquish'd victor says,

Ah, Kate ! *you women have such coaxing ways !*

The *jolly toper* chides each tardy blade,

Till reeling Bacchus calls on love for aid :

Then with each toast he sees fair bumpers swim,

And kisses Chloe on the sparkling brim !

Nay, I have heard that statesmen, great and
wise,

Will sometimes counsel with a lady's eyes ;

The servile suitors watch her various face,

She smiles preferment—or she frowns disgrace,

Curtseys a pension here—there nods a place.

Nor, with less awe, in scenes of humbler life,

Is *view'd* the mistress, or is *heard* the wife.

The poorest peasant of the poorest soil,

The child of poverty, and heir to toil,

Early from radiant love's impartial light

Steals one small spark to cheer his world of
night ; [*woes,*

Dear spark ! that oft, through winter's chilling
Is all the warmth his little cottage knows !

The wand'ring tar—who not for years has
press'd

The widow'd partner of his *day* of rest,

On the cold deck, far from her arms remov'd,

Still hums the ditty which his Susan lov'd :

And while around the cadence rude is blown,

The boatswain whistles in a softer tone.

The soldier, fairly proud of wounds and toil,

Pants for the triumph of his Nancy's smile :

But ere the battle, should he list her cries,

The lover trembles—and the hero dies !

That heart, by war and honor steel'd to fear,
Droops on a sigh, and sickens at a tear!

But ye more cautious—ye nice-judging few,
Who give to beauty only beauty's due,
Though friends to Love—ye view with deep
regret

Our conquests marr'd, and triumphs incomplete,
Till polish'd wit more lasting charms disclose,
And judgment fix the darts which beauty
throws.

In female breasts did sense and merit rule,
The lover's mind would ask no other school;
Sham'd into sense—the scholars of our eyes,
Our beaux from gallantry would soon be wise;
Would gladly light, their homage to improve,
The lamp of knowledge at the torch of love!

§ 70. *Epilogue to Edward and Eleonora.* 1775.
SHERIDAN.

YE wedded critics,* who have mark'd our tale,
How say you? does our plot in nature fail?
May we not boast that many a modern wife
Would lose her own, to save a husband's life?
Would gladly die—O monstrous and ill bred!
There's not a husband here but shakes his head!

But you, my gall'ry friends†—come, what
say you? [too!]
Your wives are with you—shake their noddles
Above there—hey, lads!‡ You'll not treat us
so— [No!]

You side with us?—They grin and grumble
Yet hold—though these plain folks traduce
their doxies,

Sure we have *Eleonoras* in the boxes! [sneer?
Inhuman beaux!—why that ill-natured
What, then, you think there's no such idiot
here? [know,

There are, no doubt, though rare to find, I
Who could lose husbands, yet survive the blow.
Two years a wife—view Lesbia, sobbing, cry—
Her chair is waiting, but my Lord is dying: [ing;
Preparing for the worst, she tells her maid
To countermand her points and new brocade;
“For, O! if I should lose the *best of men*,
Heaven knows when I shall see the *Club* again.
So, Lappet, should he die when I am out,
You'll send for me at Lady Basto's rout:
The doctor said he might hold out till three,
But I ha'n't spirits for the *Coterie*!”
Now change the scene—place madam in the
fever,

My lord for comfort at the *Scavoir Vivre*;
His valet enters—shakes his meagre head—
“Chapeau, what news?”—“Ah! sir, my lady's
dead.”

“The deuce!—’tis sudden, faith—but four days
sick!—
Well, seven's the main—(poor Kate)—eleven's
a nick.”

But hence reflections on a senseless train,
Who, lost to real joy, should feel no pain;

’Mongst Briton's daughters still can Hymen's
light

Reveal the love which charm'd your hearts to-
night;

Show beauteous martyrs, who would each prefer
To die for him who long has liv'd for her;
Domestic heroines, who with fondest care
Outsmile a husband's griefs, or claim a share;
Search where the rankling evils most abound,
And heal with cherub-lip the poison'd wound.

Nay, such bright virtues in a royal mind
Were not alone to *Edward's* days confin'd;
Still, still they beam around Britannia's throne,
And grace an *Eleonora* of our own.

§ 71. *Prologue to Braganza.* MURPHY.

WHILE, in these days of sentiment and grace,
Poor comedy in tears resigns her place,
And, smit with novels full of maxims crude,
She that was frolic once now turns a prude;
To her great end the tragic muse aspires,
At Athens born, and faithful to her sires.

The comic sister in hysteric fit,
You'd swear, has lost her memory of wit;
Folly for her may now exult on high;
Feather'd by ridicule, no arrows fly;
But, if you are distress'd she's sure to cry.
She that could jig, and nick-name all heaven's
creatures,

With sorrows not her own deforms her features;
With stale reflections keeps a constant pother;
Greece gave her one face, and she makes
another—

So very pious, and so full of woe,
You well may bid her, “To a nunnery go.”

Not so Melpomene; to nature true,
She holds her own great principle in view.
She, from the first, when men her pow'r con-
fess'd,

When grief and terror seiz'd the tortur'd breast,
She made, to strike her moral to the mind,
The stage, the great tribunal of mankind.

Hither the worthies of each clime she draws,
Who founded states, or rescued dying laws;
Who, in base times, a life of glory led,
And for their country who have toil'd or bled,
Hither they come—again they breathe, they
live,

And virtue's meed through every age receive.

Hither the murd'rer comes, with ghastly mien,
And the fiend conscience hunts him o'er the
None are exempted; all must re-appear, [scene.
And even kings attend for judgment here;
Here find the day, when they their pow'r abuse,
Is a scene furnish'd to the tragic muse.

Such is her art; weaken'd perhaps at length,
And, while she aims at beauty, losing strength.
Oh! when, resuming all her native rage,
Shall her true energy alarm the stage? [high—

This night a bard (our hopes may rise too
'Tis yours to judge, 'tis yours the cause to try)—

* To the Pit.

† First Gallery.

‡ Upper Gallery.

This night a bard, as yet unknown to fame,
Once more, we hope, will rouse a genuine
flame.

His no French play—tame, polish'd, dull by
rule: [school.

Vigorous he comes, and warm from Shakspeare's
Inspir'd by him, he shows in glaring light
A nation struggling with tyrannic might;
Oppression rushing on with giant strides;
A deep conspiracy, which virtue guides;
Heroes, for freedom who dare strike the blow,
A tabature of honor, guilt, and woe—
If on his canvas nature's colors shine, [sign.
You'll praise the hand that trac'd the just de-

§ 72. *Epilogue by Mr. Garrick on quitting the
Stage, June, 1776.*

A VETERAN see! whose last act on the stage
Entreats your smiles for sickness and for age;
Their cause I plead—plead it in heart and mind;
A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind:
Might we but hope your zeal would not be less,
When I am gone, to patronize distress,
That hope obtain'd the wish'd-for end secures,
To soothe their cares who oft have lighten'd
Shall the great heroes of celestial line, [yours.
Who drank full bowls of Greek and Roman
wine,

Cæsar and Brutus, Agamemnon, Hector,
Nay, Jove himself, who here has quaff'd his
nectar! [court her,

Shall they who govern fortune, cringe and
Thirst in their age, and call in vain for porter?
Like Belisarius tax the pitying street
With date obolus to all they meet?

Shan't I, who oft have drench'd my hands in
gore;

Stabb'd many, poison'd some, beheaded more;
Who numbers slew in battle on this plain—
Shan't I, the slayer, try to feed the slain?
Brother to all, with equal love I view
The men who slew me, and the men I slew:
I must, I will this happy project seize,
That those too old to die may live with ease.

Suppose the babes I smother'd in the Tow'r,
By chance, or sickness, lose their acting-pow'r,
Shall they, once princes, worse than all be
serv'd—

In childhood murder'd, and when murder'd,
starv'd?

Matrons half ravish'd for your recreation,
In age should never want some consolation.
Can I, young Hamlet once, to nature lost,
Behold, O horrible! my father's ghost,
With grisly beard, pale cheek, stalk up and
down,

And he, the royal Dane, want half a crown?
Forbid it, ladies! gentlemen forbid it!

Give joy to age, and let 'em say—you did it.
To you, ye gods! * I make my last appeal;
You have a right to judge, as well as feel;

* To the Upper Gallery.

Will your high wisdoms to our scheme incline,
That kings, queens, heroes, gods, and ghosts
may dine?

Olympus shakes!—that omen all secures;
May every joy you give be tenfold yours!

§ 73. *Prologue to the Capuchin. 1776:
Spoken by Mr. Foote. COLMAN.*

CRITICS, whene'er I write, in ev'ry scene
Discover meanings that I never mean;
Whatever character I bring to view,
I am the father of the child, 'tis true,
But ev'ry babe his christ'ning owes to you.
"The comic poet's eye, with humorous air
Glancing from Watling-street to Grosvenor-
square,

He bodies forth a light ideal train,
And turns to shape the phantoms of his brain:
Meanwhile your fancy takes more partial aim,
And gives to airy nothing place and name."

A limner once, in want of work, went down
To try his fortune in a country town:
The waggon loaded with his goods, convey'd
To the same spot his whole dead stock in trade,
Originals and copies—ready made.

To the new painter all the country came;
Lord, lady, doctor, lawyer, squire and dame,
The humble curate, and the curate's wife,
All ask a likeness—taken from the life.
Behold the canvas on the easel stand;

A pallet grac'd his thumb, and brushes fill'd
his hand:

But, ah! the painter's skill they little knew,
Nor by what curious rules of art he drew.
The waggon-load unpack'd, his ancient store
Furnish'd for each a face drawn long before,
God, dame, or hero, of the days of yore.

The Cæsars, with a little alteration,
Were turn'd into the mayor and corporation:
To represent the rector and the dean;
He added wigs and bands to Prince Eugene:
The ladies, blooming all, deriv'd their faces
From Charles the Second's beauties, and the
Graces.

Thus done, and circled in a splendid frame,
His works adorn'd each room, and spread his
fame;

The countrymen of taste admire and stare,
"My lady's leer! Sir John's majestic air!
Miss Dimple's languish too!—extremely like!
And in the style and manner of Vandyke!
O this new limner's pictures always strike!
Old, young; fat, lean; dark, fair; or big or
"The very man or woman to a tittle!" [little,

Foote and this limner in some points agree,
And thus, good sirs, you often deal by me.
When, by the royal licence and protection,
I show my small academy's collection,
The connoisseur takes out his glass to pry
Into each picture with a curious eye;
Turns topsy-turvy my whole composition,
And makes mere portraits all my exhibition,
But still the copy's so exact, you say;

Alas! the same thing happens ev'ry day!
 How many a modish well-dress'd for you meet,
 Exactly suits his shape in Monmouth-street;
 In Yorkshire warehouses and Cranbourn-alley,
 'Tis wonderful how shoes and feet will tally!
 As honest Crispin understands his trade,
 On the true human scale his lasts are made,
 The measure of each sex and age to hit,
 And ev'ry shoe, as if bespoke, will fit.
 My warehouse thus, for nature's walks supplies
 Shoes for all ranks, and lasts of ev'ry size. [ye—
 Sit still, and try them, sirs, I long to please
 How well they fit! I hope you find them easy:
 If the shoe pinches, swear you cannot bear it:
 But if well-made—I wish you health to wear it.

§ 74. *Prologue to the Contract.* 1776. *Written and intended to have been spoken by Mr. Foote.*

THE Contract is it called?—I cannot say
 I much admire the title of his play:
 Contracts, they tell me, have been fraught with
 evil, [Devil.
 Since Faustus sign'd his contract with—the
 Yet, spite of Satan, all men wish to make 'em,
 Tho' nineteen out of twenty love to break 'em.
 Butchers and mealmen, brewers, agents,
 factors,
 Pimps, poets, placemen, managers, and actors,
 Bawds, bankrupts, booksellers, are all con-
 tractors; [store,
 All lie and swear, and cheat, t' increase their
 Then die, and go—where Faustus went before.
 While thus o'er all we see th' infection spread,
 No wonder it should taint the marriage bed:
 Each wife forgets, each husband breaks his vow;
 For what are contracts, what is wedlock now?
 Garrick, who long was married to the town,
 At length a fashionable husband grown,
 Forsakes his spouse, base man! for, truth to tell,
 She lov'd her own dear Davy wondrous well;
 Though now he slights her, breaks from her by
 force,

And nought will serve him but a full divorce.
 But be the fault in women or in men,
 Thanks to our laws! they all may—wed again:
 Her faithless fav'rite gone, the lady 's free
 To choose another, and may smile—on me;
 To the Lame Lover may resign her charms,
 And, though a cripple, take me to her arms.
 I'll promise to be constant, kind, polite,
 And pay my duty—ev'ry other night.
 My dear lov'd rib I never will abandon,
 But stand by her, whilst I've one leg to stand on.
 I'll make a solemn contract, play or pay,
 And hope we shall not part this many a day.

Our brother scribbler too, I greatly fear,
 Has made a foolish kind of contract here;
 He promises, and ten to one you're bit,
 To furnish fable, sentiment, and wit.
 I've seen his piece; the man appeal'd to me,
 And I, as Chancellor, issued my decree;

'T has pass'd the seals, they're going to rehearse
 it— [verse it.
 But you're the House of Peers, and may re-

§ 75. *Prologue to the Spleen, or Islington Spa.*
Spoken by Mr. KING. 1776. GARRICK.

THOUGH prologues now as blackberries are
 plenty, twenty;
 And, like them, mawkish too—nineteen in
 Yet you will have them when their date is o'er,
 And prologue! prologue! still your honors roar;
 Till some such dismal phiz as mine comes on—
 Ladies and gentlemen, indeed there's none;
 The prologue, author, speaker—all are dead
 and gone. [rout;

These reasons have some weight, and stop the
 You clap—I smile—and thus go cringing out:
 While living, call me; for your pleasure use
 me;

Should I tip off—I hope you'll then excuse me.
 So much for prologues—and now enter Farce:
 Shall I a scene, I lately heard, rehearse?
 The place, the park; the *dramatis personæ*,
 Two female wits with each a macaroni:

“Pr'ythee, Lord Flimsey, what's this thing”
 at Drury—

“This Spleen?”—“'Tis low, damn'd low,
 Ma'am, I'll assure you.”

“C'est vrai, my Lor! We now feel no such
 evil,

“Never are haunted with a vaporish devil.

“In pleasure's round we whirl it from the brain:

“You rattle it away with Seven's the main!

“In upper life we have no spleen or gall;

“And as for other life—it is no life at all.”

What can I say in our poor bard's behalf?

He hopes that lower life may make you laugh.

May not a trader, who shall business drop,

Quitting at once his old accustom'd shop,

In fancy through a course of pleasures run,

Retiring to his seat at Islington;

And, of false dreams of happiness brim-full,

Be at his villa miserably dull?

Would not he Islington's fine air forego,

Could he again be chok'd in Butcher-row;

In showing cloth renew his former pleasure,

Surpass'd by none—but that of clipping mea-
 sure?

The master of this shop, too, seeks repose*,

Sells off his stock in trade, his verse and prose,

His daggers, buskins, thunder, lightning, and
 old clothes.

Will he in rural shades find ease and quiet?

O no! he'll sigh for Drury, and seek peace in
 riot.

Nature of yore prevail'd through human kind;

To low and middle life she's now confin'd:

'Twas there the choicest dramatists have sought
 her; [caught her:

'Twas there Moliere, there Jonson, Shakspeare,

Then let our gleaning bard with safety come,

To pick up straws dropt from their harvest-home.

* Alluding to Mr. Garrick's retiring from the Stage.

§ 76. *Epilogue to Semiramis.* 1776.

SHERIDAN.

DISHEVELL'D still, like Asia's bleeding queen,
Shall I with jests deride the tragic scene?
No, beauteous mourners!—from whose down-cast eyes

The Muse has drawn her noblest sacrifice!
Whose gentle bosoms, *Pity's altars*—bear
The crystal incense of each falling tear!—
There lives the poet's praise!—no critic art
Can match the comment of a feeling heart!

When gen'ral plaudits speak the fable o'er,
Which mute attention had approv'd before,
Tho' ruder spirits love th' accusom'd jest
Which chases sorrow from the vulgar breast,
Still hearts refin'd their sadden'd tints retain—
The sigh is pleasure! and the jest is pain!
Scarcely have they smiles to honor grace or wit,
Tho' Roscius spoke the verse himself had writ!
Thus through the time when vernal fruits receive
The grateful show'rs that hang on April's eve;
Tho' every coarser stem of forest birth
Throws with the morning-beam its dew to earth,

Ne'er does the gentle *rose* revive so soon—
But bath'd in nature's tears, it droops till noon.

O could the muse one simple moral teach,
From scenes like these, which all who heard
might reach!

Thou child of sympathy—whoe'er thou art,
Who with Assyria's queen has wept thy part—
Go search where keener woes demand relief,
Go—while thy heart yet beats with fancied grief:

Thy lip still conscious of the recent sigh,
The graceful tear still lingering in thy eye—
Go—and on real misery bestow
The blest effusion of fictitious woe!

So shall our Muse, supreme of all the Nine,
Deserve indeed the title of—*divine*!
Virtue shall own her favor'd from above,
And *Pity* greet her with a sister's love!

§ 77. *Prologue spoken by Mr. PALMER, on the opening of the Theatre Royal in the Hay-Market, May 15, 1777.* COLMAN.

PRIDE, by a thousand hearts, vain honors claims,

And gives to empty nothings pompous names.
Theatric dealers thus would fain seem great,
And ev'ry playhouse grows a mighty state.
To fancied heights howe'er mock monarchs soar,

A manager's a trader—nothing more—
You (whom they court) their customers—and then,

We play'rs—poor devils—are their journeymen.
While two great warehouses, for winter use,
Eight months huge bales of merchandise produce,

Out with the swallow comes our summer Bayes,

To show his taffeta and lutestring plays;
A choice assortment of slight goods prepares,
The smallest haberdasher of small wares.

In Laputa, we're told, a grave projector,
A mighty schemer—like our new director—
Once form'd a plan—and 'twas a deep one,
Sirs!—

To draw the sun-beams out of cucumbers.
So whilst less vent'rous managers retire,
Our Salamander thinks to live in fire.

A playhouse quidnunc—and no quidnunc's wiser—

Reading our play-bills in the Advertiser,
Cries, "Hey! what's here! In th' Hay-market a play,

To sweat the public in the midst of May?
"Give me fresh air!"—then goes and pouts alone

In country lodgings—by the two-mile stone:
There sits, and chews the cud of his disgust,
Broil'd in the sun, and blinded by the dust.

"Dearee," says Mrs. Inkle, "let us go
"To th' Hay-market to-night and see the show."
"Pshaw, woman!" cries old Inkle, "you're a fool:

"We'll walk to Hornsey, and enjoy the cool."
So said, to finish the domestic strife,
Forth waddle the fat spouse and fatter wife:
And as they tug up Highgate-hill together,
He cries—"Delightful walking!—charming weather!"

Now with the napkin underneath the chin,
Unbutton'd cits their turtle-feasts begin,
And plunge full knuckle-deep, through thick and thin:

[jelly,
Throw down fish, flesh, fowl, pastry, custard,
And make a salmagundy of their belly. [mer!
"More China-pepper! punch, another rum—
"So cool and pleasant—eating in the summer!"

To ancient geographers it was not known
Mortals could live beneath the torrid zone:
But we, though toiling underneath the line,
Must make our hay now while the weather's fine.

Your good old hay-maker, long here employ'd,
The sun-shine of your smiles who still enjoy'd:
The fields which long he mow'd will not forsake,
Nor quite forego the scythe, the fork, and rake;
But take the field, even in the hottest day,
And kindly help us to get in our hay.

§ 78. *Prologue to the Spanish Barber.* 1777. COLMAN.

ONCE more from Ludgate-hill behold Paul
Prig!

[wig!
The same spruce air, you see, same coat, same
A mercer smart and dapper all allow,
As ever at shop-door shot off a bow.

This summer—for I love a little prance—
This summer, gentlefolks, I've been to France,
To mark the fashions—and to learn to dance.

I, and dear Mrs. Prig, the first of Graces !
 At Calais, in the diligence took places ;
 Travell'd through Boulogne, Amiens, and
 Chantilly,
 All in a line—as straight as Piccadilly !
 To Paris come, their dresses made me stare—
 Their fav'rite color is the French queen's hair :
 They're all so fine, so shabby, and so gay,
 They look like chimney-sweepers on May-day ;
 Silks of all colors in the rainbow there ;
 A Joseph's coat appears the common wear.
 Of some I brought home patterns ; one, to-
 night,

We mean to show—'tis true, it is but slight :
 But then, for summer wear, you know that's
 right.

A *little weaver*, whom I long have known,
 Has work'd it up, and begs to have it shown—
 But pray observe, my friends, 'tis not his own.
 I brought it over—nay, if it miscarries,
 He'll cry, " 'Tis none of mine—it came from
 Paris."

But should you like it, he'll soon let you know,
 'Twas spun and manufactur'd in Soho :

'T had a great run abroad, which always yields
 Work for our Grub-street and our Spital-fields.
 France charms our ladies, naked bards, and
 beaux,

Who smuggle thence their learning and their
 clothes ;

Buckles like gridirons, and wigs on springs ;
Têtes built like towers, and rumps like ostrich
 wings.

If this piece please, each summer I'll go over,
 And fetch new patterns by the Straits of Dover.

§ 79. *Prologue to the School for Scandal. 1777.*

GARRICK.

A SCHOOL for scandal !—Tell me, I beseech
 you, [you ?]

Needs there a school this modish art to teach
 No need of lessons now—the knowing think—
 We might as well be taught to eat and drink.
 Caus'd by a dearth of scandal, should the vapors
 Distress our fair-ones, let them read the papers ;
 Their pow'rful mixtures such disorders hit,
 Crave what they will there's *quantum sufficit*.

" Lord ! " cries my Lady Wormwood (who
 loves tattle,

And puts much salt and pepper in her prattle)
 Just risen at noon, all night at cards when
 threshing,

" Strong tea and scandal—bless me, how re-
 freshing !

" Give me the papers, Lisp—how bold and free !
 [sips.]

" Last night Lord L. [sips.] was caught with
 Lady D.

" For aching heads, what charming *sal volatile* !
 [sips.]

" If Mrs. B. will still continue flirting,

" We hope sh'll draw, or we'll undraw, the
 curtain.—

" Fine satire, poz ! in public all abuse it !

" But, by ourselves, [sips.] our praise we can't
 refuse it. [star.]—

" Now, Lisp, read you—there, at that dash and

" Yes, ma'am—A certain lord had best beware,

" Who lives not twenty miles from Grosvenor-
 square ;

" For should he Lady W. find willing—

" Wormwood is bitter."—" O ! that's me—the
 villain !

" Throw it behind the fire, and never more

" Let that vile paper come within my door."

Thus at our friends we laugh, who feel the
 dart ;

To reach our feelings, we ourselves must smart.

Is our young bard so young, to think that he

Can stop the full spring-tide of calumny ?

Knows he the world so little, and its trade?—

Alas ! the devil's sooner rais'd than laid.

So strong, so swift, the monster there's no gag-
 ging ; [ging.]

Cut Scandal's head off—still the tongue is wag-

Proud of your smiles, once lavishly bestow'd,

Again our young Don Quixote takes the road ;

To show his gratitude, he draws his pen,

And seeks this hydra, Scandal, in its den ;

From his fell gripe the frighted fair to save—

Though he should fail, th' attempt must please
 the brave.

For your applause, all perils he would through ;

He'll fight—that's write—a cavaliero true,

Till ev'ry drop of blood—that's ink—is spilt for
 you.

§ 80. *Epilogue to the same. 1777. Spoken
 by Mrs. Abington, in the Character of Lady
 Teazel. COLMAN.*

I, who was late so volatile and gay,
 Like a trade-wind must now blow all one way ;

Bend all my cares, my studies, and my vows,
 To one old rusty weather-cock—my spouse :

So wills our virtuous bard !—the pie-ball'd
 Bayes

Of crying epilogues and laughing plays.

Old bachelors, who marry smart young wives,

Learn from our play to regulate your lives ;

Each bring his dear to town—all faults upon
 her—

London will prove the very source of honor ;

Plung'd fairly in, like a cold bath, it serves,

When principles relax, to brace the nerves.

Such is my case—and yet I must deplore

That the gay dream of dissipation's o'er ;

And say, ye fair, was ever lively wife,

Born with a genius for the highest life,

Like me untimely blasted in her bloom,

Like me condemn'd to such a dismal doom ?

Save money—when I just knew how to waste it !

Leave London—just as I began to taste it !

Must I then watch the early-crowing cock ?

The melancholy ticking of a clock ?

In the lone rustic hall for ever bounded,

With dogs, cats, rats, and squalling brats sur-
 rounded ?

With humble curates can I now retire,
(While good Sir Peter boozes with the squire)
And at backgammon mortify my soul,
That pants for loo, or flutters at a vole?
Seven 's the main—dear sound!—that must expire,

Lost at hot-cockles round a Christmas fire!
The transient hour of fashion too soon spent,
"Farewell the tranquil mind, farewell content!
Farewell the *plumed* head—the cushion'd *tête*,
That takes the cushion from his proper seat!
The spirit-stirring drum!—card-drums I mean—

Spadille, odd trick, pam, basto, king, and queen!

And you, ye knockers, that with brazen throat
The welcome visitor's approach denote—
Farewell! all *quality* of high renown,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance, of glorious town,

Farewell!—your revels I partake no more,
And Lady Teazel's occupation 's o'er."
All this I told our bard—he smil'd, and said,
'twas clear

I ought to play deep tragedy next year:
Meanwhile he drew wise morals from his play,
And in these solemn periods stalk'd away:
"Blest were the fair, like you, her faults who stopp'd,

And clos'd her follies when the curtain dropp'd!
No more in vice or error to engage,
Or play the fool at large on life's great stage!"

§ 81. *Prologue to A Word to the Wise, performed for the Benefit of Mr. Kelly's Family.*
1777. JOHNSON.

THIS night presents a play which public rage,
Or right or wrong, once hooted from the stage.*
From zeal or malice now no more we dread,
For English vengeance *wears not with the dead*.
A generous foe regards with pitying eye
The man whom fate has laid where all must lie.

To wit reviving from its author's dust,
Be kind, ye judges, or at least be just:
For no renew'd hostilities invade
Th' oblivious grave's inviolable shade.
Let one great payment every claim appease,
And him who cannot hurt allow to please;
To please by scenes unconscious of offence,
By harmless merriment, or useful sense.

Where aught of bright or fair the piece displays,
Approve it only—'tis too late to praise;
If want of skill or want of care appear,
Forbear to hiss—the poet cannot hear:
By all, like him, must praise and blame be found

At best a fleeting gleam, or empty sound.
Yet then shall calm reflections bless the night,
When liberal pity dignified delight;

When pleasure fired her torch at virtue's flame,
And mirth was bounty with an humbler name.

§ 82. *Prologue to Sir Thomas Overbury.* 1777.
SHERIDAN.

Too long the muse, attach'd to regal show,
Denies the scene to tales of humbler woe;
Such as were wont, while yet they charm'd the ear,

To steal the plaudit of a silent tear;
When Otway gave domestic grief its part,
And Rowe's familiar sorrows touch'd the heart.

A sceptred traitor, lash'd by vengeful fate,
A bleeding hero, or a falling state,
Are themes (though nobly worth the classic song) [long;

Which feebly claim your sighs, nor claim them
Too great for pity, they inspire respect,
Their deeds astonish, rather than affect;
Proving how rare the heart that woe can move,
Which reason tells us we can never prove.

Other the scene, where sadly stand confest
The private pang that rends the sufferer's breast.
When sorrow sits upon a parent's brow,
When fortune mocks the youthful lover's vow,
All feel the tale—for who so mean but knows
What fathers' sorrows are, what lovers' woes?

On kindred ground our bard his fabric built,
And placed a mirror there for private guilt;
Where, fatal union! will appear combin'd
An angel's form and an abandon'd mind;
Honour attempting passion to reprove,
And friendship struggling with unhallow'd love!

Yet view not, critics, with severe regard,
The orphan offspring of an orphan bard,
Doom'd, whilst he wrote, unpitied to sustain
More real mis'ries than his pen could feign!
Ill-fated Savage! at whose birth was giv'n
No parent but the Muse, no friend but Heaven!
Whose youth no brother knew, with social care,
To soothe his suff'rings, or demand to share;
No wedded partner of his mortal woe,
To win his smile at all that fate could do;
While, at his death, nor friend's nor mother's
Fell on the track of his deserted bier! [tear

So pleads the tale † that gives to future times
The son's misfortunes, and the parent's crimes;
There shall his fame (if own'd to-night) survive,
Fix'd by the hand that bids our language live!

§ 83. *Prologue to Bonduca.* 1778. GARRICK.

To modern Britons let the old appear
This night, to rouse 'em for this anxious year:
To raise that spirit, which of yore, when rais'd,
Made even Romans tremble while they prais'd:
To rouse that spirit, which through every age
Has wak'd the lyre, and warm'd th' historian's page;

* Upon the first representation of this play, 1770, it was damned from the violence of party.

† Life of Richard Savage, by Dr. Samuel Johnson.

That dauntless spirit, which on Cressy's plain
Rush'd from the heart through ev'ry British
vein;

Nerv'd ev'ry arm the numerous host to dare,
Whilst Edward's valor shone the guiding star,
Whose beams dispers'd the darkness of despair:
Whate'er the craft or number of his foes,
Ever from danger Britain's glory rose.
To the mind's eye let the Fifth Harry rise,
And in that vision boasting France despise;
Then turn to later deeds your sires have wrought,
When Anna rul'd, and mighty Marlborough
fought.

Shall Chatham die and be forgot? †—O no!
Warm from its source let grateful sorrow flow;
His matchless ardor fir'd each fear-struck mind,
His genius soar'd when Britons droop'd and
pin'd;

Whilst each State Atlas sunk beneath the load,
His heart unshook with patriot virtue glow'd;
Like Hercules, he freed 'em from the weight,
And on his shoulders fix'd the tottering state;
His strength the monsters of the land defied,
To raise his country's glory was his pride,
And for her service, as he liv'd, he died.
O for his powers, those feelings to impart,
Which rous'd to action every drooping heart;
Now, while the angry trumpet sounds alarms,
And all the nation cries, "To arms, to arms!"
Then would his native strength each Briton
know,

And scorn the threats of an invading foe:
Hatching and feeding every civil broil,
France looks with eny on our happy soil;¹
When mischief's on the wing she cries for war,
Insults distress, and braves her conqueror.
But Shakspeare sung—and well this land he
knew, [rue,
O hear his voice! that "nought shall make us
"If England to itself do rest but true."

§ 84. *Prologue to the Princess of Parma.*
1778. CUMBERLAND.

ERE dark November, with his dripping
wings,
Shuts out the cheerful face of men and things,
You all can tell how soon the dreary scene
Affects your wives and daughters with the spleen.
Madam begins—"My dear, these odious rains
Will bring on all my old rheumatic pains;
In fifty places it came in last night—
'This vile old crazy mansion's such a fright!"
"What's to be done?"—"In very truth, my
love,
I think 'twere better for us to remove."
This said, if as it chance that gentle spouse
Bears but a second interest in the house,
The bill is pass'd—no sooner said than done—
Up springs the hen-bird, and the covey's gone:

* Lord Chatham died May 11, 1778.

† This prologue was spoken at the private theatre of Mr. Hanbury, of Kelmarsh, in Northamptonshire.

Then hey for London! there the game begins;
Bouquets, and diamond stars, and golden pins,
A thousand freakish wants, a thousand sighs,
A thousand poutings, and ten thousand lies.
Trim, and new-rigg'd, and launch'd for pleasure's gale,

Our madam comes, her goslings at her tail;
Away they scamper to present their faces
At Johnson's citadel, for side-box places.
He to their joint and supplicating moan
Presents a face of brass, a heart of stone;
Or, monarch-like, while their address is stating,
Sends them a "veto" by his lord in waiting.
Returning thence, the disappointed fleet
Anchors in Tavistock's fantastic street;
There under Folly's colors gaily rides,
Where humor points, or veering passion guides.
In vain the steward racks, and tenants rave:
Money she wants, and money she will have.
Meanwhile, terrific hangs the unpaid bill,
Long as from Portman-square to Ludgate-hill.
The squire, exhausted, in desponding plight
Creeps to his chambers to avoid the sight,
Or at the Mount with some old snarler chimes
In damning wives, and railing at the times.
Such is the scene!—If then we fetch you down
Amusements which endear the smoky town,
And through the peasant's poor but useful hands
We circulate the produce of your lands;
In this voluptuous dissipated age,
Sure there's some merit in our rural stage. †
Happy the call, nor wholly vain the play,
Which weds you to your acres but a day.

§ 85. *Epilogue to Percy.* 1778. GARRICK.

I MUST, will speak—I hope my dress and air
Announce the man of fashion, not the play'r:
Though gentlemen are now forbid the scenes,
Yet I have rush'd through heroes, kings, and
queens;

Resolv'd, in pity to this polish'd age,
To drive these ballad-heroes from the stage—

"To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Earl Percy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborn
The hunting of that day."

A pretty basis truly for a maudlin play!
What! shall a scribbling, senseless woman dare
To offer to your tastes such tasteless fare?
Is Douglas, or is Percy, fir'd with passion,
Ready, for love or glory, death to dash on,
Fit company for modern still-life men of fashion?
Such madness will our hearts but slightly graze;
We've no such frantic nobles now-a-days.
Could we believe old stories, those strange fel-
lows

Married for love, could of their wives be jealous—
Nay, constant to 'em too—and, what is worse,
The vulgar souls thought cuckoldom a curse!

Most wedded pairs had then one purse, one
One bed too—so preposterously join'd ! [mind,
From such barbarity (thank Heaven !) we're
refin'd.

Old songs at home their happiness record,
From home they sep'rate carriages abhor'd—
One horse serv'd both—my lady rode behind
my lord. [der :

'Twas death alone could snap their bonds asun-
Now tack'd so slightly, not to snap's the wonder.
Nay, death itself could not their hearts divide,
They mix'd their love with monumental pride ;
For, cut in stone, they still lay side by side.
But why these Gothic ancestors produce ?
Whyscour their rusty armours ? what's the use ?
'Twould not your nicer optics much regale,
To see us beaux bend under coats of mail :
Should we our limbs with iron doublets bruise,
Good Heaven ! how much court-plaster we
should use !

We wear no armour now—but on our shoes.
Let not with barbarism true taste be blended ;
Old vulgar virtues cannot be defended ;
Let the dead rest—we living can't be mended.

§ 86. *Epilogue to Fatal Falsehood.* 1779.

SHERIDAN.

UNHAND me, gentlemen. By Heaven, I say,
I'll make a ghost of him who bars my way.
[*Behind the scenes.*

Forth let me come—a poetaster true,
As lean as Envy, and as baneful too ;
On the dull audience let me vent my rage,
Or drive these female scribblers from the stage.
For sense or history, we've none but these :
The law of liberty and wit they seize ;
In tragic—comic—pastoral—they dare to please.
Each puny bard must surely burst with spite,
To find that women with such fame can write :
But O, your partial favor is the cause,
Who feed their follies with such full applause ;
Yet still our tribe shall seek to blast their fame,
And ridicule each fair pretender's aim,
Where the dull duties of domestic life
Wage with the muse's toils eternal strife.

What motley cares Corilla's mind perplex,
While maids and metaphors conspire to vex !
In studious dishabille behold her sit,
A letter'd gossip, and a housewife wit ;
At once invoking, though for different views,
Her gods, her cook, her milliner, and muse.
Round her stew'd room a frippery chaos lies,
A chequer'd wreck of notable and wise ;
Bills, books, caps, couplets, combs, a varied
mass,

Oppress the toilet, and obscure the glass ;
Unfinish'd here an epigram is laid,
And there a mantua-maker's bill unpaid ;
Here new-born plays foretaste the town's ap-
plause,

There dormant patterns lie for future gauze :
A moral essay now is all her care ;
A satire next, and then a bill of fare :

A scene she now projects, and now a dish ;
Here's act the first—and here—Remove with
fish.

Now while this eye in a fine phrensy rolls,
That soberly casts up a bill for coals ;
Black pins and daggers in one leaf she sticks,
And tears, and thread, and bowls, and thimbles
mix.

Sappho, 'tis true, long vers'd in epic song,
For years esteem'd all household studies wrong ;
When, dire mishap ! though neither shame
nor sin,

Sappho herself, and not her muse, lies in.
The virgin Nine in terror fly the bow'r,
And matron Juno claims despotic pow'r :
Soon Gothic hags the classic pile o'erturn,
A caudle-cup supplants the sacred urn ;
Nor books nor implements escape their rage,
They spike the ink-stand, and they rend the
page ;

Poems and plays one barbarous fate partake ;
Ovid and Plautus suffer at the stake ;
And Aristotle's only sav'd—to wrap plum-cake.

Yet shall a woman tempt the tragic scene ?
And dare—but hold—I must repress my spleen :
I see your hearts are pledg'd to her applause,
While Shakspeare's spirit seems to aid her cause,
Well pleas'd to aid—since o'er his sacred bier
A female hand did ample trophies rear,
And gave the gentlest laurel that is worshipp'd
there.

§ 87. *Prologue to the Fathers.* 1779.¹

GARRICK.

WHEN from the world departs a son of Fame,
His deeds or works embalm his precious name ;
Yet, not content, the public call for art,
To rescue from the tomb his mortal part ;
Demand the painter's and the sculptor's hand.
To spread his mimic form throughout the land,
A form, perhaps, which living was neglected,
And, when it could not feel respect, respected ;
This night, no bust or picture claims your praise ;
Our claim's superior—we his Spirit raise ;
From Time's dark store-house bring a long-lost
And drag it from oblivion into day. [play,

But who the author ? Need I name the wit
Whom nature prompted as his genius writ ?
Truth smil'd on Fancy for each well-wrought
story,

Where characters live, act, and stand, before ye.
Suppose these characters, various as they are,
The knave, the fool, the worthy, wise, and fair,
For and against the author pleading at your bar.
First pleads Tom Jones—grateful his heart and
warm—

[harm ;
" Brave gen'rous Britons ! shield this play from
My best friend wrote it ; should it not succeed,
Though with my Sophy blest—my heart will
bleed ;"

Then from his face he wipes the manly tear.
" Courage, my master ! " Partridge cries, " don't
fear :

Should Envy's serpents hiss, or Malice frown,
Though I'm a coward, zounds! I'll knock 'em
down."

Next, sweet Sophia comes—she cannot speak—
Her wishes for the play o'erspread her cheek;
In ev'ry look her sentiments you read,
And more than eloquence her blushes plead.
Now Blifil bows—with smiles his false heart
gilding—

"He was my foe—I'll beg you'll damn this
Fielding."*

"Right!" Thwackum roars, "no mercy, sirs,
I pray; [play."
Scourge the dead author, through his orphan
"What words!" cries Parson Adams; "fie,
fie! disown 'em!"

Good Lord!—*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*: ['em?
If such are Christian teachers, who'll revere
If thus they preach, the devil alone should hear
'em."

Now Slipslop enters—"Though this *scriv'ning*
vagrant

Slated my virtue, which was ever *flagrant*,
Yet, like black *Thello*, I'd bear scorn and
Slip into poverty to th' very hips, [whips,
T' exult this play—may it *decrease* in favor,
And be its fame *immortaliz'd* for ever!"
Squire Western, reeling with October mellow,
"Tally-o, boys!—Yoicks!—Critics, hunt the
fellow!"

Damn 'em! these wits are *varmint* not worth
breeding: [ing?"

What good e'er came of writing and of read—
Next comes, brimful of spite and politics,
His sister Western—and thus deeply speaks:
"Wits are arm'd pow'rs; like France attack
the foe;

Negotiate till they sleep—then strike the blow."
Allworthy, last, pleads to your noblest passions:
"Ye generous leaders of the tastes and fashions,
Departed Genius left his orphan play
To your kind care—what the dead wills, obey:
O then respect the father's fond bequest,
And make his widow smile, his spirit rest!"

§ 88. *Prologue to the Miniature-Picture.*
1780. SHERIDAN.

CHILL'D by rude gales, while yet reluctant
May

Withholds the beauties of the vernal day;
As some fond maid, whom matron-frowns re-
prove,

Suspends the smile her heart devotes to love;
The season's pleasure's to delay their hour,
And winter revels with protracted pow'r:
Then blame not, critics, if thus late we bring
A winter's drama; but reproach—the spring.
What prudent cit dares yet the season trust,
Bask in his whisky, and enjoy the dust?
Hous'd in Cheapside, scarce yet the gayer spark
Achieves the Sunday triumph of the Park:

Scarce yet you see him, dreading to be late,
Scour the New-road, and dash through Grosve-
nor-gate.

Anxious—and fearful too—his steed to show,
The hack'd Bucephalus of Rotten-row:
Careless he seems, yet vigilantly sly,
Wooes the stray glance of ladies passing by;
While his off-heel, insidiously aside,
Provokes the caper which he seems to chide.
Scarce rural Kensington due honor gains:
The vulgar verdure of her walk remains,
Where white-rob'd misses amble two by two,
Nodding to booted beaux—"How do, how do?"
With gen'ral questions, that no answer wait,
"How vastly full? A'n' you come vastly late?
Isn't it quite charming? When do you leave
town?" [down?"

A'n't you quite tir'd? Pray, can we set you
These suburb pleasures of a London May.
Imperfect yet, we hail the cold delay:
But if this plea's denied, in our excuse
Another still remains you can't refuse;
It is a lady writes—and hark—a noble muse!
But see a critic starting from his bench—
"A noble author!" Yes, sir, but the play's not
French;

Yet if it were, no blame on us could fall;
For we, you know, must follow fashion's call:
And true it is, things lately were in train
To woo the Gallic Muse at Drury-lane;
Not to import a troop of foreign elves,
But treat you with French actors—in our-
selves.

A friend we had, who vow'd he'd make us speak
Pure flippant French—by contract—in a week;
Told us 'twas time to study what was good,
Polish, and leave off being understood:
That crowded audiences we thus might bring
To Monsieur Parsons and Chevalier King;
Or should the vulgar grumble now and then,
The prompter might translate—for country
gentlemen. [singer, actor;

Straight all subscrib'd—kings, gods, mutes,
A Flanders figure-dancer our contractor.
But here I grieve to own, though 't be to you,
He acted—e'en as most contractors do,
Sold what he never dealt in; and, th' amount
Being first discharg'd, submitted his account.
And what th' event? Their industry was such,
Dodd spoke good Flemish, Bannister bad Dutch:
Then the rogue told us, with insulting ease,
So it was foreign, it was sure to please:
Beaux, wits, applaud, as fashion should com-
mand,

And misses laugh—to seem to understand.
So from each clime our soil may something
gain; [Spain;
Manhood from Rome, and sprightliness from
Some Russian Roscius next delight the age,
And a Dutch Heinel skate along the stage.
Exotic fopperies, hail! whose flatt'ring smile
Supplants the sterner virtues of our isle!

* The late Henry Fielding, Esq. author of the play.

Thus while with Chinese firs and Indian pines
Our nurs'ries swarm, the British oak declines.
Yet vain our Muse's fear—no foreign laws
We dread, while native beauty pleads our cause :
While you too judge, whose smiles are honors
higher [inspire.
Than verse should gain, but where those eyes
But if the men presume your pow'r to awe,
Retort their churlish senatorial law :
This is your house—and move—the gentlemen
withdraw.
Then they may vote with envy never-ceasing,
Your influence has increas'd and is increasing :
But there, I trust, the resolution's finish'd ;
Sure none will say—it ought to be diminish'd.

§ 89. *Epilogue to the same.* 1780.

JEKYLL.

THE men, like tyrants of the Turkish kind,
Have long our sex's energy confin'd ;
In full-dress black, and bows, and solemn stalk,
Have long monopoliz'd the Prologue's walk.
But still the flippant Epilogue was ours :
It ask'd, for gay support, the female pow'rs ;
It ask'd a flirting air, coquet and free,
And so, to murder it, they fix on me.

Much they mistake my talents—I was born
To tell, in sobs and sighs, some tale forlorn ;
To wet my handkerchief with Juliet's woes ;
Or turn to Shore's despair my tragic nose.

Yes, gentlemen, in education's spite,
You still shall find that we can read and write ;
Like you, can swell a debt or a debate,
Can quit the card-table to steer the state,
And bid our Belle Assemblée's rhet'ric flow,
To drown your dull declaimers at Soho.
Methinks e'en now I hear my sex's tongues,
The shrill, smart melody of female lungs !
The storm of Question, the division calm,
With "hear her, hear her! Mrs. Speaker,
Ma'am!

O order! order!" Kates and Susans rise,
And Marg'ret moves, and Tabitha replies.

Look to the camp—Coxheath and Warley
Common

Supplied, at least, for ev'ry tent a woman ;
The cartridge-paper wrapp'd the billet-doux,
The rear and piquet form'd the rendezvous ;
The drum's stern rattle shook the nuptial bed,
The knapsack pillow'd *Lady Sturgeon's* head :
Love was the watch-word, till the morning fire
Rous'd the tame Major and his warlike wife.

Look to the stage—to-night's example draws
A female dramatist to grace the cause—

So fade the triumphs of presumpt'ous man !
And would you, ladies, but complete my plan,
Here should ye sign some patriot petition
To mend our constitutional condition.

The men invade our rights, the mimic elves
Lisp and *nick-name* God's creatures like our-
selves, [fret,

Rouge more than we do, simper, flounce, and
And they *coquet*—good gods, how they *coquet*!

They too are coy, and, monstrous to relate,
Theirs is a coyness in a *tête-à-tête*.
Yes, ladies, yes ; *I could a tale unfold,*
Would harrow up your—cushions—were it
told ; [tum,
Part your combined curls, and freeze—poma-
At griefs, and grievances, as I could state 'em.
But *such eternal blazon must not speak* ;
Besides, the House adjourns some day next
This fair *committee* shall detail the rest, [week.
And then let monsters, if they dare, *protest*.

§ 90. *Prologue to the Jealous Wife.*

LLOYD.

THE *Jealous Wife*, a comedy,—poor man !
A charming subject, but a wretched plan.
His skittish wit, o'erleaping the due bound,
Commits flat trespass upon tragic ground.
Quarrels, upbraidings, jealousies, and spleen,
Grow too familiar in the comic scene.
Tinge but the language with heroic chime,
'Tis passion, pathos, character, sublime !
What round big words had swell'd the pom-
pous scene,
A king the husband, and the wife a queen !
Then might Distraction rend her graceful hair,
See sightless forms, and scream, and gape, and
stare.
Drawcansir Death had rag'd without control,
Here the drawn dagger, there the poison'd bowl.
What eyes had stream'd at all the whining woe !
What hands had thunder'd at each *Ah!* and
Oh!

But peace! the gentle prologue custom sends,
Like drum and serjeant, to beat up for friends.
At vice and folly, each a lawful game,
Our author flies, but with no partial aim.
He read the manners, open as they lie
In nature's volume to the gen'ral eye. [store—
Books too he read, nor blush'd to use their
He does but what his betters did before.
Shakspeare has done it, and the Grecian stage
Caught truth of character from Homer's page.

If in his scenes an honest skill is shown,
And borrowing little, much appears his own ;
If what a master's happy pencil drew
He brings more forward in dramatic view ;
To your decision he submits his cause,
Secure of candour, anxious for applause.

But if, all rude, his artless scenes deface
The simple beauties which he meant to grace ;
If, an invader upon others' land,
He spoil and plunder with a robber's hand ;
Do justice on him—as on fools before —
And give to blockheads past one blockhead
more.

§ 91. *Prologue to Runnamed.*

BEFORE the records of renown were kept,
Or theatres for dying heroes wept,
The race of fame by rival chiefs was run.
The world by former Alexanders won ;

Ages of glory in long order roll'd,
 New empires rising on the wreck of old :
 Wonders were wrought by Nature in her
 prime, [time.
 Nor was the ancient world a wilderness of
 Yet lost to fame is virtue's orient reign ;
 The patriot liv'd, the hero died, in vain.
 Dark night descended o'er the human day,
 And wip'd the glory of the world away :
 Whirl'd round the gulf, the acts of time were
 tost,

Then in the vast abyss for ever lost.
 Virtue from Fame disjoin'd began to 'plain
 Her votaries few, and unfrequented fane.
 Her voice ascended to almighty Jove ;
 He sent the Muses from the throne above.

The bard arose ; and full of heavenly fire,
 With hand immortal touch'd th' immortal lyre ;
 Heroic deeds in strains heroic sung,
 All earth resounded, all heaven's arches rung :
 The world applaud what they approv'd before,
 Virtue and Fame took sep'rate paths no more.

Hence to the bard, interpreter of heaven,
 The chronicle of fame by Jove is given ;
 His eye the volume of the past explores,
 His hand unfolds the everlasting doors ;
 In Minos' majesty he lifts the head,
 Judge of the world, and sov'reign of the dead ;
 On nations and on kings in sentence sits,
 Dooms to perdition or to heaven admits ;
 Dethrones the tyrant though in triumph hurl'd,
 Calls up the hero from th' eternal world,
 Surrounds his head with wreaths that ever
 bloom,
 And vows the verse that triumphs o'er the
 tomb. [shrine,

While here the Muses warble from the
 Oft have you listen'd to the voice divine.
 A nameless youth beheld, with noble rage,
 One subject still a stranger to the stage ;
 A name that's music to the British ear,
 A name that's worship'd in the British sphere :
 Fair Liberty ! the goddess of the isle,
 Who blesses England with a guardian smile.

Britons ! a scene of glory draws to-night !
 The fathers of the land arise to sight ;
 The legislators and the chiefs of old,
 The roll of patriots and the barons bold,
 Who, greatly girded with the sword and shield,
 At storied Runnameda's immortal field,
 Did the grand charter of your freedom draw,
 And found the base of liberty on law.

Our author, trembling for his virgin muse,
 Hopes in the fav'rite theme a fond excuse.
 If, while the tale the theatre commands,
 Your hearts applaud him, he'll acquit your
 hands ;
 Proud on his country's cause to build his name,
 And add the patriot's to the poet's fame.

§ 92. *Prologue to the Heiress.*

FITZPATRICK.

As sprightly sun-beams gild the face of day,
 When low'ring tempests calmly glide away,

So, when the poet's dark horizon clears,
 Array'd in smiles the Epilogue appears.
 She of that house the lively emblem still,
 Whose brilliant speakers start what themes
 they will,

Still varying topics for her sportive rhymes,
 From all the follies of these fruitful times,
 Uncheck'd by forms, with flippant hand may
 cull :—

Prologues, like peers, by privilege are dull—
 In solemn strain address th' assembled pit,
 The legal judges of dramatic wit,
 Confining still, with dignified decorum,
 Their observations—to the play before 'em.

Now when each bachelor a helpmate lacks,
 (That sweet exemption from a double tax)
 When laws are fram'd with a benignant plan
 Of light'ning burdens on the married man,
 And Hymen adds one solid comfort more
 To all these comforts he conferr'd before ;
 To smoothe the rough laborious road to fame,
 Our bard has chosen—an alluring name.
 As wealth in wedlock oft is known to hide
 The imperfections of a homely bride,
 This tempting title he, perhaps, expects,
 May heighten beauties—and conceal defects :
 Thus Sixty's wrinkles, view'd through For-
 tune's glass,

The rosy dimples of Sixteen surpass.
 The modern suitor grasps his fair-one's hand,
 O'erlooks her person, and adores—her land ;
 Leers on her houses with an ogling eye,
 O'er her rich acres heaves an am'rous sigh,
 His heart-felt pangs through groves of—timber
 vents,

And runs distracted for—her three per cents.

Will thus the poet's mimic Heiress find
 The bridegroom critic to her failings blind,
 Who claims, alas ! his nicer taste to hit,
 The lady's portion paid in sterling wit ?
 On your decrees, to fix her future fate,
 Depends our Heiress for her whole estate :
 Rich in your smiles, she charm's th' admiring
 town ;

A very bankrupt, should you chance to frown :
 O may a verdict given, in your applause,
 Pronounce the prosperous issue of her cause,
 Confirm the name an anxious parent gave her,
 And prove her *Heiress* of the public favour !

§ 93. *Prologue to the Ambitious Step-Mother.*
 ROWE.

If dying lovers yet deserve a tear ;
 If a sad story of a maid's despair
 Yet move compassion in the pitying fair ;
 This day the poet does his arts employ,
 The soft accesses of your souls to try.
 Nor let the stoic boast his mind unmov'd ;
 The brute philosopher, who ne'er has prov'd
 The joy of loving and of being lov'd ;
 Who scorns his human nature to confess,
 And, striving to be more than man, is less.

Nor let the men the weeping fair accuse,
Those kind protectors of the tragic muse,
Whose tears did moving Otway's labours
crown,
And made the poor Monimia's grief their
own:

Those tears their art, not weakness has confest,
Their grief approv'd the niceness of their taste,
And they wept most, because they judg'd, the
best.

O! could this age's writers hope to find
An audience to compassion thus inclin'd,
The stage would need no farce, nor song, nor
dance, [France;

Nor cap'ring Monsieur brought from active
Clinch, and his organ-pipe, his dogs, and bear,
To native Barnet might again repair,
Or breathe, with Captain Otter, Bankside air:
Majestic Tragedy should once again

In purple pomp adorn the swelling scene;
Her search should ransack all the ancient store,
The fortunes of their loves and arms explore,
Such as might grieve you, but should please
the more.

What Shakspeare durst not, this bold age should
do,

And famous Greek and Latin beauties show:
Shakspeare, whose genius, to itself a law,
Could men in ev'ry height of nature draw,
And copied all but women that he saw.

Those ancient heroines your concern should
move,

Their grief and anger much, but most their
love:

For in th' account of ev'ry age we find
The best and fairest of that sex were kind,
To pity always, and to love, inclin'd.
Assert, ye fair ones, who in judgment sit,
Your ancient empire over love and wit;
Reform your sense, and teach the men t' obey:
They'll leave their tumbling, if you lead the
way.

Be but what those before to Otway were:
O were you but as kind! we know you are as
fair.

§ 94. *Epilogue to the same.* ROWE.

The spleen and vapours, and this doleful
play,
Have mortified me to the height to-day,
That I am almost in the mortal mind
To die indeed and leave you all behind.
Know then, since I resolve in peace to part,
I mean to leave to one alone my heart:
(Last favours will admit of no partage,
I bar all sharing but upon the stage:)
To one who can with one alone be blest,
The peaceful monarch of a single breast:
To one—But, oh! how hard 'twill be to find
That phoenix in your fickle, changing kind!
New loves, new interests, and religions new,
Still your fantastic appetites pursue.

Your sickly fancies loathe what you possess,
And ev'ry restless fool would change his place.
Some, weary of their peace and quiet grown,
Want to be hoisted up aloft, and shown;
Whilst from the envied height the wise go
safely down.

We find your wav'ring temper to our cost,
Since all our pains and care to please is lost;
Music in vain supports with friendly aid
Her sister Poetry's declining head:
Show but a mimic ape, or French buffoon,
You to the other house in shoals are gone,
And leave us here to tune our chords alone.
Must Shakspeare, Fletcher, and laborious Ben,
Be left for Scaramouch and Harlequin?
Allow you are inconstant, yet 'tis strange,
For sense is still the same, and ne'er can
change:

Yet even in that you vary as the rest,
And ev'ry day new notions are profest.
Nay, there's a wit* has found, as I am told,
New ways to heaven, despairing of the old:
He swears he'll spoil the clerk and sexton's
trade, [made:
Bells shall no more be rung, nor graves be
The hearse and six no longer be in fashion,
Since all the faithful may expect translation.
What think you of the project? I'm for trying;
I'll lay aside these foolish thoughts of dying,
Preserve my youth and vigour for the stage,
And be translated to a good old age.

§ 95. *Prologue to The Tender Husband, or the Accomplished Fools.* ADDISON.

In the first rise and infancy of farce,
When fools were many, and when plays were
scarce,

The raw unpractis'd author could with ease?
A young and inexperience'd audience please;
No single character had e'er been shown,
But the whole herd of fops were all their own:
Rich in originals, they sit to view,
In ev'ry piece, a coxcomb that was new.

But now our British theatre can boast
Drolls of all kinds, a vast unthinking host!
Fruitful of folly and of vice, it shows [beaux;
Cuckolds, and cits, and bawds, and pimps, and
Rough country-knights are found of ev'ryshire,
Of every fashion gentle fops appear;
And punks of diff'rent characters we meet,
As frequent on the stage as in the street:
Our modern wits are forc'd to pick and cull,
And here and there, by chance, glean up a fool:
Long ere they find the necessary spark,
They search the town and beat about the Park:
To all his most frequented haunts resort,
Oft dog him to the ring, and oft to court,
As love of pleasure or of place invites;
And sometimes catch him taking snuff at
White's.

Howe'er, to do you right, the present age
Breeds very hopeful monsters for the stage;

* Asgill.
3 E

That scorn the paths their dull forefathers
trod,
And won't be blockheads in the common road.
Do but survey this crowded house to-night:
—Here's still encouragement for those that
write.

Our author, to divert his friends to-day,
Stocks with variety of fools his play;
And, that there may be something gay and
new,

Two ladies-errant has expos'd to view:
The first a damsel travell'd in romance;
The other more refin'd, she comes from France.
Rescue, like courteous knights, the nymph
from danger; [stranger.
And kindly treat, like well-bred men, the

§ 96. *Prologue to Mr. Andrews' Comedy of
Better Late than Never.* DUKE OF LEEDS.

CUSTOM commands a prologue to each play,
But custom hath not told us what to say.
No form prescrib'd, 'tis difficult to find
How to conciliate the public mind.
The bashful bard—the modest muse's fears,
So long have jingled in your patient ears,
That now, perhaps, you'll scarce vouchsafe to
To hear both their apology—and play. [stay
No: better sure on him at once to call, [all?
With—"Sir, if frighten'd thus, why write at
We're not reduc'd yet to a trembling pen—
Zounds! bards will crowd us soon, like gen-
tlemen."

Something like this, I heard a friend once say,
Who wish'd, poor soul, to hear a new-launch'd
play:

Box'd snug at first, completely to his mind,
With only one grave auditor behind;
Ere the third act had struggled to its end,
In reel'd three critics, each the author's friend—
On praise determin'd—wit confirm'd by wine:
Each And and If was chaste—correct—damn'd
fine! [way;

To taste so mark'd my friend of course gave
But squeez'd, thump'd, kick'd—still listen'd to
the play;

Till, by repeated plaudits, grown so sore,
Nor flesh nor blood could bear one comment
more.

Such boist'rous friends they surely cannot need,
Who wish by merit only to succeed.
To-night we offer to the public view
A character, you'll own, perhaps, is new:
From Doctors' Commons we the model draw,
A promising eleve of civil law;
And civil sure that law which can provide,
Or, should need be, release you from, a bride.
Thrice bless'd the mansion, where, in spite of
ills,

Alive or dead, you still can have your wills.
Much could I offer in our author's cause,
Nay, prove his first great object your ap-
plause;

But, lest dull friendship should his genius
wrong,
I'll stop—before the prologue grows too long,
And, *Better Late than Never*, hold my tongue.

§ 97. *Epilogue to the same.* ANDREWS.

THE drama done, and all its int'rest over,
Content the husband, and secure the lover,
Our timid bard, who dreads the critic ire,
And thinks my little tongue can never tire,
Would have me re-assume the wig and gown,
To plead his goose-quill cause before the town.
"Lord, Sir," says I, "some better counsel
For females in a wig are not the thing. [bring,
Your bearded barrister, if smartly made, is
A surer advocate among the ladies."
"Madam," he cried, "or perriwigg'd or bare,
So you but talk, I never need despair."

Suppose, ye fair, as I'm so smooth a prater,
I take a line so consonant to nature;
Give up the vain attempt your hearts to warm,
And 'gainst the men with female weapon arm.

Of have the wits, unmindful whom they vex,
Expos'd the foibles of the softer sex,
Laugh'd at their dress, their well-shap'd cork,
their feathers,

Their steady bloom, unchanging in all wea-
thers;

Swore locks were grey, that seem'd a comely
brown,

And, though all paid for, deem'd them not
their own.

Why not retort, avenge th' insulted fair,
And show these men what wondrous things
they are!

Now don't be frighten'd—poor eccentric elves!
I only show what most you like—yourselves!

How! tremble at a woman? shame betide!
Though I look fierce, like you—I'm all outside.
Yet ere my efforts your attention call
To that dear portrait which should hit you all,
Let me delineate what was once a beau,
The Band-box Billy of some years ago.

Sweet image of mamma in every feature,
The youth came forth a most delicious creature,
With full-dress'd skirts, not quite unlike a
hoop,

Hat under arm, fine button, and gilt loop—
Stiff stock, long sword still dangling in the way,
He sometimes ventur'd to a first-night play:
Tripp'd through the lobby, most completely
curl'd;

Nor did a paw-paw thing for all the world!
Thus he discours'd: "Sir Dilberry, ods so,
Dear, dear, good lack! have you a place below?
Dem it, don't crowd so, fellow! O, how
shocking! [ing."

He's spoil'd my hair, and dirtied all my stock—
Such was the smart our grandmamas would
praise,

Rather unlike the smart of present days:
For I defy all history to show
One thing in nature like a modern beau;

Hat slouch'd, short stick, knee-trappings that
bring back

The memory of renown'd Sixteen-String Jack ;
Eternal boots, and collar, you'd suppose
Cut in kind contact with his buckship's nose.
Thus trimly deck'd, each night among the
doxies

He storms the lobby, and assails the boxes ;
With gait and manner—something in this way,
Proves his rare taste, and descants on the play—
“ Here, box-keeper ! why don't the rascal come ?
Hallo—Tom Gerkin ! can you give us room ?
What's this ?—The farce—Macbeth—
an opera ?—O !

[low !

Come out last season—stupid stuff—damn'd
Zounds, let's be off !”—“ Zounds, be a little
calmer !”—

[—R. Palmer.”

“ Who's that—the Jordan ?”—“ No, you fool,
Thus some are found, by ev'ry act revealing
Perfect indifference to sense and feeling.
To such our play not sues—but you, ye fair,
Ye wise, whom nature form'd with happier care,
Whose tender bosoms, though by passions rent,
Feel the soft virtues in their full extent
Cherish our author's plan, which aims to prove
Life's best exertions spring from virtuous love.

§ 98. *Verses written to be spoken by Mrs. Siddons, at her Benefit, April 27, 1795.*

ROGERS.

Yes, 'tis the pulse of life ! my fears were vain !
I wake, I breathe, and am myself again.
Still in this nether world ! no seraph yet—
Nor walks my spirit when the sun is set,
With troubled step to haunt the fatal board
Where I died last—by poison or the sword ;
And blanch each honest cheek with deeds of
night,

Done here so oft by dim and doubtful light.

To drop all metaphor, that little bell
Call'd back reality, and broke the spell.
No heroine claims your tears with tragic tone ;
A very woman—scarce restrains her own !
Can she, with fiction, charm the cheated mind,
When to be grateful is the part assign'd ?
Ah, no ! she scorns the trappings of her art ;
No theme but truth, no prompter but the heart.

But, ladies, say, must I alone unmask ?
Is here no other actress, let me ask ?
Believe me, those, who best the heart dissect,
Know, every woman studies stage-effect :

She moulds her manners to the part she fills,
As instinct teaches, or as humour wills ;
And, as the grave or gay her talent calls,
Acts in the drama, till the curtain falls.

First, how her little breast with triumph
swells,

When the red coral rings its silver bells !
To play in pantomime is then the rage
Along the carpet's many-colour'd stage ;
Or lisp her merry thoughts with loud endea-
vour,

Now here, now there—in noise and mischief
ever

A school-girl next, she curls her hair in papers,
And mimics father's gout and mother's vapours ;
Discards her doll, bribes Betty for romances,
Playful at church, and serious when she dances ;
Tramples alike on customs and on toes,
And whispers all she hears to all she knows,
Terror of caps and wigs and sober notions !
A romp ! that *longest of perpetual motions* !
—Till, tam'd and tortur'd into foreign graces,
She sports her lovely face at public places ;
And, with blue laughing eyes, behind her fan,
First acts her part with that great actor, man.

Too soon a flirt—approach her and she flies ;
Frowns when pursued, and when entreated sighs ;
Plays with unhappy men as cats with mice,
Till fading beauty hints the late advice.
Her prudence dictates what her pride disdain'd,
And now she sues to slaves herself had chain'd.

Then comes that good old character, a wife,
With all the dear distracting cares of life ;
A thousand cards a-day at doors to leave,
And, in return, a thousand cards receive ;
Rouge high, play deep, to lead the ton aspire,
With nightly blaze set Portland-place on fire ;
Snatch half a glimpse at concert, opera, ball,
A meteor trac'd by none, though seen by all ;
And when her shatter'd nerves forbid to roam,
In very spleen—rehearse the girl at home.

Last the grey dowager, in ancient flounces,
With snuff and spectacles the age denounces ;
Boasts how the sires of this degenerate isle
Knelt for a look, and duell'd for a smile ;
The scourge and ridicule of Goth and Vandal,
Her tea she sweetens, as she sips, with scandal ;
With modern belles eternal warfare wages,
Like her own birds that clamour from their cages ;
And shuffles round to bear her tale to all,
Like some old ruin, “ nodding to its fall.”
Thus woman makes her entrance and her exit,
Then most an actress when she least suspects it.
Yet nature oft peeps out and mars the plot,
Each lesson lost, each poor pretence forgot ;
Full oft with energy that scorns control,
At once lights up the features of the soul ;
Unlocks each thought chain'd down by coward
art,

And to full day the latent passions start.

But she, whose first best wish is your applause,
Herself exemplifies the truth she draws.
Born on the stage, through ev'ry shifting scene,
Obscure or bright, tempestuous or serene,
Still has your smile her trembling spirit fir'd ;
And can she act, with thoughts like these in-
spir'd ?

Thus from her mind all artifice she flings,
All skill, all practice, now unmeaning things !
To you uncheck'd, each genuine feeling flows,
For, all that life endears—to you she owes.

§ 99. *Verses to the Memory of Mr. Garrick.
Spoken as a Monody by Mrs. Yates, at the
Theatre Royal in Drury-lane. SHERIDAN.*

If dying excellence deserves a tear,
If fond remembrance still is cherish'd here,

Can we persist to bid our sorrows flow
For fabled sufferers and delusive woe; [strain,
Or with quaint smiles dismiss the plaintive
Point the quick jest—indulge the comic vein—
Ere yet to buried Roscius we assign
One kind regret, one tributary line?

His fame requires we act a tenderer part:
His memory claims the tear you gave his art.
The gen'ral voice, the meed of mournful verse,
The splendid sorrows that adorn'd his hearse,
The throng that mourn'd as their dead fav'rite
pass'd,

The grac'd respect that claim'd him to the last;
While Shakspeare's image, from its hallow'd
base, [place:
Seem'd to prescribe the grave, and point the
Nor these, nor all the sad regrets that flow
From fond fidelity's domestic woe, [due,
So much are Garrick's praise—so much his
As on this spot—one tear bestow'd by you.

Amid the arts which seek ingenuous fame,
Our toil attempts the most precarious claim;
To him, whose mimic pencil wins the prize,
Obedient fame immortal wreaths supplies:
Whate'er of wonder Reynolds now may raise,
Raphael still boasts contemporary praise:
Each dazzling light and gaudier bloom subdued,
With undiminish'd awe his works are view'd:
E'en beauty's portrait wears a softer prime,
Touch'd by the tender hand of mellowing time.

The patient sculptor holds an humbler part,
A ruder toil, and more mechanic art;
Content with low and timorous stroke to trace
The ling'ring line, and mould the tardy grace:
But once achiev'd, though barbarous wreck o'er-
The sacred fane, and lay its glories low, [throw
Yet shall the sculptur'd ruin rise to-day,
Grac'd by defect, and worshipp'd in decay;
Th' enduring record bears the artist's name,
Demands his honors, and asserts his fame.

Superior hopes the poet's bosom fire,
O proud distinction of the sacred lyre!
Wide as th' inspiring Phœbus darts his ray,
Diffusive splendor gilds his votary's lay.
Whether the song heroic woes rehearse
With epic grandeur and the pomp of verse;
Or, fondly gay, with unambitious guile
Attempt no prize but fav'ring beauty's smile;
Or bear dejected to the lonely grove
The soft despair of unprevailing love; [clime
Whate'er the theme, through ev'ry age and
Congenial passions meet the according rhyme,
The pride of glory, pity's sigh sincere,
Youth's earliest blush, and beauty's virgin tear.

Such is their meed—their honors thus secure,
Whose arts yield objects, and whose works endure:

The actor only shrinks from time's award;
Feeble tradition is his memory's guard;

By whose faint breath his merits must abide,
Unvouch'd by proof, to substance unallied!
E'en matchless Garrick's art, to heav'n resign'd,
No fix'd effect, no model, leaves behind.

The grace of action, the adapted mien,
Faithful as nature to the varied scene; [draws
Th' expressive glance, whose subtle comment
Entranc'd attention, and a mute applause;
Gesture that marks, with force and feeling
fraught,

A sense in silence, and a will in thought;
Harmonious speech, whose pure and liquid tone
Gives verse a music scarce confess'd its own,
As light from gems assumes a brighter ray,
And, cloth'd with orient hues, transcends the
day; [sense,

Passion's wild break, and frowns that awe the
And ev'ry charm of gentle eloquence,
All perishable!—like th' electric fire,
But strike the frame, and, as they strike, expire;
Incense too pure a bodied flame to bear, [air.
Its fragrance charms the sense, and blends with

Where then, while sunk in cold decay he
And pale eclipse for ever veils those eyes, [lies,
Where is the blest memorial that ensures
Our Garrick's fame?—whose is the trust?—
'tis yours.

And, O! by ev'ry charm his art essay'd
To soothe your cares! by ev'ry grief allay'd!
By the hush'd wonder which his accents drew!
By his last parting tear, repaid by you! [night,
By all those thoughts, which, many a distant
Shall mark his memory with a sad delight!
Still in your hearts' dear record bear his name,
Cherish the keen regret that lifts his fame;
To you it is bequeath'd, assert the trust,
And to his worth—'tis all you can—be just.

What more is due from sanctifying time,
To cheerful wit, and many a favor'd rhyme,
O'er his grac'd urn shall bloom, a deathless
wreath, [beneath.

Whose blossom'd sweets shall deck the mask
For these when sculpture's votive toil shall rear
The due memorial of a loss so dear,
O loveliest mourner, gentle muse! be thine
The pleasing woe, to guard the laurell'd shrine.
As Fancy oft by Superstition led
To roam the mansions of the sainted dead,
Has view'd, by shadowy eve's unfaithful gloom,
A weeping cherub on a martyr's tomb,
So thou, sweet Muse, hang o'er the sculptur'd
bier,

With patient woe, that loves the ling'ring tear;
With thoughts that mourn, nor yet desire relief;
With meek regret, and fond enduring grief;
With looks that speak—He never shall return!
Chilling thy tender bosom, clasp his urn!
And with soft sighs disperse th' irrev'rent dust,
Which time may strew upon his sacred bust.

THE END.

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